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WITH ALL

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EXPOSED.

BY AN EX-TRAMP.

EDITED BY FRANK BELLEW.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BELLEW, A BEE, AND CHIP.



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THE TRAMP.

CHAPTER I.



AM a journeyman printer by trade, though I once taught school, and was for a short time sub-editor of a paper published in Rochester. That I should ever become a Tramp, would at one time have appeared to me about as absurd as to expect the Czar of Russia would peddle clams in Baxter street. But a Tramp I have been for over a year—a ragged, dirty, unwholesome Tramp. It took much rum and many misfortunes to bring me to it, but I got there.

First, when dull times came, I was thrown out of work; then I loafed, and drank, and looked for something to do; then

I got a job, and then I was out of it; then more loafing, then a little work; then more rum and more loafing, until finally I became a Tramp.

I have often thought that a large proportion of our people live upon hope and hash. I soon discovered that the Tramp lives on pretty much the same diet, barring the hash. I tried it a long time; but hope is not very fattening, and I didn't like it. For a whole winter I was a city Tramp, sometimes sleeping in station-houses, and sometimes on my legs, associating with all sorts of tatterdemalion vagabonds like myself, who formed

a syndicate, sharing their beggings, and findings, and stealings together. But I got heartily tired of them, and as soon as winter was over, resolved to start out into the country and look for work.



RAISED ON HOPE AND HASH.

TO THE STOUT HEART HIS PATCHES ARE EMBROIDERED.

CHAPTER II.



ed, rhubarb-colored brute of a dog. What a sweet tooth the roadside dog has for the heel of a

A BRIGHT morning in the latter part of May to commence my wanderings, with Hoboken as my point of departure, and soon took my first degree in country tramp education, by having a large sample of dry goods, accompanied by a small specimen of the proprietor, taken out of my own leg and the leg of my unfortunate pantaloons by a thick-nosed, thick-tailed, thick-legged, coarse-hair-

Tramp; like his master, man, poverty seems to arouse his anger and hatred, instead of kindness and compassion. The opulent man of business, or even the hard-working laborer, may pass and repass your roadside dog a dozen times, and he will just look at them out of the corners of his eyes, and wink and go to sleep again; but let him just catch a glimpse of a Tramp's leg through the rails of the fence, and he goes for it like a Bostonian for baked beans, or a Jerseyman for a city boarder. I had a varied and grotesque experience of country dogs in my day. Why, even the pups, which looked more like pollywogs or Brummel's cough drops on legs, would come out and chirp at me. Talk about the dogs licking the sores of Lazarus! they must have been a very different breed of dogs in those times to what are raised nowadays. The Tramp of this country would stand a much better chance of being licked by Dives than by his dogs.

Let dogs delight
The Tramp to bite.



LET HIM JUST CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A TRAMP'S LEG THROUGH THE RAILS.

That's Watts the matter in this age. It could not be helped, so I went on my way, living on hope and hash—much hope and little hash. At the end of my first day's journey I halted at Hohokus, and slept in a barn. I had earned ten cents and a glass of root beer on my way, helping a Jersey clam-peddler to fix up his broken-down wagon. I had received the free run of the pump from one liberal-minded farmer, and been measured from head to foot by the scornful eyes of thirteen more. I counted them, and cussed them. They were not obliged to employ me, but they need not have looked at me as though I was something



THE POLLYWOG DOG.

nasty they had stepped into. I slept well, took a swim in the river, for breakfast next morning dined off hope, and supped on a bowl of mush and milk given me by a fat Englishwoman; and God bless her! for she sweetened the meal with a cheery word and a kind manner. My second day's march brought me to Goshen, and I slept under a hedge.

Again I started. The sweet, fresh air, the song of the birds, and the glory of the rising sun, seemed to belong to me, to me, to me—and I stamped my foot and shouted aloud, By God! they cannot take these, even from a Tramp; so I trudged on, my teeth set together, my fists clenched, and breathing the pure air through my nostrils. Still my old enemies, the wolves, had taken a fresh lease of their regular quarters, and were very unruly. That day I tried hard for work, but could get none, and no food, save two dry—very dry, crusts. It was not surprising that I got so little, perhaps, there were such swarms of Tramps on the road. I passed a few, but more passed me, and more still I met coming the other way. It was near the end of the day, when the sun was beginning to glare at me like a bloodshot eye from the heavens, and the sky was streaked with long alligator-shaped clouds, when something occurred which deserves a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER III.



WAS tramping along the hot and dusty road a few miles east of Middletown, tired, hungry, foot-sore and dirty. Oh, so dirty! I felt as though the filth had entered my very heart and veins, and even soiled my moral character. I could not realize that I had ever had, ever should have, or that any one else ever would, or could, have any respect for me again, and was feeling generally

about as worthless and miserable a job lot of humanity as had ever been fobbed off on a defrauded universe, when I met coming towards me a young woman in white attire, driving three or four cows. When I was about fifty feet from the bouvicaude, one of the cows, with that peculiar darn-fool air and expression common to the race, turned out of the road, jumped through a gap in the fence, and bolted across the adjoining field towards a clump of shrubbery. The young girl let her hands drop to her side, and looked the very photograph of despair. She seemed tired and worn, and I thought I saw tears in her large brown eyes.

"Shall I go after it, Miss?" I asked her, forgetting for the moment that I had sore feet, and was an uncleanly Tramp.

"Oh! I wisht you would," she said, with a sigh of relief.

Nuff sed. I jumped through the gap, and was after that ruminant like a chetah. Presently I brought Mrs. Cow back, and drove her and the rest all safely home to a pretty little farm-house I had passed and noticed on my way a few minutes before. I then asked the young woman whether she would give me a drink of water.

"That I will," she answered, sweetly; "but wouldn't you rather have some milk?"

I said I would, and while she went into the house to get it, I sat down on a stone in the cool

shade of some large trees, and sadly contrasted the condition of these people and my own ; they, with their clean, comfortable home, their abundance of meat and drink—and I, the homeless, famished outcast. She returned in a few minutes, bringing a bowl of cold milk and a plate piled up with slabs of home-made bread liberally plastered with sweet, fresh country butter.

"I thought you might like a bite to eat with your milk," she said, in a quiet, casual way, as though—the little impostor!—she had not the slightest idea that I was on the brink of starvation ; and then the "bite," as she called it—why, there was enough for the Giant Cormoran. She did not wait to see me eat it, for—Oh ! the blessed instinct of woman—she knew I would not like to make a wolf of myself in her presence, but ran off on some flimsy pretext, and did not return until I had eaten the last crumb and drank the last drop ; and even then she did not cast a glance at the empty dishes, but sat down on a stone near me, and began to talk.

She was very lovely, and she had done a lovely thing for me.

Under the shade of the trees it was cool.

The perfume of sweet flowers filled the air.

I felt I should never want anything again in this world—never, never, any more.

For a moment I was perfectly happy. The poor, penniless, homeless, soiled Tramp was as happy as any king in Europe.

Her unaffected grace put me completely at my ease, and I answered her many questions readily and truthfully. I told her I was looking for work, that I was friendless, homeless, and world-weary, and would do anything I could turn my hand to.

"Why, father wants a man to work round the place," she said ; "but then he's so mean, he won't—but I ought not to say that, he's always been a good father to me ; but then, you know, some folks have peculiar ways. But I tell you what, if you like to work for father for your board and just anything he's a mind to give you—four or five dollars a month—I know you will have a comfortable home anyway."

I told her I should be only too glad to do it, but suggested he might not like to employ such a disreputable-looking character as myself.

"Oh ! I have thought of that," she replied ; "father is very particular, so you'll have to fix up some before you see him."

"But how?"

"That can easily be managed. I've a lot of things up stairs that my brother Pete left behind him when he went to New York to be a clerk, and

I can give you some of those, and you can buy a straw hat in the village, and then you'll be all right.

My gratitude choked me to that extent that I sat like a fool and said nothing, while she tripped off into the house to get the things. Never before, I verily believe, was there, on highway or byway, such a thoroughly bewildered Tramp as myself. Why did this pretty young creature take so much interest in me ? Was it pure humanity ? or could she possibly see, through all my dirt and rags, that I was naturally a rather shapely fellow ? I think it was pure goodness.

Presently she came back with a small bundle consisting of a pair of pants, a blue shirt, a pair of boots, and a book. The book was *Baxter's Saints' Rest*.

"There," she said ; "put that in your pocket, and whenever you get a chance take it out and read it, so as father can see you—it'll tickle him to death ; he thinks the world and all of a farm-hand that reads pious books, though he never looks at one himself. And now, if you're a mind to, you can go and change your things in the barn, and then go to the store and buy a hat ; and hurry up so as to get off before father comes back, and here's fifty cents."

Thanking her hastily, I made my way to the barn, and climbing up into the hayloft, proceeded to disrobe myself. I had just got my pants about three parts off, when I heard the voice of my benefactress calling from the house :

"Father, father!"

Then came the trombone of a man's voice, much nearer to me, answering :

"Well, Loo, what is it?"

"Are you going to the barn?"

"Yes ; what of it?"

"Oh, nothing, only—I thought—only nothing."

"Only nothin'," I heard the farmer echo with a chuckle—"only nothin' ; that ain't a great deal, be it?"

"I thought maybe you'd better get your old hat on, because of the dust."

Directly I had heard the farmer's voice terror took possession of my soul, and I began to scramble back into my rags as fast as their frail and complicated stricture and my own agitation would permit. In dragging on my pants I scooped in a lot of hay-seed, burs, chips and fragments of clover, I got the wrong feet in my boots, and some foreign substance in my eye, so that when I heard the footsteps of the unconscious farmer mounting the ladder to my place of retreat, I felt in anything but an efficient condition for flight or ex-

plantation. However, something had to be done promptly, so, grasping my bundle in one hand, I placed my knee in the middle of a nest of eggs, and, with one bound, was out of the loft window, and making cross lots at a gait which nothing less than an automaton straddle-bug could rival. A few minutes ago I had been in Paradise, and now I was where Canon Farrar does not believe in. Smearred all up one side with rotten eggs, a piece of hay-seed in my left eye, a peck of the same commodity in my pants, my boots reversed, and a muscular old farmer, with a pitch-fork, full tilt after me, I could have given Farrar and all his followers the lie without hesitation or compunction. I ran full half a mile before I ventured to look back, and then, although there was no man in sight, I saw what was infinitely worse, in my eyes—a black and white dog at full speed on my track. I could run no further, and so resolved to stand at bay and defend myself like a man; to which end I picked up a stone weighing about four pounds, and poised it carefully in my hand. The dog had come within about forty feet of me, when it slackened its pace and eyed me wistfully; it advanced slowly; I raised the stone; the dog came still closer, and then rolled over on its back, with its four legs in the air; then it got on its feet again, and wriggled round in a silly, bashful fashion, as though inviting me to make

friendly advances, and I saw, much to my relief, that it was nothing but a great big pup; so I patted him on the back, and ordered him to go home, which he did at once, with his tail between his legs.

