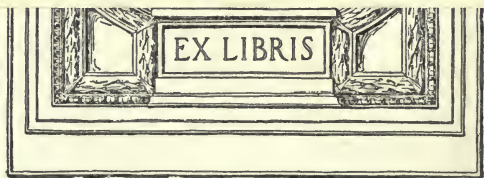


Yours truly,

A. Ward





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COMPLETE WORKS OF
CHARLES F. BROWNE,

BETTER KNOWN AS

“ARTEMUS WARD.”

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON





Charles F. Bidwell,

"Adam Sedgwick"

THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF
CHARLES F. ^{revised} BROWNE, 183

BETTER KNOWN AS

“ARTEMUS WARD”



A NEW EDITION

*WITH PORTRAIT BY GEFLOWSKI
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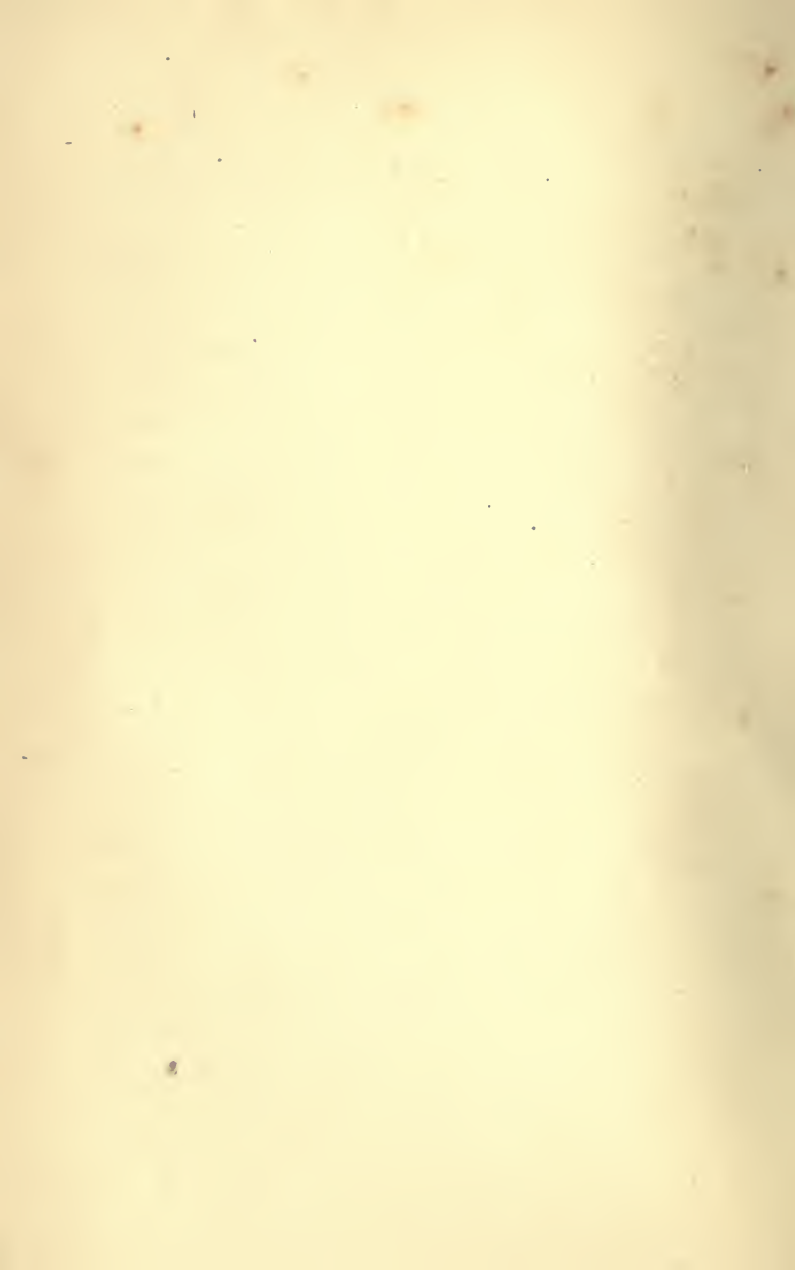
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New York, July 24/65

My Dear Sir

I expect to visit England in a few months: my engagements scarcely permit me to go now. I have read many of the Critiques in your Journals. They are generally very friendly some of them extraordinarily so and in quarters where I don't fancied they might snub me.

The subject of my Book does not vis me the success of my Entertainment - of course, but I hope the latter is novel enough to please your people.

Hoping to soon see you,

I am, Dear Sir,
Most faithfully Yours

C. R. WARD. F. B. D. W. W. W.

Arthur Ward



ARTEMUS WARD:

HIS BOOK.

AT THE DOOR OF THE TENT.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Show is about to commence. You could not well expect to go in without paying, but you may pay without going in. I can say no fairer than that.

INTRODUCTION.

MUCH of the quaintness observable in American humour has come down from the old Puritans, whose sober treatment of comic things and comic treatment of sober matters give their talk a very different effect at the present time to what they intended. Old New England sermons abound in these inconsistencies ; and, instead of being dull reading, are often the lightest, although the preachers were totally unaware of the comic touches they were giving to their outpourings. I have read somewhere a story of a pious but strong blacksmith—I think Mr Dickens knows something of the authorship—who pummelled an unbeliever into a state of satisfactory conversion, timing his blows to the most awakening revival tunes that he was master of. The tale is not overdrawn, and I feel satisfied the occurrence has happened somewhere in America at one time or another.

Not many years since, there was a famous preacher of the old Puritan school in one of the New England States, who used to play such pranks in the pulpit as our Rowland Hill is said to have done, and as a contemporary now occasionally indulges in at the Tabernacle, only the Rev. Lorenzo Dow was the more daring performer of the three. On one occasion he took a text from Paul, "*I can do all things.*" The preacher paused, took off his spectacles, laid them on the open Bible, and said, "No, Paul, you are mistaken for once ; I'll bet you five dollars you can't, and stake the money." At the same time putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a five-

dollar bill, laid it on the Bible, took up his spectacles again, and read, "*Through Jesus Christ our Lord.*" "Ah, Paul!" exclaimed Dow, snatching up the five-dollar bill, and returning it to his pocket, "that's a very different matter; the bet's withdrawn."

The best stories I ever heard were those of a travelling American Methodist, at a place called Council Hill, a few miles back from the Upper Mississippi. He used to draw the neighbourhood twice or three times a week to "class-meetings;" but the great treat for the people were his comic tales and "experiences"—as he termed them—which he used to narrate at the brick-store opposite, always crowded when Preacher Williams was in the way. He was a great man amongst the religious folk, and the most powerful revivalist in those parts; the whole village, on one occasion, being closed to business for three days, the community in their best clothes, and all given up to the work of the Spirit, except two or three stubborn old bar-room keepers at the other end of the place, who were loudly prayed for in the meeting-house day and night. Preacher Williams' great art in "fetching" the house was shedding tears, which usually brought up the handkerchiefs from the females and the sleeves of the men in sorrowing sympathy, with numerous *amens* from the deaf old people behind, who could only tell by the movement in handkerchiefs when it was their turn to begin; but crying had become so common to him, that telling a story had much the same effect upon his eyes as a sermon, and the consequence was, he always had a bleared, weak-eyed look. Otherwise he was not a bad-looking man. Gossipers did say that he would have been a bishop long ago but for this fatal gift at story-telling, which made the less talented ministers very jealous of him.

This mixing of sacred with secular matters, commenced by the Puritans, is now common in almost all American thought and expression. In a senator's speech, in a stump oration, in a newspaper article, a parallel drawn anywhere from Genesis

to the Revelations is considered not only fair but elegant. In their humorous poems, as we all know by the "Biglow Papers," such biblical references are common. Some journals in this country rather severely criticised Mr Lowell for this, to them, exhibition of bad taste; but it may be doubted whether the Americans of the present day intend religious disrespect, any more than did the Puritan preachers of old. One thing is certain, that incongruity of ideas is carried to a much greater extent in American humour than it is in our own; and it is this mental exaggeration, this odd mixture of widely different thoughts, that distinguishes Yankee from English fun.

Most countries have a great many floating metaphors and popular figures of speech, which are full of amusement to the foreigner. Our own streets have many such quaint expressions, and the language is continually being recruited from them. In Artemus Ward's book the recent popular fun of America has been gathered up, and we may see in it a great deal of that small talk, that "chaff"—if we may so speak—which crowds are always casting up for their amusement.

The incongruity of ideas just mentioned as peculiar to America, is especially observable in Artemus Ward. He is a cunning old fellow, with plenty of low humour, but without any education; yet from his address card we may see that he figures as newspaper correspondent as well as orator and statesman. Of course the character is heightened for the sake of the fun; but the portrait of Artemus, as given in "His Book," is not wholly caricature. In all parts of the United States many such odd personages may be met with. On the steamboats of the Western rivers, in the railway cars, in the backwoods, the brothers and sisters of Mr Ward may be found. The country seems to delight in them, and it certainly never lacks any supply. Some years since, the best joker on the Mississippi was a "down east" man, who left his native state to mind a wood-pile in Tennessee. He lived by himself, and

I do not think there was any house nearer to him than twenty or thirty miles; but he was as full of fun and news as if he got a good living by comic penny-a-lining in a big city. His log shanty was close by the wood-pile, and his sole protection from some rather ugly wild animals in those parts was an old rifle hung up over the door. He begged newspapers from all steamboats that stopped to "wood-up," and in general chaff was more than a match for the passengers and crew combined. Like many other Americans, he had been through the whole directory of trades—by turns schoolmaster, storekeeper, nigger-driver (his last occupation), farmer, travelling dentist, and in the photographic line. He had one vanity, however—dress. On Sundays he came forth far finer than did the other Robinson Crusoe on the first day of the week. A finely-plaited white shirt, black satin waistcoat (the delight of the fashionable West), and patent leather store boots, formed his usual attire on the Sabbath. I almost forgot to say that he had been a temperance man, doing good Fourth-of-July work when young, but latterly he had thought that a jug of whisky might be company for him, so he kept one, which was filled up from the boats as they passed.

There was a strange old fellow, an early settler in Illinois, who gave a name to a tract of land in those parts. He was mild on all topics but one—teetotalism. Any wayfarer might have bed and board for a night, but woe betide him if he objected to take a glass with his host. Old M—— had one stock lecture always on hand. It was dead against the men who pledged themselves adverse to inebriating liquors. "Teu think," said the lecturer, "that Gaud shude gev us sich luvins preufs as Ohiar whiskey, old rum, and the best Neuw York brandy, and them all-fired temprunce ranturs shude go agin Him and His wurks ded-set. Say, you meesly critturs, why doant yir rail agin the Maker for givin us four-wheeled waggins, state tickets, steam-threshers, and other things sleeghtly onsartin in the runnin? Liquors is blessins, groserys is bless-

ins, hand-saws is blessins, only we don't all go to-once and saw our fingurs off kerslap ! Do we ? Say, will yer ? ”

There was another odd personage in the immediate neighbourhood, C. B. Denio, a whitewasher and stump speaker, also a lecturer. I don't suppose he ever had ten cents spent upon his early education, and he used to appear rather proud of being called off a ladder to address his “feller citerzens,” with the sprinkles of whitewash still adhering to his face and clothes ; but he was what is known there as a powerful speaker, and soon after he was elected to the Legislature. At the present moment he is one of the principal officers of state in California.

Characters of this kind are the idols of the American popular mind, and the supply quite keeps pace with the demand. An ungenerous traveller in the United States, remarking on the difference betwixt public taste and opinion there, as compared with the feeling of the middle classes here, has said that a laudable desire to excel is the general characteristic of Americans, but that high moral competition was sadly interfered with by another taste which had a latent existence in all classes of society, from the bishops downwards—viz., to fight and drink whisky.

The first mention that the writer remembers of Artemus was in *Vanity Fair*, a sort of New York *Punch*, where some very comic paragraphs appeared from time to time, giving us the sayings and opinions of “the showman,” as he delighted in calling himself. These little sketches, dressed up in a burlesque orthography, and leaning on the broad Yankee dialect, like Burns' songs on the Scotch, for an increase of effect, soon attracted very general attention, and were quoted in the newspapers far and wide. Like Major Jack Downing, whose “Letters” at one time were famous, but which latterly have been found not equal in humour to the requirements of the crowd, Artemus Ward soon became a distinct character in the popular mind, and on any public occasion his opinion is almost sure to go the round of the press. After a time Mr Ward's

sayings were gathered up into a book, and a careful reprint of that, minus some sketches which have nothing to do with the "showman," is now before the reader.

Artemus Ward is, as may have been surmised, a *nom de plume*. The real name of the author is Charles F. Brown; and as his own biography affords a very fair example of the strange ups and downs incidental to American life, the following sketch from a New York paper will not be deemed out of place here:—

He was born away down east in the town of Waterford, Me., in 1836. When quite young he entered a printing-office, and in a short time was considered a first-rate type-sticker; but getting tired of seeing the same old faces every day, he determined to start out on a travelling tour. He did so, and visited all the principal towns in New England, stopping at each place for a brief period, working at his trade. He finally settled down in Boston, where he worked with "stick and rule" until his genius soared above the "case," and he was soon ensconced in the editorial chair, reveling in the flowery paths of literature. Comic stories and comic essays were his "fortus," as a celebrated divine once remarked. His effusions were read far and wide, and gained for him in a short time a very enviable reputation. Boston proving too small for the development of his ambitious ideas, he packed up his carpet-bag and steered for the West. On the shores of Lake Erie, and on the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, he picked up that knowledge of Western life, and acquired that acute insight into the comic side of Western character, which have stood out so conspicuously in his humorous sketches. In Toledo, Ohio, Mr Brown gained much credit as a writer. From Toledo he wended his steps to Cleveland, and took up his quarters in the editorial department of the *Plaindealer*. Up "to this p'int in his eventful life" he was known as plain Charles F. Brown, but as soon as he commenced operations in Cleveland he baptized himself "Artemus Ward." Assuming the management of his celebrated "wax figgers," his fame waxed higher and higher. Cleveland, like all other places that he had visited, became in its turn too small to hold him any longer, and he came to New York in the fall of 1860, and became enrolled among the corps editorial of *Vanity Fair*. His first attempt at lecturing was at Norwich, Conn., since which time he has been well known as a lecturer and comic author. His chief subjects are "The Babes in the Wood," "Sixty Minutes in Africa," "An Hour with President Lincoln," "Artemus Ward's Struggle with the Ghost," and "Life among the Mormons." His lectures have been among the most popular of any delivered

in this country. He has received from literary societies very high sums for lecturing, and we have also heard it reliably stated that, recognising the debt of gratitude he owes to his country, he has contributed nearly 5000 dollars to the Union cause, by lectures delivered within the past two years. On the 13th of October 1863, he sailed for California, preceded a month previous by Mr Hingston as business manager. He gave his first comic oration at Platt's Music Hall, San Francisco, November 13. The tickets were one dollar each, and the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The receipts amounted to 1465 dollars. His subject was "The Babes in the Wood." His second oration was delivered November 17, at the same place, when the hall was not near large enough to hold the crowd. He then started on a tour through the country, appearing at Stockton, Marysville, and Sacramento. He repeated his "Babes in the Wood" at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, to a 900-dollar house. At a little town called Folsom, in a little mining theatre of rough boards, he had 150 dollars. The joke of the lecture did not seem to be very well understood, however, for in the midst of it the gentlemen with short pipes in the orchestra stalls requested Artemus to favour them with a song, persisting in their call till he gave them a new version of "Billy Barlow;" after which they treated him to "can oysters" and California wine. In Oroville and Nevada City he lectured in a church. In Auburn he expatiated in a billiard-saloon. At Jackson, the new theatre not being built, he appeared in the basement of the gaol for one night only. The murderers' cells opened into it all the way round, and by throwing open the iron doors the cells could be turned into private boxes. At San José they illuminated the city with tar-barrels, which blazed in every thoroughfare on the night of his arrival. At Santa Clara, the building not being large enough, the entire audience adjourned to the open air, while Artemus, supported by Hingston, his agent, holding two wax candles, "spoke his piece" beneath the canopy of the starry skies. While on his way to Salt Lake City he was captured by the Indians, who threatened to scalp him and carry him into captivity unless he danced the "Essence of Virginny." It was torture sufficient when miners out in California made him sing a comic song; but the idea of dancing a nigger schottische was ten times worse. Brigham Young being "in with the Injuns," succeeded in having the showman restored to liberty and the Mormon women. The change, however, wasn't much better. After being caught by the Indians (and liberated), he in turn caught the typhoid fever, which was running loose in those parts, and it was given out that he was "sick unto death." On the 24th of February he lectured at Denver City. On the next evening he "spoke a piece" in Central City among the gold-miners—admission one dollar. Most of the tickets were bought up by speculators, and retailed by them at three, four,

INTRODUCTION

and five dollars each. Artemus and Hingston had a third capsze on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at Bridger's Pass. The sleigh was broken, and they had to walk four miles through the snow at midnight. Both were attacked by a troop of hungry wolves, and they had to beat back the beasts with revolvers. Returned to New York, April 3, 1864. On the 17th of October he opened Dodworth Hall with his representation on canvas of his travels in California and Salt Lake City. He opened to a very crowded auditory, and has continued up to the present writing to appear each night to the *elite* of the city. His speculation has thus far proved a great success. During the representation of the "picters" Artemus is on hand, and describes in his own happy style everything that is interesting to his auditors, and more too. He is exceedingly funny, and keeps his hearers in a continual roar of laughter from the moment he first opens his mouth until the audience are dismissed for the night. In appearance Artemus Ward is tall, slender, and light-complexioned, with prominent features, fair hair, and very mirthful eyes.

By the last accounts Artemus Ward was still lecturing in New York, but it is expected that he will shortly bring his engagements there to a close and visit this country. Many who have heard him assert that he will draw as large crowds here as in his own country, and that, for a time at least, he will take the late Albert Smith's place among us.

Some of Artemus's advertisements are exceedingly comic, certainly different from anything of the kind that we see in our newspapers :—

A R T E M U S W A R D ! A R T E M U S W A R D !
 IS AT HOME EVERY EVENING,
 AND ARTEMUS WARD RECEIVES CALLS
 AT DODWORTH HALL, 806 BROADWAY,
 where he has positively
 NO OBJECTIONS TO SEEING YOU.

N.B.—The Hall is bounded on the north-west by Broadway and the head of Eleventh Street, on the south-east by a yard, on the north-east by a vacant lot, and on the south-west by Grace Church.

Artemus Ward as speaks at Dodworth Hall, and shows his Paintings the Evening of Every Day at 8 o'clock. Opening his Portals at 7½ o'clock. Gates of Ticket Bureau thrown wide to the public from 9 till 5.

806 Broadway, handy to Grace Church.

ARTEMUS WARD RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES—1. That his foot is once more on his native heath, and his name is Trooly Yours.

2. That his native heath at present is Dodworth Hall, No. 806 Broadway.

3. That Dodworth Hall is, in consequence, a historical spot, equal in interest to Tammany Hall, Mozart Hall, Oakey Hall, the City Hall, Gen. Hall, or any other Hall in town.

4. That nobody who has seen Artemus Ward's Pictures of the Morinons need ever go to the "City of the Saints," or anywhere else, and the money thus saved may be spent in buying overcoats and breaking the backbone of the rebellion.

5. That the said Pictures have already been seen and examined by many distinguished people, and among others by A. L—n, J. G. B—tt, H. G—y, H. J. R—d, W. C. B—t, F. W—d, M. M—e, A. O. H—ll, H. B. W—d, J. T. B—y, S. C. M—, Judge D—y, Judge R—ll, X. Y. Z., Gen. McC—n, Gen. G—t, Gen. D—x, Gen. S—n, and the Gen. Public, all of whom agree that they are great Pictures, and that the entertainment ought to continue till this cruel war is over, in order that the soldiers may see it, and we may once more be a Happy Country.

As every man has his price, A. Ward, not to be peculiar, begs to state that his price is Fifty Cents or One Dollar, according to circumstances. People of a *Reserved* turn generally pay One Dollar.

Almost the first night of the performance in New York, William Cullen Bryant, the poet, attended the lecture, and he remarks in his *Evening Post*—"Artemus has a style of his own, which no lecturer has yet discovered. He says so many funny things that the audience sometimes let a 'goak' slip by unnoticed, and then Artemus will pause for a moment, with a downcast expression, till a sudden guffaw tells him that somebody has seen the point. His lecture, besides his rollicking fun, includes considerable valuable information, which is relieved from the tedious elements usually existing in valuable information by the panoramic pictures with which it is illustrated. An excellent idea of social life in Great Salt Lake City is obtained from a visit to 'Yours trooly,' besides a good stock of jokes to pass off at the next dinner-party as original."

The programme of "A. Ward" is quite a little comic album of itself, and includes the following "Rules of the House," which we trust all well-disposed persons in the audience will observe:—

"1. Artemus Ward is compelled to charge 1 dollar for reserved seats, because oats, which two years ago cost 30 cents per bushel, now cost 1 dollar; hay is also 1 dollar 75 cents per cwt., formerly 50 cents.

"2. Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening, are requested to do so with as little noise as possible.

"3. Children in arms not admitted if the arms are loaded.

"4. Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

"5. If any usher employed in the hall should assault the audience, he will be reprimanded. If the same conduct be frequently repeated, he will be discharged without a certificate of character.

"6. Ladies and gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the Lecturer.

"7. Artemus Ward will not be responsible for any money, jewellery, or other valuables left with him—to be returned in a week or so.

"8. The Manager will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

"9. If the audience do not leave the hall when this entertainment is over, they will be put out by the police."

A few remarks concerning the phraseology in which the following papers are written, seem necessary in this English edition. The reader must be careful to distinguish betwixt what is dialect and what mere incorrect orthography. Where the spelling is simply burlesque or cacographic, but little difficulty will be experienced in perusal; where local or peculiar Americanisms occur, it is believed that the few foot-notes will explain the intention of the author. The intermixture of numerals with the text, as in "going 2 see him," or "going 4 2 see him," "be4" for "before," "sow4th" for "soforth," "slam'd the 4dor," "1ce" for "once," "3ten" for "threaten," "2 B or not 2 B," may be looked upon as mere pieces of eccentricity, a sort of rebus fun, or mayhap a notion on Mr Ward's part that it is the correct thing, and shows education to abbreviate one's speech. In this comic spelling, however, the improper use of the H is never made. The Americans pride themselves on their correctness in this particular.

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.

ARTEMUS WARD:

HIS BOOK.

ONE OF MR WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE —

SIR,—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr Webster in the act of killin Dr Parkman,* besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods,† say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever

* A murder committed in Boston a few years since, which occasioned a great sensation throughout the United States.

† Vulgar shortening of *toddy*. "Let us take a *tod*" was formerly a common phrase. Recently, however, "To *Kiss* the Baby," and to "*Smile*," have taken its place.

met, full of conwiviality, & the life an Sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjekshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them han-bills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know thay do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.—Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P.S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

THE SHAKERS.

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I 'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contact with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disguised in white* peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

“Mr Shaker,” sed I, “you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you.”

* It is very common in the United States to talk of *white* people, even when no comparison with the negro race is intended.

“Yay,” sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year’s bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd “a few.” She went orf and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

“Elder, I spect?” sed I.

“Yay,” he sed.

“Helth’s good, I reckon?”

“Yay.”

“What’s the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitus?”

“Yay.”

“Stormy night, sir.”

“Yay.”

“If the storm continners there ’ll be a mess underfoot, hay?”

“Yay.”

“It’s onpleasant when there’s a mess underfoot?”

“Yay.”

“If I may be so bold, kind sir, what’s the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?”

“Yay!”

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin I’d be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: “You’re a man of sin!” He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal-bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal-bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minutes the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I; puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller." [N.B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scacely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. *You* ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we have no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbans. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could

carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charming enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's hav sum fun. Let's play Puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "My pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," thay sed, and I *yay'd*.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half a hour

when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter : The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeerel on except his night close, which flutterd in the breeze like a Seseshun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar.* I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville, and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panfull of Bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye spose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits, and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I; "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfast my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *yay* agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal-bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and

* The South-Western pronunciation of *Bear*.

the females on tother. They commenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvin smile, and sed : "Hunky boy ! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss !"

"You're a man of sin !" he sed, continnerin his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap* to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sang agin, and arter thay was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy ?"

"What ?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long-weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit. But your

* A variation of the Americanisms *Keslosh*, *Kesouse*—i.e., the noise made by a body falling flat into the water. In the South and West a number of fanciful onomatopoeic words of this sort are used, in all of which the first syllable, which is unaccented, is subject to the same variety of spelling.

religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sum-times do. [I giv Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your hearthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal-bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axletree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all.

“A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!” sed Uriah.

“Hello, Uriah,” sez I, “I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty.”

And I resoomed my jerney.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA.

IN the Faul of 1856, I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

The people gave me a cordual recepshun. The press was loud in her prases.

I day as I was givin a descripshun of my Beests and Snaiks in my usual flowry stile what was my skorn & disgust to see a big burly feller walk up to the cage containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground. He then commenced fur to pound him as hard as he cood.

"What under the son are you about?" cried I.

Sez he, "What did you bring this pussylanermus cuss here fur?" & he hit the wax figger another tremenjis blow on the hed.

Sez I, "You egrejus ass, that air 's a wax figger—a representashun of the false 'Postle."

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hissself in Utiky with impunerty by a darn site!" with which observashun he kaved in Judassis hed. The young man belonged to 1 of the first famerlies in Utiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3d degree.

CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE IN HONOR OF
THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BALDINSVILLE, Injianny, Sep the onct, 18&59.—I was sum-mund home from Cinsinnaty quite suddin by a lettur from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin as how grate things was on the Tappis in that air town in refferunse to sellebratin the complেশun of the Sub-Mershine Tellergraph and axkin me to be Pressunt. Lockin up my Kangeroo and wax wurks in a

sekure stile, I took my departer for Baldinsville—"my own, my nativ lan," which I gut intwo at early kandle litin on the follerin night & just as the sellerbrashun and illumernashun ware commensin.

Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can I forgit the surblime specktical which met my gase as I alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise.* The Tarveru was lit up with taller kandles all over, & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurd—"Give us Liberty or Deth." Old Tompkinsis groserly † was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th centerry—may intestines strife never mar their grandjure." Simpkinsis shoe shop was all ablase with kandles and lantuns. A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder—also these wurd, viz—"The Constitooshun must be Presarved." The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filld with mottoes, amung which I notised the follerin—"Trooth smashed to erth shall rize agin—YOU CAN'T STOP HER." "The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled." "Prokras-tinashun is the theaf of Time." "Be virtuous & you will be Happy." "Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble—shun the Bole," an the follerin sentimunt written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige. "Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped frum our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a

* *Valise*, the small handy portmanteau so common with travellers in the United States.

† Groggerly, or bar for the sale of liquors.

electric wire under the roaring billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!" Squire Smith's house was lighted up regardless of expense. His little son William Henry stood upon the roof firing crackers. The old 'Squire himself was dressed up in soldier clothes and stood on his door-step, pointing his sword solemnly to a American flag which was suspended on top of a pole in front of his house. Frequently he would take off his cocked hat & wave it round in an impressive style. His oldest daughter Miss Isabeller Smith, who has just come home from the Perkinsville Female Institute, appeared at the front window in the West room as the goddess of liberty, & sang "I see them on their winding way." Booteus 1, said I to myself, you are an angel & nothing shorter. N. Bonaparte Smith, the 'Squire's oldest son, dressed himself up as Venus the God of Wars and read the Declaration of Independence from the left chamber window. The 'Squire's wife didn't jibe in the festivities. She said it was the tawniest nonsense she ever heard. She said to the 'Squire, "Come into the house and go to bed you old fool, you. Tomorrow you'll be going round half-dressed with the rheumatism & won't give us a minute's peace till you get well." She said the 'Squire, "Betsy, you little appreciate the importance of the event which I this night commemorate." She said, "Commemorate a cat's tail—come into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," said the 'Squire, waving his sword, "retire." This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, but came out again pretty quick with a panful of Bilin hot water which she threwed all over the 'Squire, & Surs, you would have split your sides laughing to see the old man jump up and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropitious circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byron said. Doctor Hutchins' office was likewise lighted up and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinking sum of "Hutchins' invigorator," was stuck into one of the windows. The Baldinsville Bugle of Liberty newspaper office was also illu-

mernated, and the follerin mottoes stuck out—"The Press is the Arkermejian leaver which moves the world." "Vote Early." "Buckle on your Armer." "Now is the time to subscribe." "Franklin, Morse & Field." "Terms 1 dol. 50 cents a year—liberal reducshuns to clubs." In short the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar befour in my born days. Ile not attemp to describe the seens of that grate night. Wurds wood fale me ef I shood try to do it. I shall stop here a few periods and enjoy my "Oatem cum dig the tates," as our skool master obsarves, in the buzzum of my famerly, & shall then resume the show bizniss, which Ive bin into twenty-two (22) yeres and six (6) months.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

MY naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret bizniss excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs A. Ward to embark into the Sperret bizniss, but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle & drove him out of the house. I will hear ob-sarve that Mrs Ward is a invalerble womun—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunse she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye, & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr & Mrs Ingomer in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt

2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooiced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared

fellers a1sed. When I went in I was salootid with "Hear cums the benited man"—"Hear cums the hory-heded unbeliever"—"Hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "My frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

I of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck, & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellecks than other men had, and thay wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immateriel, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speaker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of superhuman natur becum mettymorfussed as man progrest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized themselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. [This was ver-sifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasant as possible, I sung out "Bully* for you, old boy."]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show business, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed I of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

* Fine, capital. American vulgarism, used in much the same sense as our slang expression *crack*—as, "a *bully* horse," "a *bully* picture."

“Air you in the show bizniss, William?” sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.’s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr Bunyan) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey’s Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, “William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?” He sed No with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experiunsed.

