



## On The Way to Goosebumps

*I happened upon this odd story/song while I was looking up "goose bumps." That's what this Whither Zither was going to be about. Did you know that each goosebump is caused by a separate tiny little muscle, one per bump? Anyway, I was searching in Google Books of the 19th century for any references, and came upon this. I adore this. It's a story and song, in a form sort of like **Alice's Restaurant**. It contains so many interesting aspects: A fascination with new technology, a list of believable names, slang, humor, personalities, alliteration, onomatopoeia, the works. So goose bumps will have to wait, though they are herein referred to as "**goose pimples**." The songbook is called **The Souvenir Minstrel**, subtitled "A Choice Collection," assembled by C. Soule Cartee, and published in Philadelphia in 1833 by Marshall, Clark and Co. This song lists no author.*

## The Nail Machine

Sure have you seen, a nail machine,  
'T is all the people's wonder, O,  
It thumps away, both night and day,  
And makes a noise like thunder, O.  
The cranks & pans, like battering-rams,  
Do keep such pelting, pouncing, O,  
That all the ground is shook around,  
By reason of the jouncing, O.

*(Spoken.)* Now, you must know, that I'd a lot of cousins, that com'd all the way down from Varmount, to larn the fashions, and to see all the cute and curious thingumjigs of the old colony.—By jolly, (said Zachary Diggins) I insign to see the nail works, if it costs me my fire-ball colt, for uncle Fife told us, that they had ten thousand rattle-traps, and they kept up such a tarnel

Rattlety bang, and clatterty clang,  
And rattlety, clatterty bang they go.  
So off we set, with Tom and Bet,  
Young Stephen Bumps, and Dolly, O,  
And Jo, and Josh, and Bill Magosh,  
Ned Shacklefoot, the jolly, O.  
And Suzy Zudd, and Mimy Ludd,  
They rode behind on pillions, O,  
And Sary Slack, they made such clack,  
You'd tho't there were a million, O.

*(Spoken.)* We scampered along through mud and mire, quite in the style of the fashionables, till we were brought up all standing, full before squire Clinker's nail works, and were soon genteelly escorted into the very bowels of this establishment: when out squeeled aunt Betty Diggins, as loud as any shriek owl: — Oh! the wonderation! what a sight of jigamarees! —Yes, faith, (quoth Ned) and as thick as ten bumblebees in a pumkin blow.— Rabbit ye, Bets! an' be darned to you! (bawled out Zachary) and hold your gab thar. — Oh! the old sneezer! how they shell 'em up (cried Josh.) And then cousin Dolly the school-dame, she was quite sensitive. — Oh! by the lurry and living jingoes, (says Doll) I'll be soused into a butter tub, if ever I seed such curoosity thingums, in all my born days. Fags and catnip! I'm all over **goose pimples**! — Flammation! (sung out Tom) how they chop the iron up ! — Then Bill taking his turn, exclaimed: Odds bobs and buttakins ! uncle Jere'my's thrashing mill is no touch to that are! take care, Stephen, or you will have your feelers smacked off by them 'are smashers, as quick as a pig can crack a walnut. Now all this, you know, was a very delightful accompaniment to the affettuoso of the machinery, as it delicately touched off its Rattlety bang, &c.

Then came the clerk, a brisk young spark,  
All bowing to each lady, O,  
And questions all, both great and small,  
To answer he was ready, O!  
The gals were pleas'd, for them he squeez'd,  
They hardly could deny him, O!  
And Sary Slack, she got a smack,  
Unless they did belie him, O.

*(Spoken.)* This little animal the clerk, was a sort of would be dandy, having the bottom of his waist pinched up to the size of a quart pot, and thus resembling in shape, what we call a *mud wasp*; he wore eleven capes to his coat, and had over the place where his brains should be, a jockey cap of catskin, and carried a mock gold watch, with two seals each as big as a premium turnip! Oh! these dear little creatures, are always so vastly attentive to the ladies! They may easily be distinguished from other animals by their singular gait, which is a sort of

Tippity bob, Uppity bob,  
Oh! I am all the tippy, O.  
So round we went, wi' minds intent,  
On all this mighty working, O,

'T was *tarnal queer*, sich wondrous gear,  
And O! sich jams and jerkiings, O!  
At length (says Tom,) Let's strike for home,  
To-night you know's the dancing, O,  
Oh, yes! (says Zack,) if we go back,  
'T is time we were a prancing, O.

*(Spoken.)* So each lad of us took his lass, and then in comely mood we all departed. It was, however, thought by most of the gals, that Mr. Tippy paid too much attention to Sary Slack, considering as how cousin Sary was no better, and to be sure, I'll say no worse than the rest on 'em. But the school-dame, we thought was too severe on the occasion, for she declared: By the jumping Moses! such indications ought to be carried before the highest court of juncture, for they quite annihilated all satisfaction of the visitation. — But all hard thoughts, and hard words, were soon dissipated by the frolic and fun on the road, as we jovially drove home with

Merrily ho! whisk dobbin, gee ho!  
Gallop gaily and cheery, O!  
Then home we got, by gallop and trot,  
In season for the junket, O!  
And there was Sam, and Katy Cram,  
And cousin David Plunket, O!  
Now hark around! the cheering sound,  
Of Peg and Pero's scraping, O!  
In merry plight we spent the night,  
In frolicking and capering, O.

*(Spoken.)* Now, as this was probably the last time we should all be together under such pleasant circumstances, we resolved to keep it up *till the cows came home*, as cousin Mimy said, and to be sure, we did it right merrily, with Hunt the squirrel, Jo Baker, Barrel of Sugar, &c. &c. Here, however, was none of your dances called, shawsees, rigamadoons, &c. but the good old fashioned

Rigely bump, and shufflety thump!  
And snufflety, scufflety clump we go!



PHILADELPHIA:  
MARSHALL, CLARK AND CO  
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