I walked another half mile, keeping well under the cover of shrubbery and hedges, till I came to a stream; and here I stripped myself, took a good bath and changed my clothes for those the farmer's daughter had given me, and then made a bee line for the spire of the village church. I found a nice store, where I bought a hat for twenty-five cents, and a barber's shop, where I had my hair cut and my beard shaved off. I borrowed a brush and some blacking and shined my boots, and begged a piece of brown paper with which I made a neat bundle of my old duds, put *Baxter's Saints' Rest* in my pocket, straightened out my backbone, and felt more like a white man than I had done

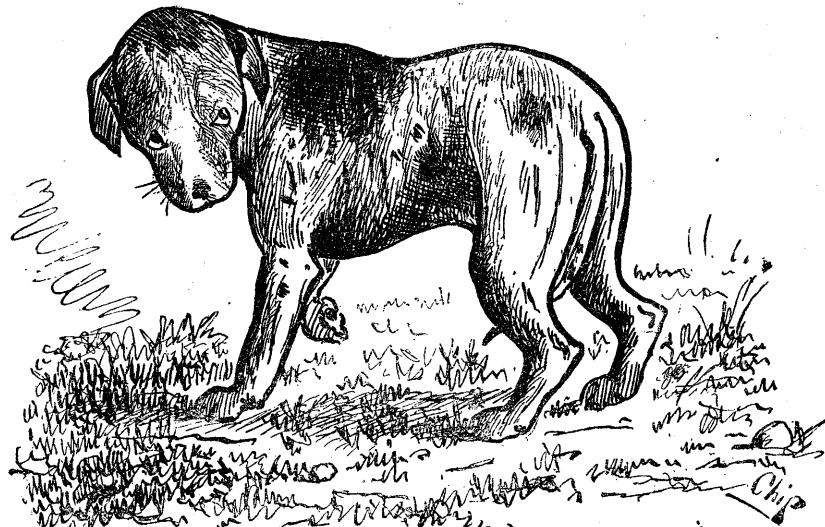
ESCAPE FROM THE BARN.

for months. I am certain of one thing: no living soul would have then taken me for the forlorn Tramp of an hour ago; and as I took a look at my

rather wavy reflection in the barber's glass, I recalled the oft-repeated compliment of my old mother, that I would not scare a pig from his swill, if I only kept my face clean.

I did not waste much time in returning to my prospective employer, where I was not a little

pleased to find that my fair friend, even, did not recognize me at first, so much was I improved by



the change I had undergone. I found the daughter, by no means idle during my absence, had improved the occasion of her father's having discovered a supposed thief (myself) in the barn, to impress on his mind the necessity of keeping some one round the place to look after things when he was away; and, to make a long story short, I was engaged at six dollars per month to make myself generally useful.

"I wisht you'd ony bin here about half an hour ago," said the farmer; "I cum purty near catchin' a blamed Tramp in my barn, ony he was too fast for me; now, with your young legs, you'd a had him sure, the scamp; why, he smashed the whole mess of eggs the speckled hen was a-settin' onto. I wouldn't a taken a dollar for them, and there they're all gone—sixteen chickens!"

"I wish you had caught him, father," said the little hypocrite of a daughter, with a tone of honest wrath and filial sympathy combined, and just one little bit of a glance at me, which I felt away down into her brother's boots.

Those were halcyon days for me, that I spent on old Dave West's farm. He was a kind-hearted old man, his wife was a cheery little body, and as for the daughter, Loo, I never saw such a woman; she was as cute as a witch, and as tender-hearted as a man. She used to come out and talk to me in the barn and in the garden when I was at work every day, and I found myself looking in the glass, and parting my hair in all directions, right, left, and centre, to a degree that I had never done in my life before. And as to work, how I did work, that I might appear worthy in her eyes. They all agreed that the garden, stables, yard, everything round the house, had never been kept in such order before. I read *Baxter's Saints' Rest* persistently and ostentatiously, and altogether wrought myself into high favor with every one, but particularly with the brown-eyed daughter, to whom I described the wonders of great cities, the churches, the theatres, the stores, the coaches, the people, which was all Arabian Nights tales to her, for she had never seen any place grander than Middletown. I told her, too, many adventures of my own life—my trials and troubles, in luck and out of luck, carefully concealing, however, the horrible and disgraceful portion. I think I should have been perfectly happy, had it not been for one thorn in my side, in the shape of a country buck who used to call once or twice a week and pay mudscow compliments to the brown eyes, and put on airs—such airs as only a country buck can put on. When they were together, it made me think of a sucking-pig and an

antelope. He used to boss me about, too, ordering this, that, and the other. One day his cigar went out—a beastly rag of a thing, six for a quarter, that smelt like a fat-rendering establishment—and he sent me for a light; and you bet I brought him one, a torch fit for an incendiary. I dipped the butt thoroughly in soap-fat and kerosene, and running up to him, I thrust it at him, saying, "Hurry up! hurry up, before it goes out, look sharp," &c., &c., and got him so flurried that he grabbed it in his hand, kid gloves and all.

I recall with satisfaction to this moment how he singed his nose, burned his moustache, spoiled his kid gloves, and spattered his best pantaloons so that they looked as though they had broken out with some unpleasant disease.

Once a week they used to do the household washing under a beautiful maple tree at the back of the house, where an old kitchen stove was mounted on bricks, whereby to boil the necessary hot water. Well, one charming spring evening the hired woman had just finished her work and cleared away the things, when in swaggers my country buck. Loo was hanging up some collars and cuffs near the stove, and he made direct for her. Now he had doubtless seen that old stove before, but he had never happened to drop in on any previous washing day, consequently never knew it to contain fire, but supposed it to be some old piece of lumber put there out of the way. Well, he approached Loo in the most elegant style, delivered the taffy candy compliment which he had been stewing in his addled pate all the way down, and then, torturing his pewter eyes into a languishing expression, sat down in the most graceful, *dégradé* manner on the top of the stove. One yell and he was off again, capering like a clog-dancer. He left immediately, in spite of all my offers of surgical and medical treatment in the barn, and I saw him till he was out of sight, apparently trying to carry himself in his own arms.

However, I should not have laughed at him so much, had I only known what was in store for myself.

I had been about two weeks in this delightful home, which every day grew more and more attractive to me, when on a certain wet evening, after a thunderstorm, I found myself in the barn chatting with my brown-eyed young mistress; my arm was around her waist, and my lips pressed to hers, as they often were in those latter days, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the neck in a grip of iron, and heard the voice of my employer in thunder tones exclaim:

"You d——d, infernal snake in the grass! you villain! you prowling, sneaking, deceitful scamp! get out of this, quit my premises, leave here, leave the neighborhood, and never come nigh us again, or I'll be the death of you—I'll pitchfork you, I'll shoot you—get out—clear!"

All the time dragging me unresisting from the barn, where Loo had thrown herself down on the hay in an agony of terror and grief.

"Go and git your things, and when you come down I'll have your wages for you."

I pleaded for one night's delay, on account of the roads and the weather.

"Not another minnit!" yelled the farmer, almost foaming at the mouth; "go quick, before I do you some harm."

I saw it was no use to expostulate; so I went to my room, packed up my few things, not forgetting *Baxter's Saints' Rest*, and presented myself before my enraged employer, who thrust a small roll of bills at me, exclaiming: "There—there's your whole month's wages; you shan't say I acted small by you, snake in the grass tho' you be."

I found he had given me six dollars.

"I cannot take this," I said, returning him three of the dollars. "I've only worked for you half a month, and I only will receive what is honestly due to me."

He gazed at me open-mouthed for an instant, not knowing what to think of me. "Take it, take it," he grunted; "I give it you free."

"No, sir," I answered firmly; "you've been a good boss to me, and I'd feel like robbing you to take more than I had earned," and I really felt what I said in my heart; for, although I had stolen stamps from a Dutchman, and would once have taken anything I could safely lay my hands on, still I felt differently towards this kind old man, besides which I was not hungry, and it is wonderful how virtuous a man can afford to be with his belly full of meat.

"Not rob me? you d——d thief and robber!" roared the old man, newly aroused by the word I had used; "why, you'd rob me of all I've got in the world—my all—my everything—not another word, clear out, git, go away!"

I slunk off, seeing the whole world before me, in my mind's eye, filled with roadside dogs and surly faces. When I reached the door I heard the old man calling after me in hesitating tones:

"Here, you'd better take this, you're welcome, may want it."

I turned round, and saw him extending towards me the three dollars; but I shook my head, and passed out of the house.

About one hundred yards from the house, in a clump of trees, stood an old out-building, behind which I sat down on a stone, and pondered over my changed position. I still had a faint hope that the old man might relent when he got over his first paroxysm of anger; but I did not know him, as I soon learned to my sorrow. I had not been in my forlorn position more than ten minutes, when I heard a rustling in the grass, and the bashful pup of my first day's visit came frisking round me, followed an instant after by the form of my sweet little mistress.

"I knew you were here," she gasped, out of breath, "and must come and see you once before you went away."

"Don't you think your father might take me back?"

"Oh, no, no, no—he is so hard when he makes up his mind; perhaps he might in a long time, if I coax him a great deal, and you get on well, as you're sure to do." (I felt a horrid doubt of this in my own mind.) "So don't go very far away, and don't write for a month, and then write to father, telling him how you are getting along, so that I'll know you are alive and well. And we'll hope and pray; you'll pray every night, won't you? I will, for happier times. God can do everything, you know, and He will if we only ask Him, and try to deserve it. And so good-bye. I've been so happy while you were here, but it's all over now—but not forever, I hope. Good-bye!"

She gave me a long, loving kiss, and pressed into my hand a small wad of bank bills. I could not take it.

"No, no, Loo, not this," I said. "Give me a little keepsake, anything, but not money."

"What, not from me, Martin?" she said, and her eyes filled with tears. "Why, I would take anything from you." And there was such a look of reproach in her sweet, sad face that I yielded.

"And now," she said, with another kiss, "go! I'm so frightened that father will miss me." And so, gently urged towards the road, I started out again on the great Hope and Hash struggle. I could not help thinking, as I went, of Cowper's impromptu on a slightly similar, though much less disagreeable, occasion, when he was turned out of his own garden by two fair friends to receive a malapropos visitor:

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;
Like him I go, yet going I am loth—
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
His Eve went with him, while mine stays behind."

