

**AN ACCOUNT OF COL.
CROCKETT'S TOUR TO THE
NORTH AND DOWN EAST**

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An account of Col. Crockett's tour to the North and down East by Davy Crockett

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DAVY CROCKETT

**AN ACCOUNT OF COL.
CROCKETT'S TOUR TO THE
NORTH AND DOWN EAST**



AN ACCOUNT
OF
COL. CROCKETT'S TOUR
TO THE
NORTH AND DOWN EAST,

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED
AND THIRTY-FOUR.

HIS

OBJECT BEING TO EXAMINE THE GRAND MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS OF THE COUNTRY; AND ALSO TO FIND OUT THE CONDITION OF ITS LITERATURE AND MORALS, THE EXTENT OF ITS COMMERCE, AND THE PRACTICAL OPERATION

OF

“THE EXPERIMENT.”

“When thou dost read a book, do not turn the leaves only, but gather the fruit.”

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY AND A. HART,

BALTIMORE—CAREY, HART, AND CO.

BOSTON—WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

1835.



INTRODUCTION.

SOMEBODY told me once of a member of Congress, I think from Philadelphia, who said he found an old scrap of paper, wrote by some old fellow that killed himself, or was hung, or died of starvation, or some such nonsense, and spun an Indian path story out of it.

Now, I don't like dead men's stories; not even old Jefferson's, that raised the bristles of so many in North Carolina and elsewhere, who thought the old man was a good friend, until they found what he thought on paper.

Some persons tickle up their fancies to the scribbling point, and then their pen goes like a fidler's elbow. I like rale life, that makes a book jump out of the press

like a new dollar from a mint-hopper. Some likes to use up the big I's, and write all about themselves ; and I reckon it isn't easy to quit that, particularly when one is uncommon hard pushed to come out a second time.

Now, this is just my case. If every one has not read my book, every one ought, which comes to the same thing.

Stepping into a tavern a short time ago, I met a friend, who said to me, "Crockett, my dear fellow, we are all as dull in this empty barn of a city, as a grog-shop without liquor ; and unless you come out with another book, I do not know how we are to get along."

"Much obliged to you, major ; but may be, if I do, you'll laugh at me, and not at my book."

"Trust me, colonel, you are mistaken : we are all looking to you for musick. Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Terrance O'Neal."

“Sir, I am happy to have the honor of an introduction to your friend.”

“By my sowl the honor’s done to me. I’m sinsare in declarin that; for minny’s the day I’ve long’d to hiv a wag of your bone. How are ye, my darling boy, member of Congress, speech-maker, book-maker, an all? Talkin o’ books, the divil a book hiv I read, at all, at all, elane thro’, since I quat the owld records in the middle of the Axes of the Aposels, barrin the life of your own dear self; an a purty book it is; wrote wid all the sperret of a man of honor, with all the sincerity of a man of truth, and in regard of the powers that be, widout even a touch of the blarney. Give us something more that’s new, by the powers, even if you write your own book over again.”

“Why sartin, Mr. O’Neal, your compliments are mighty plenty; and if I could shell out ideas as easy as you do words, I could soon write another book.”

"Idays! is that what you want? Well, how odd it is that things are so strangely managed in the makin of us up. My idays run through me like an hourglass that niver wants turnin; an if I only know'd how to scrawl the alphabet, I'd soon dress my idays in Sunday clothes: botheration to owld Jim Kelly, that chated me out of my printice suit, and night school into the bargain."

"Colonel, excuse me for not sooner introducing my other friend, Monsieur Bonafice."

"How are you, mounsheer?"

"Ah! monsieur Colonel, je suis very appy for de satisfaction of to say I am tres humble servant."

"Well, mounsheer, where did you come up with that name of yours?"

"Sare, me—Bonafice?—from my fader, Jacques Bonafice de la Vendee."

"Well, I don't like it. It sounds so much like every thing here in Washington,

office, office; nothing goes down here but office."

"Ah, sare, pardon. It is not d'offeece pour moi—no sare. Guesta have tell to me he have offeece de cuisine in de maison national—but is too mush condam to congè—an not de good l'argent pour service. Moreover dan dis, Guesta is chef cuisinier—mais but dey not give him d'honneur for sit as member of de cuisine—aha—kitchin cabinet. He is confine to de ragouts for de bellie, and not have de grand satisfaction for compound de grand buget; and so soon he make reclamation for dis—vite—de snap of de fingar, in de language of de grand Shakeyspeer—

* Otello's occupation, allez vous en.*

Pardon, sare, I hear from my fren you will to write one leetly book. C'est bon la—write him—a votre service—can I do something, notting for you?"

"Yes, mounsheer; you can buy and trans-