The Sircle sed he had gone. “Air you gone, William?” I axed. “Rayther,” he replide, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck funder.

I then called fur my farther.

“How’s things, daddy?”

“Middlin, my son, middlin.”

“Ain’t you proud of your orfurn boy?”

“Scacely.”

“Why not, my parient?”

“Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you’ll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show bizniss I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low.”

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut bizniss & liked it putty well, tho’ the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt thay axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, “My frends I’ve bin into the show bizniss now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleazes, and them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out

Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children and destroyin the piece of mind of evry famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar perfessional Sperrit rappers—them as makes a bizniss on it—air abowt the most ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home.—Respectably Yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

ON THE WING

GENTS OF THE EDITORAL CORPSE ;—

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my show in varis places, particly at Detroit. I put up at Mr Russel's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch round considerable, & as I was drest in my store clothes* & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes, Sir, every dollar of

* Ready-made and fashionable, purchased at a "store," the general name given to all shops, where a variety of goods are sold, in the United States. In the small towns a "store" sells all manner of articles, from grindstones to ribbons, and barrels of flour to satin waistcoats and French hats.

it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter * when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the peple in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockins, & be the ser-lave of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizniss," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, and sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wine. This is Old Rye."

"*It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Sarpent!*" sed the man.

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Have you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son Artemus junior is goin on 18."

* Tomato, a common table delicacy in the United States, partaken of at almost every meal. Mr Ward's mind appears to have been undecided betwixt "Tartar" and "tomato," but finally decided that the latter was the correct figure of speech.

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example b4 him he'll come to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoe makin bizniss," I replide. "I guess we can both of us git along without your assistance, Sir," I obsarved, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll get into a warmer one by and by if you don't mind your own bizniss better." I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I'm on-well. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful licker which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better give men Prusick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun, pretty enough to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my hanbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. Ward's onparaleld show, conspicusly posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money, it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. WARD.

THE OCTOROON.

It is with no ordinary feelins of Shagrin & indignashun that I rite you these here lines. Sum of the hiest and most purest feelins whitch actooate the humin hart has bin tramt onto. The Amerycan flag has bin outraged. Ive bin nussin a Adder in my Boozum. The fax in the kase is these here :

A few weeks ago I left Baldinsville to go to N. Y. fur to git out my flamin yeller hanbills fur the Summer kampane, & as I was peroosin a noospaper on the kars a middel aged man in speckterkuls kum & sot down beside onto me. He was drest in black close & was appeerently as fine a man as ever was.

“A fine day, Sir,” he did unto me strateway say.

“Middlin,” sez I, not wishin to kommit myself, tho he peered to be as fine a man as there was in the wurld—“It is a middlin fine day, Square,”* I obsarved.

Sez he, “How fares the Ship of State in yure regine of country?”

Sez I, “We don’t hav no ships in our State—the kanawl is our best holt.”

He pawsed a minit and then sed, “Air yu aware, Sir, that the krisis is with us?”

“No,” sez I, getting up and looking under the seet, “whare is she?”

“It’s hear—it’s everywhares,” he sed.

Sez I, “Why how you tawk!” and I gut up agin & lookt all round. “I must say, my fren,” I continnered, as I resoomed my seet, “that I kan’t see nothin of no krisis myself.” I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentowrian voice obsarved that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis

* *Squire*, in New England phraseology, a magistrate, or justice of the peace; but throughout the States a very general complimentary title, varied occasionally by major, colonel, general, &c.

consealed abowt their persons they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individuouls snickered rite out, while a putty little damsell rite behind me in a pinc gown made the observashun, "He, he."

"Sit down, my fren," sed the man in black close; "yu mis komprehend me. I meen that the perlittercal ellermunts are oreicast with black klouds, 4boden a friteful storm."

"Wall," replide I, "in regard to perlittercal ellerfunts I don't know as how but what they is as good as enny other kind or ellerfunts. But I maik bold to say thay is all a ornery set & unpleasant to hav round. They air powerful hevvy eaters & take up a right smart chans of room, & besides thay air as ugly and revenjeful as a Cusscaroarus Injun, with 13 inches of corn whisky in his stummick." The man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the wurld. He smilt & sed praps I was rite, tho it was ellermunts instid of ellerfunts that he was alludin to, & axed me what was my prinserpuls?

"I haint gut enny," sed I—"not a prinserpul. Ime in the show bizniss." The man in black close, I will hear obsarve, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the wurld.

"But," sez he, "you hav feelins into you? You simpatize with the misfortunit, the loly & the hartsick, don't you?" He bust into teers, and axed me ef I saw that yung lady in the seet out yender, pintin to as slick a lookin gal as I ever seed.

Sed I, "2 be shure I see her—is she mutch sick?" The man in black close was appeerently as fine a man as ever was in the wurld ennywhares.

Draw closter to me," sed the man in black close. "Let git my mowth fernenst yure ear. Hush—SESE A OCTOROON!"

"No!" sez I, gittin up in a exsited manner, "yu don't say so! How long has she bin in that way?"

"Frum her arliest infuncy," sed he.

"Wall, whot upon arth duz she doo it fur?" I inquired.

"She kan't help it," sed the man in black close. "It's the brand of Kane."

"Wall, she'd better stop drinkin Kane's brandy," I replide.

"I sed the brand of Kane was upon her—not brandy, my fren. Yure very obtoose."

I was konsiderbul riled at this. Sez I, "My gentle Sir, Ime a nonresistanter as a ginral thing, & don't want to git up no rows with nobuddy, but I kin nevertheless kave* in enny man's hed that calls me a obtoos," with whitch remarks I kommenst fur to pull orf my extry garmints. "Cum on," sez I—"Time! hear's the Beniki Boy fur ye!" & I darnced round like a poppit. He riz up in his seet & axed my pardin—sed it was all a mistake—that I was a good man, etsettery, & sow 4th, & we fixt it all up pleasant. I must say the man in black close seamed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the wurd. He sed a Octoroon was the 8th of a negrow. He likewise statid that the female he was travelin with was formurly a slave in Mississippi; that she'd purchist her freedim & now wantid to purchiss the freedim of her poor old muther, who (the man in black close obsarved) was between 87 years of age, & had to do all the cookin & washin for 25 hired men, whitch it was rapidly breakin down her konstitutshun. He sed he knowed the minit he gazed onto my klassic & beneverlunt fase that I'd donate librully & axed me to go over & see her, whitch I accordinly did. I sot down beside her and sed "Yure Sarvant, Marm! How do yer git along?"

She bust in 2 teers & said, "O Sur, I'm so retchid—I'm a poor unfortunit Octoroon."

* A curious American expression. "Out West," in the lead diggings, after a shaft has been sunk, the earth around the sides falls, or *caves in*, after a short time, unless the sides are properly boarded. In this way Western people speak of a man's fortune *caving in*, through neglect or misfortune. In time the expression became employed in other senses, such as to smash in, or flatten, the meaning Mr Ward wishes to convey.

“So I larn. Yure rather more Roon than Octo, I take it,” said I, fur I never seed a puttier gal in the hull endoorin time of my life. She had on a More Antic Barsk & a Poplin Nubier with Berage trimmins onto it, while her Ise & kurls was enuff to make a man jump into a mill pond without biddin his relashuns good by. I pittid the Octoroon from the inmost recusses of my hart & hawled out 50 dollars kerslap, & told her to buy her old muther as soon as posserbul. Sez she “Kine sir, mutch thanks.” She then lade her hed over onto my showlder & sed I was “old rats.” I was astonished to heer this obsarvation, which I knowd was never used in refined society, & I perlitely but emfattercly shovd her hed away.

Sez I, “Marm, I’m trooly sirprized.”

Sez she, “Git out. Yure the nicist old man I’ve seen yit. Give us anuther 50!” Had a seleck assortment of the most tremenjious thunderbolts descended down onto me I couldn’t hav bin more takin aback. I jumpt up, but she ceased my coat tales, & in a wild voise cride, “No, Ile never desart you—let us fli together to a furrin shoor!”

Sez I, “Not mutch we won’t,” and I made a powerful effort to get awa from her. “This is plade out,” I sed, whereupon she jerkt me back into the seet. “Leggo my coat, you scandaluss female,” I roared, when she set up the most unarthly yellin and hollerin you ever heerd. The passinjers & the gentlemunly konducter rusht to the spot, & I don’t think I ever experiunsed sich a rumpus in the hull coarse of my natral dase. The man in black close rusht up to me & sed, “How dair yu insult my neece, you horey heded vagabone? You base exhibbiter of low wax figgers—yu woolf in sheep’s close,” & sow 4th.

I was konfoozed. I was a loonytick fur the time bein, and offered 5 dollars reward to enny gentleman of good morrul carracter, who wood tell me whot my name was & what town I livd into. The konducter kum to me & sed the insultid parties wood settle for 50 dollars, which I immejitly hawled

out, & agane implored sumbuddy to state whare I was prinsipully, & if I shoold be thare a grate while myself ef things went on as they'd bin goin fur sum time back. I then axed if there was enny more Octoroons present, "becawz," sez I, "ef there is, let um cum along, fur Ime in the Octoroon bizniss." I then threw my specterculs out of the winder, smasht my hat wildly down over my Ise, larfed highsterically, & fell under a seet. I lay there sum time & fell asleep. I dreamt Mrs Ward & the twins had bin carrid orf by Ryenosserhosses, & that Baldinsville had bin captered by a army of Octoroons. When I awoked the lamps was a burnin dimly. Sum of the pas-sinjers was a snorein like pawpusses, & the little damsell in the pinc gown was singin "Oft in the Silly nite." The on-prinsipuld Octoroon & the miserbul man in black close was gone, & all of a suddent it flasht ore my brane that I'd bin swindild.

EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR.

IN the Ortum of 18— my frend, the editor of the Baldinsville Bugle, was obleged to leave perfeshernal dooties & go & dig his taters, & he axed me to edit for him doorin his absence. Accordinly I ground up his Shears and commenced. It didn't take me a grate while to slash out copy enuff from the xchanges* for one issoo, and I thawt I'd ride up to the next town on a little Jaunt, to rest my Branes, which had bin severely rackt by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the Rale Road offiss and axed the Sooprintendent for a pars.

"*You a editer?*" he axed, evijently on the pint of snickerin.

* Perhaps five per cent. of the Western newspapers is original matter relating to the immediate neighbourhood, the rest is composed of "telegraphs" and clippings from the "exchanges"—a general term applied to those papers posted in exchange for others, the accommodation being a mutual benefit.

“Yes Sir,” sez I; “don’t I look poor enuff?”

“Just about,” sed he, “but our Road can’t pars you.”

“Can’t, hay?”

“No Sir—it can’t.”

“Becauz,” sez I, lookin him full in the face with a Eagle eye, “*it goes so darned slow it can’t pars anybody!*” Methinks I had him thar. It’s the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortifi ed air, he told me to git out of his offiss. I pittid him and went.

OBERLIN.

ABOUT two years ago I arrove in Oberlin, Ohio. Oberlin is whare the celebrated college is. In fack, Oberlin is the college, everything else in that air vicinity resolvin around ex-cloosivly for the benefit of that institution. It is a very good college, too, & a grate many wurthy yung men go there annoally to git intelleck into ’em. But its my onbiassed ’pinion that they go it rather too strong on Ethiopians at Oberlin. But that’s nun of my bizniss. I’m into the Show bizniss. Yit as a faithful historan I must menshun the fack that on rainy dase white people can’t find their way threw the streets without the gas is lit, there bein such a numerosity of cullerd pussons in the town.

As I was sayin, I arroved at Oberlin, and called on Perfesser Peck for the purpuss of skewerin Kolonial Hall to exhibit my wax works and beests of Pray into. Kolonial Hall is in the college and is used by the stujents to speak peaces and read essays into.

Sez Perfesser Peck, “Mister Ward, I don’t know ’bout this bizniss. What air your sentiments?”

Sez I, “I hain’t got any.”

“Good God!” cried the Perfesser, “did I understan you to say you hav no sentiments?”

“Nary a sentiment!” sez I.

“Mister Ward, don’t your blud bile at the thawt that three million and a half of your culled brethren air a clankin their chains in the South?”

Sez I, “Not a bile! Let ’em clank!”

He was about to continner his flowry speech when I put a stopper on him. Sez I, “Perfesser Peck, A. Ward is my name & Ameriky is my nashun; I’m allers the same, tho’ humble is my station, and I’ve bin in the show bizniss goin on 22 years. The pint is, can I hav your Hall by payin a fair price? You air full of sentiments. That’s your lay,* while I’m a exhibiter of startlin curiosities. What d’ye say?”

“Mister Ward, you air endowed with a hily practical mind, and while I deeply regret that you air devoid of sentiments, I’ll let you hav the hall provided your exhibition is of a moral & elevatin nater.”

Sez I, “Tain’t nothin shorter.”

So I opened in Kolonial Hall, which was crowded every nite with stujents, &c. Perfesser Finny gazed for hours at my Kangaroo, but when that sagashus but onprincipled little cuss set up one of his onarthly yellins and I proceeded to hoss-whip him, the Perfesser objected. “Suffer not your angry pashuns to rise up at the poor annimil’s little excentrissities,” said the Perfesser.

“Do you call such conduct as *those* a little excentrissity?” I axed.

“I do,” sed he; sayin which he walked up to the cage and sez he, “Let’s try moral swashun upon the poor creeter.” So he put his hand upon the Kangaroo’s hed and said, “Poor little feller—poor little feller—your master is very crooil, isn’t he, my untootered frend?” when the Kangaroo, with a terrific yell, grabd the Perfesser by the hand and cum very near chawin it orf. It was amoozin to see the Perfesser jump up

* Terms or conditions of a bargain, price. A low word used in New England, probably a contraction for *outlay*.

and scream with pane. Sez I, "That's one of the poor little feller's excentrissities!"

Sez he, "Mister Ward, that's a dangerous quadruped. He's totally depraved. I will retire and do my lasserated hand up in a rag, and meanwhile I request you to meat out summery and severe punishment to the vishus beest." I hosswhipt the little cuss for upwards of 15 minutes. Guess I licked sum of his excentrissity out of him.

Oberlin is a grate plase. The College opens with a prayer and then the New York Tribune is read. A kolleckshun is then taken up to buy overcoats with red horn buttons onto them for the indignant cultured people of Kanady. I have to contribit librally two the glowrius work, as they kawl it hear. I'm kompelled by the Fackulty to reserve front seets in my show for the cultured peple. At the Boardin House the cultured peple sit at the first table. What they leeve is maid into hash for the white peple. As I don't like the idee of eatin my vittles with Ethiopians, I sit at the seckind table, and the konsequence is I've devowered so much hash that my inards is in a hily mixt up condishun. Fish bones hav maid their appearance all over my boddy, and pertater peelins air a springin up through my hair. Howsever I don't mind it. I'm gettin along well in a pecunery pint of view. The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T. K., of which I'm suffishuntly proud.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THERE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same mæetin house,

and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intensely arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollup* up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sreen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd been rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was okepeied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luviny round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed :

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there now cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed

* A similar expression to that mentioned in foot-note at p. 43, which see

I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans !"

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleepilis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me, & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks——"

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnity I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash,* tearin my close and severly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed :

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you 're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN !"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's & was made l that very nite.

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizness I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

* See foot note, p. 43.

THE CRISIS.

[This Oration was delivered before the commencement of the war.]

ON returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injianny, resuntly, my feller sitterzens extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on larst Toosday nite I peared be4 a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke nearly as follers :

Baldinsvillins : Hearto4, as I hav numerously obsarved, I have abstrained from having any sentimunts or principles, my pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disguised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammertory individooals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scacely. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for sevrul weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned Bizniss of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests. Alow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at present is as harmless as the new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resoom—Altho I can't exactly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the origenal cawz of her is. The origenal cawz is Our Afrikan Brother. I was into Barnim's Moozeum down to New York the other day, & saw that exsentric Ethiopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, your folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be ruther more numeris than interestin. It is a pity you coodent go orf sumwhares by yourselves, & be a nation of What Is Its, tho' if you'll excoose me, I shooden't care about marryin among you. No dowt you're exceedin charmin to hum, but your stile of luv-

liness isn't adapted to this cold climit." He larfed into my face, which rather Riled me, as I had been perfectly virtuous and respectable in my observashuns. So sez I, turnin a leetle red in the face I spect, "Do you hav the unblushin impoedents to say you folks haven't raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whareupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & taik all the other What Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your interestin picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the gratest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally hav the owdassity to larf about it. Go home, you low cuss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch, & I proceeded to a Restorator & cooled orf with some little fishes biled in ile—I b'love they call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzens, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevral hily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females, tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooiced to grant it, tho' I don't beleeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevral of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather, and our grate grandfather, and our Aunt in the country. Scacely. & yit numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & sevral other public grosserys,* but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise. [Notiss to bizniss man of VANITY FAIR:† Extry charg fur this larst remark. It's a goak.—A. W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now

* The name given to the bar-rooms and grog-shops in the United States, where many political arrangements are effected; just as at Washington no inconsiderable quantity of liquor is consumed in the "groceries," or refreshment-rooms attached to the legislative halls—a sly comparison, on the part of Mr Ward, betwixt two American institutions, which should be—but are not—very dissimilar in certain popular features.

† An illustrated comic periodical published in New York.

what air we going to do about it? He's a orful noosanse. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I staid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sum-whares quietly by hisself, whare he cood wear red weskits & speckled neckties, & gratterfy his ambishun in varis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He wooden't be sich a infernal noosanse if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone. What's the good of continnerly stirrin him up with a ten-foot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Perfoomery when in a natral stait.

Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The black devil Disunion is trooly here, starein us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of another brother? Shall we mix our whisky with each others' blud? Shall the star-spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this here Skoolhouse, upon my nativ shore so to speak, I anser—Nary!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row, & who in the fust place startid it, I'm 'shamed of you. The Showman blushes for you, from his boots to the topmost hair upon his wenerable hed.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer and Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the supervizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsomever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still

will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer, when I start out on my kampane with my Show, wherever I pitch my little tent, you shall see floatin proudly from the center pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thar! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half price.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordingly I squatted.

WAX FIGURES v. SHAKSPEARE.

ONTO THE WING, — 1859.

MR EDITOR,—

I take my Pen in hand to inform yu that I'm in good helth, and trust these few lines will find yu injoyin the same blessins. I woud also state that I'm now on the summir kampane. As the Poit sez—

ime erflote, ime erflote
 On the Swift rollin tied
 An the Rovir is free.

Bizniss is scacely middlin, but Sirs I manige to pay for my foode and raiment puncktooally and without no grumblin. The barked arrers of slandur has bin leveled at the undersined moren onct sins heze bin into the show bizniss, but I make bold to say no man on this footstule kan troothfully say I ever ronged him or eny of his folks. I'm travelin with a tent, which is better nor hirin hauls. My show konsists of a serious of wax works, snakes, a paneramy kalled a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, komic songs and the Kangeroo, which larst little cuss continners to konduct hissself in the most outrajus stile. I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompeled to sware *sa*

much at that air infurnal Kangeroo that I'm frade this desine will be flustratid to some extent. And while speakin of morality, remines me that sum folks turn up their nosis at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patrernized by peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernul nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the kontrary. What sort of sense is thare to King Leer who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throin straw at folks, and larfin like a silly old koot,* and makin a ass of hissself generally? Thare's Mrs Mackbeth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round, aint she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkan with a cheeze knife, while heze payin a frendly visit to their house. O its hily morral, I spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez, "Gin me the daggurs—He let his bowels out," or words to that effeck—I say, this is awl strickly propper I spoze? That Jack Fawlstarf is likewise a immoral old cuss, take him how ye may, and Hamlick is as crazy as a loon. Thare's Richurd the Three—peple think heze grate things, but I look upon him in the lite of a monkster. He kills everybody he takes a noshun to in kold blud, and then goze to sleep in his tent. Bimeby he wakes up and yells for a hoss so he kan go orf and kill sum more peple. If he isent a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shood like to know where you find um. Thare's Iargo who is more ornery nor pizen. See how shamful he treated that hily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleeve his wife was two thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to karry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mister Otheller's feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller

* The name of a small water-fowl, which, when pursued, buries its head in the mud. Often used in the United States in the sense of stupid, as "he is as stupid as a coot."

& piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the dramer, in which I shall show the varst supeeriority of wax figgers and snakes over theater plays, in a interlectooal pint of view.—
Very Respectively Yures,

A. WARD, T.K.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.*

SOME years ago I pitched my tent and onfurled my banner to the breeze in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepped by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleaved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on general principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided peple by showin them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vane! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare, and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts, for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their buzzums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits, and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short

* Some queer people, calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality, established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio, a few years since. Public opinion was resistlessly against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.

gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfeckly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short, and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice :

“ Ah, can it be ? ”

“ Which ? ” said I.

“ Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo ! ”

“ 15 cents, marm, ” I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed :

“ And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O at larst ! ”

“ Yes, ” I anserd, “ you have found me at larst, and you would have found me at fust, if you had cum sooner. ”

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed :

“ Air you a man ? ”

Sez I, “ I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun. ”

“ Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid ? ”

“ Madam, I istest ! ”

The exsentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd :

“ You air mine, O you air mine ! ”

“ Scacely, ” I sed, endeverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed :

“ You air my Affinerty ! ”

“ What upon arth is that ? ” I shouted.

“ Dost thou not know ? ”

“ No, I dostent ! ”

“ Listin, man, & I'll tell ye ! ” sed the strange female ; “ for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he

would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very much riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest hem as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me, if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizniss is cussed non-cents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin, and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wimin folks, go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile. I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

SCANDALOUS DOINGS AT PITTSBURG.

HEAR in the Buzzum of my famerly I am enjoyin myself, at peas with awl mankind and the wimin folks likewise. I gc

down to the villige ockashunly and take a little old Rye fur the stummuck's sake, but I avoyd spiritus lickers as a ginral thing. No man evir seen me intossikated but onct, and that air happind in Pittsburg. A parcel of ornery cusses in that luvly sity bustid inter the hawl durin the nite and aboosed my wax works shaimful. I didn't obsarve the outrajus transacshuns ontill the next evening when the peple begun for to kongregate. Suddinly they kommensed fur to larf and holler in a boysterious stile. Sez I good peple what's up? Sez thay them's grate wax wurks, isn't they, old man. I immejitly looked up ter whare the wax works was, and my blud biles as I think of the site which then met my Gase. I hope two be dodrabbertid * if them afoursed raskals hadent gone and put a old kaved† in hat ontter George Washington's hed and shuvered a short black klay pipe inter his mouth. His noze thay had painted red and his trowsis legs thay had shuvered inside his butes. My wax figger of Napoleon Boneypart was likewise mawltreatid. His sword wus danglin tween his legs, and his cockd hat was drawn klean down over his ize, and he was plased in a stoopin posishun lookin zactly as tho he was as drunk as a biled owl. Ginral Taylor was a standin on his hed and Wingfield Skott's koat tales ware pind over his hed and his trowsis ware kompleetly torn orf from hissself. My wax works representin the Lord's Last Supper was likewise aboosed. Three of the Postles ware under the table and two of um had on old tarpawlin hats and raggid pee jackits and ware smokin pipes. Judus Iskarriot had on a cocked hat and was appeerently drinkin, as a Bottle of whisky sot befour him. This ere specktercal was too much fur me. I klosed the show and then drowndid my sorrers in the flowin Bole.

* *Dod-rabit* is an American euphemism for a profane expression which is quite as common in this country as on the other side of the Atlantic.

† See foot-note, p. 56.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

It is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold, I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B.—This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found,) which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder, & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarves.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U.S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons, but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker* & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um, & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull among the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a auster manner for a few minits, and sed :

“Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church, and the Latter-day Revelashuns?”

Sez I, “I'm on it!” I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

* A favourite game at cards with Western gamblers; corruption of the old English *Post and Paire*.

"You ain a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big, & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I

wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives,” said Mister Yung.

“Long may thay wave!” sez I, seein I shoold git into a scrape ef I didn’t look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don’t do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don’t pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. Thay allers want suthin, & ef he don’t buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don’t have a minit’s peace. His wives fite among theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of ’em get into a row he has em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hissself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots, & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad* & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay’d shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git on-ruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay’d go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compelln him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. “I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevvy onto me,” sed the Profit, “& sumtimes I wish I’d remaned singel.” I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormons, which they surroundid me, & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

* A common expression in the United States, used in the sense of *angry, vexed*, as “I was quite *mad* at him;” “he made me *mad*.”

“Wall,” sez I, “ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I’ll let you know.”

“We’ve had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward’s Show without payin nothin!” thay showtid.

“Yes,” hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, “we’re all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!”

“What’s Old Revelashun got to do with my Show?” sez I, gittin putty rily. “Tell Mister Revelashun,” sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a proud & defiant mean, “tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizniss, subject only to the Konstitushun of the Unitid States!”

“Oh now let us in, that’s a sweet man,” sed several femails, puttin thare arms rownd me in luvn stile. “Becum 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you.”

“Not a Seal!” sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

“Oh stay, Sir, stay,” sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, “stay, & I’ll be your Jentle Gazelle.”

“Not ef I know it, you won’t,” sez I. “Awa you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!” That’s what I sed, jes so.

“& I,” sed a fat, chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., “I will be your sweet gidin Star!”

Sez I, “Ile bet two dollers and a half you won’t!” Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N.B.—Betsy Jane is my wife’s Sir naime.]

“Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?” sed several of the miserabil critters.

“Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!” roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girdid up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

THE CENSUS.

THE Sences taker in our town bein taken sick, he deppertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to giv me informashun how to perceed, I was consekently compelled to go it blind. Sittin down by the road side, I drawd up the follerin list of questions, which I proposed to ax the peple I visited :

Wat's your age?

Whar was you born?

Air you marrid, and if so how do you like it?

How many children hav you, and do they resemble you or your nabers?

Did you ever hav the measels, and if so how many?

Hav you a twin brother several years older than yourself?

How many parents hav you?

Do you read Watt's Hims regler?

Do you use boughten* tobacker?

Wat's your fitin wate?

Air you trubeld with biles?

How does your meresham culler?

State whether you air blind, deaf, idiotic, or got the heavens?†

Do you know any Opry singers, and if so how much do they owe you?

What's the average of virtoo on the Ery Canawl?

* *i.e.*, that which has been bought. A very common word in the interior of New England and New York. It is applied to articles purchased from the shops, to distinguish them from articles of home manufacture. Many farmers make their own sugar from the maple-tree, and their coffee from barley or rye. West India sugar or coffee is then called *boughten sugar*, &c. "This is a home-made carpet; that a *boughten* one," *i.e.*, one bought at a shop. In the North of England, baker's bread is called *bought bread*.

† Wind-troubles arising from a disordered stomach. A common Americanism.

If 4 barrils of Emptins * pored onto a barn floor will kiver it, how many plase can Dion Boureicault write in a year?

Is Beans a regler article of diet in your family?

How many chickins hav you, on foot and in the shell?

Air you aware that Injianny whisky is used in New York shootin galrys instid of pistols, and that it shoots furthest?

Was you ever at Niagry Falls?

Was you ever in the Penitentiary?

State how much pork, impendin crysis, Dutch cheeze, popler suvrinty, standard poetry, children's strainers, slave code, catnip, red flannel, ancient histry, pickled tomaters, old junk, perfoomery, coal ile, liberty, hoop skirt, &c., you hav on hand?

But it didn't work. I got into a row at the fust house I stopt to, with some old maids. Disbelieven the ansers they giv in regard to their ages, I endevered to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with hosses, but they floo into a vilent rage and tackled me with brooms and sich. Takin the sences requires experiunse, like any other bizniss.

AN HONEST LIVING.

I WAS on my way from the mines to San Francisco, with a light puss and a hevvy hart. You'd scacely hav recognized my fair form, so kiverd was I with dust. Bimeby I met Old Poodles, the all-firdist † gambler in the country. He was afoot and in his shirt sleeves, and was in a wuss larther nor any race hoss I ever saw.

* Emptyings, pronounced *emptins*, the lees of beer, cider, &c.; yeast, or anything by which bread is leavened:—

“Twill take more emptins, by a long chalk, than this new party's got, To give such heavy cakes as these a start, I tell ye what.”

The Biglow Papers.

† *All-fired*, enormous, excessive, a low Americanism, not improbably a puritanical corruption of *hell-fired*, designed to have the virtue of an oath without offending polite ears.

“Whither goist thou, sweet nimp?” sez I, in a play-actin tone.

“To the mines, Sir,” he unto me did say, “to the mines, to earn an honest livin.”

Thinks I that air aint very cool, I guess, and druv on.

THE PRESS.

I WANT the editers to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. There is times when Patience seizes to be virtuous. I hev “in my mind's eye, Hurrashio” (cotashun from Hamlick) sum editers in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who air Both sneakin and ornery. They cum in krowds to my Show, and then axt me ten sents a line for Puffs. I objectid to payin, but they sed ef I didn't down with the dust thay'd wipe my Show from the face of the earth. Thay sed the Press was the Arkymedian Leaver which moved the wurd. I put up to their extorshuns until thay'd bled me so I was a meer shadder, and left in disgust.

It was in a surtin town in Virginny, the Muther of Presidents & things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editor in human form. He set my Show up steep, & kalled me the urbane & gentlemunly manajer, but when I, fur the puss of showin fair play all around, went to anuther offiss to git my hanbills printed, what duz this pussillanermus editer do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He sed my wax wurks was a humbug, & called me a horey-heded itinerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar Beneki Boy, but on reflectin that he cood pollish me much wuss in his paper, I giv it up. & I wood here take occashun to advise peple when thay run agin, as thay sumtimes will, these miserble papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv

all, don't assault a editer of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you no more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud puddle. Editers are generally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.

EDWIN FORREST AS OTHELLO.