CHAPTER IV.



LOUDS and darkness over my head, mud and darkness under my feet, and darkness, deep darkness, in my heart; so commenced my new march in the bloody campaign of life, which has so many defeats, and so few victories. March, march, march. My thoughts were marching faster than my feet; my fears outmarched my hopes, and got

leagues and leagues ahead of them, making everything a howling wilderness in their path; then my hopes made a spurt and got ahead of my fears. So I found my mind in California, deep in the gold mines, by the time my legs reached Middletown. The first place I struck was the railroad depot, where I found a shabby-looking house of entertainment, called Taylor's Hotel; here I should have secured a bed for the night, but that a certain kind of surly indifference on the part of the clerks, or attendants, or whatever they were, induced me to delay that ceremony till I had looked round the town. It was just as well I did so; for on going to the main street, which I found, to my surprise, was a fine, handsome, bustling thoroughfare, I discovered a large, comfortable caravan-serie, styled Holding's Hotel, the very *beau ideal* of a country inn, everything inside and out being as neat as wax-work, and a jolly, obliging landlord within to greet you. The very sight of this place cheered me up a little. Hope lives in cleanliness, despair wallows in dirt. Hope is a friend of Colgate, despair travels with street commissioners. I took my bed at Holding's, and a good drink, my first for over two weeks, at his long, cool bar. I could not eat anything, but seated myself in an arm-chair and ruminated, with a segar in my mouth, till I was recalled to myself by a somewhat familiar voice at my side, saying:

"And 'ow may 'is royal 'ighness find 'is noble self this hevening?"

Turning round, I discovered a little cockney who had been one of my tramp chums of New York. At first my heart sank at this rencontre, for I was in hopes I had got clear of all that gang

forever; but he was a cheerful little blackguard, and rattled away at such a rate that he soon put me in so excellent a humor, that, on the whole, I was not sorry to have met him. Moreover, when he expressed his disgust at the New York gang, which, like myself, he was anxious to escape, all my distaste for the little fellow vanished.

"They're too bloody rough for me," he said. "I don't like it; 'tain't my style. Besides"—and here he made a jerk with his left hand under his left ear, intended to illustrate capital punishment—"I don't mind doin' a little bit on the cross" (here he crossed his forefingers) "now and then, in case of necessity, or for a lark; but 'pon my soul, though you mayn't believe it, I'd rather



work on the square any day; why, bless your 'eart and soul, hit's so much heasier, let alone anythink else. But when needs must the devil drives, and I'm blest if I'm goin' to go 'ungrasy as long as my stomach 'as got ten friends and a pair of fast trotters" (and he looked proudly at his fingers and legs). "But, hi say, you ain't got henny of the legal about you, 'ave you? I'm dead broke, busted, bankrupt, a financial corpse, and I ain't broke my blasted fast, liquid or solid, s'elp me Bob, since five o'clock this morning."

"Well, what will you take?"

"Liquid? A glass of hale."

"Hale to the chief, 'Olding," was my order, and the little cockney drank down his glass of hale at a gulp. I gave him some money to buy bread and cheese, and we parted—he to a barn where he had

secured lodging, and I to a comfortable bed in the hotel.

The next morning, bright and early, the little cockney was round at the Holding House, according to appointment, and I noticed, by daylight, that he had lost that peculiar bloated and eruptive appearance I had observed in New York, and I congratulated him on the change.

"Why, you're looking first rate, Chivvy" (that was his nom de Tramp, I learned); "you're face is quite a fine healthy bronze—like a son of toil."

"Thanky," he answered; "thanky for that word; bronze is good; most of my friends call it brass—but bronze is more gentlemanly. 'Ow is my noble lord's hexchecker? 'As my noble lord sequins, roubles or bawbies wherewith to purchase for his vassal a plate of pork and beans, or heven the 'umble 'ard-boiled hegg, and a glass of hale?"

The noble lord had sequins enough wherewith to pay for a good square meal of the first-named article, which they procured at a small restaurant, and washed down with a cup of steaming coffee. It is scarcely worth while to dwell on our trip to Port Jervis, to which we next journeyed, as it was pretty much the old story of surly men and vicious dogs. Chivvy, however, deprived the journey of any monotony it otherwise might have had, by his quips and cranks, and comic attitudinizings.

We slept in a barn a little on this side of Port Jervis, at which town we refreshed ourselves next morning with some bread and cheese and a glass of lager in a small saloon.

Here I was rather amused at overhearing a discussion between two political Tramps on the question of remonetizing silver. Neither of them looked as though a rag-picker would hook them out of an ash-barrel, and yet they argued the question with all the warmth of Wall Street capitalists. As we left, I heard the younger polemic saying:

"Yes, and a nice kind of noosence it will be to have a pocketful of great heavy silver dollars to tote round wherever you go."

"My 'eart bleeds for that young capitalist,"
whimpered Chivvy, affecting to wipe away a tear. "We little know 'ow much suffering there is in the world till we see it. I 'ope he won't make away with 'imself, poor young man."

It had been our intention to continue along the line of the Erie Railroad to Honesdale; but when we got a little way beyond the outskirts of the town, we found a Tramp and his wife and child camped by the roadside. The woman was engaged in cooking something in an iron



LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

pot, while the child was dragging a small black pup round in the frying pan.

We got into conversation with the man, who, recognizing in us brothers in misfortune, told us that he was bound for the central camp of the Tramps in Sullivan County, and volunteered to escort us thither. We shared his breakfast, which consisted of that extravagant luxury, a mess of frogs' legs, helped him to pack up his camp equipment, and then all started for the promised land.

It is a wild, uninhabited region, where bears and rattlesnakes abide, is that part of Sullivan

County in which we found ourselves; game and fish were also plenty there, and some parts being almost inaccessible, made it an admirable retreat



for men of our class. Our companion knew the way, and piloted us without difficulty through the rocks and under-brush, till we reached a small open space surrounded by grotesque stones, not unlike Druidic remains; here he halted.

"We shall come on some of the pickets soon, so you and me better walk on first and then come back for the others," he said.

Accordingly we walked on about a furlong, when we were arrested by the voice of a man who stood in a little hollow below us; he had evidently been lying down, and now stood quietly looking at us with a stick in his hand.

"That's Coal-tar George," whispered my companion to me. He then raised his right hand above his head. Coal-tar George did the same. Then he brought it round with a peculiar sweep and laid it on his heart.

We advanced.

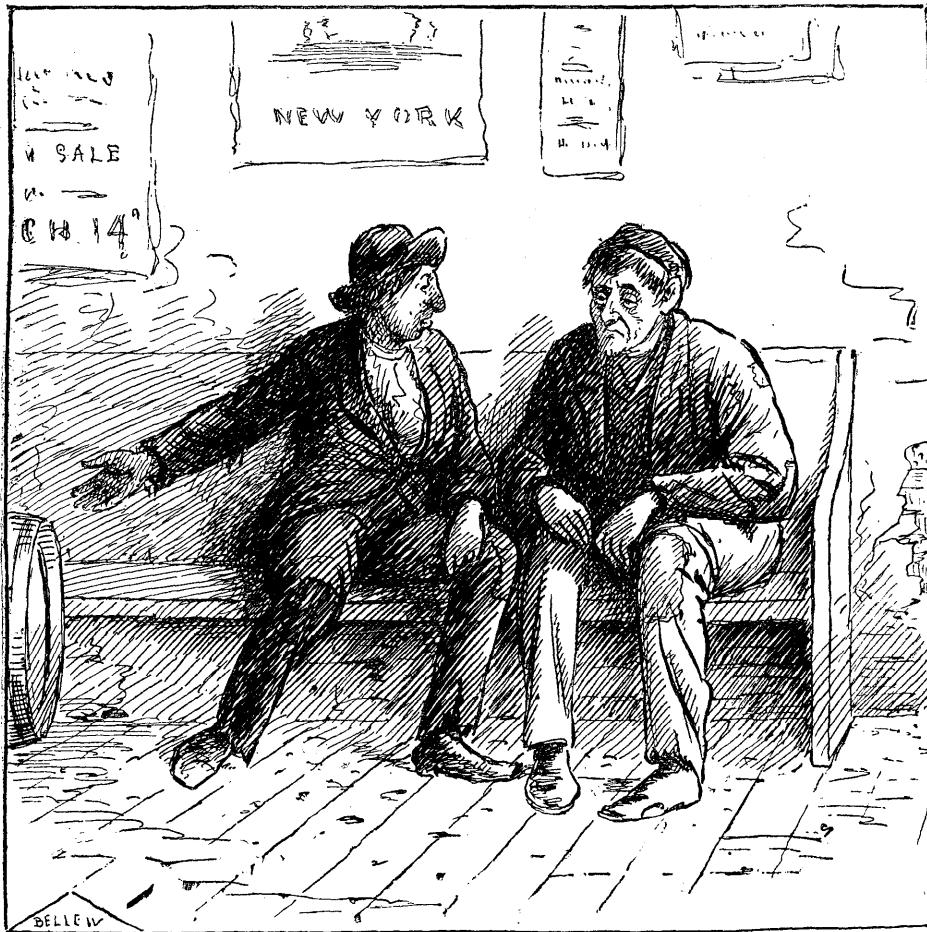
"Oh, that's you, is it, Sulky?" said Coal-tar George. "Who have you got here?"

"A new chum," answered Sulky.

"Glad to know you, comrade," said the other, giving me his hand, which felt more like a mud-turtle than anything else.

"Going to join us?" he queried.

"I'd like to," I said.



"YES AND A NICE KIND OF A NOSENCE IT WILL BE TO HAVE A POCKET FULL OF GREAT, HEAVY SILVER DOLLARS TO TOTE AROUND WHEREVER YOU GO."



COAL-TAR GEORGE.

"'Nitiation's pretty strict, but s'pose you don't mind that?"'

"Guess I can stand it."

"But hold on; I've got the old woman and another chum back here; guess I'll go and fetch them," put in Sulky, and he went to bring them.

We soon found ourselves, under the guidance of Coal-tar George, in the middle of a large camp, surrounded by trees. Here, on all sides, were rude shanties or tents made out of the limbs of trees, leaves, grass and rags, some little more than kennels, others large enough to enable a man to stand upright; and one, a tent twelve feet square, furnished with a table, a chair and a leather valise, I learned was the quarters of the Perfessor, or the Fillofficer, as he was sometimes called.

"We better 'nitiate them right away," suggested Coal-tar George. The word was passed round, producing immediately a considerable flutter throughout the camp. Much to my relief, I found they had selected Chivvy as the first to go through the ordeal. Chivvy looked *pert* and *sassy*, and seemed to enjoy the prospect of a *lark*, as he called it, hugely.

