

NASBY.

A Temperance Lecture at the Corners—How Mr. Bascom Attempted to Kill His Inmate

CONFERRIT X ROADS. (Which is in the State of Kentucky. February 20, 1873.)

The Corners was waggin on ez yoosul. Deekin Pogram, bless his old soul, is the same kind, genial, old man that he alluz wuz. But time bez plowed deep furrows in his cheeks, and the tetch uv his frosty fingers bez whitened his hair, and chilled the warm currents uv his blood. But the Deekin is resigned. A more philo- sopher nacher I never knowd. He sez that age bez its advantages, ez wellez its disadvantages. Troo, his blood is colder than in youth, but ez a compensashen he hez to drink more liker. The pleasure uv takin the warm in woods more than compensates for the disadvantages uv age.

"But," sez I, "spoin yoor finances and Bascom's croocety won't permit you yoor reglar supplies."

"There is the silent tomb for me," sez he, "there is death."

"After wich," replied Joe Bigler, "yoo will doubtless be kept warm enough without liker."

That Joe Bigler alloz puts in unpleasant remarks at the wrong time.

The Corners hev bin threatened with serious disasters for some weeks back. Pollock and Joe Bigler, fur the express purpose uv worryin the saints, hev bin tryin to organize a temperance society and Sunday school, and that sort uv thing at the Corners, wich we steadfastly opposed.

They wanted a series of temperance missionary sent out to the Nashel Society, and when they advertised him, we sent a note to 'em that we never could permit an innovashen that wuz intended to sweep away all the anshen landmarks, and revolutionize the Corners, and that while we believed in free speech, of the inalienable right uv Amerikin citizens, ef that man attempted to speak at the Corners, we'd hang him on the first tree-sure.

That afternoon Joe Bigler came to me and took me to one side.

"Parson," sez he, "we are agoin to hev at least one temperance lecture at the Corners."

"It will be our painful duty to hang the lecturer," sez I, "for Bascom desires it. It interferin with his trade and our rites."

"Parson," sez Joe, with a wink and a leer, "ain't you often sick fur want uv a drink?"

"I am," sez I.

"Isn't it difficult to get all yoo want?" sez he.

"It is," sez I.

"What wood yoo give for a strate wick on all yoo cood la to-free liker in ebort?"

"I should be willin to die the next day," I replied, "die with neatness and despatch. But why torment me with sich visions of Elysiyan bliss, wich are simply unattainable?"

"Parson, spose Deekin Pogram wuz to sey to Bascom, that these meetins coud be stopped, and that the only way to neutralize their effect, was to keep the Corners from attendin by makin his bar free door in their continyoosance. Spose, ef the didn't bite at the beginnin, that a dozan uv yoo go to the meeting one nite and not go near his place. I don't want yoo to do this, for ez yoo never pay nothin, yoor absence wood please him—but McPelter, Issaker Gavitt and sum uv that kind, who hev land yet to mortgage. That'll fetch him—that'll fetch him."

I seed a lite. Visions of unlimited drinks roze before me, and I seed to him: "Joseph, it shal be done. Announce yoor lecturer in asety. I hate his sentiment, and bozet uv free freeman, and it shal not be violated at the Corners. Advertee him in peace."

I imejtilly went to the Deekin, McPelter and Gavitt, and opened to them the idea, and they fell into it to wunst. It was refreshin to see the look uv expectancy on their blood lips and their wry faces. I was depyitized to make the sejestion to Bascom, wich I imejtilly did.

I laid before G. W. the impossibility of checkin the movement now bein inoggerated by Bigler and Pollock, and the danger that wuz conceled in it. I told him that only by keepin the people uv the corners away from the accused fanatics, cood their work be made fruitless, and that only by throwin open his house and by puttin up a notice, "Likker is free here," could they be kept away.

Bascom larfed out and refoosed. Where- upon I seed yew very well, and left. Imejtilly I got the party together. "Bascom hev refoosed," I remarkt, "ez I sposed he wood. Now for severe measures. You must all go to the temperance meetin to nite, and must stop in after it's over and refoose to drink, on the score that yoo've bin impressed."

