

setting folks to sleep and "makin' on em cut up" afterward; and, accordingly, in the furor of his discovery, off he went to the country to lecture and diffuse the new light which had been dispensed to him. His success was tremendous; town and village said there was something in it, until his reputation, as in other cases, begat him enemies. The Wolverine mesmerizer, after astonishing a "hall" full, one evening, at some very "promising town" or other, and which bade fair, shortly, to be quite "a place," returned to the tavern, to be arrested in the bar-room by a score of "first citizens," who had then and there congregated, "jest to test the humbug," any how!

"Good evening, *Perfessor*," said one.

"Won't you take a liddle of the fluid?" said another; and this being an evident hit in the way of a joke, the "anti-humbugs" proceed to more serious business.

"*Perfessor*," said the principal speaker, a giant of a fellow, before whose proportions even the huge magnetizer looked small, "*Perfessor*," said he, biting off the end of a "plug," and turning it over in his jaws very leisurely, "a few on us here, hev just concluded to hev you try an experiment, appointin' ourselves a reg'lar constituted committee to report!"

The professor begged to appoint a more proper place and hour, &c., or, according to the apprehensions of "the crowd," evinced the evident desire to make "a clean back out."

"*Perfessor*," resumed the big dog, "ef we onderstand right, you call your mesmerism a *remeejil* agent, which means, I s'pose, that it cures things?"

The disciple of science referred to several cases about town, in which he had been successful, to say nothing of the "pulling teeth" operation which he had just concluded his lecture with.

"Yes," said the challenger, "you're death on teeth, we know; but can mesmerism come the *remeejil* over the rheumatiz?"

"Inflammatory or chronic?" demanded the professor.

"Wal, stranger, we ain't much given to doctor's bottle names, but we reckon it's about the wust kind."

The mesmerizer was about to define the difference between inflammatory at-

tacks and local affections, when he was interrupted by the inquisitor, who *rather allowed* that as far as the location of the disorder went, it had a pre-emption right to the whole critter; and that, furthermore, it was just expected of him that he should forthwith visit the case, and bid him take up his bed and walk, or he himself should be escorted out of town, astride of a rail, with the accompanying ceremonies. This was a dilemma, either horn of which promised a loss to his reputation, but the crowd were solemnly in earnest. Already triumphing in his *detection*, they began to look wolfish at him and wise at each other, so that Wolverine had nothing left for but to demand boldly "to see the patient." We will give the rest of the story as it was related by the disciple of Mesmer himself:

"Up stairs I went with 'em, mad as thunder, I tell you; first, at being thought a humbug, and next, that my individual share of the American eagle should be *compelled* into a measure, by thunder! I'd a gin 'em a fight if it hadn't been for the *science*, which would a suffered, any how; so I jest said to myself, let 'em bring on their rheumatiz! I felt as if I could have mesmerized a horse, and I determined, whatever the case might be, I'd make it squeal, by thunder!"

"Here he is," said they; and we all bundled into a room, and gathered round a bed, with me shut in among them, and the cussed big, unenlightened heathen that did the talking, drawing out an almighty bowie knife at the same time.

"That's your man," said he. Wal, there lay a miserable looking critter, with his eyes sot and his mouth open, and his jaws got wider and wider as he saw the bowie knife, I tell ye.

"That's the idee," said the old Ingin.

"Rise up in that bed," said I; and I tell you what I must a looked at him dreadful, for up he jumped, on end, as if he'd jest got a streak of galvanic.

"Git out on this floor," said I, with a wuss look, and I wish I may be shot, if he didn't come, looking wild, I tell ye.

"*Now cut dirt damn you!*" screamed I; and Jehu Giral Jackson! if he didn't make a straight shirt-tail for the door, may I never make another pass. After him I went, and after me they cum, and prehaps there wasn't the or-