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TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS

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in it; a little more, and we shall be beyond the troubles of this life, and our children will have reached our present standpoint, and will see with surprise that the life of the present is already going down-hill. If I believed this to be the end of it all, it would not be worth the dressing and undressing." These words now bore to me a double impress of sincerity. They were mellow light falling upon the great alp, and softening its outlines.

The prince was urged to take his afternoon nap. "No," he said; "I will rest here awhile and will not talk. Der liebe Gott does n't send us Americans every day," with a kindly nod to me. But he did talk, and about his old friends Motley and Bancroft. "I learned much from Bancroft. My gardens here and at Varzin are full of his roses, and my fruit-trees are pruned as he taught me to prune them. And Motley! what a gentle, refined nature was his, and what good times we had together at Göttingen! Bayard Taylor, too, was a fine man. Ah, me! they are all gone!"

And once again conversation came back to Germany and the evils of the day. "Fortunately for me," said Bismarck, "when I was

very young I learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and truly to mean it when I said, 'Thy will be done.' And this I still say, and so no-

When it was suggested that it was always far easier to say "Thy will be done" at the times when the Lord's ways and our own seem to be the same, and that it must sometimes be hard to look on and see work once done apparently being undone, Bismarck exclaimed, with strength of feeling and voice: "Thank Heaven, I am not called upon to bear this trial in old age. The problems of to-day are not the ones with which I wrestled, and my work, such as it was, has not been undone. From Saxony, from Bavaria, and from other south German states come to me to-day the warmest evidences of affection, which go to prove that the unity of Germany is still strong and complete."

Soon the carriage was announced. The old gentleman escorted me to it, with the good-bys of a gracious and hospitable host. One more wave of the hand, and this great, epoch-making man had passed forever out of my sight and forever into my memory.

Eleonora Kinnicutt.

TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS.

THE AMERICAN TRAMP CONSIDERED GEOGRAPHICALLY.



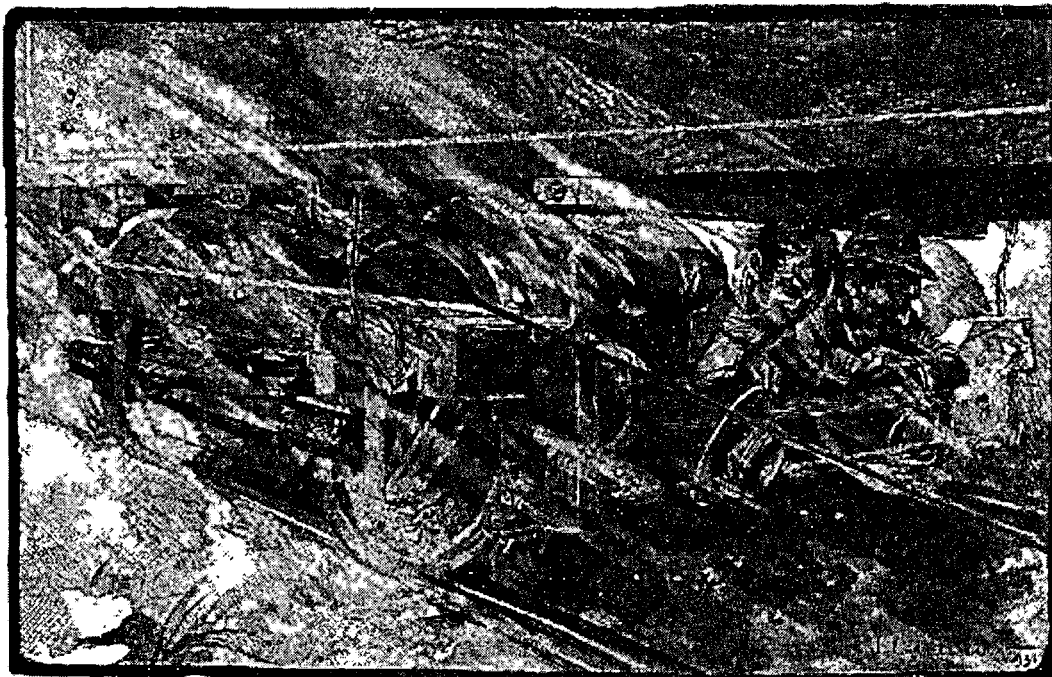
SOME years ago I was sitting one spring afternoon on a railway-tie on "The Dope"¹ when New York Barcas appeared on the scene. There was nothing very peculiar about Barcas, except his map of the United States. Not that he ever set up to be a topographer, or aspired to any rivalry with Johnston, Kiepert, or Zell, but, like the ancients, Barcas had his known and his unknown world, and, like them again, he described the land he knew just as if it was all the world there was. I came to know Barcas's map in this wise:

