

**JOHN BEEDLE'S SLEIGH
RIDE, COURTSHIP, AND
MARRIAGE**

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John Beedle's Sleigh Ride, Courtship, and Marriage by William L. M 'Clintock

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WILLIAM L. M 'CLINTOCK

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SLEIGH RIDE, COURTSHIP,
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ATTRIBUTED TO
CAPT. M'CLINTOCK,
OF THE U. S. ARMY.

NEW YORK:
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1841.

h/c

The following are the best things of the kind we have ever read. They appeared originally and anonymously several years since in the *Portland Courier*, and passed with great rapidity through almost every public journal in the country. They are from the pen of *JOHN NEAL, at present one of the editors of the "New-England Galaxy." They will ever be appreciated by all lovers of genuine wit and humour.—*Bicknell's Reporter*.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

As I was going past Mr. Josh Barter's tavern the other day, I heard a terrible noise in the bar-room, and thinks I, I'll just put my head

* Since attributed to Capt. M'Clintock of the U. S. A

in, and see what is the matter. 'Whoorah!' roared a heap of fellows, "here's Johnny Beedle, he'll go, and that makes ten;" and they haul'd me in among 'em. "What's the occasion?" says I. "A sleigh ride over to Shaw's, (every body goes to Shaw's that goes a sleigh riding,) with gals, fiddle and frolic." "Whoorah!" says I. "I motion," says Dr. Patridge, "that every gentleman go right strait now, and get his sleigh and his lady, and meet at Hank's corner;" and with another whoorah, we burst out of doors, and scattered.

I ran full speed to the widow Bean's. Her daughter Patty is the handsomest girl in Casco bay. I had given her some pretty broad hints, and only waited for a good chance to pop the question. And out it shall come this very night, says I.

I bounced into the widow Bean's out of breath, and was near catching Patty in the suds. She had just done washing, and wringing out, standing in the midst of tubs, mops and kettles.—She was struck all of a heap at the sight of her spark, and would have blushed nicely, I guess, if she hadn't

been as red as she could be already. "A word in your ear, Patty," says I, giving her a wink, and stepping into a corner, and telling her what was brewing. "I'll run and borrow the deacon's sleigh, and come back right away," says I. "O, you needn't be in such a tearing hurry," says she, "for I've got to shift from top to toe. You see what a pickle I'm in." "Ah, Patty," says I, "beauty when unadorned's adorned the"—"Well, I vow," says Patty, says she. And off I shot, for how was I to follow up such a bold speech? but I couldn't help sniggering all the way to the deacon's, to think how swimmingly matters were going on. I was so full of this, that I entirely forgot to make up a story to fob off upon the deacon, till I got almost to the door; for the deacon is a sworn enemy to all frolicking, and so is his mare. "I'll tell him I want to carry a grist to mill." But that will be found out.—"No matter, so it is after election, as the politicians say."

The deacon gave a mortal squint at my face, when I did my errand, but I was safe behind a shirt collar. He then fell to chewing

his cud and considering. "Mother's clean out," says I, "both rye and injun." The deacon spit.—"Well, neighbor, if you are afeard to trust a feller, there's two shillings beforehand." "Poh, poh, John," says he, walking up and pocketing the money, "not trust you? hear that. Now, Joshua, tackle up Śukey. You'll drive the critter slow, John; and now I think on't, you may bring my grist, that is now at the mill—and look sharp at the miller, John, when he strikes the toll measure." It was too late to stick at lies now. So I promised every thing, jumped into the sleigh, and steered to the widow's with flying colors.

It is the height of gentility, you must know, for a lady to make her beau wait as long as possible on such an occasion. I sat over a heap of warm ashes in the widow Bean's parlor, listening to Patty stamping about in her stocking feet, in the chamber overhead, for one good hour. Then I stood up to the looking-glass, and frizzled up my hair, changed my shirt pin to a new place, thought over some speeches to make under the buffalo

skin, and finally laid a plot to lug in the awful question in a sort of slantindickelar fashion.

At last Patty appeared in all her glory; I was just crooking my elbow to lead her out, when in came Mrs. Bean.

"Were are you gowyin to, Patty?"

"What, and leave your cousin Dolly all alone, to suck her fingers? A pretty how d'ye do that, after coming all the way from Saco to see you."

Here was a knock-down argument. All my plans of courting and comfort melted down and ran off in a moment. I saw directly that the widow was resolved to push big Dolly Fisher into my sleigh, whether or no; and there was no remedy, for the widow Bean is a stump that is neither to be got round nor moved out of the way. I said something about the small size of the sleigh, but it wouldn't do—she shut my mouth instantly.

"Let me alone," says she—"I went a sleighing afore you was born, youngster. If I don't know how to pack a sleigh, who

does? Patty Bean, stow yourself away here, and shrink yourself up small. If there isn't room, we must make room, as the fellows used to say. Now, Dolly, hoist yourself in there.

She tumbled her into the sleigh like a shot from a shovel, or a cart load of pumpkins into a gondola. It was chuck full of her. O she's a whopper, I tell ye.

"Why, Johnny Beedle," says Mrs. Bean, "in my day they used to pack us layer on layer."

At this hint, I sneaked round to Patty, to begin the second layer on her lap. But the widow was wide awake. She clenched me by the collar, and patting upon Dolly's knees—"Here's the driver's seat," says she. "Plant your feet flat and firm, niece—jump up Johnny, and now, away with her my lad."

By this time I had got so ravin' mad that I could hold in no longer. I fell foul of the old mare, and if I didn't give it to her about right, then there's none o' me, that's all. The Deacon counted the welts on her side a