The whole gang having formed a ring around the enclosure, Coal-tar George led Chivvy into the centre, and placed before him three stools. On one stool he laid a motley collection of ugly-looking knives, on another a handful of ropes with slip nooses at the end, and on the third a bundle of rough clubs. Now about a dozen of the gang, whose faces were striped with black, red and white paint, stepped forward, and Chivvy, under the direction of Coal-tar George, handed each of them a club. On receiving this, every one in turn uttered a short grunt, struck an attitude like the stage assassin, and commenced flourishing it over Chivvy's head. When the whole were supplied with sticks, they struck another attitude, with the clubs held aloft, and so remained as rigid as statues, while the little cockney, now beginning to look rather pale, repeated after Coal-tar George, sentence for sentence, the initiatory oath, as follows :

"I solemnly swear, by my bones, my blood and vitals, in the presence of these brothers now around me assembled, that I will never betray the brotherhood; that I will never tell anything that may occur in this or any other camp of the brotherhood; that I will never betray a brother; that I will never lie to a brother; that I will never rob a brother, but that I will always aid, council and cheer a brother; that I will share with him when he is in need; I will comfort him when he is sick; I will aid him when he is in trouble, and

will fight for him when he is in danger. If I fail in this my solemn oath, I hope the blood may dry in my veins, and my bones rot in my flesh; that I may tramp bare-footed through New Jersey till I am a hundred years old; that every man's promise made to me may be broken; that everything I love may learn to hate me; that my food and drink may turn to muck in my mouth; that all children may curse me, and that I may die alone."

"I also swear that if any brother turns traitor, I will aid, to the utmost of my ability, in bringing him to punishment, and carry out, without shirking, all orders of the duly elected officers of the brotherhood, to that end, whether by fire or water, club, knife or halter."

Here the twelve painted Tramps gave a *grunt*, a long groan changing into a roar, flung their clubs in a heap on the ground, and resumed their places in the circle.

After a few moments' pause, the twelve men, who were called "Executioners," again stepped forward, and Chivvy was instructed to hand them each a knife, when the same ceremony was performed as with the clubs, varied only by placing the knives across the novitiate's throat, instead of over his head. Then the halters were placed around his neck, and the ceremony repeated for a third time. After this, Coal-tar George placed a black bag over the novitiate's head, and tied it round his neck, while the twelve executioners marched round him, each muttering in his right ear as he passed, first the words, "Remember the club;" then, on the second round, "Remember the knife," and on the third round, "Remember the rope."

The bag was now removed, and Chivvy escorted in solemn procession to the tent of the "Perfessor," where he was instructed in the different grips, signs and passwords of the brotherhood.

Here I must hold up a moment to describe this singular character. The Perfessor was a man of no little importance in the gang. He was about five feet ten in height, had a large, well-developed head, wore his gray hair and beard long, and a patch over his right eye. His rusty black coat hung down below his knees, his pantaloons were tucked into his boots, and he carried a hooked stick under his arm. If you add to this picture a long-limbed, vicious-looking dog, which always slouched at his heels, you will have a good general idea of the "Perfessor."

The grip consisted in pressing the nail of the thumb in the back of the other person's hand, and was answered by the other person taking your



THE PERFESSION.

middle and fore-fingers in his hand and squeezing them firmly. The sign consisted in scratching the chin with the right hand, and then holding the lobe of the right ear between the finger and thumb of the same hand; the recognition of this sign was performed by placing the clenched fist of either hand, right or left, over the heart. The signal of danger, such as the presence or approach of some suspicious person, was made by pressing the back of the head with either hand, and then putting the lips to the back of the same hand. The general password was as follows:

QUESTION. "What might you be?"

ANSWER. "A Rover."

QUESTION. "What kind of a Rover?"

ANSWER. "A Ragged Rover."

QUESTION. "Any color?"

ANSWER. "Red."

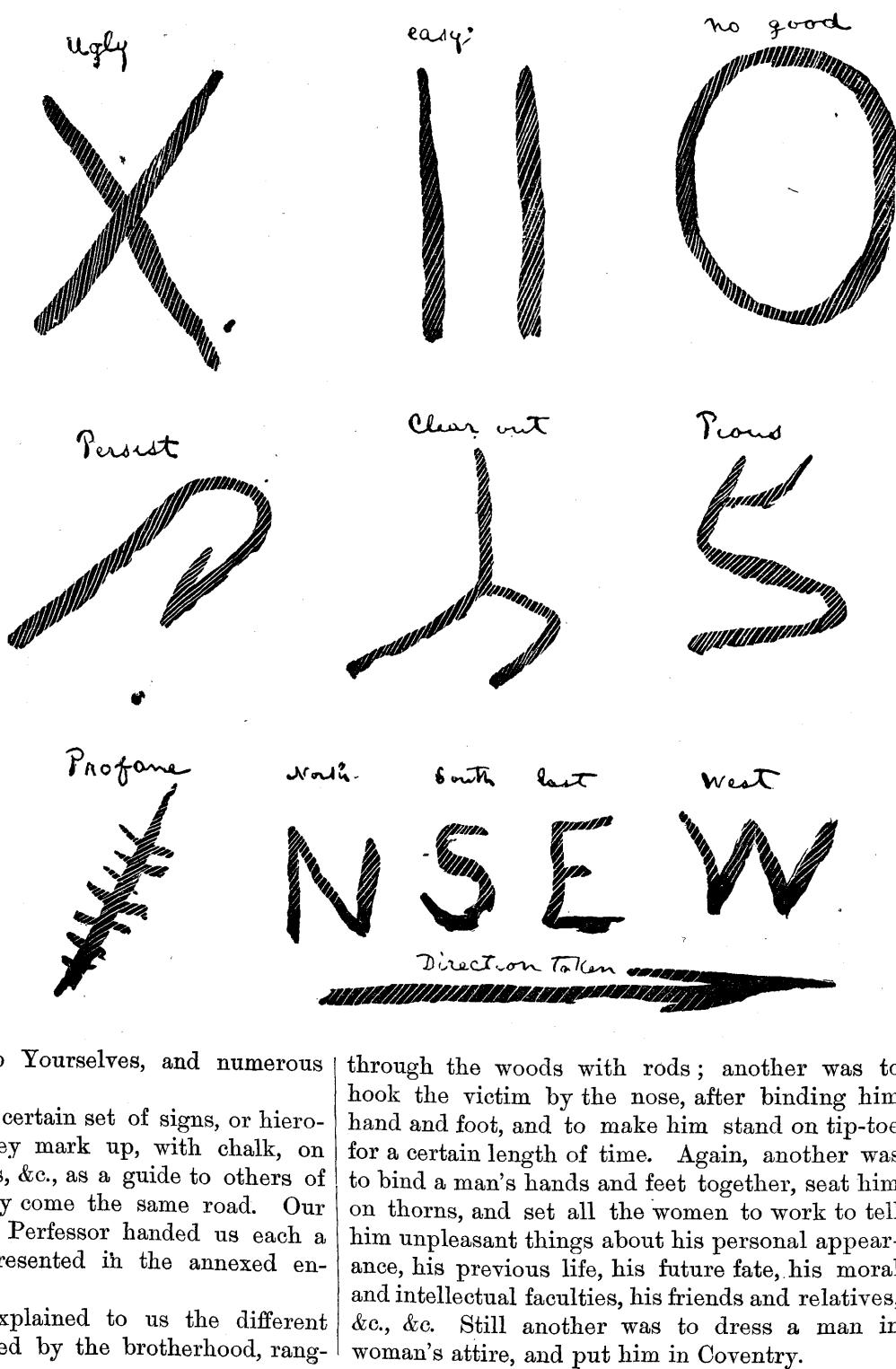
Our gang was called The Ragged Red Rovers, or The Rovers, for short. There are numerous other gangs all over the country, such as The Alligators, The Bang Woos, Billy Dubb's Guard, The Good Time

Comings, The Help Yourselves, and numerous others.

Each gang has a certain set of signs, or hieroglyphics, which they mark up, with chalk, on houses, fences, trees, &c., as a guide to others of their gang who may come the same road. Our signs, of which the Perfessor handed us each a copy, were as represented in the annexed engravings.

The Perfessor explained to us the different punishments inflicted by the brotherhood, rang-

ing from death, in aggravated cases of treachery, down to a severe reprimand. Some of the tortures were very curious, and not unfrequently invented for the occasion by the executioners, or the Tycoon or Tyke. One consisted in sewing the culprit up in a sack, with or without thorns; another, in stripping him naked, and chasing him



through the woods with rods; another was to hook the victim by the nose, after binding him hand and foot, and to make him stand on tip-toe for a certain length of time. Again, another was to bind a man's hands and feet together, seat him on thorns, and set all the women to work to tell him unpleasant things about his personal appearance, his previous life, his future fate, his moral and intellectual faculties, his friends and relatives, &c., &c. Still another was to dress a man in woman's attire, and put him in Coventry.

Two of their punishments we had an opportunity of witnessing on the very day of our initiation, they being expedited, I fancy, for our especial benefit and admonition.

As soon as my initiation was over, which occurred immediately after poor little Chivvy was put through his particular course of sprouts, the Perfessor took us kindly by the hands, and said: "And so, gentlemen, you have joined our ragamuffin band? Well, you will find us a pretty amiable lot of vagabonds, with a good deal more kindness and charity among us (so long as you are true to the order) than exists in most church congregations; not, perhaps, quite so much of the *suaviter in modo*, but a good deal more of the *fortiter in re*. I can hardly say that we are an industrial organization, though many of us would work if we could get work to do. I am not one of the number, however. I am constitutionally tired. Nothing pleases me more than to see industry in others. I can sit and contemplate such a spectacle for days together; but as for myself—well, my tastes are different. Do you gentlemen like to work?"

We told him we had no objection to it, provided we could thereby make a living.