We were both talking about certain tramp districts in the community, and I noticed that his idea of north, south, east, and west was somewhat different from mine. So, in order that our conversation might not be troubled with petty arguments on geographical boundaries, I asked him to map out the country for me according to his "best light"; and this is how he did it. He took out his pencil and drew a line from the Canadian frontier through Chicago to St. Louis, and another line from the Atlantic through Washington to the same point, and

¹ The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad — called "The Dope" because it is so greasy.

called all the territory north of the last-named boundary the East. He drew still another line from St. Louis to the Pacific coast, and called all the States north of this and west of Chicago the West. His north comprised all Canada, but he considered the province of Quebec the most prominent tramp territory in this district. His South was all that remained below his equatorial line, but the eastern part of it he nicknamed Niggerland, while the western part, bordering on the Pacific Ocean, he called the Coast.

This was the extent of Barcas's geography when I knew him. He seemed to realize that there are other countries in the world besides this one which he and his *confrères* consider laid out for their own particular benefit; nevertheless, in daily life and conversation the other divisions of the world are so conscientiously ignored for all practical purposes, that North America may safely be said to comprise the American tramp's general idea of the earth. He knows well enough that he has brothers in other lands, but he considers them so unlucky in being left to ply their trade outside of his own peculiar paradise, that he feels it necessary to ignore them. For in spite of the constitutional Bohemianism of his nature, he is still far



DRAWN BY J. CARROLL LUGAS.

A RIDE ON A TRUCK.

ENGRAVED BY PETER ATKEN.

from being a cosmopolitan. If he has suffering brethren in other communities, his heart does not throb for their sorrow. No, indeed! He simply says: "Why don't they get out o' those blasted holes and come over here? This is the only country for the tramp." There is a great deal of truth in this, and the purpose of this article is to give an account of tramp traits, successes, and failures in this land of freedom. I intend to take up the various districts as Barcas indicated them, not, however, because his points of the compass are at all typical or representative. No; Barcas's map is not for general circulation, and for this very good reason, it would probably be difficult to find ten vagrants whose views would coincide with his or with those of any other ten idlers. This is a peculiarity of the vagabond, and it must be excused, for it has its *raison d'être*. As for the facts which I give in these pages, I may say that, as a rule, they are founded on personal observation. Some years ago I lived with the wandering beggars of this country for eight months. I tramped, begged, and slept with them, and, when necessary, I accompanied them into jail. In this way I had some excellent opportunities of seeing their life from various points of view.


THE NORTH.

This district (Canada) hardly belongs to the real American vagabondage. It is true that

the "hobo"¹ crosses the frontier now and then, and makes a short journey into Quebec, but it can scarcely be called a trip on business. It is undertaken more for the sake of travel, and a desire to see "them fellers up in Canady," and the scenery too, if the traveler is a lover of nature, as many hoboes are. As a rule, Canada is left pretty much in the hands of the local vagabonds, who are called "Frenchies." I have never thoroughly explored their territory, and, unfortunately, cannot write as definitely and comprehensively about their character as I would wish to do. However, the following facts are true as far as they go. The main clan of Canadian tramps is composed of French-Canadians and Indians. I have never met a genuine tramp of this class who was born in France proper, yet I can well believe that there are such. The language of these beggars is a jargon partly French and partly English, with a small hobo vocabulary added thereto. Only a very few American tramps can speak this queer lingo. I have met a gipsy now and then who at least understood it, and I account for this on the ground that a large number of the words resemble those in the gipsy dialect. *Muno*, for instance, means bread in both languages.

To be a successful beggar in Canada, one must be able to speak French, for Quebec is the main tramp district, and the local population uses this language principally. The "Galway" (Catholic priest) is perhaps

¹ The nickname of the American tramp.

