

AN ARGUMENT FOR ANNEXATION.



ROTHER JONATHAN has a peculiar and happy knack of mixing up and amalgamating the most opposite and adverse elements, in all his transactions. Look at his plate, as he rends and devours his un-masticated repast, at the long, melancholy *table d'hôte*, in his ancestral halls—we were going to say,—but recollecting his utter destitution of any such architectural remains, we must be content to figure him to our fancy, bolting his beefsteak, in the familiar boarding-house or hotel of his public and unwashed existence. There he sits, sideways on his chair, and with rapid knife and skilful manipulation shovels into his capacious mouth an endless variety of things made greasy for his particular delight. Fish and beefsteak, pork and beans, potatoes, carrots, cheese, chickens, cabbage and pumpkin pie, are all sacrificed, without distinction or interval, to his leathern jaws—a hecatomb of much costliness to the *manes* of the victims thus inartistically mingled and mangled by him. In his drinks, again, the mixed principle is carried out *usque ad nauseam*. None but an experienced bar-keeper can estimate the multitude of ingredients violently confiscated to the vile thirst of an arid and insatiate Yankee, who is himself perhaps a combination of Dutchman, Indian, Horse and Alligator. Therefore we may define the Yankees as a mixed and mixing people,—compounding every thing, in fact, debts included. We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of certain biographical sketches, written in the *Spirit of the Times*, under the head of “Early Settlers of Arkansas,”—the same “settlers” appearing to have been individually compounded of blackleg, legislator, mountebank and murderer, as the following extracts will sufficiently testify.

“*Old Asa Thompson*.—This individual has figured conspicuously in Arkansas, and was in many respects so wonderful a man, that I venture a brief history of him, not even certain whether he is dead or alive. Old Humpy as he was familiarly called, was a native of North Carolina, but found his way to Arkansas more than twenty years ago. He was the only man I have ever heard of, who was taller when sitting than when standing. He was so badly curved that he could not see before him in walking, if his hat rim was over an eighth of an inch in width. Humpy followed Short Cards and Faro for a living, and if ever human laws should have protected any one, and held them harmless against violating the 8th commandment, old Asa was the man—ninety-nine out of an hundred men, similarly afflicted, would have been on the Parish. But on the contrary, he was full of energy, and ready for any speculation. He embarked in political life, and again and again, while Arkansas was a territory and after her admission into the union, was returned to the legislature. No man of his party was so good a manager—no one of them could count closer in an election, and no one wielded with a certain class of men a greater influence. His greatest achievement, was the getting the old Gobler (a member of opposite politics) drunk, and locking him up just on the eve of an important election, and when every vote told. Old Humpy had a hard time of it, when there was a division called for, being taller when sitting than standing, he was counted once on the wrong side, and a favorite bill of his lost—after that, he took the precaution always, to sing out, ‘I am up, Mr. Speaker, and tiptoed at that.’”

Now, the fact of Arkansas having been originally “settled” by such clever men as “Old Humpy,” is not so remarkable as the complacent, matter-of-fact tone, in which his eccentricities are dwelt upon by the genius who has treated us to these interesting details,—to this very piquante jar of mixed pickles from Arkansas. The legislator who “followed Short Cards and Faro for a living,” has evidently kindled a glowing spark of admiration in the bosom of his biographer. He was a “smart man,” was Asa Thompson, and as such, his memory,—for we presume he has been lynched or bowie-knived long since,—must be cherished as sacred by every true-born American. Indeed, the man whose “greatest achievement was the getting the old Gobler drunk” is entitled to a niche in the temple of his coun-

try’s worthies; though, from his peculiar physical formation, as described by his admiring biographer, it would be difficult, perhaps, to provide him with one. Pray let us follow up the list of his accomplishments a little further;—the illustrations to the life of this gifted man.

“Asa generally dealt Faro at night, and on extra occasions would pass the word round the house, that he was going to have ‘stewed fawn and crackers at 10.’ He was terribly taken aback by an honorable member, whom he had just aided in electing prosecuting attorney, attempting to slip in false checks upon his book. Old Asa detected and exposed him, by telling him, he ‘couldn’t wring in his beef bones, for the pure ivory.’” By the bye this individual subsequently, after adding murder to the crime of rape, gave the slip to the officers of the law—wended his way to Indiana, thence to Oregon, and in this latter place has figured extensively.

“Old Humpy took it in his head to start a Circus. Having procured the services of riders, &c., he had a fine stud collected at his place, and after practising some time, made a tour of the state. His company was quite respectable, and Asa was making a good thing out of it. At Batesville, he learned that John Wilson, who, when representing Clark county, and while Speaker of the House, had called a member to order by plunging a bowie knife into him, was a candidate to the legislature from Pike. This was Asa’s old stumping ground—his own county. There was no time to canvass before the election—the only show was in circulars. Taking a friend of his aside, he told him he wished him to write a circular. ‘But,’ says the friend, ‘you are a democrat, Asa, and I am a whig.’ ‘Oh,’ says Asa, ‘make it democratic, strong.’

“Well, the circular was written—the U. S. Bank knocked into a cocked hat—and the ‘Jackson question’ sprung in all its strength. When read to Asa, he pronounced it the very thing, and putting it in his pocket, cut out for the Rock. On the road, however, some difficulty sprung up with his company, and he abandoned all ideas of legislative honors. Subsequently, he became embarrassed, and leaving many of his friends to ‘hold the bag,’ he cut for Texas.”

There is a picture for you! The members of the “house” crowding to the den of “Old Humpy,” whose only return for supplying them *ad libitum* with “stewed fawn and crackers,” was the trifling perquisite of being permitted to do them out of their dollars at faro. His friend, the “prosecuting attorney” for the state stands by, vainly endeavoring to swindle his worthy host, and smiling blandly as he meditates the murder and arranges the rape, which subsequently were destined to reflect such honor upon his name, when he “figured extensively” in Oregon. “Old Humpy” is successful: the great statesman has had a run of luck, and with the dollars of his brother-legislators he sets up a circus. A representative of the people, he performs a rapid act of statesmanship on four spotted horses.—Imagine the Hon. Mr. Baldwin in a similar position, or Mr. Leslie performing on the slack-rope! Mr. Hincks upon stilts, however, might not be so much out of character. Then we have a “Speaker of the House,” whose cutting sarcasms were performed with the edge of a bowie-knife, and who, as our biographer *naively* informs us, was a candidate for “Pike.” Astonishing are the “manners and customs” of our neighbors! Who would not go in for annexation?

THINGS NOT TRUE.

It is not true that our City-Inspector, of “Dust, Dirt, and Snow” proclamations, which are never enforced, has applied for the situation of cook to His Excellency, the latter, thanks to his French friends, has too much Garlick already.

It is not true that Punch or Mr. Coroner Duggan visits the wharves early every morning in search of subjects.

It is not true that the scarcity of snow this winter is in consequence of an arrangement made between His Excellency and the clerk of the weather, in order that His Excellency, by this arrangement, may save the expense he would otherwise be at in sweeping the snow off the vice-regal side-walks.