

NOT SO CUTE AFTER ALL.

"Our supplies were cut off."—McDOUGALL.

Graceless Yankees! how could you
 McDougall trounce—a friend, so true?
 Not to give him aid or bread
 On his way to River Red!
 Not to give him e'en a bone,
 Though he "looks to Washington!"
 Think of what he's done for you—
 THINK—of what he yet might do!
 Yankees! your mistake you'll rue!

RAISING CANE OR THE FATAL SWITCH;

BEING THE ADVENT, ADVENTURES, AND MISADVENTURES
 OF STRAWBERRY MARK.

INTRODUCTION No. 1.

Gentle readers, kind readers, readers impecunious, pecunious, and peculiar; wealthy Mammon-loving readers, and poverty-stricken readers, with only a whole suit of broadcloth to shield you from the wintry blast,—to one and all I offer the honest hand of greeting.

You never did me any harm, any of you. There is not one among you who can stand boldly forth and say I ever took from him his purse, which he never had, or his good name, which is trash; and, though Shakspeare, doubtless, was as one inspired, it does not follow—*what* does not follow, I am unable clearly to see, so must leave it to your better and more mature judgment to discover. Anyhow, I will try to explain how it is that I have the audacity, after committing so many novel and frightful atrocities in "Eva Head," to again attempt a *novel* and frightful sequel to the history of that dainty, though dingy, heroine.

It came about in this wise: Many of you, doubtless, are familiar with the personal appearance of the worthy editor of our philosophic sheet; but, as there are some who, as yet, have not made the acquaintance of this, our fellow citizen, a few words as to his peculiarities, may not prove, like the last fish-monger I called on,

OUT OF PLAICE.

INTRODUCTION No. 2.

Any fine day, on the sidewalk of Great St. James, vibrating with distressing regularity between Dolly's and McConkey's, may be seen the "party" alluded to in my previous introductory.

He may easily be recognized by several peculiarities which he calls "habits;"—is accustomed to walk while promenading, and has been known to sit down on a chair when fatigued; when quite a small boy, he grew up, in preference to growing sideways, and, since then, has been occupied principally with living, and its accompanying labors: at the early age of eight months he began to show his teeth, a fact which may, perhaps, account for his occasional want of *gumption* since; as for his childhood, it can scarcely be called remarkable, the only instance of precocity on record being his putting his tongue out at the doctor on one memorable occasion;—this has been attributed, on the one hand, to juvenile ill-breeding, on the other to the result of a request on the part of the physician.

On this point, History is not clear, and the question remains, along with many others of Nature's problems, unsolved and most mysterious.

I met him one fine day on the kerbstone, and he hailed me—remarkable man!—then we both *aled* in silence and

alone, and then he delivered himself as follows: "My dear fellow, [he always calls me 'my dear fellow' when he wants me to do anything], why don't you write a sequel to 'Eva Head.'"

"But—" I objected. "But me no buts," he replied; "use other people for your butts, and gladden the hearts of 569,-378 readers of DIOGENES, by acceding to my request!" And then, in his sketchy way, he proceeded to map out the plot—"Eva Head; fashionable watering place; son and heir (son and *wool*, rather); child grows up; falls in love with the lovely daughter of a swill-cart driver; desperate objections to their union by the tyrannical and *sic semper* parients; father of she threatens to cut her off with a piece of orange peel; mother of him considerably offers to cart her gray wool in sorrow and a wheelbarrow to untimely sepulture; completion of Pacific Railroad opens up a new train of thought; elopement; flight to California; desperation of the parients, and thrilling and break-neck pursuit by an enraged and beery swill-cart driver; capture of the young couple in the act of taking a *tete-a-tete* dinner at a San Francisco Hotel; 'dismay' for two, on the half-shell.—TABLEAU!"

All this he reeled off as calmly as though I were an idiot, and he an imbecile or a *Daily News* reporter, while, as for me, I listened in dismay.

Then he looked at me with his dexter eye, and jingled his keys against a cent, which he always carries in his pocket for that purpose.

"Pay you well you know; get your name up," says the tempter.

I looked at him, fixedly, for a moment to see if he were joking. I have had my name *up* before—upon whom a bill at 3 mos.—but no, he was as firm as Julius Cæsar, when he crossed the Potomac to settle the Red River Rebellion, and in a *rash* moment I *broke out*:

"Fairest of thy sex,—no, that isn't it, but never mind—I consent; I *will* write; I *will* harrow the public with blood-curdling adventures, I *will* plough their intellects with the furrow of romance, I *will*."

"Stay," he cried, in the voice of a Stentor, "not so last. Easy does it. [How I hate slang] Give it a name."

"Since you are so kind," I replied, with habitual modesty, "I'll take whisky straight."

"Your story, blockhead!" thundered he of the Tub; "what is that *tub* be named?"

"I give no names upon compulsion," I responded. "Yet stay;" suppose we call it—

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PROLOGUE!

My story opens, like an oyster, on the sea coast. Nestling down among the rocks which keep ward and watch over the sea-girt shores of Rhode Island, stands one of those charmingly-rural cities, where Arcadian innocence is popularly supposed to take up its abode.

Let me correct this mistaken idea. On the first night which I spent in the town I saw an old man; his nose was tinged with the healthy glow of the ruby, and, in his eye, was the smile of an ancient, though beery, patriarch. While I could count one hundred, he called on, at least, six of his friends, who, curiously enough, were publicans, and after the sixth welcome he was heard to affectionately enquire of a lamp-post as to his (the patriarch's) place of residence.

I met him once again on a Square,—one of those oval spaces, for which the term is so appropriate,—