"Ah! well then," he continued, "we shall have to classify you under the head of Bees. We have two orders among us, you must know—Butterflies and Bees: the Bees work when they can; the idle vagabonds call themselves Butterflies—a little bit of a misnomer, by the way, for the butterfly is a harmless, beautiful object, flitting about from flower to flower, delighting the eyes of all beholders—whilst our poor fellows, I fear, do not attract any very general admiration by their loveliness, and play the devil's own mischief too, sometimes, with the farmers' chicken-roosts and potato patches; however, they encourage the raising of a very fine breed of watch-dogs, and, so far, do some good in the world. But excuse me, I think I have not explained to you our form of government, which I will now proceed to do. It is very simple, and will detain you only a few minutes. The brotherhood is governed by an autocrat called the Tyke, or Tycoon, who is at present, as he has been for the last year and a half, Coal-tar George. He is the executive, and his word is absolute, subject only to the veto of the non-executive Judge, which latter position I now fill myself. Both these officers are elected by popular vote, and can be deposed at any moment by a majority vote. The brotherhood may call for an election, or the twelve executioners may at any time order one to be held;

but we have very little trouble or grumbling, and not much punishment, although this evening we have one case—a rather aggravated one, I am sorry to say. A brother refused aid to the famished wife and child of a member of the order, and was afterwards detected in a saloon spending money for beer. I have talked to him, and I do not think, at the time, he fully realized the necessity of the case, and he is now quite penitent; still, his punishment will be severe."

I found the Perfessor to be the organizer, the systematizer, the recorder—in fact, the brains of the brotherhood. In his valise he had a nice collection of books, some legal, and others books of reference; he had also maps, mathematical instruments and writing materials. He had a large map of our whole neighborhood, enlarged from a county map, whereon was marked every house for miles round, with numerous comments, derived chiefly from information given him by members of the order, who all reported to him on their return to camp. The comments would run something like the following, each house being distinguished by a combination of numbers or letters thus:

X 2.—Family lost a son in the war. Females feel kindly towards old soldiers, particularly those who marched with Sherman to the sea; all the better if wounded, as old man likes to set them to work.

V V.—Old woman has a son out West; good thing to say you are making your way to Indiana.

P 6.—Ugly bull-dog. Family pious. Ask for reading matter; say your father was a minister. Don't ask, and you may get something.

B B.—Old man has been swindled out of a lot of money by relatives. Tell same kind of story. Good stock of poultry. Chicken-house in rear easily got at. Dog fat and lazy.

D D 8.—Shiftless; leave things round loose. Can't work on their feelings.

189.—Always can get a job of work here, and a square meal. No good for Butterflies.

S S.—Old man and wife; old man goes to the tavern about seven; blazing drunk by ten; old woman deaf.

V L.—Man and wife quarrel. Abuse husband to wife; abuse wife to husband.

T T T.—Don't like long faces; be jolly.

Y O.—Down on men who are cheerful.

T 31.—Safe with children; baby if possible.

222.—Old chap subject to biles; bile him.

The Perfessor would mark out routes on this map for different Tramps, and often give them rough copies of the line they were to follow. He

had several maps, extending over a large section of the country, and containing thousands of homes. His memory was wonderful, and his knowledge of the peculiarities of hundreds of families something marvelous. He was in correspondence with a grand central lodge somewhere out West; but the name of the place I could never ascertain, for that secret was guarded with jealous care. I learned, however, that the Tramp organization was something immense, and that their organization is political and revolutionary. They have nothing in common with the Socialists, whose chief object is to organize and stimulate labor, and who are bitterly opposed to all loafers, tramping or stationary; but the Tramp's object is, when any trouble takes place, to aid the revolutionary party, strikers or what not, and reap a large harvest of plunder.

I must here draw attention to one fact which very few people seem to understand—or won't understand—and that is, that every poor fellow who is ragged and hungry, and looking for work, is by no means necessarily a Tramp in the invidious sense of the word. Thousands of them are good honest fellows, who would rejoice at obtaining employment. I suppose, of course, the most of well-to-do people know this; but they prefer to lump them all together, and by howling at them bad names—Tramp, loafer, thief, &c.—salve their own conscience for not striving to better their condition, as they ought to do, and as they will bitterly rue not doing at no very distant day. For the Tramps are a fearful power in this country at present, under a most perfect system of organization, and ready at any moment, when the oppor-

tunity occurs, to hurl their power at the throat of organized authority. If the supine and prosperous citizen could only hear, as I have done, from thousands of lips, the glorious pictures of riot and anarchy, painted in the rudest of rude word-colors, they would not sleep quite so calmly in their beds as they now do.

But to proceed with the Perfessor's functions.

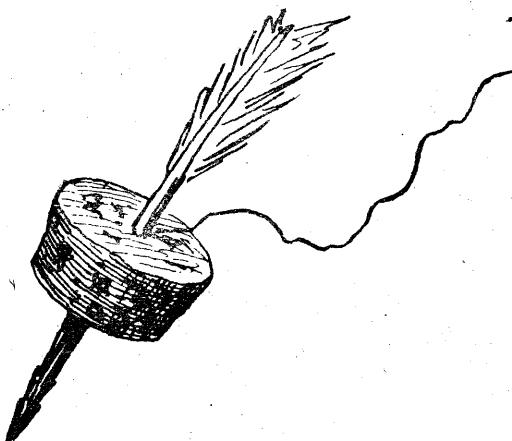
One of his offices was to devise numerous disguises and make-ups, like a property man or costumer in a theatre. In these duties he was assisted by a subordinate called "The Artist." This Artist had paints, and patches, and odds and ends of various kinds, with which he could get you up a very fair imitation of a man recovering from the small-pox or yellow fever. Men got up in this style would be sent to families known to be nervous on the subject of infectious disease, who would pay liberally to induce so dangerous a visitor to leave their threshold. With the aid of a huckleberry, or a currant, and a little collodion, he could counterfeit the most venomous-looking boil, with which he would ornate



FEMALE TRAMP, WITH POULTRY ATTACHMENT.

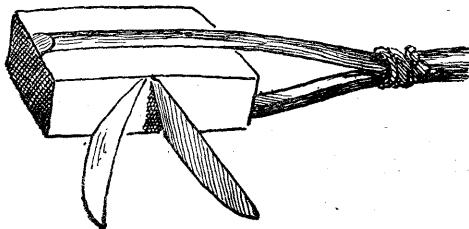
ment tramps wishing to excite commiseration and avoid work. With the same materials he could imitate scars and wounds for sham soldiers. He had a wardrobe of a few old soldier and sailor clothes, and rags of the most picturesque description. Also some fine suits, with the full black rig of a minister; these were used on special occasions for special purposes, and were the property of the brotherhood. He had, too, various implements useful in picking and stealing. One, a belt with hooks, for poultry, to be worn round the waist, and under the dress, of a female Tramp.

Another little instrument made out of a cork, or piece of wood, in one side of which was fastened a barbed nail, in the other a feather and a long string. A Tramp, concealed on one side of a fence, would dart this at a heap of potatoes on the other side, harpoon a potato, and drag it within reach with the string. This, of course, could be used on apples, turnips, and various other small game.



THE POTATO HOOK.

The Ragsooker was an instrument attached to the end of a long pole for removing clothespins from the lines, and afterwards dragging the released clothes over the fence; this will be better understood by a glance at the annexed diagram.



INSTRUMENT FOR REMOVING CLOTHES-PINS.

He had a kind of armor made of strips of wood, covered with padding, to protect the arms and legs against dogs; these were generally charged with cayenne pepper and snuff to choke the animals. When attacked in front by a fierce dog, the Tramp would present his left arm, covered with this armor, which the creature would seize in his teeth, whereupon the Tramp would at once pound him over the head with a short club, or piece of iron. This practice was found very effective on night excursions for chickens or harness, when the foragers were apt to be disturbed by the watch-dog. Whenever they could, however, they tried to make away with the dog beforehand, by means of medicated meat balls, of which the Perfessor had several kinds. The difficulty in this

case was that the poison often did not act quickly enough, and it would not answer to poison a dog before the owner went to bed, as the discovery that such a thing had been done would naturally excite suspicion.

They had an instrument for muzzling pigs, to prevent their squealing, and various others, which my space will not permit me to describe.

Each Tramp had a peculiar character to perform; he was cast, like an actor, for a particular part best suited to his appearance and ability. There was:

The meek Tramp, with children,
The bully Tramp,
The ragged Tramp,
The respectable Tramp,
The Tramp who asks for work,
The unwholesome Tramp,
The lubberly Tramp,
The abject Tramp,
The jolly Tramp,
Mrs. Tramp,
And many others.

I do not mean to say that these men all *played* parts as actors do—not at all. The Perfessor, seeing the natural character of each man in the brotherhood, only coached him artistically how to make the most of his natural disadvantages. Here, for example, was Sam Discoll, the jolly



THE JOLLY TRAMP.

Tramp. The Perfessor put him through a regular course of training, taught him many pert sayings, jokes and complimentary speeches for farmers' wives and daughters, such as, "Ah, mum, I had a wife once, and a good wife, too, and nearly as handsome as you, though you'd hardly think it of a poor Tramp like me;" or, "Ah, well! a

smile from you'd be as good as a square meal for a man any day ;" or, "I caught a bad cold last night, ma'am, sleeping in a field with the gate open and the grass not aired," and such like stuff. Sam had been a deck-hand on a North River barge, and once thought he might become President of the United States ; he now hopes he may have a clam-cart of his own some day. There was Bill



THE BULLY TRAMP.

Gouch; the Perfessor saw he had the natural talent for a bully, and gently trained his mind to distinguish the right subjects for bullying ; but still he would make mistakes now and then, and come home with a black eye in consequence.



THE LUBBERLY TRAMP.

Sharkey, the lubberly Tramp, was taught to whine ; but he was a difficult subject to make much of, having no special gift for anything, honest or dishonest, except robbing small children, which the Perfessor would never tolerate.



THE UNWHOLESOME TRAMP.

George Shime, the unwholesome Tramp, was very effective in the small-pox and yellow fever line of business, and the Perfessor instructed him how to counterfeit all the symptoms of various disorders, including a hacking cough and Saint Vitus' dance. He had once been assistant to an onion and potato butcher, and had no idea where he was drifting, either here or hereafter.

Abner Howe, the abject Tramp, was taught a



THE ABJECT TRAMP.



MRS. TRAMP.

tale of suffering and misfortune, dates and places all complete, that would have melted the heart of a fashionable lady.

Then there was Sarah Rook, Mrs. Tramp, the deserted wife, whose husband had run away and left her with four children, three of whom had died in her arms, while the fourth had done worse, and married a journeyman hatter with tight pantaloons and an incurable taste for drink, a thing Mrs. Tramp could not overlook in any man—though she didn't mind taking three times as much of her share of whisky in camp, when she could get it.

We had in our camp several men who had been quite well off, if not rich, in their time; and it was pitiful to hear them relate how, bit by bit, their fortune slipped away, and how audaciously heartless old friends became when they grew poor. Verily, mankind is a great sneak! One poor fellow showed us, with tears in his eyes, letters from his own son, whom he had started in business, telling his father that it was "his own fault," he had "no one to blame but himself," and so on. "And oh! how I loved that boy," said the poor man. Most of us, however, had been brought up more or less roughly; some had never worked, nor wished to work, and others were rapidly losing the habits of industry, only looking forward with longing eyes to some grand national smash-up, when there should be a glorious scramble for the prizes.

