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GASTONIA,

Friday, October 8.

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GASTONIA,

Friday, October 8.

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LONG BROTHERS.

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER XIV.

PINEVILLE, January 18.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—When I writ you my last letter to you I was in a peck of troubles, and it did seem to me like heaven and yeath was conspired agin me to prevent my marryin Mary Stallins. But things is tuck a turn agin, and now I can say with Mr. Mackbeth in Shakespeare, "So foul, so fair a day I never seed afore and all the clouds that lowered on my head, is in the deep busum of the ocean buried." You must excuse me for writin tragedy out of the book. I don't blieve in stickin in book larnin in every thing a body writes—but then ther is some times when jest common words won't express the full meanin, you know. That's the way with me now. But I'll tell you.

You must know the next day after the yeathquake what like to shuck old Miss Stallinses life out of her, nothin would do but she must move right back to the plantation, bag and baggage, galls and all. Mother and all of 'em tried ther best to swade her out of sich a foolish notion. But it wasn't no use. The old woman's head was sot, and you mought jest as well talk sense to a Georgia legislater, or try to build a mill-dam across the Mississippi river as argy with her when she takes a notion. She sed she wasn't gwine to risk her life no longer in no sich place—there was too many houses on the hill any way, for safety. She sed people had been comin in and buildin every year sense she settled in town, and she spected nothin else but the yeath would cave thar one of these days, if it didn't no whar else.

Well, shore enough, the Stallinses moved out that very day. Mary looked like she didn't like it, but never sed nothin, only that she hoped I'd come out to see 'em often. I was anxious to go and see Mary, but sense the old woman was so stubbern about it, I thought I wouldn't show too much hurry, so I waited till yesterday, when old uncle Cato brung me a letter from the old woman herself, which I can ashore you was as interestin to me as the Miscellany is when I fust git it out of the post-office. You may look out for a weddin before long. I'm 'termined to have the thing fixed 'thout waitin for enny more accidents. No more from

Your friend, till death,

JOS. JONES.

P. S. I will fold her letter inside of this so you can see it.

My dear Joseph—Arter my complyments, I want to say a word to you on the subjec of yourn an Mary's. I've been thinkin about it ever sense that nite when the yeathquake come along and like to swalered the whole of us up in the bowels of the yeath. Now you no, Joseph, that I consider you no more nor less than mi sun, pervidee the world don't come to a eend, for I think Mary got sich a lesson from what turned up with that rascal Crotchit, that she'll mind how, she projects with clever folks what she's nown all her life, enny more. You no I aint gwine to oppose your marryin Mary for enny objectshun to you, for tho I say it to you when I oughtent to say it, I would rather have you for a sun-in-law than enny young man I no of. But I did think it was no time to be thinkin about marryin when all nater was provin the truth of Parson Miller's professyin. But Mary has tuck on so ever sense I opposed you marryin her right off, that it has worried me imensly. She ses, ef the world does come to a eend she couldn't bare the site, no how ef you wasn't thar, right by her. She ses moren that, she ses—and I declare I'm shamed to rite it to you, and I no you'll blush to read it, jest to no how the child does love you—she ses she couldn't di no how, 'thout it was in your arms, and you no if you was to gratifi her when the catasterfy cum, and wasn't married, people wood talk. And then agin, thar's that paper what Mary takes on your accounts, has got them letters in it what you writ to your friend mister Tomson, whar you pored out your feelins on the subjec and let the whole cat out of the wallit; and Mary says she spects that more'n five thousand people has red all bout the whole bisnes for now, for she ses the editer ses his scripshun list is growin every day and is most a thousen now, and you no more'n five borry it whar one scribes for it. That's one reason that Mary is sposed to your turnin editer—she ses it is hard work and pore pay, and five thousan borryers wouldn't support no paper. Mary is a mity spunky gal, and don't blieve in bein posed on by nobody, and ef the world don't come to a eend, I think you'll say in 12 months you've got the smartest wife in Pinevil, tho I say it huo oughtent to. But I'm gwine off the subjec. I hav come to the conclusion that you and Mary maygit married ef you say so jest to save pearances, and you nedent git no fixins for housekeepin till after april, and when you is married I'll jest let you say whether we'll pitch a crap or no. No more but yourn till death,

POLLY STALLINS.

Perlitenees of Cater.

LETTER XV.

PINEVILLE, February 2.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—Even sense I writ my last letter to you, things is gone on jest as straight as a shingle, and the only thing what troubles me is, I'm afraid it's all too good to last. It's always been the way with me ever sense I can remember whenever I'm the happiest some cussed thing seems to turn up jest to upset all my calculations; and now though the day is sot for the weddin, and the Stallinses is gettin every thing ready as fast as they can, I wouldn't be supprised much if some bominable thing was to happen, some yeathquake or something, jest to bust it all up agin, though I should hate it monstrous.