DURIN a recent visit to New York the undersined went to see Edwin Forrest. As I'm into the moral show bizniss myself, I ginrally go to Barnum's moral Museum, where only moral peple air admitted, partickly on Wednesday arternoons. But this time I thot I'd go & see Ed. Ed has bin actin out on the stage for many years. There is varis 'pinions about his actin, Englishmen ginrally bleevin that he is far superior to Mister Macready ; but on one pint all agree, & that is that Ed draws like a six-ox team. Ed was actin at Niblo's Garding, which looks considerable more like a parster than a garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large, & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Sevrал opery glasses was leveled at me by Gothum's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mebbly I did take out my sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has our weaknesses, & if a man has gewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig," the young man continnerd, "but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

“No,” sez he.

“Wall,” sez I, “I’d appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon & the *korps* should be ready! You’re too smart to live on this yearth.” He didn’t try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylanermuss individooul, in a red vest & patent lether boots, told me his name was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him 50 cents till early in the mornin. I told him I’d probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtuous couch, but if I didn’t he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The Orchestra was now fiddling with all their might, & as the peple didn’t understan anything about it they applaudid versifrussly. Presently Old Ed cum out. The play was Otheller or More of Veniss. Otheller was writ by Wm. Shakspeer. The scene is laid in Veniss. Otheller was a likely man & was a ginral in the Veniss army. He eloped with Desdemony, a darter of the Hon. Mister Brabantio, who represented one of the back districks in the Veneshun legislater. Old Brabantio was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin Otheller, howsever, that Desdemony had come it over her Par, & that he had better look out or she’d come it over him likewise. Mr & Mrs Otheller git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and luvin—a nice, sensible female, never goin in for he-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers and pickled beats. Otheller is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired girl doin all the cookin and washin. Desdemony, in fact, don’t hav to git the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named Iago, who I bleeve wants to git Otheller out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the Otheller family in the most outrajus stile. Iago falls in with a braneless youth named Roderigo & wins all his money at poker. (Iago allers played foul.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. Mike Cassio, a Irishman, is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was a clever feller &

officer in Otheller's army. He liked his tod's* too well, however, & they floored him, as they have many other promising young men. - Iago induces Mike to drink with him, Iago slyly throwin his whisky over his shoulder. Mike gets as drunk as a biled owl, & allows that he can lick a yard full of the Veneshun fancy before breakfast, without sweatin a hair. He meets Roderigo and proceeds for to smash him. A feller named Montano undertakes to slap Cassio, when that infatuated person runs his sword into him. That miserable man, Iago, pretends to be very sorry to see Mike conduct hisself in this way, & undertakes to smooth the thing over to Otheller, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's up. Iago cunningly tells his story, & Otheller tells Mike that he thinks a good deal of him, but he can't train no more in his regiment. Desdemony sympathises with poor Mike & interceeds for him with Otheller. Iago mages him believe she does this because she thinks more of Mike than she does of hisself. Otheller swallows Iago's lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor Desdemony terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs Iago cums in just as Otheller has finished the fowl deed and givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserble cuss of a husband. Iago cums in, & his wife commences rakin him down also, when he stabs her. Otheller jaws him a spell & then cuts a small hole in his stummick with his sword. Iago pints to Desdemony's deth bed & goes orf with a sardonic smile onto his countenance. Otheller tells the peple that he has dun the state sum service & they know it: axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a breef skedule of the synopsis of the play.

Edwin Forrest is a grate acter. I thot I saw Otheller before

* Contraction of *toddy*. See foot-note, p. 37.

me all the time he was actin, & when the curtin fell, I found my spectacles was still mistened with salt-water, which had run from my eyes while poor Desdemony was dyin. Betsy Jane—Betsy Jane! let us pray that our domestic bliss may never be busted up by a Iago!

Edwin Forrest makes money actin out on the stage. He gits five hundred dollars a nite & his board & washin. I wish I had such a Forrest in my Garding!

THE SHOW BUSINESS AND POPULAR LECTURES.*

I FEEL that the Show Bizniss, which Ive stroven to ornyment, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as thay air kalled, tho in my pinion thay air poplar humbugs. Individooals who git hard up embark in the lecturin bizniss. Thay cram themselves with hi soundin frazis, frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of black close, & cum out to lectur at 50 dollers a pop. Thay aint over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensooin sixteen ginerashuns. Peple flock to heer um in krowds. The men go becawz its poplar, & the wimin folks go to see what other wimin folks have on. When its over the lecturer goze & regales hissself with oysters and sich, while the peple say, "What a charmin lectur that air was," etsettery etsettery, when 9 out of 10 of um don't have no moore idee of what the lecturer sed than my kangeroo has of the sevunth speer of hevun. Thare's moore infurmashun to be gut out of a well conductid noospaper—price 3 sents—than thare is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollers a pop, as the kase may be. These same peple, bare in mind, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers & sagashus beeste.

* It is proper to say that Mr Ward has recently found occasion to change his mind on this subject.

Thay say these things is low. Gents, it grieves my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Sheer & yeller leef" (to cote frum my Irish frend Mister McBeth) to see that the Show bizniss is pritty much plade out, howsomever I shall chance it agane in the Spring.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I PITCHT my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin & Wimin's Rite's Asso-ciashun, and thay axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" sed one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blew kotton umbreller under her arm—"do you know who we air, Sir?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersery view, that you air females."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society whitch beleeves wimin has rites—which beleeves in razin her to her proper speer—whitch beleeves she is indowed with as much intelleck as man is—whitch beleeves she is trampled on and aboozed—& who will resist henso4th & forever the incroachments of proud & domineering men."

Durin her discourse, the exsentric female grabed me by the coat-kollor & was swinging her umbreller wildly over my hed.

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that your intensions is honorable? I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, Ive a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin of the

yoke of tyrinny & thinkin & votin for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?”

“Not bein a natral born fool,” sed I, by this time a little riled, “I kin safely say that she dothunt.”

“O whot—whot!” screamed the female, swingin her umbrella in the air—“O, what is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!”

“I don’t know,” sez I; “the price to my show is 15 cents pur individooal.”

“& can’t our Sosiety go in free?” asked the female.

“Not if I know it,” sed I.

“Crooil, crooil man!” she cried, & bust into tears.

“Won’t you let my darter in?” sed anuther of the exsentric wimin, taken me afeckshunitely by the hand. “O, please let my darter in—shee’s a sweet gushin child of natur.”

“Let her gush!” roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; “let her gush!” Whereupon they all sprung back with the simultanious observashun that I was a Beest.

“My female frends,” sed I, “be4 you leeve, Ive a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. It’s onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scacely be here with my unparalleld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good all the time. O, woman, woman!” I cried, my feelins worked up to a hi poetick pitch, “you air a angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel & (mettyforically spoken)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, & with your heds full of wimin’s rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons, seekin whom you may devour someboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends,” I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, “wa well what A. Ward has sed!”

WOULD-BE SEA DOGS.

SUM of the captings on the Upper Ohio River put on a heap of airs. To hear 'em git orf saler lingo you'd spose they'd bin on the briny Deep for a life time, when the fact is they haint tasted salt water since they was infants, when they had to take it for *worms*. Still they air good natered fellers, and when they drink they take a dose big enuff for a grown person.

ON "FORTS."

EVERY man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and sum other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris shiftliss critters goin round loose whose fort is not to do nothin.

Shakspeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun.

That's so !

Old George Washington's Fort was to not hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be fownd? I ask, & boldly anser no whares, or eny whare else.

Old man Townsin's* Fort was to maik Sassyperiller. "Goy to the world ! anuther life saived !" (Cotashun from Townsin's advertisemunt.)

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub-machine tellegraf under the boundin billers of the Oshun, and then hev it Bust.

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepared Gloo, which mends everything. Wonder ef it will mend a sinner's wickid waze ? (Impromptoo goak.)

* "Old" Dr Jacob Townshend, the Morrison of America, whose sarsaparilla is sold at almost every "store" throughout the country. A branch establishment, and a rival, have for some years been located here in the Stranċ, under the shadow of Exeter Hall.

Zoary's Fort is to be a femaile circus feller.

My Fort is the grate moral show bizniß & ritin choice famerly literatoor for the noospapers. That's what's the matter with *me*.

&c., &c., &c. So I mite go on to a indefnit extent.

Twict I've endeverd to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to lik a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent & krawld threw. Sez I, "My jentle Sir, go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevvy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garmints, I koncluded fitin wasn't my Fort. Ile now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole. But in a sertin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thowt I'd hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthin. Konsequents was I histid in so much I dident zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the streets and spilt all my wax wurks. I then Bet I cood play hoss. So I hitched myself to a Kanawl bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on also, one behind and anuther ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to git up, and we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the stum-muck & back, and presuntly I fownd myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cuss-caroorus savvijis. I was rescood, & as I was bein carrid to the tavern on a hemlock Bored I sed in a feeble voise, "Boys, playin hoss isn't my Fort."

MORUL—Never don't do nothin which isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin round in the Kanawl, figgeratively speakin.

PICCOLOMINI.

GENTS,—I arroved in Cleveland on Saturday P.M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean biled rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bizniss, & with cheerful sperrets I jined the enthoosiastic throng. I asked Mr Strakhosh at the door if he parst the perfession, and he said not much he didn't, whereupon I bawt a preserved seat in the pit, & ob-sarving to Mr Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust hissself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast aujience Scacely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance. " & this ere," sed I Bitturly, "is Fame! What sigerfy my wax figgers and livin wild beasts (which have no ekels) to these people? What do thay care becawz a site of my Kangeroo is worth dubble the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmlis as the new born babe—all of which is strictly troo?" I should have gone on ralein at Fortin and things sum more, but jest then Signer Maccarony cum out and sung a hairey from some opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he sed, and so they applawdid him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out and sung another hairey. He appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Luv song I suppose, tho he may have been cussin the aujince all into a heep for aut I knewd. Then cum Mr Maccarony agin and Miss Picklehomony herself. Thay sang a Doit together.

Now you know, gents, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like her gate. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever

longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums & other wimin mad becawz thay ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amuzin cussedness & about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancing champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shood like to have little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injianny, whare she cood run in the tall grass, wrestle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat-tales, set all the fellers crazy after her, & holler & kick up, & go it just as much as she wanted to! But I diegress. Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the aujience, sendin a broadside of sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swaller myself; but when, in the next song, she look strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me he mite hav my close, as I shood never want 'em again no more in this world. [The *Plain Dealer** containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstances whatsoever.]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice gal at hart & you must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv you strong and long—a man who will luv you jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked

* The Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, a well-known Ohio newspaper, to which Mr Artemus Ward wishes us to understand he contributed.

like an old tea kittle & you can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per sent a month, as he will now, when you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. You ain't a Angel, Maria, & I am glad of it. When I see angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry they hain't got wings so they kin quietly fly off whare they will be appreshiated. You air a woman, & a mity good one too. As for Maccaronny, Brignoly, Mullenholler, and them other fellers, they can take care of theirselves. Old Mac. kin make a comfortable livin choppin cord wood* if his voice ever givs out, and Amodio looks as tho he mite succeed in conductin sum quiet toll gate, whare the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin for the Summer Campane. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days and probly you will hear from me again ear I leave to once more becum a tosser on life's tempestuous billers, meanin the Show Bizniss.—Very Respectively Yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

LITTLE PATTI.

THE moosic which Ime most use to is the inspirin stranes of the hand orgin. I hire a artistic Italyun to grind fur me, payin him his vittles & close, & I spose it was them stranes which fust put a moosical taste into me. Like all furriners, he had seen better dase, havin formerly been a Kount. But he aint of much akount now, except to turn the orgin and drink Beer, of which bevrige he can hold a churnful, *easy*.

Miss Patty is small for her size, but as the man sed about his wife, O Lord! She is well bilt & her complexion is what

* The common fire-wood of the United States, split up in lengths of four feet, and arranged in stacks (for purchase or sale) eight feet long, four high, and four broad. With the vulgar crowd this wood choppin is the *dernier ressort* for a livelihood.

might be called a Broonetty. Her ize is a dark bay, the lashes bein long & silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continner doin it 2 a indefnit extent. Her waste is one of the most bootiful wastisis ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduatid frum pantalets & wire hoops, was a cumin out to read her fust composishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich a effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or ruther in a furrin tung. I don't know what the sentimunts was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of Pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

Go it, little 1, sez I to myself, in a hily exsited frame of mind, & ef that kount or royal duke which you'll be pretty apt to marry 1 of these dase don't do the fair thing by ye, yu kin always hav a home on A. Ward's farm, near Baldinsville, Injianny. When she sung Cumin threw the Rye, and spoke of that Swayne she deerly luvd herself individooully, I didn't wish I was that air Swayne. No I gess not. Oh certainly not. [This is Ironical. I don't meen this. It's a way I hav of goakin.] Now that Maria Picklehominy has got married & left the perfeshun, Adeliny Patty is the championess of the opery ring. She karries the Belt. Thar's no draw fite about it. Other primy donnys may as well throw up the sponge first as last. My eyes don't deceive my earsite in this matter.

But Miss Patty orter sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun, why under the Son don't she do it? What cents is thare in singin wurdz nobody don't

understan when wurds we do understan is jest as handy Why peple will versifferusly applawd furrin langwidge is a mistery. It reminds me of a man I onct knew. He sed he knockt the bottum out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine dident moove a inch. It stade in the Barril. He sed this was a Mistery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing I'm speekin of.

As fur Brignoly, Ferri and Junky, they air dowlless grate, but I think sich able boddied men wood look better tillin the sile than dressin theirselves up in black close & white kid gluv & shoutin in a furrin tung. Mister Junky is a noble lookin old man, & orter lead armies on to Battel instid of shoutin in a furrin tung.

Adoo. In the langwidge of Lewis Napoleon when receivin kumpany at his pallis on the Bullyvards, "I saloot yu."

MOSES, THE SASSY; OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE.

CHAPTER I.—ELIZY.

MY story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parler of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon Street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is cuverd ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She has just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how, with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The son is settin in its horizon, and its gorjus light pores in a golden meller flud through the winders, and makes the young lady twict as beautiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage basque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contains 16 flounders and her shoes is red morocker,

with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims, "Methinks I see a voice!"

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmiest days, near projuced a more hefty cavileer. Gazin upon him admirinly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organised herself into a tabloo, and stated as follers:

"Ha! do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dreams? No, I reckon not! That frame! them store close! those nose! Yes, it is me own, me only Moses!"

He (Moses) folded her to his hart, with the remark that he was "a hunkey boy."

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH?

Moses was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40. Forty's fellers had just bin havin an annual reunion with Fifty's fellers, on the day I introjuce Moses to my readers, and Moses had his arms full of trofees, to wit: 4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears (which he chawed off), and several half and quarter sections of noses. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, she said—"How hast the battle gonest? Tell me!"

"We chawed 'em up—that's what we did!" said the bold Moses.

"I thank the gods!" sed the fair Elizy. "Thou didst excellent well. And, Moses," she continnered, laying her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth?"

"No!" said he, wildly ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say so."

"Indeed do I! Your dead grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night."

"Oh no, I guess it's a mistake," sed Moses.

"I'll bet two dollars and a quarter he did!" replied Elizy
 "He said, 'Moses is a Disguised Juke!'"

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke!" said she.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B! Which? Sow, sow! But enuff. O life! life!—*you're too many for me!*" He tore out some of his pretty yeller hair, stamp on the floor sevril times, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE PIRUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary. The pirut capting isn't a man of much principle, and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The capting of the S. J. is on the pint of givin in, when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffalo overcoat rushes foreord and obsarves:

"Old man! go down stairs! Retire to the starbud bulkhed! I'll take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the capting, "away with thee or I shall do mur-rer-der-r-r!"

"Skurcely," obsarved the stranger, and he drew a diamond-hilted fish-knife and cut orf the capting's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "We are governed too much."

"People!" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d'Moses!"

"Old hoss!" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin!"
 whareupon the Juke cnt orf his hed also.

“Oh that I should live to see myself a ded body!” screamed the unfortnit man. “But don’t print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I’ll haunt ye!”

“People!” said the Juke, “I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut! Ho! a peck of oats!” The oats was brought and the Juke, boldly mountin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly approached, chucklin with fiendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn’t budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

“Onct agin do I escape deth!” said the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER’S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the Sasy! Yes, it was!

He had bin to France, and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave birth to a Bunker Hill!! He had some trouble in gitting hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernest him, but he finally conkered. Elizy knowd him right off, as one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood’s sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountain squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail, & it is far from bein perfeck; but if I have indoosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyyus as a flower garding, my object will have bin accomplished, and more too.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TO MY FRIENDS OF THE EDITORIAL CORPSE :—

I rite these lines on British sile. I've bin follerin Mrs Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a pecoonery pint of vew, I've learnt sumthin new, over hear on British Sile, whare they bleeve in Saint Gorge and the Dragoon. Previs to cumin over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittanny and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmund Hed the Govner Ginral. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showd it as Wm. Penn, Napoleon Bonypart, Juke of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs Cunningham, & varis other notid persons, & also for a sertin pirut named Hix. I've bin so long amung wax statoots that I can fix 'em up to soot the tastes of folks, & with sum paints I hav I kin giv their facis a beneverlent or fiendish look as the kase requires. I giv Sir Edmund Hed a beneverlent look, & when sum folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmund Hed anymore than it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmund Hed or any other man. You may kall it what you please. Ef it don't look like anybody that ever lived, then it's sertinly a remarkable Statoot & well worth seein. I kall it Sir Edmund Hed. You may kall it what you darn please!" [I had 'em thare.]

At larst I've had a interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerble life. I cawt a glimps of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowed myself threw a crowd of wimin, children, sojers, & Injins that was hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near to the Prince when a red faced man in Millingtery close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold ?

“To see Albert Edard the Prince of Wales,” sez I; “who are you?”

He sed he was Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Magisty’s troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passin by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

“What? Impossible! It kannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understan you to say that you was actooally goin into the presents of his Royal Iniss?”

“That’s what’s the matter with me,” I replide.

“But blarst my hize, sir, its onprecedented. It’s orful, sir. Nothin’ like it hain’t happened sins the Gun Power Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air you?”

“Sir,” sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, “I’m a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. I’m a husband & the father of twins, which I’m happy to state they look like me. By perfeshun I’m a exhibiter of wax works & sich.”

“Good God!” yelled the Kurnal, “the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty! The British Lion may well roar with raje at the thawt!”

Sez I, “Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, I’d like to make a bargin with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show.” I didn’t meen nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter hev seen the Old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actooally fomed at the mowth.

“This can’t be real,” he showtid. “No, no. It’s a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you hav no existents—yure a Myth!”

“Wall,” sez I, “old hoss, yule find me a ruther onkomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin.” I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me putty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I’d stay & be cum a Marter to a British Outraje, as sich a course mite git

my name up, & be a good advertisement fur my Show ; but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters should happen to insert a barronet into my stummick, it mite be onplesunt, & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hissself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respects to the futer King of England. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is ruther smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame fur that. He puts on as many airs as tho he was the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard ; "I'm glad to see you, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so plesunt like & larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onct. He handed me a segar & we sot down on the Pizarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful. "Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

"Duz the old man take his Lager beer reglar?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed, & intermatid that the old man didn't let many kegs of that bevridge spile in the sellar in the coarse of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur as he'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be garped at by everybody. When the *peple* cheer me I feel plesed, fur I know they meen it, but if these one-horse offishuls coold know how I see threw all their moves & understan exackly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at 'em in private, theyd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as thay now do. But you know Mr

Ward I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sumtime ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I; "sickness and the docters will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time hevin above fur me to take my departer, I rose up & sed: "Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so I will obsarve that you soot me. Yure a good feller, Albert Edard, & tho I'm agin Princes as a general thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who hav allers bin aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to beleaved Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowl ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuk his hand which he shook warmly, & givin him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take hum for the Queen & Old Albert, I put on my hat and walkt away.

"Mrs Ward," I solilerquized, as I walkt along, "Mrs Ward, ef you could see your husband now, just as he proudly emerjis from the presunts of the futur King of England, you'd be sorry you called him a Beest jest becaws he cum home tired 1 nite, and wantid to go to bed without takin orf his boots. You'd be sorry for tryin to deprive yure husband of the priceliss Boon of liberty, Betsy Jane!"

Jest then I met a long perseshun of men with gownds onto 'em. The leader was on horseback, & ridin up to me he sed, "Air you Orange?"

Sez I, "Which?"

"Air you a Orangeman?" he repeated, sternly.

"I used to peddle lemins," sed I, "but I never delt in oranges. They are apt to spile on yure hands. What particer Loonatic Asylum hev you & yure frends escaped frum, ef I may be so bold?" Just then a sudden thawt struck me, &

I sɛd, "Oh yure the fellers who air worryin the Prince so & givin the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by your infernal catawalins, air you? Wall, take the advice of a Amerykin sitterzen : take orf them gownds & don't try to get up a religious fite, which is 40 times wuss nor a prize fite, over Albert Edard, who wants to receive you all on a ekal footin, not keerin a tinker's cuss what meetin house you sleep in Sundays. Go home and mind yure bizniss & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observashuns I left 'em.

I shall leeve British sile 4thwith.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN.

I DON'T pertend to be a cricket, and consekently the reader will not regard this 'ere peace as a Cricketeism. I cimply desine givin the pints & Plot of a play I saw actid out at the theater t'other nite, called Ossywattermy Brown, or the Hero of Harper's Ferry. Ossywattermy had varis failins, one of which was a idee that he cood conker Virginny with a few duzzen loonatics which he had pickt up sumwhares, mercy only nose when. He didn't cum it, as the sekel showed. This play was jerkt by a admirer of Old Ossywattermy.

First akt opens at North Elby, Old Brown's humsted. There's a weddin at the house. Amely, Old Brown's darter, marrys sumbody, and they all whirl in the Messy darnee. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 suns leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs Ossywattermy tells 'em thay air goin on a long jurny & Blesses 'em to slow fiddlin. Thay go to Kansis. What upon arth thay go to Kansis fur when thay was so nice & comfortable down there to North Elby, is more'n I know. The suns air next seen in Kansis at a tarvern. Mister Blane, a sinister lookin man with his Belt full of knives & hoss pistils, axe

one of the Browns to take a drink. Brown refuzis, which is the fust instance on record whar a Brown deklined sich a invite. Mister Blane, who is a dark bearded feroshus lookin persun, then axis him whether he's fur or fernenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, whareupon Mister Blane, who is the most sinisterest lookin man I ever saw, sez Har, har, har! (that bein his stile of larfin wildly) & ups & sticks a knife into yung Brown. Anuther Brown rushes up & sez, "You has killed me Ber-ruther!" Moosic by the Band & Seen changes. The stuck yung Brown enters supported by his two brothers. Bimeby he falls down, sez he sees his Mother, & dies. Moosic by the Band. I lookt but couldn't see any mother. Next Seen reveels Old Brown's cabin. He's readin a book. He sez freedum must extend its Area, & rubs his hands like he was pleased abowt it. His suns come in. One of 'em goes out & cums in ded, havin bin shot while out by a Border Ruffin. The ded yung Brown sez he sees his mother and tumbles down. The Border Ruffins then surround the cabin & set it a fire. The Browns giv theirselves up for gone coons, when the hired gal diskivers a trap door to the cabin & thay go down threw it & cum up threw the bulkhed. Their mer-raklis 'scape reminds me of the 'scape of De Jones the Coar-schair of the Gulf—a tail with a yaller kiver, that I onct red. For sixteen years he was confined in a loathsum dunjin, not tastin of food durin all that time. When a lucky thawt struck him! He opend the winder and got out. To resoom—Old Brown rushes down to the foot-lites, gits down on his nees & swares he'll hav revenge. The battle of Ossawattermy takes place. Old Brown kills Mister Blane, the sinister individooal afosed. Mister Blane makes a able & elerquent speech, sez he don't see his mother *much*, and dies like a son of a gentleman, rapt up in the Star Spangled Banner. Moosic by the Band. Four or five other Border ruffins air killed, but thay don't say nothin abowt sein their mothers. From Kansis to Harper's Ferry. Pictur of a Arsenal is represented. Sojers

cum & fire at it. Old Brown cums out & permits hissself to be shot. He is tride by two soops in milingtery close, and sentenced to be hung on the gallus. Tabloo—Old Brown on a platform, pintin upards, the staige lited up with red fire. Goddis of Liberty also on platform, pintin upards. A dutchman in the orkestry warbles on a base drum. Curtin falls. Moosic by the Band.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

DEAR SIRs :—

I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futer them boys which sez to me "Go up, old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individooally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "Is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "It air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returnd from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully, and I immejitly comenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavurn tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzard, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if hee'd kill hissself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps, and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you, gents, that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery, etsettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper* before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez Taberthy Ripley. "Sakes † alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continnerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her pretty face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the

* The tin ladle which generally accompanies a water-pail in the United States.

† *Snakes alive*—a common New England exclamation of astonishment at what has been said or done.

top of the shed, where I blazed away until Square Baxter's hired man and my son Artemus Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Docter Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waying abowt 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfeck coop de tat," sed the skoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I, thinkin I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young Eben Parsuns, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all rite."

"We shall soon have Wards enuff," sed the editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislater for a City Charter?"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I; "giv that air a conspickius place in the next *Bugle*."

"How redicklus," sed pretty Susan Fletcher, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possest.

"Wall, for my part," sed Jane Maria Peasley, who is the crossest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis Peasly, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I aint."

Sez I, "Mis Peasly, you never will be."

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard,

esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day, I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin:—

Whereas two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; & Whereas I like this stile, sade twins bein of the male perswashun & both boys; there4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartily thank Engine Ko. No. 17, who, under the impreshun from the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that thare was a konflagration goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot, but kindly refraned frum squirtin.

Resolved, that frum the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that great nite & sinse.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreeted me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns towards the follerin individooouls, to whit namelee—Mis Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent for a bottle of camfire; lawyer Perkinses wife, who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who nobly assisted me in wollupin my Kangeroo, which sagashus little cuss seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screechins & kickins up; Mis Hiram Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys. Parsunes & Watsunes fur there meny ax of kindness.—Ticolly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

IN overhaulin one of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin jernal of a vyge on the starnch canawl bote, Polly Ann, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as fale) on the Wabash Canawl :

Monday, 2 P.M.—Got under wa. Hosses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd start. Started at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.) Sevral passenjers on bored. Parst threw deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, and other projue in the fields. Surblime scenery. Large red-heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy.—Riz at 5 and went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of licker with a member of the Injianny legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid—

“Sale hoe !”

“Whar away ?” hollered the capting, clearin his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knockt out) and bringing it to his Eagle eye.

“Bout four rods to the starbud,” screamed the boy.

“Jes so,” screeched the capting. “What wessel's that air ?”

“Kickin Warier of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you !”

“I, I, Sir !” hollered our capting. “Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid ! What's up in Terry Hawt ?”

“You know Bill Spikes ?” sed the capting of the Warier.

“Wall, I reckon. He can eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex !”

“Wall,” continued the capting of the Kickin Warier.

“Wilyim got a little owly * the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of his’n, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court ’us whar old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn’t hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d’ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?” axed the captin of the Warier, as he parst a long black bottle over to our captin.

“The country is indeed in danger!” sed our captin, raisin the bottle to his lips. The wessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minits parst 10.

Wensdy.—Riz arly. Wind blowin N.W.E. Hevy sea on, and ship rollin wildly in consekents of pepper-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hoss’s tale. “Heave two!” roared the captin to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv a friteful toss. I was sick, an sorry I’d cum. “Heave two!” repeated the captin. I went below. “Heave two!” I hearn him holler agin, and stickin my hed out of the cabin winder, *I hev*.

The hosses became dosile eventually, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splendor, disregardless of expense, and lovely Natur put in her best licks.† We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin and other evijences of civillizashun, inloodin a party of bald heded cullered men who was playing 3 card monty ‡ on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern.

* A similar expression to our slang term *mooney*, *i.e.*, intoxicated.

† Strokes, and hence efforts, exertions. “To put in *big licks*,” is to make great exertions, to work hard.

‡ *Monte*, a Spanish game of chance played with cards, of which the Spanish Americans are excessively fond. Formerly only played in New Orleans and other Southern towns in commercial connection with the old Spanish colonies; it is now comparatively common at all the groceries and bar-rooms of the North.

All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the Captin, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic!" I declined the seductive flood.

Thursday.—Didn't rest well last night on account of a upore made by the captin, who stopt the Bote to go ashore and smash in the windows of a groserly.* He was brought back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misgided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the captin, risin hissself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejooodiced agin that groserly for some time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passenjers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin people higher nor a kite. Them was happy days, when peple was intelligent & wax figger's & livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(P'oekry.)

A. W.

* See foot-note, p. 65.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I HAV no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the bizness. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly in the streets at nite, and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm, and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamuss lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over, and my candystate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bizness. I'm in a far more respectful bizness nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wus insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, "My frends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been captin of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the fore-castle & throw yer jib-poop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N.B.—This is gинуine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed I can't. It's onpossible, sir!"

"Mr Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sed I.

“ A orfice-seeker, to be sure ! ” sed he.

“ Wall, sir,” sed I, “ you ’s never more mistaken in your life. You hain’t gut a orfiss I ’d take under no circumstances. I ’m A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I ’m the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so—if not, say so, & I ’m orf like a jug handle.”

“ Mr Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, sir.”

“ Repose in Abraham’s Buzzum ! ” sed one of the orfice seekers, his idee bein to git orf a goak at my expense.

“ Wall,” sez I, “ ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare ’ll be mity poor nussin for sum of you ! ” where-upon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post-orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn’t more than had time to shake hands with ’em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with orfice-seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe, and adrest me as “ The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West ! ” Thinks I, *you* want a offiss putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose, told Old Abe he was “ a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundless West.”

