

**SUT LOVINGOOD. YARNS
SPUN BY A "NAT'RAL BORN
DURN'D FOOL." WARPED AND
WOVE FOR PUBLIC WEAR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649716722

Sut Lovingood. Yarns Spun by A "Nat'ral Born Durn'd Fool." Warped and Wove for Public Wear by George W. Harris

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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GEORGE W. HARRIS

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SUT LOVINGOOD'S YARNS.

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YARNS SPUN

BY A

"NAT'RAL BORN DURN'D FOOL.

WARPED AND WOVE FOR PUBLIC WEAR.

BY

GEORGE W. HARRIS.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

"Suppose I am to hang the morrow, and
Civ'z laugh to-night, shall I not?"—OLD PLAY.

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NEW YORK:

DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by

DICK & FITZGERALD.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

PREFACE.

"You must have a preface, Sut; your book will then be ready. What shall I write?"

"Well, ef I must, I must; fur I s'pose the perducktion cud no more show hitself in publick wifout hit, than a coffin-maker cud wif out black clothes, an' yet what's the use ove either ove em, in pint ove good sense? Smells tu me sorter like a darned humbug, the hole ove hit—a littil like cuttin ove the Ten Cummandmints into the rine ove a warter-million; hits jist slashed open an' the inside et outer hit, the rine an' the cummandmints broke all tu pieces an' flung tu the hogs, an' never tho't ove onst -them, nur the 'tarnil fool what cut em thar. But ef a orthur *mus'* take off his shoes afore he goes into the publick's parlor, I reckon I kin du hit wifout dartyin my feet, fur I hes socks on.

"Sumtimes, George, I wishes I cud read an' writc, jis' a littil; but then hits bes' es hit am, fur ove all the fools the world hes tu contend wif, the edicated wuns am the worst; they breeds ni ontu all the devilment a-gwine on. But I wer a-thinkin, ef I cud write myself, hit wud then *rale*y been my book. I jis' tell yu now, I don't like the idear ove yu writin a perduckshun, an' me a-findin the brains. 'Taint the fust case tho' on record by a darned site. Usin uther men's brains is es lawful es usin thar plunder, an' jis' es common, so I don't keer much nohow. I dusn't 'speck this yere perduckshun will

sit perfectly quiet ontu the stumicks ove sum pussons—them hu hes a holesum fear ove the devil, an' orter hev hit, by geminey. Now, fur thar speshul well-bein herearter, I hes jis' this tu say: Ef yu ain't fnd ove the smell ove cracklins, stay outen the kitchin; ef yu is fear'd ove smut, yu needn't climb the chimbley; an' ef the moon hurts yer eyes, don't yu ever look at a Dutch cheese. That's jis' all ove hit.

“Then thar's sum hu haint much faith in thar repertashun standin much ove a strain; they'll be powerful keerful how an' whar they reads my words. Now, tu them I haint wun word tu say: they hes been preached to, an' prayed fur, now ni ontu two thousand years an' I won't dart weeds whar thuty-two poun shot bounces back.

“Then thar's the book-butchers, orful on killin an' cuttin up, but end no more perjuce a book, than a bull-butcher end perjuce a bull. S'pose they takes a noshun tu stick, skin, an' cut up this yere one. Ef they is fnd ove sicknin skeers, I advises em tu take holt tu onst; but fust I begs tu refer em respectively tu the fate ove three misfortinit pussons menshun'd inside yere—Passun Bullin, Dock Fabin, an Sheriff Dolton. Read keerfully what happened tu them afore yu takes eny ove my flesh ontu yer claws, nr my blood ontu yer bills, an' that I now is a durnder fool then I wer in them days, fur I now considers myself a orthur. I hes tack my stan among the nashuns ove the yeath, fur I, too, hes made me a book, so ef anybody wants dish rags, I thinks hit wud be more healthy fur em not tu tare em ofen my flag.

“Mos' book-weavers seem tu be skeery folks, fur giner'ly they cums up tu the slaughter pen, whinin an' waggin thar tails, a-sayin they 'knows they is imparfeck'—that 'yu'd sceace 'speck one ove my ge,' an' so forth, so on, so along. Now ef I is a-rowin in that boat, I

ain't awar ove hit, I ain't, fur I knows the tremenjus gif I hes fur breedin skeers among durned fools, an' then I hes a trustin reliance ontu the fidelity, injurance, an' speed ove these yere laigs ove mine to tote me an' my sins away beyant all human ritribushuns ur revenge. Now, 'zamin yer hans, ole ferrits an' weazels, an' ef yu don't hole *bef* bowers an' the ace, yu jis' 'pass' hit.

"Ef eny poor misfortinit devil hu's heart is onder a mill-stone, hu's raggid children am hungry, an' no bread in the dresser, hu is down in the mud, an' the lucky ones a-trippin him every time he struggils tu his all fours, hu hes fed the famishin an' is now hungry hisself, hu misfortins foller fas' an' foller faster, hu is so foot-sore an' weak that he wishes he wer at the ferry—ef sich a one kin fine a laugh, jis' one, sich a laugh as is remembered wif his keerless boyhood, atwixt these yere kivers—then, I'll thank God that I *hes* made a book, an' feel that I hev got my pay in full.

"Make me a Notey Boney, George. I wants tu put samwhar atween the eyebrows ove our book, in big winnin-lookin letters, the sarchin, meanin words, what sum passon writ ontu a 'oman's garter onst, long ago —"

"Evil be to him that evil thinks."

"Them's em, by jingo! hed em clost apas' yu, didn't yu? I want em fur a gineral skeer—speshully fur the-wimen.

"Now, George, grease hit good, an' let hit slide down the hill hits own way."