Old Miss Stallins read that piece in the Miscellany about the mistake in parson Millers' figers, and I do blieve she's as glad about it as if she was shore she would live a whole thousand years more herself. She ses she haint got no objections to the weddin now, for me and Mary'll have plenty of time to make a fortin for our children an raise 'em up as they ought to be. She ses she always wondered how Mr. Miller could cifar the thing out so straight, to the very day, without a single mistake, but now he's made sich a terrible blunder of a whole thousand years, she ses she knows he aint no smarter nor other people, if he was raised at the north.

It's really surprisin how mazin poplar it does make a body to be engaged to be married to a butiful young lady. Sense the thing's leaked out, every body's my pertickeler friend, and I can't meet nobody wherever I go, but what wants to congratilate me on my good fortin, 'cept cousin Pete and two or three other fellers, who look sort 'o like they wanted to laugh and couldn't. Almost every night Mary and me is invited to a party. Tother night we went to one to old Squire Rogers, whar I got my dander up a little the worst I've had it for some time. I don't believe you have ever hearn of jest sich a dingd fool trick as they played on me. Ther was a good many young people thar, and as the Squire don't allow dancin, they all played games and tricks, and sich foolishness to pass away the time, which to my notion is a bominable sight worse than dancin.

Cousin Pete was thar splurgin about in the biggest with his dandy-cut trowsers and big whiskers, and tried to take the shine off everybody else jest as he always does. Well, bimeby he ses:

"Spose we play brother Bob—lets play brother Bob."

"Yes, lets play that," ses all of 'em, "won't you be brother Bob, Majer?"

"Who's brother Bob?" ses I—for I didn't know nothin' about it, and thats the way I come to be so bominably tuck in.

"I'll tell you," ses he, "you and somebody else must set down in the chairs and be blindfolded, and the rest must all walk round and round you, and keep tappin you on the head with something till you guess who bob'd you."

"But how bob me?" ses I.

"Why," ses he, "when any one taps you, you must say, 'Brother, I'm bob'd!' and then they'll ax, 'Who bob'd you?' and if you guess the right one, then they must take your place and be bob'd till they guess who bob'd 'em. If you'll be blindfolded I will," ses he, "jest for fun."

"Well," ses I "any thing for fun." Cousin Pete sot out two chairs into the middle of the room, back to back and we sot down and they tied a hankercher round my eyes tite as the mischief, so I couldn't see to guess no more'n if I had no eyes at all. Then the boys and gals commenced walkin round us in a circle all giglin and laughin.

I hadn't set thar no time before cawhalux! some one tuck me right side of the head with a dratted big book. The fire flew out o' my eyes in big live coals, and I like to keeled over out of the chair. I felt my blood risin like a mill-tail, but they all laughed mightily at the fun, and after a while ses I.

"Brother, I'm bob'd."

"Who bob'd you?" ses they

I guessed the biggest fisted feller in the room, but it wasn't him.

"No, no!" they all hollered, and round they went again a rompin and laughin and enjoyin the fun all to themselves and while my head was singin like a tea kettle.

The next minit, spang went the book agin cousin Pete's head.

"Whew!" ses he "brother. I'm bob'd!"

"Who bob'd you?" ses they.

But cousin Pete didn't guess right nother, and the fust thing I know'd whang they tuck me agin.

I was dredful anxious to guess right but it was no use, I missed it every time, and so did cousin Pete and the harder they hit the louder they laughed One time they hit me a great deal softer than the rest.

"Brother, I'm bob'd!" ses I.

"Who bob'd you?" ses they.

"Miss Mary Stallins," ses I.

"No, I never," ses she, and they all roared out worse than ever.

I begun to git monstrous tired of sich fun, which seemed so much like the boys and the frogs in the spellin book—for it was fun to them it was death to me—and I don't know what I would have done if Mary hadn't come up and untied the handkercher.

"Let's play something else," ses she and her face was as red as fire, and she looked sort o' mad out of her eyes.

I seed ther was something wrong in a minit.

Well, they all went on playing "pawns" and "pon hono,r" and "Here we go round the gooseberry bush," and "Oh, sister Feby, how merry we be," and sich tom fooleries till they played all they knowed, and while they was playing Mary told me all about the trick cousin Pete played on me.

It was the most oudacious take in I ever heard of. Do you think the one didn't set right down behind me, and never blindfolded hisself at all, and hit me every lick himself now and then hitten his knees with the book, to make me believe he was bob'd too! My head was a buzzin with the licks when she told me how he done me, and I do believe if it hadn't been for her I'd gin cousin Pete sich a lickin right thar in that room as he never had before in his born days. Biness! but I was mad as fury. But Mary begged me not to raise no fuss about it, now it was all over, and she would fix him for his smartness. I hadn't no sort of idea how she gwine to do it, but I know'd she was a match for cousin Pete any time, so I just let her go ahed.