"Go without liker one whole evenin! Parson, we can't do it."

Here wuz an impediment wich I hed overlooked. Uv course they couldn't go without liker a hull evenin. But genal is ekal to all emergencies—bein ekal to all emergencies is wat constitoots genal. We hed a farmer go to Bascom's and buy a shillon.

Then Deekin Pogram remarkt that probably he had better not go to the meetin. But wood stay and take keer of that jug, but they all sez, "No!" unani- mously, and each made the same proposi-

shen wich wuz townst rejected by the others. Finally, the jug wuz put in charge uv Mrs. McPelter, who can't drink, owin to her hevvin no stomach watever to speak uv, and she wuz charged to put it under lock and key, and to git it out for nobody unless we all wuz present, so that there coud be no advantage taken. This bein done, they all took one sniff, one wick wood sustain em for an hour, and went to the lekter, levin me with Bascom.

Eight and nine passed, but not one uv em come to his old familiar place. Bascom was oneasy. I took suthin hot with him twice or three times, and talked uv the weather and things, but they came not. Finally, at 9 1/2 they entered, looked grave and solemn.

"Deekin, McPelter, Issaker, will you take suthin," sez I, displayin a dollar note wich the Deekin had given me for the purpose.

"No!" sez the Deekin, "I am not shoer about drinkin. I hev listened to a powerful discourse about it to-night, and I hev mostly made up my mind to try and quit, ef I kin."

"Quit!" sez Bascom in amazement, "are yoo crazy?"

"I too hev made up my mind to quit," sez Issaker, and McPelter eched him. "Good night Bascom" and we all went out together to McPelter's where we made the jug consumptive.

Bascom was thoroughly alarmed. The next nite he put up a sign in his vinder "Lickers is free here till further notice," wich I stood and read to the people, who but for me never wood hev knowd it.

That nite the lekter lectured, but it wuz not to us. Bascom worked ez he never worked before. The Deekin went down first, Issaker next, McPelter next, and finally I succumbed. By this time the Deekin wuz sober, then Issaker, then McPelter and then me and so on till we wuz all thereby exhausted at about one when we quit.

The same scene was enacted the next nite and the next, and for a week. Bascom was nearly ruined, but was restored by the announcement that the next nite wood be the last. Then that wretched lekter's life wuz made miserable. He wuz at Pollock's home, and from early morn to dewy eve he wuz besiged by sich an other host uv inebriates ez he never saw before in all his days, with entreaties to go on.

"Go on," sez the Deekin, "go on. How kin yoo reconcile it with your duty to leave the Corners, and me in danger of goin down to a drunkard's grave? I ain't reformed yet—go on."

"But it wuz of no avail—he left, and Bascom pulled down his sign and likker hed to be paid for agin at the Corners.

The next day I met Joe Bigler. "Hed a good time haven't yoo?" sez he.

"Excellent," sez I, "wood it cood hev continyoed."

"Parson," said this aggravatin Joe, "I did this for three reasons. First—I sposed that a week of unlimited supplies wood kill the entire assortment of yoo. Second—I sposed that in a week yoo wood break up Bascom, and third, we wanted to organize the niggers into a temperance society, to keep em from becomin loathsome objects as yoo are, and didn't want to be interrupted in the work. We hev only succeeded in the last item. Bascom has more money than we sposed he hed, and yoor bowels kin endoor more than I sposed they cood. I hev been lenient with whisky—I hev seed that whisky hev yoosela. I told Pollock last week that whisky wuz the only thing that cood kill Nasby and Pograms and sich, that it wuz not a bad thing to hev. But now that I find it won't do it—that its only good men that it kills—I shal fite it ez an unmitigated cuss without any redeemin feechers. I am its enemy from this time out.

And he went away laffin vociferously. Life isnt foseate now ez it wuz doozin that week. But thank Heavin the recol- lekshen uv that week never kin be taken from me. It wuz Heavenny. That it may be repeated, I am, at the sejestion uv Deekin Pogram and Issaker Gavitt, in corres- pondence with all the temperance lecturers in the country. We want temperance lecturers at the Corners. The temperance banner must be upheld at the Corners.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, (Wich wuz Postmaster.)