Sez I, “ Square, you wouldn’t take a small post-offis if you could git it, would you ? ”

Sez he, “ A patrit is abuv them things, sir ! ”

“ There’s a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Squire ? ” sez I, when *another* crowd of offiss-seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn, & woodshed was now all full, and

when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room, as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old Abe was endeverin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire-place, he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville post-offiss till you 've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!"

"Good God!" cride Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the toll-gateship at Milwawky, upsot the President elect, & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire-plaçe if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't morn'n stood him up strate, before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostrating my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr Linkin," shoutid the infatooated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skoolmaster!"

Sez I, "You egrejis ass," gitting up & brushin the dust from my eyes, "I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if you don't be a little more keerful how you make my bread-basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want!"

"But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin round on the hungry crowd, "there is

scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppydemies rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death? Go home, you miserable men, gò home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'origenal and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—*write for the Ledger**—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest livin, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin,' but go to onct! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin it before their eyes,—“Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr Fair. They run orf as though Satun hissself was after them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

“How kin I ever repay you, Mr Ward, for your kindness?” sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. “How kin I ever repay you, sir?”

“By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin ile upon the troubled watur, North and South.

* A New York newspaper famous for its numerous contributors.

By pursooin a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then, if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

"How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?" sed Abe.

"Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit, fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun musn't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these veins! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scacely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country, you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!"

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments when far away from one another—he at the hellum of the ship of State, and I at the hellum of the show bizniss—admittance only 15 cents.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

YOU hav perhaps wondered wharebouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Tomb of the Cappyletts, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popler noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitimit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of

my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hossipitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum, viz. :—to giv the peple their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a lier and a hoss thief, but bring him be4 me and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travels threw the Sonny South I heared a heap of talk about Seceshon and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower) shouldn't never be noggerated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would secoor me the infloonz and pertectiun of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed, and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was preemptorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red-faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a millingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threwhout 'his sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

“What’s the matter with him?” sez I; “don’t his vittles sit well on his stummick?”

“That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!”

“Wall, let him *scream*. If your Eagle can amuse hissself by screamin, let him went!” The men annoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

“We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty——”

“You’re right, Captin. It’s every man’s dooty to visit my show,” sed I.

“We air cum——”

“And that’s the reason you are here!” sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I’d giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

“Sir, you’re inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag!”

“Nary hist!” Those was my reply.

“Your wax works and beests is then confisticated, & you air arrested as a Spy!”

Sez I, “My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what’s the price of whisky in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flood can you individooally hold?”

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was generally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomery in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin “Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!” I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amosment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massive

brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily observed.

The Seseshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contained. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animils loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his general conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed; "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin inwaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomery in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery edifiss, but the table was librally supplied with Bakin an Cabbage. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbage.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothing to talk about, hows- ever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad, but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthing to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At first I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and said his gallunt men had been a little 2 enthoo-siastic in confisticatin my show.

“Yes,” sez I, “they confisticated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confisticated in the same way onct, but the confisticaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus.”

“Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air frendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many frens in the North, who sympathise with us, and won’t mingle with this fight.”

“J. Davis, there’s your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought certin parties amung us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals,—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorus Govyment smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-harted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don’t make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egrejus mutton-hed of herself!”

“Go on, sir, you’re safe enuff. You’re too small powder for me!” sed the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

“Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvill Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I’m Capting of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell, my

gay Saler Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yellor covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well.— Yours respectively,

A. WARD.

THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE.

I HAD a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my trubles. I come pesky* near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confisticated agin I'm fraid I shall con-tinner on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicyusly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be inriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, coting from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," † he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable

* Confoundedly, excessively; a New England expression, the origin of which lexicographers have not been able to determine.

† The terms "master" and "servant" grate upon the ears of all Americans. With them the employer is a *boss*, and the servant a *help*.

graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest, rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Secesh!" I ansered. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobead, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs Cunningham, and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"War to the knive!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't origgernal with me. Them words was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded. He mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to hav a Spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly-conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar* on the back side of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a goin for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern

* The piece of gauze or muslin worn around the bed in summer as a protection from the mosquitos, not unlike, according to Mr Ward's ideas, a lady's long veil.

army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

“Father livin?” I axed.

“Yes, sir.”

“Got any Uncles?”

“A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho.”

“Peace to Uncle Thomas’s ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!” She slept as seecoorly as in her own housen, and didn’t disturb the sollum stillness of the night with ’ary snore!

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if “Old Wax Works” was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. “Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored,” sez a man with a face like a double-brested lobster, “we’re going to hang Old Wax Works!”

“My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!” sez I, a gittin up and takin orf my Shappo, “if you allude to A. Ward, it’s my pleasin dooty to inform you that he’s ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sled-stake, dying in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His larst words was: ‘My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!’”

“And who be you?”

“I’m a stoodent in Senater Benjamin’s law offiss. I’m going up North to steal some spoons and things for the Southern Army.”

This was satisfactory, and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo and giv her sum pervisions. “Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbread!” I sed. She thankt me muchly and tript galy away. There’s considerable human nater in a man, and I’m fraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

At the next station I didn't get orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "takin the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placir my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actooated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had bin vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin & by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much' exhaustid and didn't care about gittin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up and sed he felt as though a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, and axed him if his wife and little ones was so as to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire

crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventers of a startlin kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason & Dixie's* line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashiated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

No more to-day from yours for the Peperation of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her urement bad fix.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION,

Delivered July 4, at Weathersfield, Connecticut, 1859.

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjince. I was 96 minits passin a given pint. I have revised the orashun, and added sum things which makes it approposser to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammers and punktoated it. I do my own punktoatin now days. The printers in VANITY FAIR offiss can't punktoate worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS,—I've been honored with a invite to norate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurcely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me.

* Mason and Dixon's line, the geographical boundary between the North and South, the Slave and the Free States.

Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins and patritism the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you on this, my fust perfeshernal tower threw New Englan, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to *feel*. (Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.)

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages and am a little shaky on livin ones. There4, expect no flowry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good. I've no enemys to reward, nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luv the Union—it is a Big thing—and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornery peple a-movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth, to bust it up. Too much good blud was spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unhitchin marrid peple with neatness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters don't give her no shoes or stockings, but the band of stars upon her hed must continner to shine undimd, forever. Ime for the Union as she air, and whithered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I have sed! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more fraid of a DAWTER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens,—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with him, but every skool

boy nose our kareer has bin tremenjjs. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their feller critters to the treadmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may have bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washington was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-heded, warm-harted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters.—A. W.] They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git on to the fust poplar hobby-hoss whitch trots along, not carin a sent whether the beest is even goin, clear sited and sound or spavined, blind and bawky. Of course they git throwed eventouually, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfuntly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun, without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never slopt over. That wasn't George's stile. He luv'd his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kornerd hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be Washington's, but we kin all be patrits and behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of jesseshers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapeze in a one-horse circus!

I tell you, feller-citizens, it would have bin ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket if he'd never bin born!

Be shure and vote at leest once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the kripples air provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day. Bewair of the infamous lise whitch the Opposishun will be sartin to git up fur perlitical effek on the eve of electshun. To the poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persess, and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see mutch to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar air abowt as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still,
& you, Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun, &c., but your favorit Bevrige I disgust. I allude to New England Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stone jugs & will turn the stummuck of the most shiftliss Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down some of your Rum. The fust glass indused me to sware like a infooriated trooper. On takin the secund glass I was seazed with a desire to break winders, & arter imbibin the third glass I knockt a small boy down, pickt his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildly commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. Its drefful stuff—a sort of lickwid litenin, gut up under the personal

supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a fire brand tied to his tale, and while you air about it you will do a first rate thing for yourself and everybody about you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickers. You don't need 'em no more 'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin about the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevrige.

My friends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant oder of Onyins about my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterline to the Rummuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & you'll be happy!

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

As soon as I'd recooperated my physikil system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The skoolmaster sed it was cheerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and allers send him tobacker when I'm off on a travelin campane. Besides, he is a very sensible man. Such men must be encouraged.

They don't git news very fast in Baldinsville, as nothin but a plank road runs in there twice a week, and that's very much out of repair. So my nabers wasn't much posted up in regard to the wars. 'Squire Baxter sed he'd voted the dimicratic ticket for goin on forty year, and the war was a dam black republican lie. Jo. Stackpole, who kills hogs for the 'Squire, and has got a powerful muscle into his arms, sed he'd bet 5 dollars he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand-up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war,

and sum was for peace. The skoolmaster, however, sed the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year hed flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added. "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishin to make a impression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" sed the skoolmaster. "Too troo, too troo!" I anserd, "it's a scanderlus fact!"

The newspapers got along at last, chock full of war, and the patriotic fever fairly bust out in Baldinsville. 'Squire Baxter sed he didn't b'lieve in Coercion, not one of 'em, and could prove by a file of *Eagles of Liberty* in his garrit, that it was all a Whig lie, got up to raise the price of whisky and destroy our other liberties. But the old 'Squire got putty riley, when he heard how the rebels was cuttin up, and he sed he reckoned he should skour up his old muskit and do a little square fitin for the Old Flag, which had allers bin on the ticket *he'd* voted, and he was too old to Bolt now. The 'Squire is all right at heart, but it takes longer for him to fill his venerable Biler with steam than it used to when he was young and frisky. As I previously informed you, I am Captin of the Baldinsville Company. I riz gradooally but majesticly from drummer's Secretary to my present position. But I found the ranks wasn't full by no means, and commenced for to recroot. Havin notist a general desire on the part of young men who are into the Crisis to wear epylits, I determined to have my company composed excloosively of offissers, everybody to rank as Brigadeer-Ginral. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots:—

Do you know a masked battery from a hunk of gingerbread?

Do you know a epylit from a piece of chalk?

If I trust you with a real gun, how many men of your own company do you speck you can manage to kill durin the war?

Hav you ever heard of Ginral Price of Missouri, and can you avoid simler accidents in case of a battle?

Hav you ever had the measles, and if so, how many?
How air you now?

Show me your tongue, &c., &c. Sum of the questions was sarcusstical.

The company filled up rapid, and last Sunday we went to the meetin house in full uniform. I had a seris time gittin into my military harness, as it was bilt for me many years ago; but I finally got inside of it, tho' it fitted me putty clost. Howsever, onct into it, I lookt fine—in fact, aw-inspirin. “Do you know me, Mrs Ward?” sed I, walkin into the kitchin.

“Know you, you old fool? Of course I do.”

I saw at once she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards; and in attemptin to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies who was standin near the church door a-seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and sunhow my coat tales got twisted round my neck. The young ladies put their handkerchers to their mouths and remarked, “Te he,” while my ancient female single friend, Sary Peasley, bust out into a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

“Miss Peasley,” sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, “you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n or you'll have to gum it agin!”

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, “Why was man made to mourn?” I sed, “I giv it up,” havin a vague idee that it was a condrum. It was a onfortnit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddenly occurd to me whare I was, and I kept my seat, blushin like the red, red rose—so to speak.

The next morning I 'rose with the lark. (N.B.—I don't sleep with the lark, tho'. A goak.)

My little dawter was execootin ballids, accompanyin herself with the Akordeon, and she wisht me to linger and hear her sing "Hark I hear a angel singin, a angel now is onto the wing."

"Let him fly, my child!" said I, a-bucklin on my armer; "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelusy; and as we air all exceedin smart, it t'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed excloosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orriggernated, I spose I skurcely need say, in these Brane. Considered *as* a idee, I flatter myself it is putty hefty. We've got all the tacketicks at our tongs' ends, but what we particly excel in is restin muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody.

Our corpse will do its dooty. We go to the aid of Columby—we fight for the stars!

We'll be chopt into sassige meat before we'll exhibit our coat-tales to the foe.

We'll fight till there's nothin left of us but our little toes, and even they shall defiantly wiggle!—"Ever of thee,"

A. WARD.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

NOTWITHSTANDIN I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded. On the contry, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit *that*. Webster is ded now, hows-
ever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways no-

body pears to be goin round wearin it to any perticler extent, now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnel, finerly concluded they was better adapted as Home Gards, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It havin there4 bin detarmined to perfect Baldinsville at all hazzuds, and as there was no apprehensions of any immejit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordinly I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washinton. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to obsarve is about as uninterestin a locality as there is this side of J. Davis's future home, if he ever does die, and where I reckon they'll make it so warm for him that he will si for his summer close. It is easy enough to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becawz he can't help it. But why he should woluntarily go and live in Washinton, is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

I put up to a leadin hotel. I saw the landlord and sed, "How d'ye do, Square?" *

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

"Half-a-dollar. We charge twenty-five cents for *lookin* at the landlord and fifty cents for speakin to him. If you want supper, a boy will show you to the dinin room for twenty-five cents. Your room bein in the tenth story, it will cost you a dollar to be shown up there."

"How much do ax a man for breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

* See foot-note, p 54.

Washinton hotels is very reasonable in their charges. [N.B. —This is Sarkassum.]

I sent up my keerd to the Prints, and was immejitly ushered before him. He received me kindly, and axed me to sit down.

“I hav cum to pay my respects to you, Mister Napoleon, hopin I see you hale and harty.”

“I am quite well,” he sed. “Air you well, sir?”

“Sound as a cuss!” I answerd.

He seemed to be pleased with my ways, and we entered into conversation to onct.

“How’s Lewis?” I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perfoom her bedroom at a onseasonable hour with gin and tanzy?* did he go to “the Lodge” on nites when there wasn’t any Lodge? did he often hav to go down town to meet a friend? did he hav a extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Californy?—to all of which questions the Prints perlitely replide, givin me to understan that the Emperor was behavin well.

“I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble higness and imperials, becaws I’m anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he’s smart. He is cunnin, he is long-heded, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he is *good* he’ll come down with a crash one of these days, and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!”

“Air you a preacher, sir?” he inquired, slitley sarkastical.

“No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn’t any Meetin Houses and where preachers is never seen, and I’ll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the wimin are slipshod, and where maps of the devil’s

* The bitters sold in most American bar-rooms, frequently taken with raw spirits as a corrective.

“wild land” air painted upon men’s shirt-bosoms with tobacco-juice! That’s what I’ll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we aboose ’em.”

He sed he didn’t mean to aboose the clergy, not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

“It’s a grate family,” sed I. “But they scooped the old man in.”

“How, sir!”

“Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsekently died at St Heleny! There’s wheré the gratest milingtary man this world ever projuiced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walking up and down the dreary beach in milingtary cloak drawn titely round him (see picter-books), but so it was. ‘Hed of the Army!’ Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don’t I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!”

This pleased Jerome, and he took me warmly by the hand.

“Alexander the Grate was punkins,”* I continnered, “but Napoleon was punkinser! Alic. wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowndid his sorrers in the flowin bole, and the flowing bole was too much for him. It generally is. He undertook to give a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke on Alic!”

“Since you air so solicitous about France and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?” sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

“It’s mixed,” I sed. “But I think we shall cum out all right.”

* *Some pumpkins*, an American expression of praise or congratulation, used in opposition to the equally elegant phrase “small potatoes.”

“Columbus, when he diskivered this magnificent continent, could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assoom,” sed the Prints.

“It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition,” sed I. “If he had bin a sensible man he’d hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep it, and who wouldn’t have seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. Columbus wasn’t much of a feller, after all. It wōuld hav bin money in my pocket if he’d staid to home. Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America.”

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. “I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor’s boy don’t like livin at the Tooleries, when he gits older, and would like to imbark in the show bizness, let him come with me and I’ll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before obsarved, but come again next year and you’ll find us clearer nor ever. The American Eagle has lived too sumptuously of late—his stummic becum foul, and he’s takin a slite emetic. That’s all. We’re gettin ready to strik a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel’s trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You’ve heard the showman!”

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk*

* At the petty auctions a person is employed to bid on articles put up for sale, in order to raise their price. In America such a person is called a *Peter Funk*; probably from such a fictitious name having frequently been given when articles were bought in. In this country the whole tribe of seedy attendants at mock auctions are termed *duffers*. Sixty years ago they were called *puffers*.

auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner-lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congressor, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father use to keep a little groserly store in our town, and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptooious manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

But I fell in with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter than Sally's father's melasses, and I axed her if we shouldn't glide in the messy dance. She sed we should, and we Glode.

I intended to make this letter very seris, but a few goaks may have accidentally crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while.—Yours Muchly,

WARD (ARTEMUS).

ARTEMUS WARD'S BROTHER.

[A short time since a letter appeared in a New York journal, professing to be from a *brother* of Artemus Ward. There were some persons who looked upon the communication as actually coming from Artemus's pen, and treated the fresh signature as a piece of humour on the part of the author; but in Mr Ward's "Letter from Richmond" he thus denounces the fictitious Olonzo:—

"Afore I comments this letter from the late rebil capitol, I desire to simply say that I hav seen a low and skurrilus noat in the papers from a

certain person who sings hisself Olonzo Ward & sez he is my berruther.* I did *once* hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recognise him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betray'd his sex on account of his boots & his Beard fallin off his face, thus rooinin my prospecks in that town, & likewise incurrin the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triflin with the feelins of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. I perfectly disgust him."

The New York journal in question introduced Olonzo's letter with these remarks:—

"The following quaint letter, from a gentleman who professes to be the brother of the celebrated Artemus Ward, reached us the other day, by regular mail, and we give it because it embraces so much of the special kind of humour for which Artemus is so renowned. The whole family seems to be labouring under a very bad 'spell,' which is a disorder that in their case, however, seems to operate as disease does upon certain oysters, in producing a pearl where we might only expect putridity:—"—]

SHECARGO, *March* 11, 1865.

TO THEE EDYTUR OF THE SUNDAY TIMES, N.Y.

4 yeres ago, wile in indianopelers, injynia, I rote to Mr Prentiss, of the Looseville Jurnil,† regarding thee wareabouts of my berother, Artymus Ward, off hoom i have not heered sints he was a boi

"And we romed the fields together,"

happe as a Mackerel in Kashmeer Sox. There was four off us berothers, all bois. Thee follerin is a pedagog off our family. Our parents, off which there was 2, consisted of our father and mother, namely,

HANNER and ERYSIPELARS WARD. The latter (my father)

* Two or three scamps in the United States have endeavoured to pass themselves off as brothers of Artemus Ward. He has no brothers living.

† Mr Prentice, editor of the *Louisville Journal*, was one of the wittiest men connected with the press of the United States.

was given heavily to Plugg tobacker, of which he chawed incessantly, though Biled Bacon done rair was his best hold. He was a man that could not go long between drinks; the kamil did not perdominate in him; and Heving took him at the age of sicksty, after 2 dais cikness. The following is applicable to his case :

“Oakum! Oakum! with me.”—*S. Speare.*

After the old man's deth our mother was left with the 4 bois aforesaid, *whizz*, namely, i.e. :

ERYSIPELARS (named after father);

ARTYMIS (the Long Lost);

RODNEY; and Myself,

OLONZO (named after olonzo of pizarronean celebrity).

My eldest berother, Ery, went into the Wool bizziness, while Rodney went out to Origgone territtery and M-barked into the Fur trade. Ery did poorly at the Wool and busted, but Rodney is still at the *Fur coining* money.

Artymis, at the tender age of eleving, was suddenly misst from hoam. In this konnexshin I would remark an old stockin belongin to mother, containing fore dollers in Cilver and fifty too sents in Kopper, disappeared about the same time. There was a party of akrowbats, of dubble somerset proklivitys, in our naburhood a few dais preevis, and by many it was supposed Arty had been inviggled

“To leve his ga and happi hoam
Sands eyes, sands teeth brushes,
Sands pale ale.
The worrold is all a stage,
The rest is lemon and vanilla.”—*Jack spear.*

At all evinks I have never heern of him but once, i.e., when I rote to Mr Prentiss, who did not ancer mi letter, he being engaged in translatin a French letter sent him by Miss Soosar Monday, a noted goriller of the femail gander. Off her more hereafter; but *Ravenous on our mutton*, as the French have it. I heerd that mi berother, A. Ward, had becum ritch, he having

been to Salt Lick Citty, among the Mormen and women (he was allus given to the latter, even from a child), and that moreover and above, he had got a sho of wacks figgers, and nevertheless was perfectly decayed with money—in which event I would remind him

“ I still live.”—*Webb.*

And as his absents cost me many teers (I carried aul the water and chopt aul the wood for two yeres after his leving us), and as I am his ony curviving berother in poor suckemstances (Ery being ritch and Rodney when last heard from was in a big contrack for furnishing phine-toothed kombes for the confederut army, with his hed quarters at Richmund), therefore I *do* think Arty might come and see me. He is ever welkome to mi poor but happi hoam. Owe, owe berother ! if this shood meat your i, think kindly off one who loves not wisely but too well ; but owe, owe deer Artymus ! do not try to *shake* me.

OLONZO WARD.

Deer berother, don't ! don't !! go back onto me. O. W.

“ Why do I weep 4 thee ? ” O. W.

BETSY-JAIN RE-ORGUNIZED.*

I NEVER attempted to re-Organize my wife but onct. I shall never attempt agin.

I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be beTrayed inter drinkin several peple's healths ; and wishin to maik 'em as Ro-Bust as possorable, I continner'd drinkin thur healths until mi Own becum affliktid. Consekens was, I presunted myself at Betty's bedside late at nite, with considerbul licker konceaed about my persun.

* See Artemus Ward's Letter to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his marriage, p. 163, “ Artemus Ward, His Travels among the Mormons.”

I hed somehow gut perseschun of a hosswhip on my way hum, and rememberin some kranky observashuns of Mrs Ward's in the mornin, I snap't the whip putty lively, and in a very loud voyce I said, "Betsy, you need re-Organizin! I have cum, Betsy," I continnered, crackin the whip over the bed—"I have cum to re-Organize *yer!* Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

I dreamed that nite that sumbody had layd a hosswhip over me sevril conseckootive times, and when I woke up I found *she* had.

I haint drunk mich of anythin sence, and ef I ever have anuther re-Organizin job on hand I shall let it out.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIVES.*

FRENDS AND FELLER PASSINGERS,—I'm e'en a most tiard ov statin my convicshuns regarden them Mormoness plooralyties, which sits theirselves round Mister Yung's grate table when the dinner-bell booms merrily thruout the long and short ov this ere land.

Heavy figgerin isn't my berthrite; it's the nobil contemplativ what's the pecoolar offshute of these massiv brane.

"But how many wives has he?"

Wall, all A. W. nose abowt it is thet his luvly contemplativ wun day used up the MulteplyKashun tabul in kountin the long Stockins on a close line in Brigham's back yard—and he soddingly had to leave, fer the site made him dizzy. It was too mutch for him.—Yures abstractid,

WARTEMUS DARD.

* The circumstances connected with this little incident are narrated at length in Mr Ward's "Travels among the Mormons," recently published by Mr Hotten.

TAVERN ACCOMMODATION.

ARTEMUS WARD, narrates that travelling with his show out West, he one night put up at a tavern where all the beds had been previously bespoke.

He finally got accommodation in the back yard under a hay-cart, and he says he would have got on very comfortably, but the unfeeling hired man came in the early morn, hitched a horse up, and drove off with the bed-clothes!

The covering was snatched away so suddenly, Artemus says, it gave him a bad "kold"—and a very lively illustration of the sleeping accommodation in *that* part of the world.

A. WARD'S FIRST UMBRELLA.

[A friend of Artemus Ward's sends the following, with the request that it may be included in the present edition.]

THE solumncholies hev bin on-to A. W. now and agin, as it dus tu most ov the four-lorned human natures in this Vayl of Tares. She's tickled me considerabull sumtims—only it was the wrong wa. Most human natures git tickled the wrong wa sumtims.

She was heviest ontter me the fust yeer I ever owned a Umbrellar. I was going on 18 yeer old then, and praid for rane as bad as any dride-up farmer. I wantid tu show that umBrellar—I wantid tu mak sum persnul apeerents with that brellar—I desirud Jim parker and Hiram Goss to witness the site—I felt my berthWrite was bowned up in that brellar—I wantid to be a MAN!

I'd un-hook'd frum Betsy Jain fur a spell—(*confidenshal*, leastways, I hadn't commenced cortin up to her rite down in ernest then)—and kum evenin I went over to the Widder Blakes. I'd the umBrellar along, and opun'd it outside the

door—pretendin I couldn't klose it like, so that the dawter could hev a good Luke at my property. But it wuz no use; the new Brellar didn't take, and Sally sed she thort I "needn't cum agin!"

I hev bin many wheres, and seen sum few in this erthly Tavernknuckle, but ov all the solum hours I ever speeriused the 1 ockepied in going hum that partickler nite frum the Widders was the most solumm.

I'd a mind to throw awa that Brellar more'n onct as I went along.

AN AFFECTING POEM.

"POOR Jonathan Snow
 Away did go
 All on the ragen mane,
 With other males,
 All for to ketch wales,
 & nere come back agen.
 The wind bloo high,
 The billers tost,
 All hands were lost,
 And he was one,
 A spritely lad,
 Nigh 21."

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

[The following amusing critique or report of Artemus Ward's favourite lecture, entitled "The Babes in the Wood," was written the day after its first delivery in San Francisco, California, by one of the contributors to the *Golden Era*. As an imitation of A. Ward's burlesque orthography it is somewhat overdone; but it has, nevertheless, certain touches of humour which will amuse the English reader. Why the lecture is called "The Babes in the Wood" is not known, unless it is because they are WARDS.—ED.]

NITE befoar larst was an Erer in the annals of Sand Francisco; yis, an Erer; I sa it, and I guess I know what a Erer is! I gess I do! It's something like this noosepaper, for instance; something that's gut a big Injin onto it; though the Big Injin Fryday Nite had his close on, which this moril Jernal's Injin hasn't, bein intended to represent that nobil read man of the forrist, of hoom the poet sweetly sings:

“Low, the poor Injin! hoose untootered mind
Clothes him in frunt—Butt leaves him bare behind!”

However, let that parse.

I hearn thare was to be a show up to Mr Platt's Haul on the occashun allewded to; so I took Maria An an' the children—with the excepshun of the smollest wun, which, under the inflewence of tired Nachure's sweet restorer, Missis Winslow's Soothin Syrup, was rapped in barmy slumbers—up to prayer-meetin; and after havin excoosed myself to the pardner of my boosom, on the plee of havin swallered a boks of Bristol's Sugar-Coated Pills, I slipt out and went down to the Haul, thinkin I would have a little relaxation. Prubably Mariar An thought so too. (That are a double entender, but I didn't intend it.) Although I arrove quite airly, I found a few individooals—I mean to sa I found but few who ware not—already in the Haul. I would not on no account whatsumdever, no how you can fix it, deceeve nobody nor nothin', for I am a pieus man, and send my wife to church, and addhere to the trooth; and yit, I ventoor to assurt, that I never in all my born dase beheld so menny fokes befoar—stop, I er slitley—I had a seat in the rear.

It seemed as tho the hole populashun had turned out *en massy* to welcum the gratist wit of his age.—He is older than me.

The curtin roze—no, I do not desire to misrepresent fax—there was no curtin—I think thare should have bin!

The lector commenced at a few minutes past ate—pre-

cisely. The gay and gifted Artemus stepped to his place, and after acknowledging my presence by a polite bow, proceeded to define the platform on which he stood—Oregon pine. The papers, with thare usuil fidelity to fax, had stated that the entertainment would consist only of a lector, & that the kangaroo & wax-figgers would not be introdooced—"dooced queer," thinks I, and I soon discovered the telegram; for Mr Ward used a number of figgers—of speech.

Thare ware also severeil animils thare, thare was, tho I don't know whether they belonged to him, as they was scattered thro the ordgunce, and was boysterous to a degre—yis, two degrese.

Some of the funniest of the fundymentall principles of the lector escaped me—rather I escaped them—partly owin to the fokes squeeing in at the dore, and partly owin to a pretty but frail gurl wayin all the way from 200 up to 250 lbs. avoirdoopois, which sot herself rite onto my lap.

Mr Ward statid that he would not give a fillosoffical lector—nor an astronomical lector—nor—did he say what kind of lector he would give. The subjec was, however, the "Babes in the Wood." He has had the Babes in the Wood sum time. Mr Ward is not rich—but is doin—as well as could beexpected.

It is one of the lectoors you read about, you know—here. Yis, I sa it's a great moril lector; I sa it boldly, because I've heerd—of it.

The structoor of the lector was as they sa in architectoor of the compost like ordoor; first a stratter of this, then a stratter of that; that is to sa—kinder mixed, you know. It was on the aneckdotale plan, and speakin of aneckdotes reminds me of a little story—it is wun of Mr Ward's, by the way; it will bare repetition—it has, so far, stood it very well. It is of a young made, hoose name it was Mehitabull—some of it, at least—enuff—for the present porpussus—and of a nobil and galyunt lovyier, which his naim it was John Jones. This young man was a patrut, tho oppoged to coershun. The

enrolin officer going his rounds was beheld by this young man wile yit he was afar off, the site was not a welcum wun to John, and it propelled him to seek proteckshun of his plited wun, in hoose hous he was at that critical moment. Time was preshus. What was too be dun? The enemy was now neer at hand. “Git under my hoops,” sez Mehitabull. The heroick youth obade.

After a pause the offisser hentered the manshun.

“Is thare any men in this ’ere hous?” sez he.

“Not as I nose—on,” replied the damsell.

“Then,” sez the offisser, “I gess I’ll stop awhile myself.”

He stopped a our. After witch he stopped anuther our; after witch he continuood to stop.

During this time John Jones was garspin for breath. At last he felt he cood endoor it no longer, without—ingoory to his helth. He put his hed out of his strong hold and sed to the amazed offisser, “I think the draft will doo me good—I mean the draft of are.”

“You air—in favor of the Proclamashun?” sed the offisser.

“Yis, and of ventilation.”

The young man was not drafted, but he is still single—single-ar to say.

The abov is a correct report of the story as I heern it—I only heern the naims, fansy has supplide the rest.

P.S.—I larfed all the wa home; observin witch severil peple gave me the hole walk, evidently taking me for a hilarious loonatic.