Well, she tuck the bominable fool off to one side and whispered to him like she was giwne to let him into a grate secret. She told him about a new play what she learned down to Macon when she was at the college, called "Interduction to the King and Queen," what she sed was a grate deal funnier than "Brother Bob," and got him to help to git 'em all to play it.

After she and him made it all up, cousin Pete put out three chairs close together in a row for a throne, and Mary she put a sheet over 'em to make 'em look a little grand. Bill Byers was to be King and Mary was to be Queen.

"Now, you must all come in tother room," ses cousin Pete, "only them what belongs to the court, and then you must come in and be interduced, one at a time."

"I aint gwine," ses Tom Stallins, "for there's some trick in it."

"No, there aint," ses cousin Pete, "I'll give you my word ther aint no trick—only a little fun."

"Well," ses I, "I's had fun enough for one night."

Mary looked at me and kind o' winked, and ses she, "you're one of the court you know, Majer; but jest go out till the court is summonsed before the throne."

Well, we all went out, and bimeby Bill Byers called out the name of all lords and ladys what belonged to the court, and we all went in tuck chairs on both sides of the throne.

Cousin Pete was to be the fust one interduced, and Sam Rogers was to be usher, the feller what interduced the company. Well, bimeby the door opened and in come cousin Pete, bowin and scrapin, and twistin and rigglein and puttin on more dandy airs than a French dancin master—he beat Crotchett all to smash. The King sot on one side of the throne and the Queen on tother, leavin room in the middle for some one else. Sam was so full of laugh at cousin Pete's antichs that he couldn't hardly speak.

"Doctor Peter Jones," ses he, "I interduce you to ther majestys the King and Queen."

Cousin Pete scraped about a while and then drupt upon one knee, right before 'em.

'Rise, gallant knight,' ses Bill Byers, "rise, we dub you knight of the royal bath."

Cousin Pete got up and bowed and scraped a few more times, and went to set down between 'em, but they ris up jest as he went to set down, and the fust thing he knowed, kersish he went, rite into a big tub mor'n half full of cold water, with nothing but his head and heels stickin out.

He tried to kiss Mary as he was takin his seat, and if you could jest seed him as he went into that tub with his arms reached out to her, and his mouth sot for a kiss, I do believe you'd laughed mor'n you ever did before in your life. The fellers was all so 'spicious that some trick was gwine to be played, that they left the dore open, and when the thing tuck place they all run in shoutin and laughin like they would bust their sides.

Pete got out as quick as he could, and I never seed a feller so wilted down in all my life. He was mad as a hornet, and sed it was a d—d mean trick to sarve ennybody so, specially in cold weather. And he went right off home by himself to dry.

Mary made the niggers take out the middle chair what was covered by the sheet, and put the tub of water in its place when we was all in tother room. Pete didn't have no suspicion that the trick was gwine to turn out that way. He thought the queen was gwine to sentence every feller what didn't kiss her as he sot down, to do something that would make fun for the rest, and he was gwine to open the game.

I felt perfectly satisfied after that, and I don't think Cousin Pete will be quite so fond of funny tricks the next time.

But I like to forgot to tell you, my weddin is to take place—pervidin ther aint no more yeathquakes nor unaccountable things to prevent—on the 22d of this month, which you know is a famous day what ought to be celebrated by every genewine patriot in the world. I shall look for you to come, and I hope you will be shore to be thar, for I know you wouldn't grudge the ride jest to see Miss Mary Jones what is to be. We's gwine to have a considerable getherin, jest to please old Miss Stallins ses she's gwine to give us a real Georgia weddin of the old-time fashion. No more from your friend, till death, JOS. JONES.

P. S.—I went over tother night to see 'em all, and they were as busy as bees in a tar barrel sowin and makin up finery. Mary was sowin' something mighty fine and white, with ruffles and figamarees all round it. "What kind of a thing is that?" ses I. The galls looked at one another and laughed like they would di, and my poor little Mary (bless her soul) kep getherin it up in a heap and blushin dredful. "Tell him, sis," ses Miss Carline. But Mary looked right down and didn't say nothin. "I'll tell him," ses Miss Keziah—"it's a——" "No, you shant now—stop, stop," ses Mary, and she put her pretty little hand right on Miss Keziah's mouth, and looked like she'd cry for a little. I felt so sorry for her. I told 'em I didn't want to know, and they put the things away, and bimeby I went home, but kept thinking all the way what upon yeath it could be. I spose I'll find out some day.

(To be continued next Thursday.)

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