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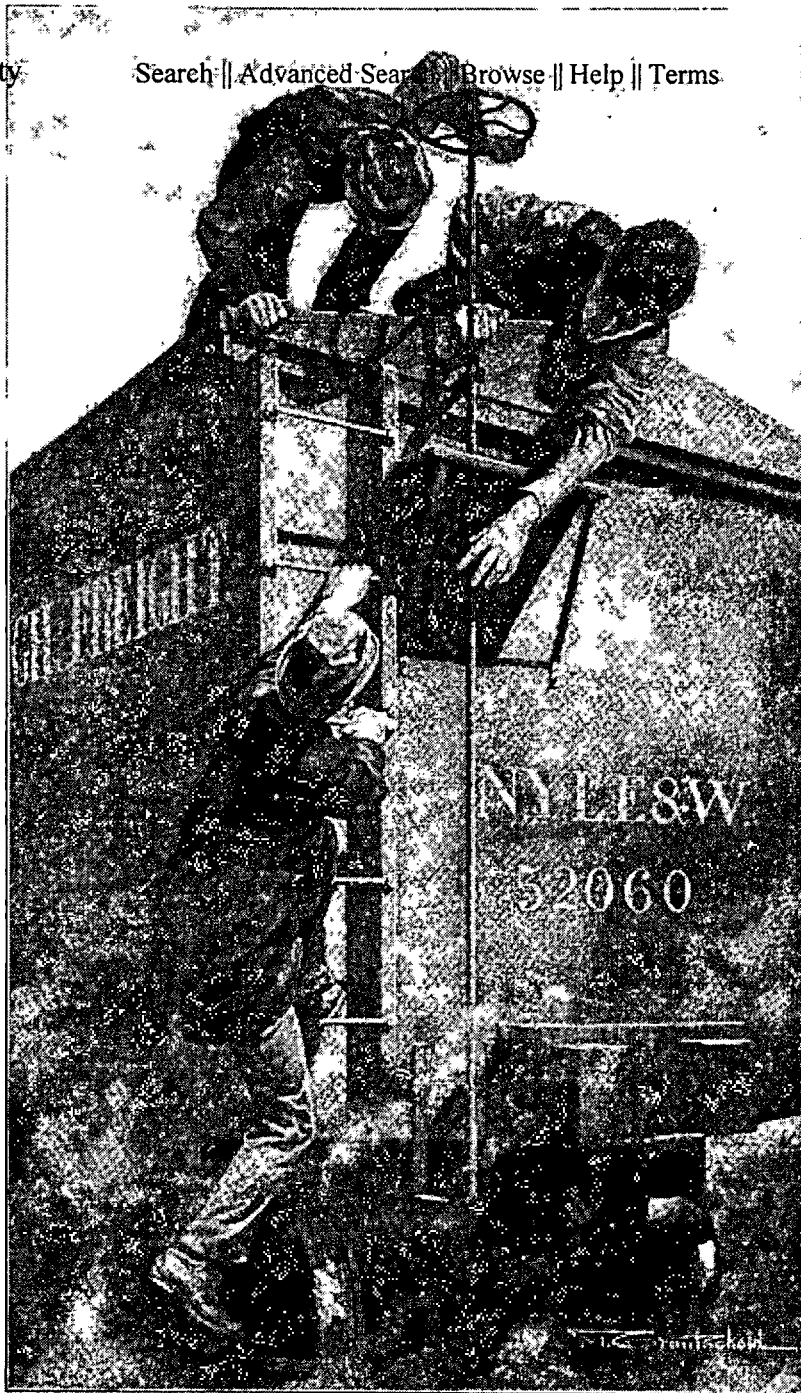
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DRAWN BY W. TRAUTSCHOLD.

"STRIKING GRAYEL."

the best friend of the Frenchies; at any rate, this has been my experience. He gives alms ten times where a peasant gives once, and when a vagabond can find a cloister or a convent, he is almost sure to be well taken care of. The peasants, it must be remembered, are about all the Frenchies have after the "Gal-

way." To show how wise they are in doing out their charity, it is only necessary to say that the usual Frenchy is content when he gets his three meals a day without working. And as for myself, I can say that I have gone hungry for over thirty hours at a stretch in Canada, and this, too, although I was careful to visit

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DRAWN BY N. TRAUTSCHOLD

TELLING "GHOST-STORIES."

every house that I passed. But the Canadian tramp is evidently satisfied with small rewards, else he could not live long in his chosen district. As I know him, he is a slow-going fellow; fond of peace and quiet, and seldom desirous of those wild "slopping-ups" in American tramping for which so much money is needed. If he can only have some outcast woman, or "sister," as he calls her, to accompany him on his travels, and to make the little tent, which

he often carries, homelike and comfortable; and if he can have his daily *páno*, and his usual supply of *dohun* (tobacco), he is a comparatively happy fellow. He reminds me more of the European loafer in general character than any other human parasite I can think of; and I shall be exceedingly sorry if he ever gets a foothold in the United States, because he is a vagrant down to the core, and this can hardly be said as yet of most American tramps.