The Perfessor often told me that there were half a million of Tramps all over the country belonging to their organization, who could be concentrated at various points in less than a week.

"And then," he would say, "let those twaddlers who prate about *things regulating themselves*, and about the holy capitalists, as though they were another race of beings—let them see whether it would not have been better to regulate things a little, rather than to have left them to regulate themselves with lamp-posts and lead pills. Now look here," he said, showing me a boot with a rope tied round the heel; "this is what we often use now to show the track of some of the brotherhood to others who may follow after. We all know, when we see a footprint in the mud, or sand, with a line across the heel, which this rope leaves, that one of our order has been that way. Well, you will one day find every road in the United States filled with such footprints, and all with the toes turned in the same direction; then let that infernal despot, the capitalist, worse than any ancient Baron or modern Czar, look out for himself. You will see in those

days, too, tens of thousands of men with a plain piece of twine or whip-cord fastened round the third finger, like a wedding-ring. You need not inquire then who the Tramps are. You see our emblems are ropes and cords; hemp is a mighty reformer!

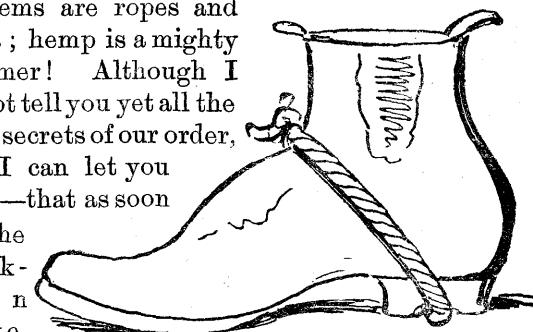
Although I cannot tell you yet all the inner secrets of our order, this I can let you know—that as soon as the

worke
m e n
strike,

the first step will be to seize all the railroads. Then the old Tramp will be the fastest traveler going; he will be able to outmarch any other body of men, and naturally can concentrate at any given point quicker than his adversaries; he can live upon less food, and rough it better in the field; so you see our sufferings and hardships are educating us up to be soldiers. The day is coming—the night is nearly past."

He paused for a few minutes, his lips firmly compressed, and his solitary eye glaring into space as if devouring futurity.

"I will show you one other thing," he resumed with a start, at the same time unbuttoning his shirt-bosom, and exposing a blood-red star, on which was embroidered in silver a skull and



cross-bones. "Do you see this? Well, it is the emblem of our order. None but the leaders can wear it. When it is shown, all of the clan, save only those of equal or *the one* of superior rank, must implicitly obey, no matter what the order may be; disobedience is death. But I dare not

use it now ; it is only for times of war and turmoil. Then I shall have my permit to use it from my only superior—the superior of us all. Then you will see the grand army of despised Tramps fall into line, and move as one man to a new battle-cry, never yet uttered, and never to be uttered till the spell is broken, the order given, and the mighty host sweeps through the land with blood and fire."

A messenger entered the tent at this moment and made a sign to the Perfessor, who, in turn, told us everything was ready for the punishment ceremony.

In the enclosure which had witnessed our initiation we found the culprit standing bolt upright, with nothing on but his undershirt and drawers, and looking as white as a boarding-house sheet. Two of the executioners advanced, and stretching his arms out straight, at right angles to his body, proceeded to fasten them firmly in that position to a long pole ; two other executioners tied handfuls of grass on his head, which others sprinkled liberally with whizzing bugs and various kinds of insects ; more grass was then tied on the victim's head, whilst his hands and feet were treated in like manner ; he then received a lash behind, and was ordered to march. I now noticed that the path he was destined to take was thickly studded with sharp spikes of all lengths, and crossed by the trunk of a small tree. If he deviated from the proper path, he was driven into it again by grotesquely-attired executioners on either side. He managed to go through the ordeal better than I expected, but not without one or two slight wounds. His greatest suffering, however, was caused by his constrained position, and the insects crawling over his head and face. This was called the *Road to Jordan*, and was the first and least half of his punishment. His arms were now unbound, and his extremities relieved of their wrappings of grass, when three or four hideous objects, with the skeleton heads of oxen surmounting their bodies, emerged from the wood. They bound his hands behind him, and tied his head up in a cotton cloth. One of the monsters stationed himself on either side of the culprit, one in front and rear, and at a given signal marched him

off some distance to a kind of bluff, where from a large chestnut hung a long rope, to which with some difficulty they managed to attach his left leg, so that he hung head downwards about eighteen inches from the ground. He was, allowed to spin round for some minutes, when two of the executioners began to swing him backwards and forwards, with more and more force, till he went flying up to a level with the branch from which he hung. I had no means of telling how long they kept this thing up ("having left my watch on the pianer"), or what the feelings of the poor wretch were ; but it seemed to me that the one was interminable, and the other must have been dreadful, to which, indeed, the unfortunate creature bore mute testimony when he was cut down—for he fell all in a heap, apparently dead, and did not recover for half an hour after. I believe they are not so very, very particular if they kill a man now and then, though they would rather avoid it than otherwise. This last torture they called the Flying Trapeze.

As I lay down to rest that night in the grand, silent woods, odorous of pine and earth, with the ocean of sky above me, and recalled what I had seen that day, I could not help thinking what impertinent little snips we human beings were, to cut up such monkey-shines on God's footstool.

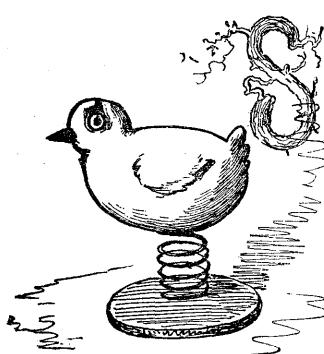
Surely Voltaire's definition of a Frenchman would seem applicable to all mankind : "Half tiger, half monkey ;" and one might add, with a touch of the domestic donkey





THE ROAD TO JORDAN.

CHAPTER V.



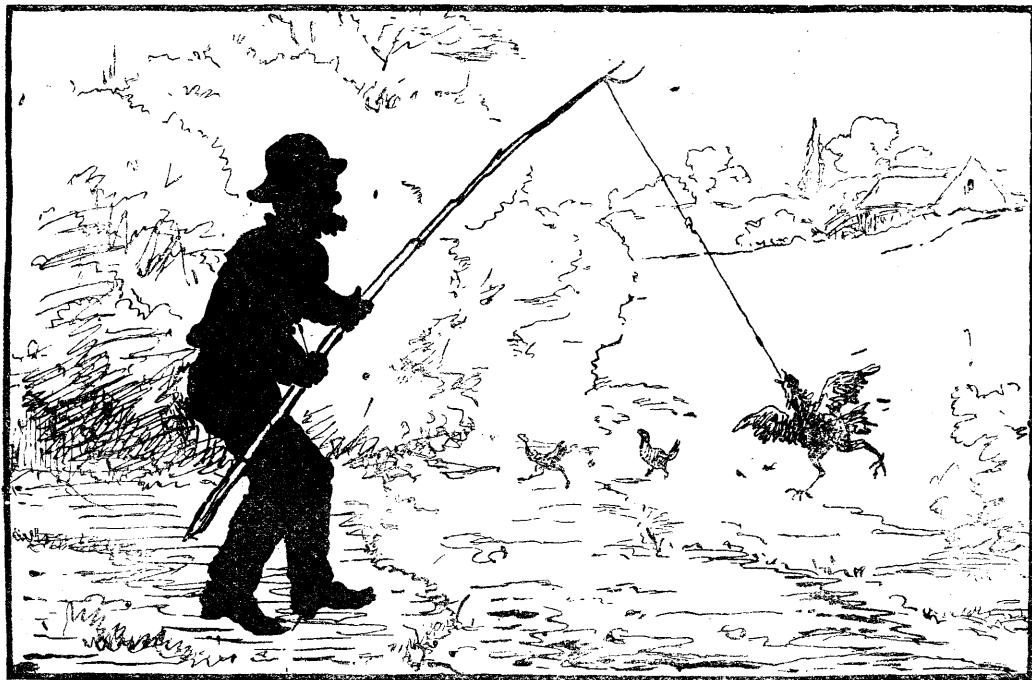
PRING chickens were scarcely in season—nevertheless we breakfasted upon them next morning, with brook trout, fried eels, crackers, new milk, and excellent coffee—not a bad breakfast for Tramps, I thought; and when I reflected that every-

thing, save the crackers and coffee, had been acquired by confiscation, or manual skill, I could not help looking with a certain admiration on organized Tramp life as it appeared before me.

The Rovers were divided into messes of eight or ten. Two of the mess remained in camp to cook, cut wood, build fires, draw water, and loaf; the rest of the mess went out foraging. Some to fish, for fish or chickens, some to pick berries, and

the road near Port Jervis; and as both Chivvy and myself turned out most excellent foragers, we soon became the envy and admiration of the whole camp.