A. Ward will shortly lecshoor on Asstronmy, I heer, partickly upon the Konstlashun ov the Suthern Cross, *which he pertends he has found out to be a MULATTO.*

MORMON BILL OF FARE.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HOUSES.

BRIGHAM'S Wives live in these houses. They live well at Brigham's, the following being the usual

BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS, ETC.

Matrimonial Stews (*with pretty Pickles*).

FISH.

Salt Lake Gudgeon.

ROAST.

Brigham's Lambs (*Sauce piquante*).

Minced Heart (*Mormon style*).

BROILED.

Domestic Broils (*Family style*).

ENTREES.

Little Deers.

COLD.

Raw Dog (*à la Injun*).

Tongue (*lots of it*).

VEGETABLES.

Cabbage-head, Some Pumpkins, &c.

DESSERT.

Apples of Discord, a great many Pairs,
Mormon Sweet-Hearts, Jumbles, &c.

MARION.

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

I.

—, *Friday*, —, 1860.

ON the sad sea shore ! Always to hear the moaning of these dismal waves !

Listen. I will tell you my story—my story of love, of misery, of black despair.

I am a moral Frenchman.

She whom I adore, whom I adore still, is the wife of a fat marquis—a lop-eared, blear-eyed, greasy marquis. A man without soul. A man without sentiment, who cares naught for moonlight and music. A low, practical man, who pays his debts. I hate him.

II.

She, my soul's delight, my empress, my angel, is superbly beautiful.

I loved her at first sight—devotedly, madly.

She dashed past me in her *coupé*. I saw her but a moment—perhaps only an instant—but she took me captive then and there, forevermore.

Forevermore !

I followed her, after that, wherever she went. At length she came to notice, to smile upon me. My motto was *en avant* ! That is a French word. I got it out of the back part of Worcester's Dictionary.

III.

She wrote me that I might come and see her at her own house. Oh, joy, joy unutterable, to see her at her own house !

I went to see her after nightfall, in the soft moonlight.

She came down the gravelled walk to meet me, on this

beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances.

The marquis, always a despot, had latterly misused her most vilely.

That very morning, at breakfast, he had cursed the fishballs and sneered at the pickled onions.

She is a good cook. The neighbours will tell you so. And to be told by the base marquis—a man who, previous to his marriage, had lived at the cheap eating-houses—to be told by him that her manner of frying fishballs was a failure—it was too much.

Her tears fell fast. I, too, wept. I mixed my sobs with her'n. "Fly with me!" I cried.

Her lips met mine. I held her in my arms. I felt her breath upon my cheek! It was Hunkey.

"Fly with me. To New York! I will write romances for the Sunday papers—real French romances, with morals to them. My style will be appreciated. Shop-girls and young mercantile persons will adore it, and I will amass wealth with my ready pen."

Ere she could reply—ere she could articulate her ecstasy, her husband, the marquis, crept snake-like upon me.

Shall I write it? He kicked me out of the garden—he kicked me into the street.

I did not return. How could I? I, so ethereal, so full of soul, of sentiment, of sparkling originality! He, so gross, so practical, so lop-eared!

Had I returned, the creature would have kicked me again.

So I left Paris for this place—this place, so lonely, so dismal.

Ah me!

Oh dear!

EAST SIDE THEATRICALS.

THE Broadway houses have given the public immense quantities of Central Park, Seven Sisters, Nancy Sykes, and J. Cade. I suppose the Broadway houses have done this chiefly because it has paid them, and so I mean no disrespect when I state that to me the thing became rather stale. I sighed for novelty. A man may stand stewed veal for several years, but banquets consisting exclusively of stewed veal would become uninteresting after a century or so. A man would want something else. The least particular man, it seems to me, would desire to have his veal "biled," by way of a change. So I, tired of the threadbare pieces at the Broadway houses, went to the East Side for something fresh. I wanted to see some libertines and brigands. I wanted to see some cheerful persons identified with the blacksmith and sewing-machine interests triumph over those libertines and brigands in the most signal manner. I wanted, in short, to see the Downfall of Vice and Triumph of Virtue. That was what ailed me. And so I went to the East Side.

Poor Jack Scott is gone, and Jo. Kirby dies no more on the East Side. They've got the blood and things over there, but, alas! they're deficient in lungs. The tragedians in the Bowery and Chatham Street of to-day don't start the shingles on the roof as their predecessors, now cold and stiff in death, used to when they threw themselves upon their knees at the footlights and roared a red-hot curse after the lord who had carried Susan away, swearing to never more eat nor drink until the lord's vile heart was torn from his body and ther-rown to the dorgs—rattling their knives against the tin lamps and glaring upon the third tier most fearfully the while.

Glancing at the spot where it is said Senator Benjamin used to vend second-hand clothes, and regretting that he had not continued in that comparatively honourable vocation instead of sinking to his present position—wondering if Jo. Kirby would ever consent, if he were alive, to die wrapped up in a

Secession flag!—gazing admiringly upon the unostentatious signboard which is suspended in front of the Hon. Izzy Lazarus's tavern—glancing, wondering, and gazing thus, I enter the old Chatham theatre. The pit is full, but people fight shy of the boxes.

The play is about a servant girl, who comes to the metropolis from the agricultural districts in short skirts, speckled hose, and a dashing little white hat, gaily decked with pretty pink ribbons—that being the style of dress invariably worn by servant girls from the interior. She is accompanied by a chaste young man in a short-tailed red coat, who, being very desirous of protecting her from the temptations of a large city, naturally leaves her in the street and goes off somewhere. Servant girl encounters an elderly female, who seems to be a very nice sort of person indeed, but the young man in a short-tailed coat comes in and thrusts the elderly female aside, calling her “a vile hag.” This pleases the pit, which is ever true to virtue, and it accordingly cries “Hi! hi! hi!”

A robber appears. The idea of a robber in times like these is rather absurd. The most adroit robber would eke out a miserable subsistence if he attempted to follow his profession now-a-days. I should prefer to publish a daily paper in Chelsea. Nevertheless, here is a robber. He has been playing poker with his “dupe,” but singularly enough the dupe has won all the money. This displeases the robber, and it occurs to him that he will kill the dupe. He accordingly sticks him. The dupe staggers, falls, says “Dearest Eliza!” and dies. Cries of “Hi! hi! hi!” in the pit, while a gentleman with a weed on his hat, in the boxes, states that the price of green smelts is five cents a quart. This announcement is not favourably received by the pit, several members of which come back at the weeded individual with some advice in regard to liquidating a long-standing account for beans and other refreshments at an adjacent restaurant.

The robber is seized with remorse, and says the money which

he has taken from the dupe's pockets "scorches" him. Robber seeks refuge in a miser's drawing-room, where he stays for "seven days." There is a long chest full of money and diamonds in the room. The chest is unlocked, but misers very frequently go off and leave long chests full of money unlocked in their drawing-rooms for seven days, and this robber was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of this particular miser's absence. By and by the miser returns, when the robber quietly kills him and chucks him in the chest. "Sleep with your gold, old man!" says the bold robber, as he melodramatically retreats—retreats to a cellar, where the servant girl resides. Finds that she was formerly his gal when he resided in the rural districts, and regrets having killed so many persons, for if so be he hadn't he might marry her and settle down, whereas now he can't do it, as he says he is "unhappy." But he gives her a ring—a ring he had stolen from the dupe—and flies. Presently the dupe, who has come to life in a singular but eminently theatrical manner, is brought into the cellar. He discovers the ring upon the servant girl's finger—servant girl states that she is innocent, and the dupe, with the remark that he sees his mother, dies, this time positively without reserve. Servant girl is taken to Newgate, whither goes the robber and gains admission by informing the turnkey that he is her uncle. Throws off his disguise, and, like a robber bold and gay, says he is the guilty party and will save the servant girl. He drinks a vial of poison, says he sees *his* mother, and dies to slow fiddling. Servant girl throws herself upon him wildly, and the virtuous young party in a short-tailed coat comes in and assists in the tableau. Robber tells the servant girl to take the party in the short-tailed coat and be happy, repeats that he sees his mother (they always do), and dies again. Cries of "Hi! hi! hi!" and the weeded gentleman reiterates the price of green smelts.

Not a remarkably heavy plot, but quite as bulky as the plots of the Broadway sensation pieces.

SOLILOQUY OF A LOW THIEF.

MY name is Jim Griggins. I'm a low thief. My parients was ignorant folks, and as poor as the shadder of a bean pole. My advantages for gettin' a eddycation was exceedin' limited. I growed up in the street, quite loose and permiskis, you see, and took to vice because I had nothing else to take to, and because nobody had never given me a sight at virtue.

I'm in the penitentiary. I was sent here onct before for priggin' a watch. I served out my time, and now I'm here agin, this time for stealin' a few insignificant clothes.

I shall always blame my parients for not eddycatin' me. Had I been liberally eddycated I could, with my brilliant native talents, have bin a big thief—I b'leeve they call 'em defaulters. Instead of confinin' myself to priggin' clothes, watches, spoons, and sich like, I could have plundered princely sums—thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars—and that old humbug, the Law, wouldn't have harmed a hair of my head! For, you see, I should be smart enough to get elected State Treasurer, or have something to do with Banks or Railroads, and perhaps a little of both. Then, you see, I could ride in my carriage, live in a big house with a free stun frunt, drive a fast team, and drink as much gin and sugar as I wanted. A inwestigation might be made, and some of the noosepapers might come down on me heavy, but what the d——l would I care about that, havin' previously taken precious good care of the stolen money? Besides, my "party" would swear stout that I was as innersunt as the new-born babe, and a great many people would wink very pleasant, and say, "Well, Griggins understands what *he's* 'bout, HE does!"

But havin' no eddycation, I'm only a low thief—a stealer of watches and spoons and sich—a low wretch, anyhow—and the Law puts me through without mercy.

It's all right, I s'pose, and yet I sometimes think it's wery hard to be shut up here, a wearin' checkered clothes, a livin'

an cold vittles, a sleepin' on iron beds, a lookin' out upon the world through iron muskeeter bars, and poundin' stun like a galley slave, day after day, week after week, and year after year, while my brother thieves (for to speak candid, there's no difference between a thief and a defaulter, except that the latter is forty times wuss), who have stolen thousands of dollars to my one cent, are walkin' out there in the bright sunshine—dressed up to kill, new clothes upon their backs and piles of gold in their pockets! But the Law don't tech 'em. They are too big game for the Law to shoot at. It's as much as the Law can do to take care of us ignorant thieves.

Who said there was no difference 'tween tweedledum and tweedledee? He lied in his throat, like a villain as he was! I tell ye there's a tremendous difference.

Oh that I had been liberally eddycated!

JIM GRIGGINS.

SING-SING, 1860.

TOUCHING LETTER FROM A GORY MEMBER
OF THE HOME GUARD.

BROADWAY, *Dec.* 10, '61.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — We are all getting along very well. We mess at Delmonico's. Do not repine for your son. Some must suffer for the glorious Stars and Stripes, and, dear parents, why shouldn't I? Tell Mrs Skuller that we do not need the blankets she so kindly sent to us, as we bunk at the St Nicholas and Metropolitan. What our brave lads stand most in need of now is Fruit Cake and Waffles. Do not weep for me.

HENRY ADOLPHUS.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

It was customary in many of the inland towns of New England, some thirty years ago, to celebrate the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis by a sham representation of that important event in the history of the Revolutionary War. A town meeting would be called, at which a company of men would be detailed as British, and a company as Americans—two leading citizens being selected to represent Washington and Cornwallis in the mimic surrender.

The pleasant little town of W——, in whose schools the writer has been repeatedly “corrected,” upon whose ponds he has often skated; upon whose richest orchards he has, with other juvenile bandits, many times dashed in the silent midnight; the town of W——, where it was popularly believed these bandits would “come to a bad end,” resolved to celebrate the surrender. Rival towns had celebrated, and W—— determined to eclipse them in the most signal manner. It is my privilege to tell how W—— succeeded in this determination.

The great day came. It was ushered in by the roar of musketry, the ringing of the village church bell, the squeaking of fifes, and the rattling of drums.

People poured into the village from all over the county. Never had W—— experienced such a jam. Never had there been such an onslaught upon gingerbread carts. Never had New England rum (for this was before Neal Dow's day) flowed so freely. And W——'s fair daughters, who mounted the house-tops to see the surrender, had never looked fairer. The old folks came, too, and among them were several war-scarred heroes who had fought gallantly at Monmouth and Yorktown. These brave sons of '76 took no part in the demonstration, but an honoured bench was set apart for their exclusive use on the piazza of Sile Smith's store. When they were dry, all they had to do was to sing out to Sile's boy, Jerry, “A leetle New Englan' this way, if *you* please.” It was brought forthwith.

At precisely nine o'clock, by the schoolmaster's new "Lepeen" watch, the American and British forces marched on to the village green and placed themselves in battle array, reminding the spectator of the time when

" Brave Wolfe drew up his men
In a style most pretty,
On the Plains of Abraham,
Before the city."

The character of Washington had been assigned to Squire Wood, a well-to-do and influential farmer, while that of Cornwallis had been given to the village lawyer, a kind-hearted but rather pompous person, whose name was Caleb Jones.

Squire Wood, the Washington of the occasion, had met with many unexpected difficulties in preparing his forces, and in his perplexity he had emptied not only his own canteen, but those of most of his aids. The consequence was—mortifying as it must be to all true Americans—blushing as I do to tell it, Washington at the commencement of the mimic struggle was most unqualifiedly drunk.

The sham fight commenced. Bang! bang! bang! from the Americans—bang! bang! bang! from the British. The bangs were kept hotly up until the powder gave out, and then came the order to charge. Hundreds of wooden bayonets flashed fiercely in the sunlight, each soldier taking very good care not to hit anybody.

"Thaz (hic) right," shouted Washington, who during the shooting had been racing his horse wildly up and down the line, "thaz right! *Git* it to 'em! Cut their tarnal heads off!"

"On, Romans!" shrieked Cornwallis, who had once seen a theatrical performance and remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents, "on to the fray! No sleep till mornin."

"Let eout all their bowels," yelled Washington, "and down with taxation on tea!"

The fighting now ceased, the opposing forces were properly arranged, and Cornwallis, dismounting, prepared to present his sword to Washington according to programme. As he walked slowly towards the Father of his Country, he rehearsed the little speech he had committed for the occasion, while the illustrious being who was to hear it was making desperate efforts to keep in his saddle. Now he would wildly brandish his sword, and narrowly escape cutting off his horse's ears, and then he would fall suddenly forward on to the steed's neck, grasping the mane as drowning men seize hold of straws. He was giving an inimitable representation of Toodles on horseback. All idea of the magnitude of the occasion had left him, and when he saw Cornwallis approaching, with slow and stately step, and sword-hilt extended towards him, he inquired—

“What'n devil *you* want, any (hic) how?”

“General Washington,” said Cornwallis, in dignified and impressive tones, “I tender you my sword. I need not inform you, Sir, how deeply——”

The speech was here cut suddenly short by Washington, who, driving the spurs into his horse, playfully attempted to run over the commander of the British forces. He was not permitted to do this, for his aids, seeing his unfortunate condition, seized the horse by the bridle, straightened Washington up in his saddle, and requested Cornwallis to proceed with his remarks.

“General Washington,” said Cornwallis, “the British Lion prostrates himself at the feet of the American Eagle!”

“*Eagle!* EAGLE!” yelled the infuriated Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting Cornwallis a frightful blow on the head with the flat of his sword, “do you call me a *Eagle*, you mean, sneakin cuss?” He struck him again, sending him to the ground, and said, “I'll learn you to call me a Eagle, you infernal scoundrel!”

Cornwallis remained upon the ground only a moment.

Smarting from the blows he had received, he arose with an entirely unlooked-for recuperation on the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical example. In spite of the men of both nations, indeed, he whipped the Immortal Washington until he roared for mercy.

The Americans, at first mortified and indignant at the conduct of their chief, now began to sympathise with him, and resolved to whip their mock foes in earnest. They rushed fiercely upon them, but the British were really the stronger party, and drove the Americans back. Not content with this, they charged madly upon them, and drove them from the field—from the village, in fact. There were many heads damaged, eyes draped in mourning, noses fractured, and legs lamed. It was a wonder that no one was killed outright.

Washington was confined to his house for several weeks, but he recovered at last. For a time there was a coolness between himself and Cornwallis, but they finally concluded to join the whole county in laughing about the surrender.

They live now. Time, the "artist," has thoroughly white-washed their heads, but they are very jolly still. On town meeting days the old Squire always rides down to the village. In the hind part of his venerable yellow waggon is always a bunch of hay, ostensibly for the old white horse, but really to hide a glass bottle from the vulgar gaze. This bottle has on one side a likeness of Lafayette, and upon the other may be seen the Goddess of Liberty. What the bottle contains inside I cannot positively say, but it is true that Squire Wood and Lawyer Jones visit that bottle very frequently on town meeting days, and come back looking quite red in the face. When this redness in the face becomes of the blazing kind, as it generally does by the time the polls close, a short dialogue like this may be heard:—

"We shall never play surrender again, Lawyer Jones!"

"Them days is over, Squire Wood!"

And then they laugh and jocosely punch each other in the ribs

THE WIFE.

“ Home they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 ‘ She must weep, or she will die.’ ”

THE propriety of introducing a sad story like the following, in a book intended to be rather cheerful in its character, may be questioned ; but it so beautifully illustrates the firmness of woman when grief and despair have taken possession of “ the chambers of her heart,” that we cannot refrain from relating it.

Lucy M—— loved with all the ardour of a fond and faithful wife, and when he upon whom she had so confidently leaned was stolen from her by death, her friends and companions said Lucy would go mad. Ah, how little they knew her !

Gazing for the last time upon the clay-cold features of her departed husband, this young widow—beautiful even in her grief ; so ethereal to look upon, and yet so firm !—looking for the last time upon the dear familiar face, now cold and still in death—oh, looking for the last, last time—she rapidly put on her bonnet, and thus addressed the sobbing gentlemen who were to act as pall-bearers :—“ You pall-bearers, just go into the buttery and get some rum, and we’ll start this man right along ! ”

A JUVENILE COMPOSITION.

ON THE ELEPHANT.

THE Elephant is the most largest Annymile in the whole world. He eats hay and kakes. You must not giv the Elephant Tobacker, becoz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded. Some folks thinks the Elephant is the most noblest Annymile in the world ; but as for Me, giv Me the American Egil and the Stars & Stripes. Alexander Pottles, his Peace.

A POEM BY THE SAME.

SOME VERSES SUGGESTED BY 2 OF MY UNCLES.

Uncle Simon he
 Clum up a tree
 To see what he could see
 When presentlee
 Uncle Jim
 Clum beside of him
 And squatted down by he.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

[Since the publication of A. Ward's book in this country, the Editor has received the following piece of drollery, with the request that it be included in any new issue of "the showman's" literary labours. As with the other chapters, a few foot-notes have been added which may render more clear some of the allusions to matters peculiarly Transatlantic.]

IF I 'm drafted I shall *resign*.

Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus conferred upon me, I shall feel compelled to resign the position in favor of sum more worthy person. Modesty is what ails me. That's what's kept me under.

I meanter-say, I shall have to resign if I'm drafted ; everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin I should hav eventooally becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin and elected myself a Brigadeer-ginral quite onanimiss. I hadn't no idee there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin and make tracks for Baldinsville. My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, "It is me, fayther ! I thank the gods !" She reads the New York *Ledger*.

“Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!” said Artemus, Jr. He reads the New York *Clipper*.*

My wife was to the sowin circle.† I knew she and the wimin folks was havin a pleasant time slanderin the females of the *other* sowin circle (which likewise met that arternoon, and was doubtless enjoyin theirselves ekally well in slanderin the fust-named circle), an’ I didn’t send for her. I allus like to see people enjoy theirselves.

My son Orgustus was playin onto a float.

Orgustus is a ethereal cuss. The twins was bildin cob-houses in a corner of the kitchin.

It’ll cost some postage-stamps to raise thiz family, and yet it ’ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old batchelor is a poor critter. He may have hearn the skylark or (what’s nearly the same thing) Miss Kellogg and Carlotty Patti sing; he may have hearn Ole Bull fiddle, and all the Dodworths toot, an’ yet he don’t know nothin about music—the real, genuine thing—the music of the laughter of happy, well-fed children! And you may ax the father of sich children home to dinner, feelin werry sure there’ll be no spoons missin when he goes away. Sich fathers never drop tin five-cent pieces into the contribution box, nor palm shoe-pegs off onto blind hosses for oats, nor skedaddle to British sile when their country’s in danger—nor do anything which is really mean. I don’t mean to intimate that the old batchelor is

* The New York *Ledger* presents its readers with tales very similar to those in our *Family Herald* and *London Journal*, and is thus in great favour with romantic young ladies. The New York *Clipper* is the organ of the music halls and sporting circles, and indulges in similar language to that which is so admired by readers of *Bell’s Life in London*.

† “Quiltings” and “sewing circles” are peculiar features in New England female society. In this country tea-drinkings are the fashion, but the old Puritans never countenanced idleness, and so introduced meetings where the women could fulfil the laws of their religion and satisfy their tongues at one and the same time. The originator of the “sewing circle” was a decidedly ’cute person.

up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; he only stays. He ought to 'pologize, on behalf of his parients, for bein here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old batchelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-wog's tail.

My townsmen was sort o' demoralized. There was a evident desine to ewade the Draft, as I obsarved with sorrer, and patritism was below Par—and *Mar* too. [A jew desprit.] I hadn't no sooner sot down on the piazzy of the tavoun than I saw sixteen solitary hossmen, ridin four abreast, wendin their way up the street.

“What's them? Is it calvary?”

“That,” said the landlord, “is the stage.* Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line between here and Scootsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!”

I saw that each stage-driver carried a letter in his left hand.

“The mail is hev'y to-day,” said the landlord. “Gin'rally they don't have more'n half-a-dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they've got one apiece! Bile my lights and liver!”

“And the passengers?”

“There ain't any, skacely, now-days,” said the landlord, “and what few there is, very much prefer to walk, the roads is so rough.”

“And how ist with you?” I inquired of the editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty*, who sot near me.

“I can't go,” he sed, shakin his head in a wise way. “Ordinarily I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcin, from week to

* The post-office conveyance for letters—the coach or stage which contracts for the carriage of the mails. In new or thinly-peopled districts, where the roads are uncared for, the stage-driver carries his letter-bag on horseback, when the weather renders the highway impassable for vehicles.

week, that *our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*"

I strolled into the village oyster-saloon, where I found Dr Schwazey, a leadin citizen, in a state of mind which showed that he 'd bin histin in more'n his share of pizen.

"Hello, old Beeswax," he bellered; "how's your grand-mams? When you goin to feed your stuffed animils?"

"What's the matter with the eminent physician?" I pleasantly inquired.

"This," he said, "this is what's the matter—I'm a habitooal drunkard! I'm exempt."

"Jes so."

"Do you see them beans, old man?" and he pintoed to a plate before him. "Do you see 'em?"

"I do. They are a cheerful fruit when used tempritly."

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummic that it mustn't depend excloosively on licker for its sustainance."

"A blessin," he cried, "a blessin onto the hed of the man what invented beans! A blessin onto his hed!"

"Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speciment of how things was goin in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin, he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this schoolmaster. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin. The meetin was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doins? *Nihil fit*——"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's give three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit."

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—" *Nihil fit.*"

"Exactly," I said. *Nihil fit.* He wasn't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man, he must stand his little draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin us a good long visit. It's goin to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too.

This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin Washington, and they seem to be advancin that way pretty often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble banner—as it were. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mum.]

Feller-citizens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washington is safe. Gloucester, Massachusetts, is safe. Gen. Fremont is there. No danger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, as

long as Gen. Fremont's there. And may the day be not far distant when I can say the same of Washington. But if it is saved, it will be by strategy. Vermont will soon be safe. Gen. Phelps is comin home. Let us all rejoice that Vermont is about to be safe. My wife says so too.

The editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* here arose and said : "I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but a important dispatch has just bin received at the telegraph office here. I will read it. It is as follows :—' *Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion !*'" [Loud applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe. [Sensation.] Philadelphia is safe. Gen. Patterson is in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about *money*. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three cords* of money a day—good money too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginy, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we do want *men*, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slungshots, and stabbin her with stolen knives! We must lick 'em quick. We must introduce a large number of first-class funerals among the people of the South. Betsy says so too.

This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It

* In allusion to the national measurement of firewood, a cord of wood being 8 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 4 feet high.

and no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe—only with steel and lead. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too.

I have great confidence in A. Linkin. The old fellow's heart is in the right place, and his head is clear. There's bin sum queer doins by sum of his deputies—civil and military—but let it pass. We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The Republic is our mother. *For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother.* Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea! And then, if it is worth while, stop and argue about who caused all this in the first place. You've heard the showman. You've heard my wife too. Me and Betsy is 1.

The meetin broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.—Yours considerably,

A. WARD.

MR WARD ATTENDS A GRAFFICK (*SOIREE*).

[Shortly after the publication in this country of "Artemus Ward His Book," I received from a friend the following article, purporting to have been written by Mr W. during a stay in Bristol. The sketch appeared in the *Bristol Record*,* and upon writing to the editor for further information

* Prefixed to the article in the *Record* was the following:—"A letter has just been shown to us, of which we subjoin a portion, from which it will appear that Mr — (we suppress the name for obvious reasons) is not the only illustrious American who is sojourning at present at Clifton. Artemus Ward has retired for the present from his professional duties, in

concerning it, I received from that gentleman such a cautious reply as confirmed a previous suspicion that "the showman" had not visited the great western city, and that the article was either a concoction in Mr Ward's style, or one of the papers of Josh Billings, an imitator of Mr W., slightly altered to suit the locality of its republication. Whether these conjectures are correct or not, the article is here given for the English reader's criticism, and, although not equal in humour to A. Ward's more successful pieces, certain pleasantries of expression and droll extravagances observable in it will, at least, repay perusal.]

WALL, we had a just siddled down to our wine, when sez the Squire * soddenlick, "Mr W., would you like to go to a Graffick?"

"What 's a Graffick?" sed I.

"A Pictur-shew," sed he, "with a swoiree between, and all the fashionables of this interestin location there."

"Don't care if I duz," sed I, "perwided u go the Ticket." †

"Sertingly," sed he. "Mr Ward, you are my guest for the evening."

So we put on our go-to-meetings, and yaller kid-skins, and sot off. There was a purty tidy fixin of shrubs and statooary

consequence of the rough treatment which he lately received in the Southern States. His admirers have sent him to England to recruit, and he was last week at Clifton, and dined with Mr ——. We are violating no literary confidence in mentioning the above, as Mr Ward is combining business with pleasure, and his letters will appear in the *New York Tribune*, to which journal he has temporarily attached himself as special European correspondent.—Ed. B. R.

* Sometimes pronounced "Square" in New England phraseology—a magistrate, or justice of the peace. See foot-note, p. 54.

† In this instance apparently refers to payment for the entrance card, although it may apply to the vulgar Transatlantic phrase, "Go the ticket," *i.e.*, the entire scheme—witness all offered in the programme—an expression that arose from the printed list of political candidates used at an election. According to circumstances, a man is said "To go the ticket," or "Go the straight ticket," *i.e.*, the entire list containing the "regular nomination" of his party; "To go a scratch ticket," a ticket from which the names of one or more of the candidates are erased; to go a "split ticket," one representing different divisions of his party, &c.

as we went in (but nuthin eal to the Bowery Saloon, New York!), and stairs up and stairs down, and gals in opera clokes ascendin and D-scendin.

First we go up into a big room with a blaze o' lite and a crowd of cumpany. The Squire whispers to me, and sez he'll pint out the lokial celebrities. At the end of the room is a great pictur, representin a stout femail on a tarnation dark back-ground. The critters scrowded up to it, and looked on in hor. Presently I feels the Squire nudging me.

"Do you see that individooal," sed he, "with Hyacinthian curls, and his eye in a fine frenzy rollin? That's the great art critic, who lays down the lor for Bristol and ets vicinity."

So I pushed up cloas, and sed I to the creteck, "Wall, Mister, what dew think of that air piece of canvas staining?"

At first he Ide me loftily, and made no reply. At last he spoak (with grate deliberashun). "Not yet have I mastered the pictur. I'm a studyin of the onperfectly-seen vizionoimies behind. Them guards is a phernomenon. The soul of the painter has projected itself thugh the august glooms."

"Don't see it," sez I. "Them shadders want glazin—and the middle-tints is no whur. Guess if Hiram Applesquash (our 'domestic decorator' to hum) had pertrayed them guards, he would hev slicked off their Uniforms as bright as a New England tulip."

The creteck regarded me With Contemptuous indignashun.

"Hullo!" sed I next, "whose been and stolen a signboard, and stuck it up in this refined society?"

"To what do you defer?" sez he, still very fridgid.

"To that corpulent figgur," sez I, "in military fixins."

"That, sair," sez he, with severity, "is a portrait of his Majusty the King of Denmark, lately disEased."

"A portraiekt of his cloze, you mean," sez I. "Is that sprorling pictur a work of art? (N.B.—This I sed sarcasticul.) Hiram A. touched off a new Sign for the Tavern at Baldins-

ville jest before I saled, and his 'President's Head' would bete this by a long chalk any day." With that I scowled at the Creteck, and left him looking considerable smawl pertaters.

Arter this we went down into the Cole-hole, wich they had cleaned out for the night and white-washed. Here I own was buties of natur. I always had a liken for water-colar paintin, and sometimes take a sketcht in that way myself. Me and Squire tried to get a good look, but was engulfed in an oshun of hot galls, who kinder steamed again. The gas, close over our heads, nigh made our brains bile over, so sez I, "Let's make tracks* out of this, Squire. It ain't civet (Schak-spar) here. This parfume of humanity is horrid unhand-some."

"Let's have a cup of corfy," says he, "to repare exhorted natur."