A DETECTIVE'S STORY. A little episode in the life of Detective Becker, of Newark, reads like a novel writ- ten by Mr. B. was ordered to Fort Wayne some time ago to work up a counterfeiting gang. After much trouble he succeeded in getting admitted to the gang under the name of "Dutch Jim." The Newark Courier tells the rest:

Their headquarters were in one of the cemeteries, where they met nightly, and a partly buried grave in an obscure part of the burial ground contained the spoils of not only the result of the counterfeiting, but of a number of bold robberies committed by the gang. The detective worked his case well, and was astonished to find that several of the gang were well known citizens and members of churches. Had the gang once suspected the true character of "Dutch Jim," that shrewd and cunning fellow's life would have been the forfeit. Different ones of the gang were arrested, and always "Dutch Jim"

was one of the party "copped," but he managed (always by the "skin of his teeth," apparently,) to be released. At last the final blow came—the arrest of the five leaders, and "Dutch Jim" was one. They were on their way to commit a burglary in a neighboring town. Becker had telegraphed Government officers to be ready, and when the train reached the depot, the car which the burglars occupied was boarded by a dozen officers. A fearful fight occurred, and as it was not yet time for "Dutch Jim" to be made publicly known, he entered the fight with as much earnestness, to all appearances, as did his "pals," and he did receive in return some good blows. The ringleaders were captured, and in company with "Jim from Jersey," were put in cells. When the day of examination came, "Dutch Jim" was put on the stand, and when he gave his occupation "Government Secret Service Officer," the counterfeiter willed, the evidence was too strong to be broken, and the gang was secured. Becker has since returned to Newark, and is now on the city force.

HANGMAN FOOTE AND JEFF DAVIS. An Uncarthy Anecdote of Two Fossil Politicians.

Foote and Davis were in Congress in 1848 (while Taylor and Cass were candidates for the Presidency,) and occupied a room together at Willard's Hotel. One evening, seated by the same fireplace, Mr. Davis read aloud from a political letter of Gen. Taylor, and made running comments for Mr. Foote's delectation, which the latter thought were rather too friendly for a Democratic Senator to give expression to in the heat of a canvass. In fact, he intimated quite strongly that he thought Mr. Davis, at heart, was a Taylor man; that in spite of his professed support of the Democratic nominee, he would secretly rejoice over Gen. Taylor's election. Mr. Davis had married a daughter of Gen. Taylor, and his little circumstance, Mr. Foote suggested, was at the bottom of his colleague's compli- ment of the letter, adding, in his impetu- ous way, that it would doubtless be a very nice thing to be a son-in-law of the President—even a Whig President. Mr Davis could not brook this sarcastic intimation of treachery on his part; and re- sorted in severe language, one word bringing on another until the "grave and reverend" came to blows. The noise of the fistieuff aroused other Congressmen, who rushed into the room and separated the combatants, admonishing them of the shame which would attach to two distinguished Senators from the same State indulging in a disgraceful knock-down. This view of the matter naturally brought the two to terms, and like the man and wife who "urged the question of rat or mouse," they shook hands and made friends.

"Really," said Mr. Foote, after a smile all around; "really, I should not have thought of such a thing as striking Mr. Davis if he hadn't passed the first blow."

"Are you not mistaken about that?" urged Mr. Davis, apologetically.

"Indeed, I am not," retorted the impetuous.

"It is my impression you struck first," pleaded Mr. D.

"Oh, no, it was you."

"No, it was you."

"And I'll swear it was you."

"But I would swear it wasn't."

"You did strike first."

"I did not strike first."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"Well," said Foote at last, rising hastily from his seat, "there shan't be any dispute as to who struck first this time"—and as he spoke dealt Mr. Davis a sting- ing blow on the cheek, which resulted in another rencontre that, but for the inter- ference of mutual friends, might have been going on until now, for both are "game" all over. The question as to who struck first being thus settled, nothing serious grew out of the matter; especially as either party preferred to have the matter hushed up as speedily as possible.

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