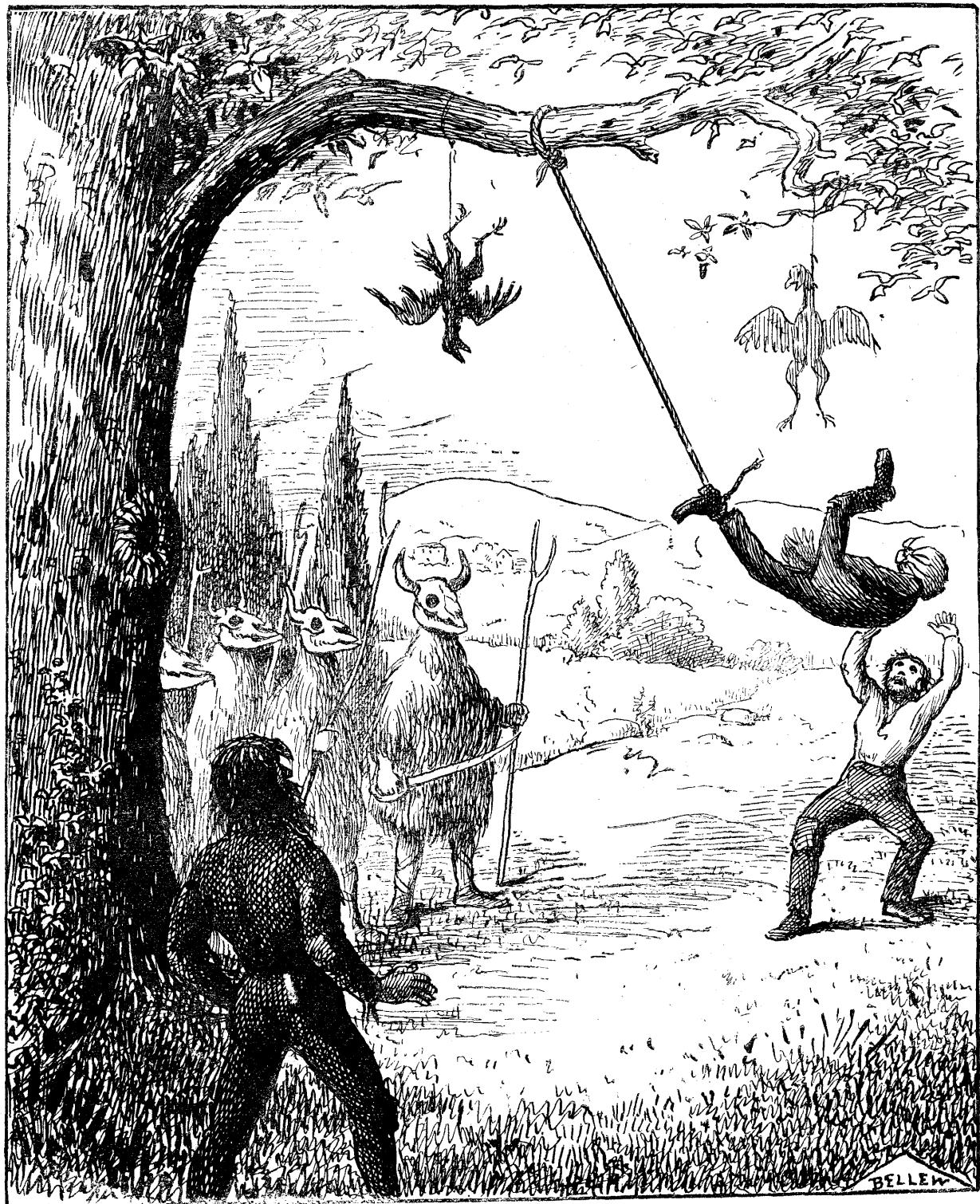
In our mess, in addition to having the best cook and the two best foragers, we also had the only real square, up-and-down aristocrat in the camp, the only man who owned his own horse and trap. This man used to carry on a legitimate business at times in buying up odd bits of bones, hides and fat, old scraps of iron, and such stuff; and, when he had collected enough, selling them to some one who consumed such delicacies. There can be little doubt that he found his business a convenient cloak and his wagon a great assistance in other less legitimate branches of business, wherein poultry, lambs and family linen often figured. I do not mean to say he stole these articles—gratitude, and a recollection of lamb chops, make me mute; but, honestly, I don't think he ever paid for them. We used to call him the *bone and sinew of his country; the fat of the land; the bloated aristocrat*, and many other pet names which



FISHING FOR CHICKENS.

others to beg and steal. If one mess made a good haul of provisions, they would first provide for their own table, and then divide among their less fortunate brothers. Chivvy and myself were luckily attached to a mess with a very good cook, she being no less than Mrs. Sulky, the lady who had treated me to a breakfast of frogs' legs on

he took good-naturedly enough, provided we did not speak slightlying of his horse, on which subject he was excessively touchy. He firmly believed, like most lovers of horseflesh, in the speed of his own animal; and as we all stood in need, more or less, of his friendly services, particularly those who were addicted to getting drunk and in-



THE FLYING TRAPEZE.

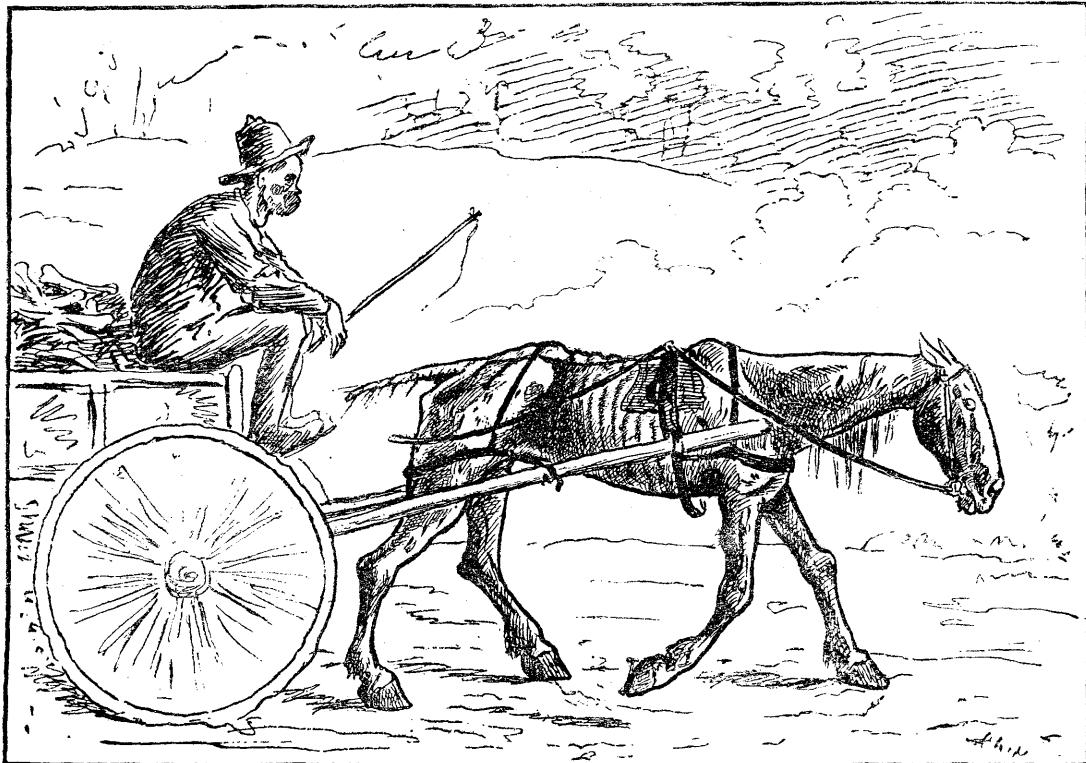
capable in Port Jervis, we treated his prejudices with respectful consideration. With anything procured in the regular line of business he was the veriest niggard conceivable; but with those obtained by manual dexterity he was as lavish as a prince; thus he managed to do justice both to his business and hospitable instincts.

Indeed, we lived in grand style, going so far, frequently, as to give large dinner parties to "the rank, fashion and beauty of Roverglen," as Chivvy

"All right, Mr. Wetherby, the things will be there on time; good day, sir."

"Hi think I see a hopening there for a little stroke. As Mr. Wetherby is hevidently goin' to have an 'ell of a blow-hout, per'aps we might 'elp 'im along a bit," said Chivvy. "Let me think it hout a bit," and he plunged into a brown study, from which he emerged with the exclamation:

"I 'ave it! I'll play gentleman's servant again. I'm all up to that little game. First we'll find



THE BLOATED ARISTOCRAT.

expressed it. At one time we rioted in all the delicacies of the season for two or three days together, and this is the way we managed it: Chivvy and myself were lounging round the door of the largest grocery in Port Jervis, when we saw a portly, opulent-looking gentleman bustle out, and make for his carriage waiting in the street; but before reaching it he was called back by the grocer.

"Oh! Mr. Wetherby, hadn't I better send you a dozen of tongues, as well as the hams?"

"Tongues? Oh! yes, send some tongues, but don't fail to have everything up to the house by Friday noon, for I shall tell the folks to expect them; I shan't be home myself, and if you can't get the burgundy, send two or three more cases of champagne."

hout who this Wetherby is, wot he's up to, and where his 'ouse is—then we'll go and look at the 'ouse, and hact accordingly."

All this we did, finding out that Mr. Wetherby was, as we supposed, a very wealthy man, and that he was going to give a large garden party in honor of his daughter's return from her wedding visit; and we also discovered, what was of as much importance to us as anything else, that his house stood a good way back from the road, with a long carriage drive.

"Now," said Chivvy, "one of them Rovers 'as got a white jacket. I can sew up a little kind of waiter's apron for myself, and at twelve o'clock I'll be in the road opposite that hold buffer's gate, and when the wagon drives up, I'll make believe I'm the servant, and that Mr. Wetherby

has changed his mind, and wants all the good things took somewhere else ; but I'll tell him Mr. Wetherby wishes to give 'im directions in person, and that he'll find 'im over there about a quarter of a mile off, in the woods, talking to some workmen, and if he'll just step hover and see him, I'll 'old the 'orse till he comes back. D'yous understand my little game?"

"Like a book," I replied.

"Well, while he's gone I'll jump in the wagon

I need not go over the execution of this plan in detail. Suffice it to say, the whole thing was carried out according to programme, without a single hitch, and we all had a royal time on the plunder, while Chivvy and I became perfect heroes in the camp.

Some time after this, the camp found itself in a very bad financial way ; nobody had any of those most important of all necessities of life—tobacco, coffee and sugar, and we were rapidly becoming



THIS MANOEUVRE WAS CARRIED OUT IN THE MOST MASTERLY STYLE.

and drive off as fast as that blessed 'orse can put legs to the ground. Well, 'old on a bit" (he thought I was going to speak) ; "you'll be 'anging round till you see 'im coming back ; then you walk along as though you was a ordinary foot-passenger, but you strikes 'im just as he gets hout of the gate ; you sees 'im looking about, and then you asks 'im if he's lost anything—that is, per-vided he don't speak to you first, which he most likely will ; then you tells 'im that you've seen just such a wagon as he's lookin' for down some road that's quite different from the road I've took. Then you can join me at a place we'll fix on near the camp, unload the prag, drive the trap four or five miles hoff, 'itch it up, and walk back to camp—and then if we don't live like fighting-cocks, I'm a Dutchman."

rabid for want of them ; whisky was also desirable, but that we could do without. Of food and milk we could always get sufficient, for were there not farm-houses all over the country ? But tobacco and coffee needed money. Well, just at this critical time I was prowling through the woods, about four miles from the camp, with one of the Rovers named George Lake (but whom we habitually called Lake George), when I suddenly espied in the distance some objects lying by the side of the river. On carefully reconnoitering, we discovered these to be the clothing of two sporting gentlemen, who were bathing. In an instant I instructed Lake George to crawl on his hands and knees and possess himself of the booty, while I kept watch from a somewhat elevated position in the background. This manœuvre was carried

out in the most masterly style, and five minutes more saw us posting through the woods with two complete suits of clothes, a diamond breast-pin, two gold watches, a whole pile of money, two fishing-rods, and a paint-box, besides innumerable smaller articles, including two meerschaum pipes and a pouch of splendid smoking tobacco. When we had time to stop and count it, we found that our haul in cash amounted to a little over ninety-five dollars ; this we divided at once, but concealed the rest of our treasure among the

needed to lie fallow for a season, to recover its productive powers. Besides which, the people seemed to be losing confidence in Tramps, which made it sometimes rather embarrassing. In fact, we were looked upon as some kind of border ruffians, like Mexican banditti by the Texans, or as the Highland Scotch by their lowland neighbors—as, in short, very undesirable boarders. So I took an early opportunity of making my way to Middletown, to see if I could gain some tidings of my sweet little mistress, Loo West, whom I had never



THE ALL-DEVOURING BOARDER-RUFFIAN.

rocks, while we posted off to Port Jervis, where we purchased a glorious supply of tobacco, tea, coffee, sugar and rum for the use of the camp. I do not think the Highlanders, when they came to the relief of Lucknow, were received with more rejoicing than we were, when we arrived at Rover-glen with our load of tobacco and coffee.