"A sherry cobbler would be more to the purpose," says I, "but if they hev none of them coolin drinks at art sworricks, here goes for the Moky." (N.B.—This I sed ironical. Korfy at sworricks is usually burnt beans.)

So we med our way into another room, with 2 bar-counters, and a crowd of people pushin and drivin to get forrerd. They knocked and elbered me about till I felt my dander riz. "Come on, Squire," sez I, setting my arms a kimber; "take care, my old coons, of your tendur Korns and Bunyans. Look out for your ribs, for I've crooked my elbers," and forrerd I goes with Squire follerin' in my wake. Bimeby a woman's long skirt gets between my legs, and I spins round and goes kerslash† into the stumuck of a fat old gentleman, who was just blowin his third cup. He med a spaired his breath though! kerslap† I goes into his wastecote, and kesouse†

* To go, to run; a figurative expression of Western origin:—"He came plaguey near not seein of me, says I: for I had just commenced *making tracks* as you came in."—*Sam Slick in England*, ch. 20.

† A variation of the Americanisms *Kerslap*, *Kesouse*, *Keslosh*, *i.e.*, the noise made by a body falling into the water. See foot-note, p. 43.

goes his coffy over his shoulders onto hed and neck of a bony old made with a bird of Pardice in her artificial locks.

“Beg your pardon, marm,” sez I, as soon as I could speak.

She looked imprekashuns, and turned away ortily, mopping herself down with a laced nose-rag.

The Old gentleman was more cholerick. “Cuss your clumsiness,” says he, “can’t you come to a graffick without punching your ugly hed Into other people’s stumucks?”

“I didn’t go for to do it,” sez I, “and jest put the Saddl on the right hoss, mister,” I continerred. “If this femail behind didn’t carry so much slack foresail, she wuddn’t hev entangled my spars and careened me over.”

Arter this I would try no more of their all-fired corfy. Squire —— had had enough of the Sworrick, so we made tracks for the Ho-tell.

“Bring-up a quart of brandy,” sez the Squire, “and a bilin o’ lemons and sugar. Mr W.,” sez he, “there’s not much of me left. Let’s liquor up! Let’s have a smoke and a cock-tail,”* So we mixes, and had an entertaining discorse on polite literatoor. “Dod-rabbit† the sworrick,” says Squire. “Say no more about it. I was a fool, Mr Ward, to prefare it to your amusin an inshstructive conversashun.”

After a while we got cheerful and sung “ale Columby” (it’s a fine voice the Squire has for a doo-et). Respect for the so-shul Borde makes me now cave in‡ and klose my commoonication. Squire —— is a grate filantherpist, but he’s not grate at stowing away his lick-er. I tuk him to bed after the 3d tumbler, that the cuss of a british Waiter might not see one of us free & enlightened citizens onable to walk strate. He said it was a wet night, and demanded his umburella. Likewise he wouldn’t hev his boots off, for fere of catchin cold. I put

* A stimulating beverage, made of brandy or gin, mixed with sugar and a very little water. See “Bon Gaultier’s Ballads.”

† An American euphemism for a profane oath.

‡ See foot-note, p. 56.

the candle in the wash-basan that the critter mightn't set himself on fire, and left him in bed with his umburella up, singing "Ale columby."

Arter that I went down and finished the mahogany.*

A. WARD.

* Brandy and water, the ruddy appearance of which indicates that very little of the latter has been used in its composition. *Spanish* is the stronger, and *Honduras* the milder mixture.

ARTEMUS WARD

(HIS TRAVELS)

AMONG THE MORMONS.

INTRODUCTION.

“WILL you go with me to California and Oregon?” asked Artemus Ward, at the Revere House, New York, one day in the summer of 1863.

California being to me what the Americans phrase “an old stamping ground” — a land with which I was familiar, I at once assented ; for “*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*” is not the motto of any one who has once trodden the soil of the Golden State, nor who has once felt the luxury of life in a climate to which that of Greece is the nearest European analogue.

“And then come home across the Plains and do the Mormons as we return?” added Artemus, interrogatively.

I paused before giving a reply. It came to my remembrance that Artemus had written “A Visit to Brigham Young” in a volume already published, in which imaginary sketch he had characterised the Mormons as “an onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the globe.”* Visions flitted before me of our possible fate in a city the inhabitants of which had been so abused by one of the intending travellers. The insecurity of human life at Salt Lake had been a frequent topic for newspaper paragraphs, and I had heard of an unprepossessing body of men in that vicinity designated as *The Destroying Angels*. As delicately as I could, I hinted to Artemus the perils of the enterprise. He affected to despise all danger, and treated my warnings as lightly as Don Quixote

* “Artemus Ward, His Book,” p. 77.

did those of Sancho Panza, relative to the windmills of Montiel. That Artemus himself had some misgivings afterwards, if not then, is avowed by him in the chapter on Salt Lake City in the present book. No matter how the Mormons might receive us, it was decided to go ; and we went.

For the information of English readers who are not familiar with the geography of the North American Continent, especially with that part of it in which the Salt Lake is situated, I venture to say a few words about the means of getting to the Mormon capital, and its situation, with especial reference to the route passed over by Artemus Ward and myself. Information relative to Utah is not very plentiful, and the books on that territory are by no means numerous. The best work I have met with is that of M. Jules Remy,* and the next best "The City of the Saints," by Captain Richard F. Burton, but both of them are descriptive of the Utah of full five years ago ; and while that of Captain Burton depicts the rosy side of Mormondom, that of M. Remy is, perhaps, written with a too condemnatory pen. It is extremely difficult, even by visiting the territory, to learn much concerning it and its inhabitants. The physical features admit of easy description, but its social life, the mighty influences which are at work for good or evil, the curious problems which are solving themselves among a singular people, the exact nature of that strange plastic power which, taking unto itself the form of a religion, is rapidly building up a community unlike any other on the globe, are all points in relation to the Mormons very little understood, and which they themselves do not wish made clear to us, whom they stigmatize as "Gentiles."

You can go to Salt Lake by crossing the Isthmus of Panama, or by being ferried across the Missouri river. In proceeding by the former route you have to brave the dangers of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and in going by the latter you have to encounter the perils of the Plains, including very ugly

* "Voyage au Pays des Mormons." Paris, 1860

mountains and very loose-minded Indians. The track of travel pursued by Artemus Ward and myself was simply this: We left New York by steamer, crossed the Isthmus of Panama by railway, steamed up the Pacific to San Francisco, then went by steamboat again to Sacramento, then by railroad to Folsom, and next by coach to Placerville, where we changed our conveyance for what they please to call a "stage" in California, but which, in England, we should describe as a spring-van, seated, with a covered top to it, and canvas or leather blinds on each side—a form of conveyance common enough in the States and in Australia, but altogether unknown, I believe, in the British Isles. In a hideous apparatus of this description we jolted on night and day for six hundred and thirty miles from Placerville to Salt Lake City. Occasionally we obtained relief by being transferred from the coach, as they would facetiously persist in calling it, to a sleigh, formed of rough pine wood, like a very broad French egg-box, far too shallow, with no cover, placed on huge "runners," and drawn over the ice by four gaunt maniacal mules, driven by a jovial Jehu, who regarded a capsizing as the most ordinary of every-day events and a roll down a mountain side as the most exhilarating pastime in the world. Six hundred more miles of similar coach and sleigh brought us from Salt Lake to Denver City in Colorado, and a third six-hundred-mile ride took us across the plains, through camps of Sioux Indians, past herds of buffaloes, and past subterranean cities, excavated and inhabited by prairie dogs, to Atchison, on the Missouri river; where we crossed the State of Missouri by railway to St Louis, on the Mississippi, and then through Illinois, Michigan, Upper Canada, and New York State, home again to New York; in all, a journey of over 10,000 miles, of which about 7000 was by water transit, and about 3000 overland. To those who, seeking pleasure, contemplate doing the land route in winter, as we did it, I would give the same advice that I think Artemus would, and say—*don't*.

There is nothing that Artemus Ward has said about the

steamer *Ariel*, in his first chapter of this book, which would not be heartily endorsed by nearly all who have voyaged in the vessels belonging to Mr Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Panama railway he scarcely attempts to describe; though a railway less than fifty miles in length, which you are charged five pounds sterling for travelling over, is certainly expensive enough to merit a few passing remarks. On the Pacific side, the steamers are all that is desirable: they are palatial in their structure, well officered, well supplied, and well conducted. I have travelled by them more than once, and know nothing more agreeable than to lounge on the "hurricane deck" of the *Golden City*, or the *Constitution*, and placidly steam along past the green shores of coffee-yielding Costa Rica, the bold, rocky coast of Mexico, the arid grandeur of Cape St Lucas, and the mountains covered with wild oats which form the majestic sea-wall of California. In two weeks from leaving Panama you float through the Golden Gate and land at San Francisco.

Artemus has been very modest in his book, and omitted to say a word in reference to his success in the metropolis of California. Here in England, where the days of lecturing seem to have passed away with the decadence of the Mechanics' Institute, it may surprise many to learn that at his first lecture at San Francisco, Artemus Ward received over 1600 dollars (£320). And they pay in gold in California, a State law prohibiting the use of paper money. Greenbacks are as much curiosities there as golden dollars are in New York at the present moment.

From California we crossed the Sierra into Nevada, more poetically called "the Silver Land." In the following pages it is spoken of as Washoe; and by that name it was originally known when its argentine treasures were first discovered. At the present moment the name of Washoe is limited to a small city in one corner of the State. Than Nevada, I scarcely know of a place which would convey more extraordinary impressions

to the mind of a traveller from the Old World. Journeying to it by the route which we took, or indeed by any route from California, the Sierra Nevada mountains have to be crossed at an altitude of full six thousand feet ; and in descending from the summit to the other side, the coach glides along a mountain shelf—a perpendicular wall of rock to the left, and an abyss on the right—to look down which requires stronger nerves than very many travellers possess. Used to the peril of the descent, the coachmen drive down the frightful incline at full speed, while the occupants of the vehicle clutch its roof, or its sides, and hold their breath in the anxiety of their terror. Far away in the distance gleams Lake Tahoe, once called Lake Bigler, after “Fat John Bigler,” formerly Governor of California, but who lost the honour of having the lake called by his name when his political principles ceased to please. Seen as we beheld it, in the early morning light, and as we scudded at a mad pace down the mountain side, its surrounding peaks lighted up with rosy splendour, and its broad expanse of silent, lonely water glowing with silver brightness, I could think of nothing in Switzerland half so grand, nor anything in Italy half so charming. The lake is forty miles in length. We drove along beside it on our way to Carson City, and stopped to breakfast off some delicious fish taken out of its waters. Then came the ascent of the Second Summit, the first glance at the silver regions, and the scenes to which Artemus Ward alludes in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of this volume.

Mr Brown (for such is the real name of Artemus Ward) has never pretended to be a descriptive writer. As he himself would say, scenery is not one of his “forts.” Place an odd man beside a very large mountain, and let Artemus Ward pass by. He will see the man, and catch his peculiarities with photographic celerity ; but he will probably fail to notice whether the background to his figure is a mountain or an open plain. Travelling with him, I have been many times

surprised at the rapidity with which he grasped character, especially if it verged towards the eccentric. Were he a landscape writer—and why should there not be landscape writers as well as landscape painters?—he would have written at length of the wonders of that Washoe ride, and the glories of that marvellous land, wherein, to use one of his own witticisms not introduced in the book, “Silver is lying around loose, and thefts of it are termed silver-guilt.” He made a descent into the Gould and Curry mine, mentioned by him in the chapter on Washoe, and his experiences therein would alone make a pleasant story.

New Year's-day, 1864, found us both in Virginia City, perched up on the side of Mount Davidson, some five or six thousand feet above the sea-level, with a magnificent view before us of the desert over which we had to find our way to Utah. It was a pleasant prospect to look down upon. Nothing but arid rocks and sandy plains, speckled with *Artemisia* or sage-brush. No village for full two hundred miles, and any number of the worst tribe of Indians—the Goshoots—agreeably besprinkling the path. We escaped by exactly twenty-four hours the honour of being scalped at a station west of Reese River. On the night following our departure, the noble red man came with his tomahawk and slaughtered the men who had harnessed-up our horses.

The Reese River silver mines have acquired great celebrity since Artemus Ward lectured in Austin. He announced the lecture as “The Pioneer Lecture in the Shoshone Nation.” The admission was one dollar and a half (6s. English), and half a dozen Shoshone warriors, in all the glory of grease and red-ochre, clustered around the door of the court-house. It is hardly more than a year and a half ago; Austin was then a straggling mining town of little more than a year's growth. At the present moment it is a city, with a mayor and corporation, plate-glass windows, and a theatre. Embosomed as it is among mountains, far away from all other cities, a silver mine

behind every house, and Indians sauntering about its streets it is one of the strangest of the many strange cities of the new Western World.

Coach and sleigh alternately took us on from Reese by way of Fort Ruby to Salt Lake City. It is a drive of very nearly four hundred miles. Grandeur of scenery and the novelties of the journey fail to compensate for the loss of sleep, the fatigue of mind and body occasioned by continuous jolting over rocky paths, and the inconvenience of travelling in an open sleigh at midnight, in the midst of a snow storm, knowing that you are some thousand feet up a mountain side, and seeing no indications of any track by which you may reach the valley below. The stations on the road are miserable in the extreme. Sometimes they are mere "dug-outs," as they are called, excavations in which are stables for the horses or mules, and a subterranean den for the poor isolated wretch to sleep in who has charge of the property of the company. A few of the stations are square-built forts of adobe, or sun-dried brick, with an apartment in the corner for the keeper and his companions—that is, if he happens to have any. Where these station-keepers come from is a problem to the traveller. Tall, gaunt, dirty, with long untrimmed hair, shaggy whiskers, and innocent of linen, these pariahs of the desert lead the dreariest kind of life, devoid of all comfort, and liable at any time to fall the victims of the revengeful Indian. Among them are found the disappointed miner from California, the hunted outlaw from Texas, the spirit-broken bandit of Chihuahua, and the exacerbated Juarist from Mexico. At a station at which we halted near Bear River, and where the surroundings appeared to me to be unusually dreary, I remarked to the station-keeper that he must be sadly in want of company. His reply startled me, "Not while I can talk with Martin Luther and Daniel Webster." He was a forlorn Spiritualist from Melrose, near Boston. How he accommodated the "spirits" I know not, for the room was too small to hold a table, and a broad shelf served as a substitute.

There was another station—Needle Rock—to which Artemus refers, where the keeper was the most pitiable specimen we had seen of his class. His habitation was high up on a table-land of desert. The scene around was arid, sterile, forlorn, and wretched to the last degree. It was winter. He had to go two miles to a spring and break in the ice for water. We passed him as he was so engaged. Half-starved, toothless, consumptive, grim and ghastly, we could not but pity him and offer a few consoling jokes. His reply was, "I guess I'll get a wife this summer, and then I'll be better off." Poor fellow! The bride waiting for him seemed to be her whom we wed with a ring of earth, and who has dust and ashes for her dower.

Stations serve two purposes. At them you change horses or mules, and at them you obtain meals, the latter of which purposes is effected in a manner peculiar to the plains. Coffee without milk, and frequently without sugar, bread baked while you are waiting, and bacon broiled as expeditiously as possible. You know that you are coming to a station long before you see it. So odoriferous is the bacon that you scent it two miles away, and generally you prefer its odour at that distance. Fortified with strong bacon, frozen, weary, and yet jolly—for who could not be so with Artemus?—we arrived at Salt Lake City.

And what is Salt Lake City like? Everybody asks the question. To rightly understand its position it must first be premised that it is situated on the great table-land of the central portion of the North American continent. Every street in it is 4000 feet above the sea-level. The Andes of South America, trending north at the Isthmus, break up into two great chains, which, on the western side of the continent, form first the Cordilleras of Anahuac, in Mexico, and then the Sierra Nevada in California, while on the eastern side they form first the Cordillera of the Sierra Madre, which more northward becomes the Rocky Mountains. Between this

V-like expansion is a table-land, on which stands the city of Mexico in a southerly direction, and the city of the Great Salt Lake more to the northward. The Mormon capital occupies the north-eastern extremity of a valley, and that valley is one of the most beautiful of any on the globe. Surrounded by mountains—the Wasach range to the east and the Oquirrh range to the west—watered by the river Jordan, which flows through it for twenty-five miles, and fertile even to a luxuriance of fertility—no wonder that the Mormon leaders selected it for their Mecca—their Jerusalem—their Holy City. Dr Johnson, had he seen it, would have made it the home of Rasselas. Visions of it, so the Mormons tell you, were revealed by Heaven to Mr Joseph Smith, jun., long before a Mormon inhabited it. Mr Joseph Smith is said to have related his visions to his disciples; and Brother Snow, actor and “saint,” assured me that he knew the valley the moment he saw it, from the description given by Mr Smith of his vision. Whether the Mormons came upon it by chance, or whether they received information of its desirable character, they at any rate acted wisely in selecting it for their Tadmor of the Desert. The mountains which environ the valley rise to an altitude of from six to seven thousand feet, shutting it in from the desert without, and rendering it more impregnable than any fortified city. The passes by which it can be entered are few, and admit of easy defence. Mormons guard them, and the Indians beyond are unquestionably the Mormons’ friends—possibly their allies.

An erroneous belief prevails among those not better informed that Salt Lake City is on the borders of the Great Salt Lake. Such is not the case. The lake is eighteen miles away in a gap among the mountains. It is so salt that three barrels of the water are said to yield on evaporation one barrel of pure salt. Nothing animate exists in it except a small insect, which amuses itself by practising saltatory exercises on its surface. As Artemus has elsewhere said, “It is too saline to sail in.”

The city itself is built on what geologists term “a bench” of

the mountains, and overlooks the valley. Higher up, on another bench to the south-east, is Camp Douglas, where the United States' government keeps about two thousand Californian soldiers to overawe Brigham Young. But the Mormons are all military; and were a collision to come about between them and the American authorities, they would undoubtedly turn out to a man. Whether they have arms enough, is not very well known: I believe they have. The United States sent General A. S. Johnston against them during the administration of President Buchanan. The *fasco* of the expedition is matter of history; but the oddest result is, that the musket-barrels of that expeditionary army now form the waterpipes of Brigham Young's palace and premises.

No wonder that the Mormon believes in his faith, or at any rate that the poorer and less intelligent of them do. Collected from the uneducated districts of Wales, Lancashire, and the Scottish Highlands—from the shores of Norwegian fiords and the skirts of Swedish pine-forests—they arrive at New York, in most instances without money, and in themselves helpless. These are met by the agents of the Mormon rulers, escorted through the States and across the Mississippi and Missouri to Florence, in Nebraska. Arrived there, they meet the train of waggons and the great band of guides, which Brigham Young has sent on to convey them across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City. Entering at length the Promised Land, they are marched to Emigration Square, and passed under review by Brigham himself and by the elders of the Church. There are those who affirm that during the inspection, if Brigham sees a pretty girl he "makes a note of it," and that, if any one of the bishops or elders effects a like discovery, he acts in a similar manner. Be this as it may, it is the duty of "the Church" to look out for the welfare of the new-comers, and she does so in what she considers to be the best way. No one must starve; no one must be idle; no marriageable maiden must go without a husband, if one, or

the twentieth part of one, is to be had. In two years, Hodge, the agricultural labourer, who never earned more than ten shillings per week in his own country, finds himself in the possession of a nice piece of land, a cottage, and a cow, while Mary, from Chowbent, or Maggy, from the Caledonian Canal, discovers herself to be the sixteenth wife of a bishop, whose other fifteen wives call her "sister," allow her to take care of their children, and trust to share with her, when they die, all the privileges of Paradise, derivable from their matrimonial participation in their husband's holiness. Ask Maggy, or Mary, or Hodge, whether he or she believes in the truth of Mormondom. Is it possible for any one of them to disbelieve, looking at his or her present prosperity, and being taught to regard the cow, the cottage, and the home as "the blessing of the Lord" in reward for faith?

Contentment, industry, prosperity, and happiness appear to the superficial observer to be the lot of the Mormons. The Canaan in which they dwell veritably "flows with milk and honey." Pasturage is rich, stock is good, fields are fertile, and there is a market for all that can be raised. The inhabitants of the city number about 20,000, but in the territory there cannot be less than 100,000 Mormons. The produce of field and farm not only finds a market among themselves, but among miners in distant gold fields, and soldiers in remote forts and outposts of the desert. Fruit grows in abundance, the apricot and the peach-tree bloom in every garden; the vine, the maize, and the sorghum plant supply luscious food and exhilarating drink. Every house within the city has one and a half square acre to stand upon, while those outside the city proper are each surrounded with their eight or ten acres of land. A stream of clear water from the mountains runs through every street, and lines of poplars or clumps of cottonwood, locust, or acacia, lend a grateful shade wherever shade is desirable. The crescent-crowned dome and the minaret for the muezzin are all that are wanted to give Salt Lake City the aspect of the Asiatic Orient.

So much for the appearance of the city. Now for its inner life. And here I tread on dangerous ground. We English are not very sensitive to the criticisms of foreigners, the Americans are more so, but the Mormons are most so of all. Say one word against their institutions after you have been among them, and they howl at you for your ingratitude and your want of courtesy after receiving hospitality; albeit that the hospitality amounted to no more than you paid for, and you cannot for the life of you discover wherein you have reason to be grateful. Let me give them full credit for their virtues, and say that they had no public bar-room in the city, nor any gaming-house, when Artemus and I were there, and that I am ready to believe, as they asserted, that the social evil did not exist among them. But on the *per contra* side of the question let me place polygamy and the most blasphemous burlesque of what the Christian world considers to be religion. In a cemetery at Sharon, Connecticut, is a family lot in which seven graves are arranged in a circle. Six stones commemorate six deceased wives of one gentleman, while the seventh and more elegant slab bears the affecting inscription, "Our husband." Whether the dead man was a Mormon or not I do not know, but if Brigham Young were to die, and his wives were to be arranged around him in similar manner, the circle would require the area of an ordinary cemetery. How many he has I do not know; nor do I believe that any one not a Mormon is informed. He owns a harem within his palace for those who live with him, and calls it the "Lion House." The ladies—there may be fifty of them and there may be more—have each a room similarly furnished. No drones being allowed in the hive, all work, and make whatever is required for the use of the family. Besides these inmates of the seraglio, Brigham has a hundred or two others distributed throughout the territory, who are "sealed" to him, and who by virtue of the sealing process hope to share bliss with him hereafter. From what I could learn of the creed of the Mormons it ap-

pears to be one of their tenets that an unmarried lady cannot have a future state. The wife goes to heaven clinging to the skirts of her husband's coat, and just as many as can hitch on he is believed to be able to take there with him. Consequently the man who holds the highest position in the church is the most sought after by young ladies desiring to be sealed. Heber C. Kimball has, I believe, almost as many wives as Brigham Young. Many of the "saints," as they self-righteously call themselves, have from three to ten. Some are content with only two, and there are those who have but one. Among themselves they do not call it polygamy or bigamy; the word for it is "plurality."

To go to a party in Salt Lake City is a very jolly affair. I went to one where there were thirty-three young ladies, and only nine gentlemen. All of the thirty-three were, I believe, unmarried. The female element is very plentiful, owing partly to there being more female immigrants than males, and also owing to the physiological fact that polygamy produces more offspring of the feminine gender than of the masculine. Amusements, theatrical, musical, and Terpsichorean, are patronised largely by both young and old. A bishop thinks nothing of enacting a part at a theatre. Brigham Young's three best-beloved daughters played publicly the parts of Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, in the drama of "The Marble Heart." The performances at the playhouse are occasionally announced from the pulpit, and the "Apostles' Ball" is attended by every devout saint who can procure a ticket of admission.

Are the Mormon women pretty? Many have asked me the question. Pardon me, Mormon ladies, while I truthfully reply. Some are pretty enough. I regret they are so few; but it is easily to be understood, bearing in mind the sources whence the female population of Mormondom is drawn, that beauty is the exception, not the rule. With intellects only half cultivated, with the natural instincts of woman in abeyance, and

the helpmate of man degraded into the position of his servant and his plaything, can it be expected that the mind should give glory to the countenance, or Dante's "*Lampeggiar del angelico riso*" illumine the face of her whose soul belongs to her husband, not to herself?

"And how do the Mormon ladies like polygamy?" was the next question which everybody asked Artemus Ward and myself on our return home. Whatever their woes are, they keep them to themselves, and do not disclose them to casual travellers. Some of the more strong-minded among them may consider it to be a commendable institution. Mrs Belinda M. Pratt, for instance, in a published letter of hers to a "dear sister," says—

"The polygamic law of God opens to all vigorous, healthy, and virtuous women a door by which they may become honourable wives of virtuous men, and mothers of faithful, virtuous, healthy, and vigorous children. Do not let your prejudices and traditions keep you from believing the Bible, nor from your seat in the kingdom of heaven among the royal family of polygamists!"

Mrs Belinda Marden Pratt is not like most women.

"Do you mean to say that you could not love three wives?" was the question addressed to me by a very pretty Mormon lady, whose husband was sealed to two besides herself. "I am sorry for you," she added, "because it shows that grace has never triumphed in you." On inquiry, I found that she was the favourite of her husband, that wife No. 2 was a servant in the house, and that wife No. 1 lived in an outhouse, at the end of the garden, and never came into the parlour of the principal residence.

The best proof of the female population being discontented with their position is furnished by some extracts from sermons preached by Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, published in the "*Deseret News*," and quoted by the Honourable John Cradlebaugh, in his speech against the admission of Utah as

a State of the Union. In one of these, Brigham thus addresses his flock:—

“Now for my proposition: it is more particularly for my sisters, *as it is frequently happening that women say—they are unhappy*. Men will say, ‘My wife, though a most excellent woman, has not seen a happy day since I took my first wife;’ ‘No, not a happy day for a year,’ says one, and another has not seen a happy day for five years. It is said that women are tied down and abused; that they are misused, and have not the liberty they ought to have; that many of them are wading through a perfect flood of tears, because of the conduct of some men, together with their own folly.

“I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them, as well as for all others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters that I am going to give you from this time to the Sixth day of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them—‘Now go your way; my women with the rest, go your way.’ And my wives have got to do one of two things: either round up their shoulders to bear the afflictions of this world and give their religion, or they may leave; for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone, rather than have scratching and fighting around me.

“Sisters, I am not joking. I do not throw out my proposition to oanter your feelings, to see whether you will leave your husbands, all or any of you. But I do know that there is *no cessation to the everlasting whinings of many of the women in this territory*; and if the women will turn from the commandments of God, and continue to despise the order of heaven, I will pray that the curse of the Almighty may be close to their heels, and that it may be following them all the day long. And those that enter into it and are faithful, I will promise that they shall be queens in heaven and rulers to all eternity.”—*Deseret News*, Sept. 21, 1856.

Than the above extract no better authority could be adduced for the statement frequently made that the women of Utah are unhappy. In what light they are regarded by the men may be judged from the fact, that Heber C. Kimball, the next in office to Brigham, frequently mentions his wives by the endearing appellation of his “cows!”

What will become of this strangely-constituted *imperium in imperio* which Mormonism has built up in the heart of the

American desert, and under the flag of the United States, is for the future to make evident. The generality of the Mormon population seem firmly to believe that they are to be the ruling race in America, but whether the leaders and principal men honestly think so is very doubtful. In the event of another *hegira*, rumour points to the Sandwich Islands as the place where Mormonism will yet more fully develop itself.

One fact relative to Salt Lake City deserves to be noticed, as it is very indicative of the present state of intellectual culture among the inhabitants. When Artemus was there, I could not find a book-shop in the whole place. The nearest approaches to one were some very old books at a grocery store near the hotel, and the store kept by W. W. Phelps, whose name occurs in the following pages. A notice in the window of the latter informed the passer-by that dried apples were taken in exchange for almanacs. Amongst the dust and rubbish inside two or three old books were discernible. Sadly in want of literature, and hunting over the extensive Gentile store of Mr Walker, who deals in silks, coffee, treacle, muslins, medicines, and cart-wheels, two volumes were discovered for sale: an old volume on "The Art of Shoeing Horses," and "Aurora Leigh," by Mrs Browning; Mr Walker asked ten dollars for the shoeing book, three for Mrs Browning, and offered to throw in a spotted cravat, if a purchase were made of both.

Coming along in the coach over the plains from Salt Lake, I was separated for a time from Artemus. In the coach with me were three exceedingly jolly Mormons. One was Mr John Young, a very intelligent son of Brigham's, another was Bishop Staines, Librarian of the Utah Library, and the third Mr Hiram Clawson, manager of the theatre and son-in-law to Brigham Young. All three were "saints," and each of them had two or three wives at home in Utah. They were travelling east on various errands, one of which was to purchase dresses and negotiate for gasworks for the theatre. A conver-

sation arose on the subject why it is that the outer world expresses disgust or scorn at Mormon doings. "What cause is there to sneer or to make fun of us?" asked the elder of the party. I remembered that the three had not long since joined in the chorus of "Rip! slap! set him up again," the original American version of the modern vulgar ditty of "Slap, bang!" and I replied by asking if they thought that there was nothing ridiculous in a "saint" going to New York to buy a theatrical wardrobe, or in three "saints," one of whom was a bishop, yelling in chorus the wretched nonsense of "Rip, slap." The expression of their countenances told me that they thought me to be absurd, not themselves.

Using the material gleaned by him during his visit to Utah, Artemus Ward has constructed an entertainment very popular at the present moment throughout the United States, and which he promises to bring to England. Here are a few of the recent notes and rules appended to his present programme:—

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☞ Soldiers on the battle-field will be admitted to this Entertainment gratis.

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☞ The Indians on the Overland Route live on Routes and Herbes. They are an intemperate people. They drink with impunity, or anybody who invites them.

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* *

☞ Artemus Ward delivered Lectures before

ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE

ever thought of delivering lectures.