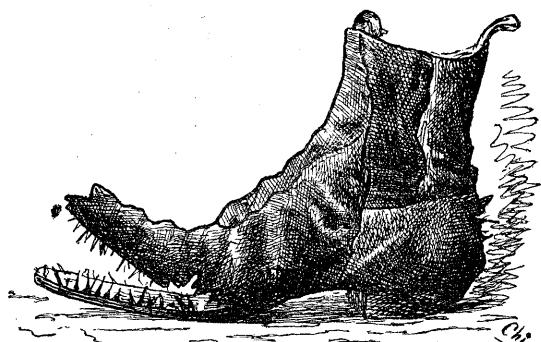
This was nearly the last foray of any importance in which I was engaged with the Ragged Red Rovers, the fact being that the soil round that section of the country was getting exhausted, and

forgotten for one moment. I had written to her father several times, representing myself to be in a prospering condition, but of course never received any answer from him. Luckily, my haul of new clothes, not to mention the diamond pin and watch (which latter, by the way, I dared not try to dispose of in any small town), enabled me to present an appearance calculated to support my statements with regard to my good fortune. Well, I found my way to the village near Dave West's farm, where I learned that the old man

was sick in bed, and that the daughter had got a "kinder pale," and seemed to mope.

This news rather saddened me, and for the first time since we parted my conscience called me up for judgment on my past career. I had left her full of faith as to my will and ability to achieve an honorable position. She had been waiting and grieving, whilst I—what had I been doing?—leading the life of a common thief and vagabond. Had I done all that I might have done to avoid this life? My conscience reserved its decision, while my pride answered the question thus: I had tried honestly and frequently to obtain work, and failed. I had been treated with scorn, because I was in need. All mortals who are suffering and without power are hated by their fellow-creatures; take two men, naked and unknown—one bad the other good; one such as the devil might create as a model for his subjects, the other as angelic a character as Christianity could conceive, if you will; write the character of each on his face, and trumpet it forth in his voice; dress one in broadcloth, with a shiny hat, a diamond breast-pin and a gold watch, clothe the other in rags, and then turn them both loose on the world, and see which will receive civility and respect. Will any one pause to think which is the worthier of the two? Not a moment. One carries the outward signs of power, the other of weakness—that is enough. One may be an Arnold, a Judas Iscariot, the other a Milton, a Newton, a Vanderbilt in embryo; the conditions of both may be only transient—who cares?—mankind is a great sneak. I had rebelled against this hoggish insolence of the prosperous, and wrested by cunning and force what they had denied to me on fair terms—a living. Still I felt that society could not exist on such a principle; and I made up my mind, for Loo's sake, my own sake, and as a matter of right, to make a great effort to earn what I consumed in future. I would strive rather to aid other poor sufferers like myself who were floundering about in the mire of beggary and trampery, rather than revenge myself on the heartless mass of prosperous humanity. In my alligator days in New York (we Tramps, when our boots had attained a certain stage of decay, used to call them alligators, from a certain fanciful resemblance they bore to the head of that amiable creature)—in my alligator days I used to hate all the world, and would have contemplated any general calamity with a certain fiendish delight. I would picture to myself the city burning, and the rich rushing from their homes poor and helpless as myself, and revel in the spectacle; famine, pestilence, war, would each furnish me with material for tableaux to delight the

eye of my imagination. This feeling I resolved to set myself to work to battle against, and in its place to cultivate a more rational and humane spirit. Then it occurred to me that I was at that instant wearing stolen clothes and jewelry. Well,



AN ALLIGATOR BOOT.

they were the spoils of war—plunder of the past; the war was over, peace was for the future—I would be honest in peace. I gulped this awkward bolus down as best I could, lubricating it with the resolve (which I may here say I afterwards fulfilled) of making full restitution, if I ever became rich enough to do so. But for the present I must retain my prize as a fulcrum to the lever which was to pry me out of the mire. Without this appearance of prosperity I could never hope to melt the heart of Loo's father, or expect to make a fresh start in the world; and Loo was my objective point.

I resolved to visit her at once. The house looked just the same: there was the shed behind which we had parted; there was the pup, grown a little larger and more mature; and there—there was my sweet Loo, with the same soft brown eyes, but sadly pale and careworn. She did not know me at first in my dandy attire, but when she did recognize me, she flew to my arms, crying:

"Oh, you've come back, you've come back! I thought I should never see you in this world again. Father has been so ill, and is so changed. I think he would let you have me now; but do you want me now—or—or—have you come back to say you don't care for me any more—or—or—don't tell me that—oh! pray, pray don't! You haven't married some one else—you haven't married some fine lady?"

"I forget you! I marry some one else! Oh, you sweet, perfect little goose, how could I, how could any man whom you would deign to love ever forget you!" I cried, clasping her to my bosom.

It was some time before we could come down to earth, and talk rationally on sublunary affairs; but

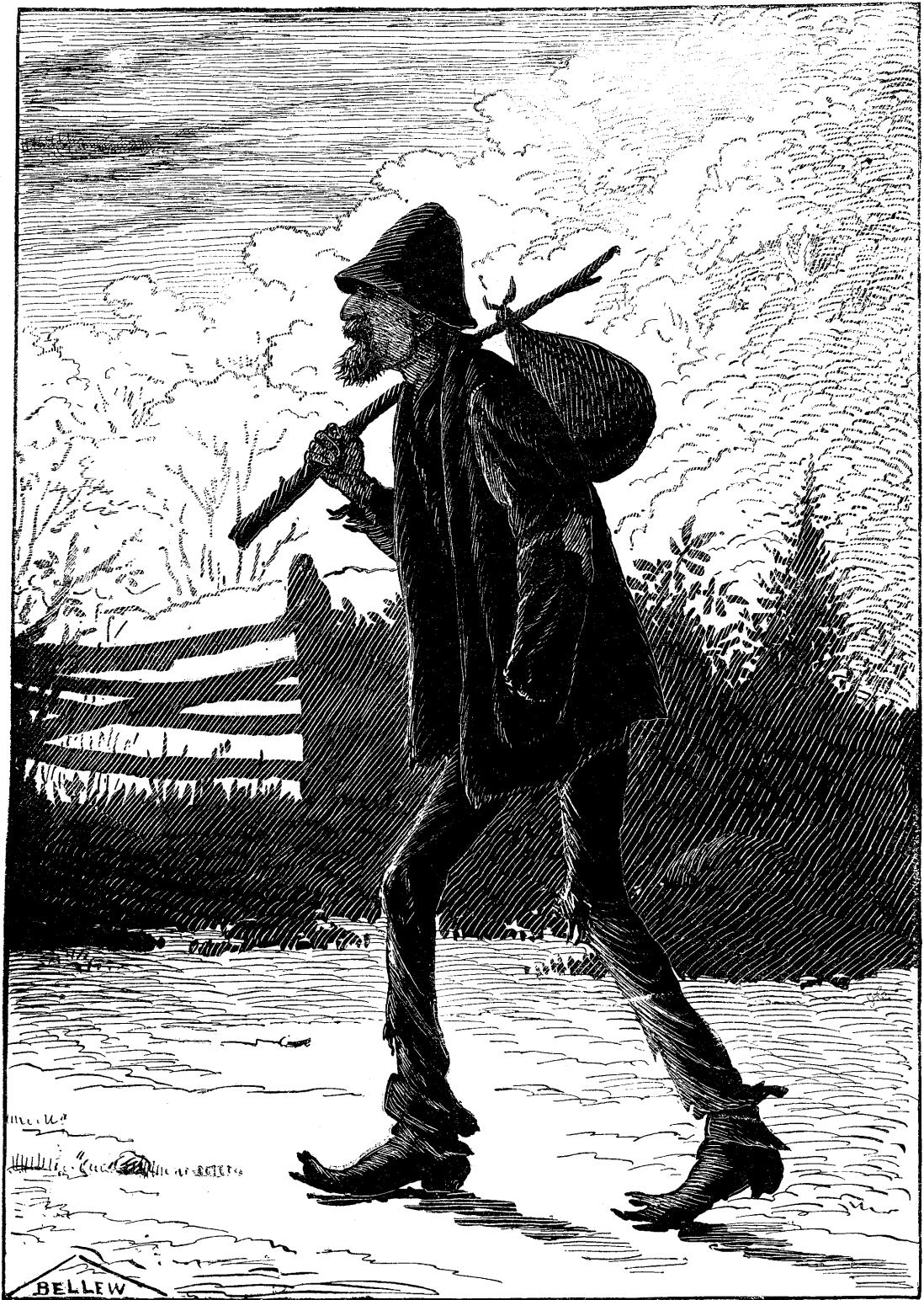
when we did get to *terra firma*, it was arranged that I should visit her father in his sick-room, after he had been duly prepared for the interview by the mother and daughter.

When I presented myself, I could see that my dashing appearance had a marked effect on the old gentleman; for there was a good deal of the man of the world about him, in spite of all his goodness. We sat and talked together for a long

time, and the old fellow grew quite cheerful; but I never uttered a word about Loo. I called the next day and had a chat, and the next, and the next, and the next, till now I am stopping here altogether—for Loo West is my wife, and I am running the farm for the old man, who is as well and happy as all the rest of us; though no—he can scarcely be so happy as the poor Tramp, who has become once more a respectable member of society.



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ON THE TRAMP.

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The tramp: his tricks, tallies and tell-tales [electronic resource] with all his signs, countersigns, grips, pass-words and villainies exposed by an ex tramp ed. by Frank Bellew with illustrations by Frank Bellew, A. Bee, and Chip.

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