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The festivities will be commenced by the pianist, a gentleman who used to board in the same street with Mr Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballads, "Dear Sister, is there any Pie in the House?" "My gentle Father, have you any Fine Cut about you?" "Mother, is the Battle o'er, and is it Safe for me to Come Home from Canada?" and (by request of many families who

haven't heard it) "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Munching!" While the enraptured ear drinks in this Sweet music [we pay our pianist nine dollars a week and "find him"] the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the Panorama. This green baize cost forty cents a yard at Mr Stewart's store. It was bought in deference to the present popularity of "The Wearing o' the Green." We shall keep up with the times, if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

Those of the Audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him, often, at his fine new house in Brooklyn. His house is on the right hand side as you cross the Ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a Cupola and a Mortgage on it.

MAIN STREET, EAST SIDE.—The Salt Lake House, &c. It is a temperance Hotel. In fact the Maine Law is rigidly enforced in Utah.

She's the most distressful country that ever yet has bin,
They're imprisonin' men and women there for sellin' of the gin.

THE MORMON THEATRE.—Romeo and Juliet, with ten Juliets.—It is confusing to Romeo, and when Juliet asks—"Wherefore art thou Romeo?" Romy answers that he don't know, *scarcely*, wherabout's he's gone to.

An Intermission of five minutes will occur here, so the Lecturer can go across the street to "see a man." The Pianist, however, will meanwhile practise some new music.

Following these notes and rules come some burlesque press notices; the places to which the papers are accredited are the most out-of-the-way and ridiculous little places in the United States. I select some of these *bizarre* critiques:—

From the *Sheyboygan* (Wisconsin) *Bugle of Liberty*.

ARTEMUS WARD.—This great lecturer called on us to-day and ordered quite a lot of Job Printing. We consider him one of the greatest lecturers in this country.

From the *Skowhegan* (Maine) *Clarion*.

Although his style is different from Washington Irving's, we cannot be blind to the fact that Mr Irving's style is different from his.

From the *Rahway Gazette*.

Not a dry eye in the audience. Many could have borrowed money of him on the spot.

From the *Hoboken Expounder*.

No family should be without him.

From the *Keokuk (Iowa) Banner*.

We don't know when we have been more so.

With regard to Artemus Ward's Entertainment I have only to say, using a novel and poetic phrase, "It must be seen to be believed." It is the manner of the man even more than his matter which attracts large audiences. His singularly sparse form, his comic profile, the prominence of one particular feature of his face, the way he has of saying good things, as if perfectly unconscious of what he is saying, and the habit he has of punctuating his sentences by twiddling a little black cane, are all powerful aids to him as a lecturer. In his exoteric developments he is the most mirthful of men, and those who know him intimately, as I do, know him to be as gentle-hearted as he is genial, as candid as he is cordial, as true as he is talented.

EDWARD P. HINGSTON.

London, 1865.

PART I.

ON THE RAMPAGE.

I.—ON THE STEAMER.

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 13, 1863.

THE steamer *Ariel* starts for California at noon.

Her decks are crowded with excited passengers, who insanely undertake to "look after" their trunks and things; and what with our smashing against each other, and the yells of the porters, and the wails over lost baggage, and the crash of boxes, and the roar of the boilers, we are for the time-being about as unhappy a lot of maniacs as were ever thrown together.

I am one of them. I am rushing round with a glaring eye in search of a box.

Great jam, in which I find a sweet young lady, with golden hair, clinging to me fondly, and saying, "Dear George, farewell!"—Discovers her mistake, and disappears.

I should like to be George some more.

Confusion so great that I seek refuge in a state-room, which contains a single lady of forty-five summers, who says, "Base man!—leave me!" I leave her.

By and by we cool down and become somewhat regulated.

Next Day.

When the gong sounds for breakfast, we are fairly out on the sea, which runs roughly, and the *Ariel* rocks wildly. Many of the passengers are sick, and a young naval officer establishes a reputation as a wit by carrying to one of the invalids a plate of raw salt pork, swimming in cheap molasses. I am not sick; so I roll round the deck in the most cheerful sea-dog manner.

The next day and the next pass by in a serene manner. The waves are smooth now, and we can all eat and sleep. We might have enjoyed ourselves very well, I fancy, if the *Ariel*, whose capacity was about three hundred and fifty passengers, had not on this occasion carried nearly nine hundred, a hundred at least of whom were children of an unpleasant age. Captain Semmes captured the *Ariel* once, and it is to be deeply regretted that that thrifty buccaneer hadn't made mince-meat of her; because she is a miserable tub at best, and hasn't much more right to be afloat than a second-hand coffin has. I do not know her proprietor, Mr C. Vanderbilt; but I know of several excellent mill privileges in the State of Maine, and not one of them is so thoroughly *Dam'd* as he was all the way from New York to Aspinwall.

I had far rather say a pleasant thing than a harsh one; but it is due to the large number of respectable ladies and gentlemen, who were on board the steamer *Ariel* with me, that I state here that the accommodations on that steamer were very vile. If I did not so state, my conscience would sting me through life, and I should have horrid dreams like Richard III., Esq.

The proprietor apparently thought we were undergoing transportation for life to some lonely island, and the very waiters, who brought us meats that any warden of any penitentiary would blush to offer convicts, seemed to think it was a glaring error our not being in chains.

As a specimen of the liberal manner in which this steamer was managed, I will mention that the purser (a very pleasant person, by the way) was made to unite the positions of purser, baggage-clerk, and doctor; and I one day had a lurking suspicion that he was among the waiters in the dining-cabin, disguised in a white jacket and slipshod pumps.

I have spoken my Piece* about the *Ariel*, and I hope Mr Vanderbilt will reform ere it is too late. Dr Watts says the vilest sinner may return as long as the gas-meters work well, or words to that effect.

We were so densely crowded on board the *Ariel*, that I cannot conscientiously say we were altogether happy. And sea-voyages at best are a little stupid. On the whole, I should prefer a voyage on the Erie Canal, where there isn't any danger, and where you can carry picturesque scenery along with you—so to speak.

2.—THE ISTHMUS.

ON the ninth day we reach Aspinwall, in the *Republic of Grenada*. The President of New Grenada is a Central American named Mosquero. I was told that he derived quite a portion of his income by carrying passengers' valises and things from the steamer to the hotels in Aspinwall. It was an infamous falsehood. Fancy A. Lincoln carrying carpet-bags and things! and indeed I should rather trust him with them than Mosquero, because the former gentleman, as I think some one has before observed, is "honest."

I intrust my bag to a speckled native, who confidentially

* "*Speak a piece.*"—A common phrase among children in New England, having reference to a school recitation. "Artemus Ward will speak a piece," was the way in which Artemus announced his lectures for many years.

gives me to understand that he is the only strictly honest person in Aspinwall. The rest, he says, are niggers—which the coloured people of the Isthmus regard as about as scathing a thing as they can say of one another.

I examine the New Grenadian flag, which waves from the chamber-window of a refreshment saloon. It is of simple design. You can make one.

Take half of a cotton shirt, that has been worn two months, and dip it in molasses of the Day and Martin brand. Then let the flies gambol over it for a few days, and you have it. It is an emblem of Sweet Liberty.

At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz.

We have a quadrille, in which an English person slips up and jams his massive brow against my stomach. He apologises, and I say, "All right, my lord." I subsequently ascertained that he superintended the shipping of coals for the British steamers, and owned fighting cocks.

The ball stops suddenly.

Great excitement. One of our passengers intoxicated and riotous in the street. Openly and avowedly desires the entire Republic of New Grenada to "come on."

In case they do come on, agrees to make it lively for them. Is quieted down at last, and marched off to prison by a squad of Grenadian troops. Is musical as he passes the hotel, and, smiling sweetly upon the ladies and children on the balcony, expresses a distinct desire to be an Angel, and with the Angels stand. After which he leaps nimbly into the air, and imitates the war-cry of the red man.

The natives amass wealth by carrying valises, &c., then squander it for liquor. My native comes to me as I sit on the verandah of the Howard House smoking a cigar, and solicits the job of taking my things to the cars next morning.

He is intoxicated, and has been fighting, to the palpable detriment of his wearing apparel, for he has only a pair of tattered pantaloons and a very small quantity of shirt left.

We go to bed. Eight of us are assigned to a small den upstairs, with only two lame apologies for beds.

Mosquitoes and even rats annoy us fearfully. One bold ragnaws at the feet of a young Englishman in the party. This was more than the young Englishman could stand, and rising from his bed he asked us if New Grenada wasn't a Republic? We said it was. "I thought so," he said. "Of course I mean no disrespect to the United States of America in the remark, but I think I prefer a bloated monarchy!" He smiled sadly—then handing his purse and his mother's photograph to another English person, he whispered softly, "If I am eaten up, give them to Me mother—tell her I died like a true Briton, with no faith whatever in the success of a republican form of government!" And then he crept back to bed again.

We start at seven the next morning for Panama.

My native comes bright and early to transport my carpet sack to the railway station. His clothes have suffered still more during the night, for he comes to me now dressed only in a small rag and one boot.

At last we are off. "Adios, Americanos!" the natives cry; to which I pleasantly reply, "*Adouts!* and long may it be before you have a chance to Do us again."

The cars are comfortable on the Panama railway, and the country through which we pass is very beautiful. But it will not do to trust it much, because it breeds fevers and other unpleasant disorders at all seasons of the year. Like a girl we most all have known, the Isthmus is fair but false.

There are mud huts all along the route, and half-naked savages gaze patronisingly upon us from their door-ways. An elderly lady in spectacles appears to be much scandalised by

the scant dress of these people, and wants to know why the Select Men don't put a stop to it. From this, and a remark she incidentally makes about her son who has invented a washing machine which will wash, wring, and dry a shirt in ten minutes, I infer that she is from the hills of Old New England, like the Hutchinson family.*

The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a Revolution. When his feet begin to swell and there are premonitory symptoms of gout, he "revolushes" a spell, and then serenely returns to his cigarette and hammock under the palm trees.

These Central American Republics are queer concerns. I do not, of course, precisely know what a last year's calf's ideas of immortal glory may be, but probably they are about as lucid as those of a Central American in regard to a republican form of government.

And yet I am told they are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa-Rican, on board the *Ariel*. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it in his pocket.

At Panama we lose several of our passengers, and among them three Peruvian ladies, who go to Lima, the city of volcanic irruptions and veiled black-eyed beauties.

The Señoritas who leave us at Panama are splendid creatures. They learned † me Spanish, and in the soft moonlight we walked on deck and talked of the land of Pizarro. (You know old Piz. conquered Peru! and although he was not educated

* Alluding to a musical family, whose entertainment was once very popular in England.

† This use of the verb *to learn*, uncouth as it sounds to an English ear, is very common in the United States.

at West Point, he had still some military talent) I feel as though I had lost all my relations, including my grandmother and the cooking stove, when these gay young Señoritas go away.

They do not go to Peru on a Peruvian bark, but on an English steamer.

We find the *St Louis*, the steamer awaiting us at Panama, a cheerful and well-appointed boat, and commanded by Capt. Hudson.

3.—MEXICO.

WE make Acapulco, a Mexican coast town of some importance, in a few days, and all go ashore.

The pretty peasant girls peddle necklaces made of shells, and oranges, in the streets of Acapulco, on steamer days. They are quite naïve about it. Handing you a necklace, they will say, "Me give you *pres-ent*, Señor," and then retire with a low curtsy. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say, quite sweetly, "You give me *pres-ent*, Señor, of quarter dollar!" which you at once do unless you have a heart of stone.

Acapulco was shelled by the French a year or so before our arrival there, and they effected a landing. But the gay and gallant Mexicans peppered them so persistently and effectually from the mountains near by that they concluded to sell out and leave.

Napoleon has no right in Mexico. Mexico may deserve a licking. That is possible enough. Most people do. But nobody has any right to lick Mexico except the United States. We have a right, I flatter myself, to lick this entire continent, including ourselves, any time we want to.

The signal gun is fired at 11, and we go off to the steamer in small boats.

In our boat is an inebriated United States official, who flings his spectacles overboard, and sings a flippant and absurd song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with his ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do. After which he crumbles, in an incomprehensible manner, into the bottom of the boat, and howls dismally.

We reach Manzanillo, another coast place, twenty-four hours after leaving Acapulco. Manzanillo is a little Mexican village, and looked very wretched indeed, sweltering away there on the hot sands. But it is a port of some importance, nevertheless, because a great deal of merchandise finds its way to the interior from there. The white and green flag of Mexico floats from a red steam-tug (the navy of Mexico, by the way, consists of two tugs, a disabled raft, and a basswood life-preserver), and the Captain of the Port comes off to us in his small boat, climbs up the side of the *St Louis*, and folds the healthy form of Captain Hudson to his breast. There is no wharf here, and we have to anchor off the town.

There was a wharf, but the enterprising Mexican peasantry, who subsist by poling merchandise ashore in dug-outs, indignantly tore it up. We take on here some young Mexicans, from Colima, who are going to California. They are of the better class, and one young man (who was educated in Madrid) speaks English rather better than I write it. Be careful not to admire any article of an educated Mexican's dress, because if you do he will take it right off and give it to you, and sometimes this might be awkward.

I said ! " What a beautiful cravat you wear ! "

" It is yours ! " he exclaimed, quickly unbuckling it ; and I could not induce him to take it back again.

I am glad I did not tell his sister, who was with him, and with whom I was lucky enough to get acquainted, what a beautiful white hand she had. She might have given it to me on the spot ; and that, as she had soft eyes, a queenly form,

and a half million or so in her own right, would have made me feel bad.

Reports reached us here of high-handed robberies by the banditti all along the road to the City of Mexico. They steal clothes as well as coin. A few days since the mail coach entered the city with all the passengers stark-naked. They must have felt mortified.

4.—CALIFORNIA.

WE reach San Francisco one Sunday afternoon. I am driven to the Occidental Hotel by a kind-hearted hackman, who states that inasmuch as I have come out there to amuse people, he will only charge me five dollars. I pay it in gold, of course, because greenbacks are not current on the Pacific coast.

Many of the citizens of San Francisco remember the Sabbath-day to keep it jolly; and the theatres, the circus, the minstrels, and the music halls are all in full blast to-night.

I "compromise" and go to the Chinese theatre, thinking, perhaps, there can be no great harm in listening to worldly sentiments when expressed in a language I don't understand.

The Chinaman at the door takes my ticket with the remark, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!"

And I tell him that on the whole I think he is right.

The Chinese play is "continued," like a Ledger* story, from night to night. It commences with the birth of the hero or heroine, which interesting event occurs publicly on the stage; and then follows him or her down to the grave, where it cheerfully ends.

Sometimes a Chinese play lasts six months. The play I am speaking of had been going on for about two months. The heroine had grown up into womanhood, and was on the point,

* Alluding to the "to be continued" stories in the *New York Weekly Ledger*, a paper of great circulation.

as I inferred, of being married to a young Chinaman in spangled pantaloons and a long black tail. The bride's father comes in with his arms full of tea chests, and bestows them, with his blessing, upon the happy couple. As this play is to run four months longer, however, and as my time is limited, I go away at the close of the second act, while the orchestra is performing an overture on gongs and one-stringed fiddles.

The doorkeeper again says, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!" adding this time, however, "Chow-wow." I agree with him in regard to the ki hi and hi ki, but tell him I don't feel altogether certain about the chow-wow.

To Stockton from San Francisco.

Stockton is a beautiful town, and has ceased to think of becoming a very large place, and has quietly settled down into a state of serene prosperity. I have my boots repaired here by an artist who informs me that he studied in the penitentiary; and I visit the lunatic asylum, where I encounter a vivacious maniac who invites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros.

John Phoenix* was once stationed at Stockton, and put his mother aboard the San Francisco boat one morning with the sparkling remark, "Dear mother, be virtuous and you will be happy!"

Forward to Sacramento—which is the capital of the State, and a very nice old town.

They had a flood here some years ago, during which several blocks of buildings sailed out of town and have never been heard from since. A Chinaman concluded to leave in a wash-tub, and actually set sail in one of those fragile barks. A drowning man hailed him piteously, thus: "Throw me a rope, oh, throw me a rope!" To which the Chinaman excitedly

* A celebrated humorist, whose writings were once very popular in the United States.

cried, "No have got—how can do?" and went on, on with the howling current. He was never seen more; but a few weeks after his tail was found by some Sabbath-school children in the north part of the State.

I go to the mountain towns. The sensational mining days are over, but I find the people jolly and hospitable nevertheless.

At Nevada I am called upon, shortly after my arrival, by an athletic scarlet-faced man, who politely says his name is Blaze.

"I have a little bill against you, sir," he observes.

"A bill—what for?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks?"

"Yes, sir—at my bar, I keep the well-known and highly respected coffee-house down street."

"But, my dear sir, there is a mistake—I never drank at your bar in my life."

"I know it, sir. That isn't the point. The point is this I pay out money for good liquors, and it is people's own fault if they don't drink them. There are the liquors—do as you please about drinking them, *but you must pay for them!* Isn't that fair?"

His enormous body (which Puck wouldn't put a girdle round for forty dollars) shook gleefully while I read this eminently original bill.

Years ago Mr Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company. There was a formidable and well-organised opposition to the California Stage Company at that time, and Mr Blaze rendered them such signal service in his capacity of agent that they were very sorry when he tendered his resignation.

"You are some sixteen hundred dollars behind in your accounts, Mr Blaze," said the President, "but in view of your

faithful and efficient services, we shall throw off eight hundred dollars of that amount."

Mr Blaze seemed touched by this generosity. A tear stood in his eye, and his bosom throbbed audibly.

"You *will* throw off eight hundred dollars—you *will*?" he at last cried, seizing the President's hand, and pressing it passionately to his lips.

"I will," returned the President.

"Well, sir," said Mr Blaze, "I'm a gentleman, *I am*, you bet! And I won't allow no Stage Company to surpass me in politeness. *I'll throw off the other eight hundred dollars, and we'll call it square!* No gratitude, sir—no thanks; it is my duty."

I get back to San Francisco in a few weeks, and am to start home Overland from here.

The distance from Sacramento to Atchison, Kansas, by the Overland stage route, is 2200 miles, but you can happily accomplish a part of the journey by railroad. The Pacific Railroad is completed twelve miles to Folsom,* leaving only 2188 miles to go by stage. This breaks the monotony; but as it is mid-winter, and as there are well substantiated reports of overland passengers freezing to death, and of the Piute savages being in one of their sprightly moods when they scalp people, I do not—I may say that I do not leave the capital of California in a light-hearted and joyous manner. But "leaves have their time to fall," and I have my time to leave, which is now.

We ride all day and all night, and ascend and descend some of the most frightful hills I ever saw. We make Johnson's Pass, which is 6752 feet high, about two o'clock in the morning, and go down the great Kingsbury grade with locked wheels. The driver, with whom I sit outside, informs me, as

* Artemus is in error. The distance is and was twenty-two miles.

we slowly roll down this fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time, and cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money; "because," he says, "juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with *me*, you bet."

"How is that?" I said.

It was frightfully dark. It was snowing withal, and notwithstanding the brakes were kept hard down, the coach slewed wildly, often fairly touching the brink of the black precipice?"

"How is that?" I said.

"Why, you see," he replied, "that corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have an overturn I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it."

Thus with anecdote did this driver cheer me up.

5.—WASHOE.

WE reach Carson City about nine o'clock in the morning. It is the capital of the silver-producing territory of Nevada.*

They shoot folks here somewhat, and the law is rather partial than otherwise to first-class murderers.

I visit the territorial prison, and the warder points out the prominent convicts to me, thus:

"This man's crime was horse-stealing. He is here for life.

"This man is in for murder. He is here for three years."

But shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A

* Nevada was then a territory. It is now a State of the Union.

few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast* every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a graveyard. "A feeling of remorse," he said, "sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for over two weeks! What'll yer poison yourself with?" he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

There used to live near Carson City a notorious desperado, who never visited town without killing somebody. He would call for liquor at some drinking-house, and if anybody declined joining him he would at once commence shooting. But one day he shot a man too many. Going into St Nicholas drinking-house, he asked the company present to join him in a North American drink. One individual was rash enough to refuse. With a look of sorrow rather than of anger, the desperado revealed his revolver, and said, "Good God! *Must* I kill a man every time I come to Carson?" and so saying he fired and killed the individual on the spot. But this was the last murder the bloodthirsty miscreant ever committed, for the aroused citizens pursued him with rifles and shot him down in his own door-yard.

I lecture in the theatre at Carson, which opens out of a drinking and gambling house. On each side of the door where my ticket-taker stands there are monte-boards and sweat-cloths†, but they are deserted to-night, the gamblers being evidently of a literary turn of mind.

Five years ago there was only a pony-path over the precipitous hills on which now stands the marvellous city of

* "Dead man for breakfast"—a common phrase in California by which to designate a murdered man.

† Implements of gambling common enough in the Far West.

Virginia, with its population of twelve thousand persons, and perhaps more ;—Virginia, with its stately warehouses and gay shops, its splendid streets, paved with silver ore, its banking-houses and faro-banks, its attractive coffee-houses and elegant theatre, its music halls and its three daily newspapers.

Virginia is very wild, but I believe it is now pretty generally believed that a mining city must go through with a certain amount of unadulterated cussedness before it can settle down and behave itself in a conservative and seemly manner. Virginia has grown up in the heart of the richest silver regions in the world, the El Dorado of the hour ; and of the immense numbers who are swarming thither not more than half carry their mother's Bible or any settled religion with them. The gambler and the strange woman as naturally seek the new sensational town as ducks take to that element which is so useful for making cocktails and bathing one's feet ; and these people make the new town rather warm for a while. But by and by the earnest and honest citizens get tired of this ungodly nonsense, and organise a Vigilance Committee, which hangs the more vicious of the pestiferous crowd to a sour apple-tree ; and then come good municipal laws, ministers, meeting-houses, and a tolerably sober police in blue coats with brass buttons. About five thousand able-bodied men are in the mines underground here ; some as far down as five hundred feet. The Gould & Curry Mine employs nine hundred men, and annually turns out about twenty million dollars' worth of "demnition gold and silver," as Mr Mantalini might express it—though silver chiefly.

There are many other mines here and at Gold Hill (another startling silver city, a mile from here), all of which do nearly as well. The silver is melted down into bricks of the size of common house bricks ; then it is loaded into huge waggons, each drawn by eight and twelve mules, and sent off to San Francisco. To a young person fresh from the land of greenbacks this careless manner of carting off solid silver is rather of a

startler.* It is related that a young man who came Overland from New Hampshire a few months before my arrival, became so excited about it that he fell in a fit, with the name of his Uncle Amos on his lips. The hardy miners supposed he wanted his uncle there to see the great sight, and faint with him. But this was pure conjecture after all.

I visit several of the adjacent mining towns, but I do not go to Aurora. No, I think not. A lecturer on psychology was killed there the other night by the playful discharge of a horse-pistol in the hands of a degenerate and intoxicated Spaniard. This circumstance, and a rumour that the citizens are *agin* literature, induce me to go back to Virginia.

I had pointed out to me at a restaurant a man who had killed four men in street broils, and who had that very day cut his own brother's breast open in a dangerous manner with a small supper knife. He was a gentleman, however. I heard him tell some men so. He admitted it himself. And I don't think he would lie about a little thing like that.

The theatre at Virginia will attract the attention of the stranger, because it is an unusually elegant affair of the kind, and would be so regarded anywhere. It was built, of course, by Mr Thomas Maguire, the Napoleonic manager of the Pacific, and who has built over twenty theatres in his time, and will perhaps build as many more, unless somebody stops him—which, by the way, will not be a remarkably easy thing to do.

As soon as a mining camp begins to assume the proportions of a city, at about the time the whisky-vendor draws his cork or the gambler spreads his green cloth, Maguire opens a theatre, and with a hastily organised "Vigilance Committee" of actors, commences to execute Shakspeare.

* In San Francisco I was present when Artemus Ward enjoyed the frolic of actually dancing on a floor paved four inches thick with bricks of gold.

6.—MR PEPPER.

MY arrival at Virginia City was signalled by the following incident:—

I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel than I was called upon by an intoxicated man, who said he was an Editor. Knowing how rare it was for an Editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said :

“What name?”

“Wait!” he said, and went out.

I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside. In ten minutes he returned, and said :

“Pepper!”

Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it; and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away.

I had often heard of a man being “so drunk that he didn't know what town he lived in,” but here was a man so hideously inebriated that he didn't know what his name was.

I saw him no more, but I heard from him; for he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said I had a *dissipated air!*

 7.—HORACE GREELEY'S RIDE TO PLACERVILLE.

WHEN Mr Greeley was in California, ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favour of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated

white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fête the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr Greeley was to be fêted at seven o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, this great man must be there by seven to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr Greeley, "are you aware that I *must* be at Placerville at seven o'clock to-night?"

I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I *must* be there at seven!"

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr Greeley chafed away another half-hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we *are* going!"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack, crack! went the whip, and again "that voice" split the air. "Git up! Hi yi! G'long! Yip—yip!"

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an india-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said :

“Do—on’t—on’t—on’t you—u—u think we—e—e—e shall get there by seven if we do—on’t—on’t go so fast?”

“I’ve got my orders!” That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head “might have been seen” at the window.

“Sir,” he said, “I don’t care—care—*air*, if we *don’t* get there at seven!”

“I have got my orders!” Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

“See here!” shrieked Mr Greeley, “I don’t care if we don’t get there at all!”

“I’ve got my orders! I work for the Californy Stage Company, *I* do. That’s wot I *work* for. They said, ‘Git this man through by seving.’ An’ this man’s goin through. You bet! Gerlong! Whoo-ep!”

Another frightful jolt, and Mr Greeley’s bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

“Stop, you —— maniac!” he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk :

“I’ve got my orders! *Keep your seat, Horace!*”

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There were a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse waggon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation was amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"*He was a few miles back!*" said Mr Monk: "yes," he added, after looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coach-roof—"yes, I can see him! He is there!"

"Mr Greeley," said the chairman of the committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir——why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr Monk. "My orders is as follers: Git him there by seving! It wants a quarter to seving. Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the committee-man, seizing the off leader by the reins—"Mr Monk, we are come to escort him into town! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir!"

"*I've got my orders!*" screamed Mr Monk. "My orders don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'Git him there by seving!' Let go them lines! Clear the way there! Whoo-ep! KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the waggon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence gray-haired men, who were little boys in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach-roof.

Mr Monk was in time. There is a tradition that Mr Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr Monk with a bran-new suit of clothes.

Mr Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

8.—TO REESE RIVER.

I LEAVE Virginia for Great Salt Lake City, *via* the Reese River Silver Diggings.

There are eight passengers of us inside the coach—which, by the way, isn't a coach, but a Concord covered mud waggon.

Among the passengers is a genial man of the name of Ryder, who has achieved a wide-spread reputation as a strangler of unpleasant bears in the mountain fastnesses of California, and who is now an eminent Reese River miner.

We ride night and day, passing through the land of the Piute Indians. Reports reach us that fifteen hundred of these savages are on the rampage, under the command of a red usurper named Buffalo-Jim, who seems to be a sort of Jeff Davis, inasmuch as he and his followers have seceded from the regular Piute organisation. The seceding savages have announced that they shall kill and scalp all pale-faces (which makes our faces pale, I reckon) found loose in that section. We find the guard doubled at all the stations where we change horses, and our passengers nervously examine their pistols and re-adjust the long glittering knives in their belts. I feel in my pockets to see if the key which unlocks the carpet-bag containing my revolvers is all right—for I had rather brilliantly locked my deadly weapons up in that article, which was strapped with the other baggage to the rack behind. The passengers frown on me for this carelessness, but the kind-hearted Ryder gives me a small double-barrelled gun, with which I narrowly escape murdering my beloved friend Hing-

ston in cold blood. I am not used to guns and things, and in changing the position of this weapon I pulled the trigger rather harder than was necessary.

When this wicked rebellion first broke out I was among the first to stay at home—chiefly because of my utter ignorance of firearms. I should be valuable to the army as a Brigadier-General only so far as the moral influence of my name went.

However, we pass safely through the land of the Piutes, unmclested by Buffalo James. This celebrated savage can read and write, and is quite an orator, like *Metamora*, or the last of the Wampanoags. He went on to Washington a few years ago and called Mr Buchanan his Great Father, and the members of the Cabinet his dear Brothers. They gave him a great many blankets, and he returned to his beautiful hunting grounds and went to killing stage-drivers. He made such a fine impression upon Mr Buchanan during his sojourn in Washington that that statesman gave a young English tourist, who crossed the plains a few years since, a letter of introduction to him. The great Indian chief read the English person's letter with considerable emotion, and then ordered him to be scalped, and stole his trunks.

Mr Ryder knows me only as "Mr Brown," and he refreshes me during the journey by quotations from my books and lectures.

"Never seen Ward?" he said.

"Oh no."

"Ward says he likes little girls, but he likes large girls just as well. Haw, haw, haw! I should like to see the d—fool!"

He referred to me.

He even woke me up in the middle of the night to tell me one of Ward's jokes.

I lecture at Big Creek.

Big Creek is a straggling, wild little village; and the house in which I had the honour of speaking a piece had no other floor than the bare earth. The roof was of sage-brush. At one end of the building a huge wood fire blazed, which, with half-a-dozen tallow-candles, afforded all the illumination desired. The lecturer spoke from behind the drinking bar. Behind him long rows of decanters glistened; above him hung pictures of race-horses and prize-fighters; and beside him, in his shirt-sleeves and wearing a cheerful smile, stood the bar-keeper. My speeches at the bar before this had been of an elegant character, perhaps, but quite brief. They never extended beyond "I don't care if I do," "No sugar in mine," and short gems of a like character.

I had a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased, the bar-keeper especially; for at the close of any "point" that I sought to make, he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist, and exclaim, "Good boy from the New England States! listen to William W. Shakspeare!"*

Back to Austin. We lose our way, and hitching our horses to a tree, go in search of some human beings. The night is very dark. We soon stumble upon a camp-fire, and an unpleasantly modulated voice asks us to say our prayers, adding that we are on the point of going to Glory with our boots on. I think perhaps there may be some truth in this, as the mouth of a horse-pistol almost grazes my forehead, while immediately behind the butt of that death-dealing weapon I perceive a large man with black whiskers. Other large men begin to assemble, also with horse pistols. Dr Hingston† hastily explains, while I go back to the carriage to say my prayers, where there is more room. The men were miners on a pro-

* This account of the Big Creek lecture is literally true.

† In California everybody is a colonel, a captain, a judge, or a doctor. Artemus pleasantly chose the last for me.

specting tour, and as we advanced upon them without sending them word, they took us for highway robbers.

I must not forget to say that my brave and kind-hearted friend Ryder of the mail coach, who had so often alluded to "Ward" in our ride from Virginia to Austin, was among my hearers at Big Creek. He had discovered who I was, and informed me that he had debated whether to wollop me or give me some rich silver claims.

9.—GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

How was I to be greeted by the Mormons? That was rather an exciting question with me. I had been told on the plains that a certain humorous sketch of mine (written some years before) had greatly incensed the Saints, and a copy of the Sacramento *Union* newspaper had a few days before fallen into my hands, in which a Salt Lake correspondent quite clearly intimated that my reception at the New Zion might be unpleasantly warm. I ate my dinner moodily, and sent out for some cigars. The venerable clerk brought me six. They cost only two dollars. They were procured at a store near by. The Salt Lake House sells neither cigars nor liquors.

I smoke in my room, having no heart to mingle with the people in the office.

Dr Hingston "thanks God he never wrote against the Mormons," and goes out in search of a brother Englishman. Comes back at night, and says there is a prejudice against me. Advises me to keep in. Has heard that the Mormons thirst for my blood, and are on the look-out for me.

Under these circumstances I keep in.

The next day is Sunday, and we go to the Tabernacle in the morning. The Tabernacle is located on —— Street, and is a long rakish building of adobe,* capable of seating some twenty-

* *Adobe*—i.e., sun-dried brick.

five hundred persons. There is a wide platform and a rather large pulpit at one end of the building, and at the other end is another platform for the choir. A young Irishman of the name of Sloan preaches a sensible sort of discourse, to which a Presbyterian could hardly have objected. Last night this same Mr Sloan enacted a character in a rollicking Irish farce at the theatre! And he played it well, I was told: not so well, of course, as the great Dan Bryant could; but I fancy he was more at home in the Mormon pulpit than Daniel would have been.

The Mormons, by the way, are pre-eminently an amusement-loving people, and the Elders pray for the success of their theatre with as much earnestness as they pray for anything else. The congregation doesn't startle us. It is known I fancy, that the heads of the Church are to be absent to-day, and the attendance is slim. There are no ravishingly beautiful women present, and no positively ugly ones. The men are fair to middling. They will never be slain in cold blood for their beauty, nor shut up in jail for their homeliness.

There are some good voices in the choir to-day, but the orchestral accompaniment is unusually slight. Sometimes they introduce a full brass and string band in church. Brigham Young says the devil has monopolised the good music long enough, and it is high time the Lord had a portion of it. Therefore trombones are tooted on Sundays in Utah as well as on other days; and there are some splendid musicians there. The orchestra in Brigham Young's theatre is quite equal to any in Broadway. There is a youth in Salt Lake City (I forget his name) who plays the cornet like a North American angel.

Mr Stenhouse relieves me of any anxiety I had felt in regard to having my swan-like throat cut by the Danites, but thinks my wholesale denunciation of a people I had never seen was rather hasty. The following is the paragraph to which the Saints objected. It occurs in an "Artemus Ward" paper on Brigham Young, written some years ago:—

"I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorer, inhabited by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe."

I had forgotten all about this, and as Elder Stenhouse read it to me "my feelings may be better imagined than described," to use language I think I have heard before. I pleaded, however, that it was a purely burlesque sketch, and that this strong paragraph should not be interpreted literally at all. The Elder didn't seem to see it in that light, but we parted pleasantly.

10.—THE MOUNTAIN FEVER.

I GO back to my hotel and go to bed, and I do not get up again for two weary weeks. I have the mountain fever (so called in Utah, though it closely resembles the old-style typhus), and my case is pronounced dangerous. I don't regard it so. I don't, in fact, regard anything. I am all right, *myself*. My poor Hingston shakes his head sadly, and Dr Williamson, from Camp Douglas, pours all kinds of bitter stuff down my throat. I drink his health in a dose of the cheerful beverage known as jalap, and thresh the sheets with my hot hands. I address large assemblages, who have somehow got into my room, and I charge Dr Williamson with the murder of Luce, and Mr Irwin, the actor, with the murder of Shakspeare. I have a lucid spell now and then, in one of which James Townsend, the landlord, enters. He whispers, but I hear what he says far too distinctly: "This man can have anything and everything he wants; but I'm no hand for a sick room. *I never could see anybody die.*"

That was cheering, I thought. The noble Californian, Jerome Davis—he of the celebrated ranch—sticks by me like a twin brother, although I fear that in my hot frenzy I more than once anathematised his kindly eyes. Nurses and watchers, Gentile and Mormon, volunteer their services in hoops, and

rare wines are sent to me from all over the city, which, if I can't drink, the venerable and excellent Thomas can, easy.

I lay there in this wild, broiling way for nearly two weeks, when one morning I woke up with my head clear and an immense plaster on my stomach. The plaster had *operated*. I was so raw that I could by no means say to Dr Williamson, "*Well done, thou good and faithful servant.*" I wished he had lathered me before he plastered me. I was fearfully weak. I was frightfully thin. With either one of my legs you could have cleaned the stem of a meerschaum pipe. My backbone had the appearance of a clothes-line with a quantity of English walnuts strung upon it. My face was almost gone. My nose was so sharp that I didn't dare stick it into other people's business for fear it would stay there. But by borrowing my agent's overcoat I succeeded in producing a shadow.

I have been looking at Zion all day, and my feet are sore and my legs are weary. I go back to the Salt Lake House and have a talk with landlord Townsend about the State of Maine. He came from that bleak region, having skinned his infantile eyes in York County. He was at Nauvoo, and was forced to sell out his entire property there for 50 dollars. He has thrived in Utah, however, and is much thought of by the Church. He is an Elder, and preaches occasionally. He has only two wives. I hear lately that he has sold his property for 25,000 dollars to Brigham Young, and gone to England to make converts. How impressive he may be as an expounder of the Mormon gospel, I don't know. His beef-steaks and chicken-pies, however, were first-rate. James and I talk about Maine, and cordially agree that so far as pine boards and horse-mackerel are concerned it is equalled by few and excelled by none. There is no place like home, as Clara, the Maid of Milan, very justly observes; and while J. Townsend would be unhappy in Maine, his heart evidently beats back there now and then.

I heard the love of home oddly illustrated in Oregon, one night in a country bar-room. Some well-dressed men, in a state of strong drink, were boasting of their respective places of nativity.

"I," said one, "was born in Mississippi, where the sun ever shines and the magnolias bloom all the happy year round."

"And I," said another, "was born in Kentucky—Kentucky, the home of impassioned oratory: the home of Clay: the State of splendid women, of gallant men!"

"And I," said another, "was born in Virginia, the home of Washington: the birthplace of statesmen: the State of chivalric deeds and noble hospitality!"

"And I," said a yellow-haired and sallow-faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short black pipe by the fire during their magnificent conversation—"and I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that?" they said.

"*Skeouhegan, Maine!*" he replied; "kin I sell you a razor-strop?"

II.—"I AM HERE."

THERE is no mistake about that, and there is a good prospect of my staying here for some time to come. The snow is deep on the ground, and more is falling.

The doctor looks glum, and speaks of his ill-starred countryman Sir J. Franklin, who went to the Arctic once too much.

"A good thing happened down here the other day," said a miner from New Hampshire to me. "A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules is into the sage-brush. You go catch 'em—"

that's wot *you* do.' Says the man of Boston dressin', 'Oh no!' Says the driver, 'Oh yes!' and he took his long coach whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

It didn't strike me as much of a joke to pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold fare, and then be horse-whipped by stage-drivers, for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas of humour differ, just as people's ideas differ in regard to shrewdness—which "reminds me of a little story." Sitting in a New England country store one day, I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers:—

"Say, Bill, wot you done with that air sorrel mare of yourn?"

"Sold her," said William, with a smile of satisfaction.

"Wot'd you git?"

"Hund'd an' fifty dollars, cash deown!"

"Show! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin' spavin'd critter! Who'd you sell her to?"

"Sold her to mother!"

"Wot!" exclaimed brother No. 1, "did you raily sell that kickin' spavin'd critter to mother? Wall, you *air* a shrewd one!"

A sensation arrival by the Overland stage of two Missouri girls, who had come unescorted all the way through. They are going to Nevada territory to join their father. They are pretty, but, merciful heavens! how they throw the meat and potatoes down their throats! "This is the first squar meal we've had since we left Rocky Thompson's," said the eldest. Then, addressing herself to me, she said:

"Air you the literary man?"

I politely replied that I was one of "them fellers."

"Wall, don't make fun of our clothes in the papers. We air goin' right straight through in these here clothes, *we* air! We ain't goin to *rag out* till we git to Nevady! Pass them sassiges!"

12.—BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG sends word I may see him to-morrow. So I go to bed singing the popular Mormon hymn :—

“ Let the chorus still be sung,
 Long live Brother Brigham Young,
 And blessed be the vale of Deserét—rét—rét !
 And blessed be the vale of Deserét.”

At two o'clock the next afternoon Mr Hiram B. Clawson, Brigham Young's son-in-law and chief business manager, calls for me with the Prophet's private sleigh, and we start for that distinguished person's block.

I am shown into the Prophet's chief office. He comes forward, greets me cordially, and introduces me to several influential Mormons who are present.

Brigham Young is sixty-two years old, of medium height, and with sandy hair and whiskers. An active, iron man, with a clear sharp eye. A man of consummate shrewdness—of great executive ability. He was born in the State of Vermont, and so by the way was Heber C. Kimball, who will wear the Mormon belt when Brigham leaves the ring.

Brigham Young is a man of great natural ability. If you ask me, How pious is he? I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up. Personally he treated me with marked kindness throughout my sojourn in Utah.

His power in Utah is quite as absolute as that of any living sovereign, yet he uses it with such consummate shrewdness that his people are passionately devoted to him.

He was an Elder at the first formal Mormon “stake” in this country, at Kirtland, Ohio, and went to Nauvoo with Joseph Smith. That distinguished Mormon handed his mantle and the prophet business over to Brigham when he died at Nauvoo.

Smith did a more flourishing business in the prophet line than B. Y. does. Smith used to have his little revelation

almost every day—sometimes two before dinner. B. Y. only takes one once in a while.

The gateway of his block is surmounted by a brass American eagle, and they say ("they say" here means anti-Mormons) that he receives his spiritual despatches through this piece of patriotic poultry. They also say that he receives revelations from a stuffed white calf that is trimmed with red ribbons and kept in an iron box. I don't suppose these things are true. Rumour says that when the Lion House was ready to be shingled, Brigham received a message from the Lord stating that the carpenters must all take hold and shingle it and not charge a red cent for their services. Such carpenters as refused to shingle would go to hell, and no postponement on account of the weather. They say that Brigham, whenever a train of emigrants arrives in Salt Lake City, orders all the women to march up and down before his block, while he stands on the portico of the Lion House and gobbles up the prettiest ones.

He is an immensely wealthy man. His wealth is variously estimated at from ten to twenty millions of dollars. He owns sawmills, gristmills, woollen factories, brass and iron foundries, farms, brickyards, &c., and superintends them all in person. A man in Utah individually owns what he grows and makes, with the exception of a one-tenth part: that must go to the Church; and Brigham Young, as the first President, is the Church's treasurer. Gentiles, of course, say that he abuses this blind confidence of his people, and speculates with their money, and absorbs the interest if he doesn't the principal. The Mormons deny this, and say that whatever of their money he does use is for the good of the Church; that he defrays the expenses of emigrants from far over the seas; that he is foremost in all local enterprises tending to develop the resources of the territory, and that, in short, he is incapable of wrong in any shape.

Nobody seems to know how many wives Brigham Young

has. Some set the number as high as eighty, in which case his children must be too numerous to mention. Each wife has a room to herself. These rooms are large and airy, and I suppose they are supplied with all the modern improvements. But never having been invited to visit them, I can't speak very definitely about this. When I left the Prophet he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to call again. This was flattering, because if he dislikes a man at the first interview he never sees him again. He made no allusion to the "letter" I had written about his community. Outside guards were pacing up and down before the gateway, but they smiled upon me sweetly. The verandah was crowded with Gentile miners, who seemed to be surprised that I didn't return in a wooden overcoat, with my throat neatly laid open from ear to ear.

I go to the theatre to-night. The play is Othello. This is a really fine play, and was a favourite of G. Washington, the father of his country. On this stage, as upon all other stages, the good old conventionalities are strictly adhered to. The actors cross each other at oblique angles from L. U. E. to R. I. E. on the slightest provocation. Othello howls, Iago scowls, and the boys all laugh when Roderigo dies. I stay to see charming Mrs Irwin (Desdemona) die, which she does very sweetly.

I was an actor once myself. I supported Edwin Forrest at a theatre in Philadelphia. I played a pantomimic part. I removed the chairs between scenes, and I did it so neatly that Mr F. said I would make a cabinetmaker if I "applied" myself.

The parquette of the theatre is occupied exclusively by the Mormons and their wives and children. They wouldn't let a Gentile in there any more than they would a serpent. In the side seats are those of President Young's wives who go to the

play, and a large and varied assortment of children. It is an odd sight to see a jovial old Mormon file down the parquette aisle with ten or twenty robust wives at his heels. Yet this spectacle may be witnessed every night the theatre is opened. The dress circle is chiefly occupied by the officers from Camp Douglas* and the Gentile merchants. The upper circles are filled by the private soldiers and Mormon boys. I feel bound to say that a Mormon audience is quite as appreciative as any other kind of an audience. They prefer comedy to tragedy. Sentimental plays, for obvious reasons, are unpopular with them. It will be remembered that when C. Melnotte, in the "Lady of Lyons," comes home from the wars, he folds Pauline to his heaving heart and makes several remarks of an impassioned and slobbering character. One night when the "Lady of Lyons" was produced here, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a *cussed fuss over one woman*. The prices of the theatre are :—Parquette, 75 cents, dress circle, 1 dol. ; first upper circle, 50 cents ; second and third upper circles, 25 cents. In an audience of two thousand persons (and there are almost always that number present) probably a thousand will pay in cash, and the other thousand in grain and a variety of articles ; all which will command money however.

Brigham Young usually sits in the middle of the parquette, in a rocking-chair, and with his hat on. He does not escort his wives to the theatre : they go alone. When the play drags he either falls into a tranquil sleep or walks out. He wears in winter-time a green wrapper, and his hat is the style introduced into this country by Louis Kossuth, Esq., the liberator of Hungaria. (I invested a dollar in the liberty of Hungaria nearly fifteen years ago.)

* The United States military encampment adjoining Salt Lake City.

13.—A PIECE IS SPOKEN

A PIECE hath its victories no less than war.

“Blessed are the Piece-makers.” That is Scripture.

The night of the “comic oration” is come, and the speaker is arranging his back hair in the star dressing-room of the theatre. The orchestra is playing selections from the Gentile opera of “Un Ballo in Maschera,” and the house is full. Mr John F. Caine, the excellent stage manager, has given me an elegant drawing-room scene in which to speak my little piece.

[In Iowa, I once lectured in a theatre, and the heartless manager gave me a dungeon scene.]

The curtain goes up, and I stand before a Salt Lake of up-turned faces.

I can only say that I was never listened to more attentively and kindly in my life than I was by this audience of Mormons.

Among my receipts at the box-office this night were—
20 bushels of wheat.

5 ,, corn.
4 ,, potatoes.
2 ,, oats.
4 ,, salt.

2 hams.

1 live pig (Dr Hingston chained him in the box-office).

1 wolf-skin.

5 pounds honey in the comb.

16 strings of sausages—2 pounds to the string.

1 cat-skin.

1 churn (two families went in on this; it is an ingenious churn, and fetches butter in five minutes by rapid grinding).

1 set children’s under-garments, embroidered.

1 firkin of butter.

1 keg of apple-sauce.

One man undertook to pass a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit) at the box-office, and another pre-

sented a German-silver coffin-plate, but the Doctor very justly repulsed them both.

14.—THE BALL.

THE Mormons are fond of dancing. Brigham and Heber C. dance. So do Daniel H. Wells, and the other heads of the Church. Balls are opened with prayer, and when they break up a benediction is pronounced.

I am invited to a ball at Social Hall, and am escorted thither by Brothers Stenhouse and Clawson.

Social Hall is a spacious and cheerful room. The motto of "Our Mountain Home" in brilliant evergreen capitals adorns one end of the hall, while at the other a platform is erected for the musicians, behind whom there is room for those who don't dance to sit and look at the festivities. Brother Stenhouse, at the request of President Young, formally introduces me to company from the platform. There is a splendour of costumery about the dancers I had not expected to see. Quadrilles only are danced. The mazourka is considered sinful. Even the old-time round waltz is tabooed.

I dance.

The Saints address each other here, as elsewhere, as Brother and Sister. "This way, Sister!" "Where are you going, Brother?" &c., &c. I am called Brother Ward. This pleases me, and I dance with renewed vigour.

The Prophet has some very charming daughters, several of whom are present to-night.

I was told they spoke French and Spanish.

The Prophet is more industrious than graceful as a dancer. He exhibits, however, a spryness of legs quite remarkable in a man at his time of life. I didn't see Heber C. Kimball on the floor. I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cow-hide monitors.

The old gentleman is present, however, with a large number of wives. It is said he calls them his "heifers."

"Ain't you goin' to dance with some of my wives?" said a Mormon to me.

These things make a Mormon ball more spicy than a Gentile one.

The supper is sumptuous, and bear and beaver adorn the bill of fare.

I go away at the early hour of two in the morning. The moon is shining brightly on the snow-covered streets. The lamps are cut, and the town is still as a graveyard.

15.—PHELPS'S ALMANAC.

THERE is an eccentric Mormon at Salt Lake City of the name of W. W. Phelps. He is from Cortland, State of New York, and has been a Saint for a good many years. It is said he enacts the character of the Devil, with a pea-green tail, in the Mormon initiation ceremonies. He also publishes an almanac, in which he blends astronomy with short moral essays, and suggestions in regard to the proper management of hens. He also contributes a poem, entitled "The Tombs," to his almanac for the current year, from which I quote the last verse:—

"Choose ye ; to rest with stately grooms ;
 Just such a place there is for sleeping ;
 Where everything, in common keeping,
 Is free from want and worth and weeping ;
 There folly's harvest is a reaping,
 Down in the grave among the tombs."

Now, I know that poets and tin-peddars are "licensed," but why does W. W. P. advise us to sleep in the barn with the ostlers? These are the most dismal tombs on record, not ex-

cepting the Tomb of the Capulets, the Tombs of New York,* or the Toombs of Georgia.

Under the head of "*Old Sayings*," Mr P. publishes the following. There is a modesty about the last "saying" which will be pretty apt to strike the reader:—

"The Lord does good and Satan evil, said Moses.
 Sun and moon, see me conquer, said Joshua.
 Virtue exalts a woman, said David.
 Fools and folly frolic, said Solomon.
 Judgments belong to God, said Isaiah.
 The path of the just is plain, said Jeremiah.
 The soul that sins dies, said Ezekiel.
 The wicked do wicked, said Daniel.
 Ephraim fled and hid, said Hosea.
 The Gentiles war and waste, said Joel.
 The second reign is peace and plenty, said Amos.
 Zion is the house of the gods, said Obadiah.
 A fish saved me, said Jonah.
 Our Lion will be terrible, said Micah.
 Doctor, cure yourself, said the Saviour.
 Live to live again, said W. W. Phelps."

16.—HURRAH FOR THE ROAD!

TIME, Wednesday afternoon, February 10.—The Overland stage, Mr William Glover on the box, stands before the veranda of the Salt Lake House. The genial Nat Stein is arranging the way-bill. Our baggage (the Overland passenger is only allowed twenty-five pounds) is being put aboard, and we are shaking hands, at a rate altogether furious, with Mormon and Gentile. Among the former are Brothers Stenhouse, Caine, Clawson, and Townsend; and among the latter are Harry Riccard, the big-hearted English mountaineer (though once he wore white kids and swallow-tails in Regent Street,

* The Newgate prison of New York is called *The Tombs*, from being built to resemble an Egyptian mausoleum.

and in his boyhood went to school to Miss Edgeworth, the novelist), the daring explorer Rood, from Wisconsin; the Rev. James McCormick, missionary, who distributes pasteboard tracts among the Bannock miners; and the pleasing child of gore, Captain D. B. Stover, of the commissary department.

We go away on wheels, but the deep snow compels us to substitute runners twelve miles out.

There are four passengers of us. We pierce the Wahsatch mountains by Parley's Canon.

A snowstorm overtakes us as the night thickens, and the wind shrieks like a brigade of strong-lunged maniacs. Never mind. We are well covered up—our cigars are good. I have on deerskin pantaloons, a deerskin overcoat, a beaver cap and buffalo overshoes; and so, as I tersely observed before, Never mind. Let us laugh the winds to scorn, brave boys! But why is William Glover, driver, lying flat on his back by the roadside; and why am I turning a handspring in the road; and why are the horses tearing wildly down the Wahsatch mountains? It is because William Glover has been thrown from his seat, and the horses are running away. I see him fall off, and it occurs to me that I had better get out. In doing so, such is the velocity of the sleigh, I turn a handspring.

Far a-head I hear the runners clash with the rocks, and I see Dr Hingston's lantern (he always *would* have a lantern), bobbing about like the binnacle light of an oyster sloop, very loose in a chopping sea. Therefore I do not laugh the winds to scorn as much as I did, brave boys.

William G. is not hurt, and together we trudge on after the runaways in the hope of overtaking them, which we do some two miles off. They are in a snowbank, and "nobody hurt."

We are soon on the road again, all serene; though I believe the Doctor did observe that such a thing could not have occurred under a monarchical form of government.

We reach Weber station, thirty miles from Salt Lake City, and wildly situated at the foot of the Grand Echo Canon, at

three o'clock the following morning. We remain over a day here with James Bromley, agent of the Overland stage line, and who is better known on the plains than Shakspeare is; although Shakspeare has done a good deal for the stage. James Bromley has seen the Overland line grow up from its ponyicy; and as Fitz-Green Halleck happily observes, none know him but to like his style. He was intended for an agent. In his infancy he used to lisp the refrain—

“I want to be an agent,
And with the agents stand.”

I part with this kind-hearted gentleman, to whose industry and ability the Overland line owes much of its success, with sincere regret; and I hope he will soon get rich enough to transplant his charming wife from the Desert to the “White settlements.”

Forward to Fort Bridger in an open sleigh. Night clear, cold, and moonlit. Driver Mr Samuel Smart. Through Echo Canon to Hanging Rock station. The snow is very deep, there is no path, and we literally shovel our way to Robert Pollock's station, which we achieve in the Course of Time. Mr P. gets up and kindles a fire, and a snowy nightcap and a pair of very bright black eyes beam upon us from the bed. That is Mrs Robert Pollock. The log cabin is a comfortable one. I make coffee in my French coffee-pot, and let loose some of the roast chickens in my basket. (Tired of fried bacon and saleratus bread—the principal bill of fare at the stations—we had supplied ourselves with chicken, boiled ham, onions, sausages, sea-bread, canned butter, cheese, honey, &c., &c., an example all Overland traders would do well to follow.) Mrs Pollock tells me where I can find cream for the coffee, and cups and saucers for the same, and appears so kind, that I regret our stay is so limited that we can't see more of her.

On to Yellow Creek station. Then Needle Rock—a desolate hut on the Desert, house and barn in one building. The station-keeper is a miserable, toothless wretch with shaggy

yellow hair, but says he's going to get married. I think I see him.

To Bear River. A pleasant Mormon named Myers keeps this station, and he gives us a first-rate breakfast. Robert Curtis takes the reins from Mr Smart here, and we get on to wheels again. Begin to see groups of trees—a new sight to us.

Pass Quaking Asp Springs and Muddy to Fort Bridger. Here are a group of white buildings, built round a plaza, across the middle of which runs a creek. There are a few hundred troops here under the command of Major Gallagher, a gallant officer and a gentleman, well worth knowing. We stay here two days.

We are on the road again, Sunday the 14th, with a driver of the highly floral name of Primrose. At seven the next morning we reach Green River station, and enter Idaho territory. This is the Bitter Creek division of the Overland route, of which we had heard so many unfavourable stories. The division is really well managed by Mr Stewart, though the country through which it stretches is the most wretched I ever saw. The water is liquid alkali, and the roads are soft sand. The snow is gone now, and the dust is thick and blinding. So drearily, wearily we drag onward.

We reach the summit of the Rocky Mountains at midnight on the 17th. The climate changes suddenly, and the cold is intense.* We resume runners, have a break-down, and are forced to walk four miles.

I remember that one of the numerous reasons urged in favour of General Fremont's election to the Presidency in 1856, was his finding the pathy across the Rocky Mountains. Credit is certainly due that gallant explorer in this regard; but it occurred to me, as I wrung my frost-bitten hands on that dreadful night, that for me to deliberately go over that path in midwinter was a sufficient reason for my election to any

* It was, as we afterwards ascertained, 35° below zero.

lunatic asylum, by an overwhelming vote. Dr Hingston made a similar remark, and wondered if he should ever clink glasses with his friend Lord Palmerston again.

Another sensation. Not comic this time. One of our passengers, a fair-haired German boy, whose sweet ways had quite won us all, sank on the snow, and said, "Let me sleep." We knew only too well what that meant, and tried hard to rouse him. It was in vain. "Let me sleep," he said. And so in the cold starlight he died. We took him up tenderly from the snow, and bore him to the sleigh that awaited us by the roadside, some two miles away. The new moon was shining now, and the smile on the sweet white face told how painlessly the poor boy had died. No one knew him. He was from the Bannock mines, was ill clad, had no baggage or money, and his fare was paid to Denver. He had said that he was going back to Germany. That was all we knew. So at sunrise the next morning we buried him at the foot of the grand mountains that are snow-covered and icy all the year round, far away from the Faderland, where, it may be, some poor mother is crying for her darling who will not come.

We strike the North Platte on the 18th. The fare at the stations is daily improving, and we often have antelope steaks now. They tell us of eggs not far off, and we encourage (by a process not wholly unconnected with bottles) the drivers to keep their mules in motion.

Antelopes by the thousand can be seen racing the plains from the coach windows.

At Elk Mountain we encounter a religious driver, named Edward Whitney, who never swears at the mules. This has made him distinguished all over the plains. This pious driver tried to convert the Doctor, but I am mortified to say that his efforts were not crowned with success. Fort Halleck is a mile from Elk, and here are some troops of the Ohio 11th regiment, under the command of Major Thomas L. Mackey.

On the 20th we reach Rocky Thomas's justly celebrated station, at five in the morning, and have a breakfast of hashed black-tailed deer, antelope steaks, ham, boiled bear, honey, eggs, coffee, tea, and cream. That was the squarest meal on the road except at Weber. Mr Thomas is a Baltimore "slosher," he informed me. I don't know what that is, but he is a good fellow, and gave us a breakfast fit for a lord, emperor, czar, count, &c. A better couldn't be found at Delmonico's or Parker's.* He pressed me to linger with him a few days and shoot bears. It was with several pangs that I declined the generous Baltimorean's invitation.

To Virginia Dale. Weather clear and bright. Virginia Dale is a pretty spot, as it ought to be with such a pretty name; but I treated with no little scorn the advice of a hunter I met there, who told me to give up "literatoor," form a matrimonial alliance with some squaws, and "settle down thar."

Bannock on the brain! That is what is the matter now. Wagon-load after wagon-load of emigrants, bound to the new Idaho gold regions, meet us every hour. Canvas-covered, and drawn for the most part by fine large mules, they make a pleasant panorama, as they stretch slowly over the plains and uplands. We strike the South Platte Sunday the 21st, and breakfast at Latham, a station of one-horse proportions. We are now in Colorado ("Pike's Peak"), and we diverge from the main route here, and visit the flourishing and beautiful city of Denver. Messrs Langrish & Dougherty, who have so long and so admirably catered to the amusement lovers of the Far West, kindly withdraw their dramatic corps for a night, and allow me to use their pretty little theatre.

We go to the mountains from Denver, visiting the celebrated gold-mining towns of Black Hawk and Central City. I leave this queen of all the territories, quite firmly believing that its future is to be no less brilliant than its past has been.

* Delmonico's is the most fashionable restaurant of New York, and Parker's of Boston.

I had almost forgotten to mention that on the way from Latham to Denver Dr Hingston and Dr Seaton (late a highly admired physician and surgeon in Kentucky, and now a prosperous gold-miner) had a learned discussion as to the formation of the membranes of the human stomach, in which they used words that were over a foot long by actual measurement. I never heard such splendid words in my life ; but such was their grandiloquent profundity, and their far-reaching lucidity, that I understood rather less about it when they had finished than I did when they commenced.

Back to Latham again over a marshy road, and on to Nebraska by the main stage line.

I met Col. Chivington, commander of the district of Colorado, at Latham.

Col. Chivington is a Methodist clergyman, and was once a presiding elder. A thoroughly earnest man, an eloquent preacher, a sincere believer in the war, he of course brings to his new position a great deal of enthusiasm. This, with his natural military tact, makes him an officer of rare ability ; and on more occasions than one he has led his troops against the enemy with resistless skill and gallantry. I take the liberty of calling the President's attention to the fact that this brave man ought to have long ago been a brigadier-general.

There is, however, a little story about Col. Chivington that I must tell. It involves the use of a little blank profanity, but the story would be spoiled without it ; and, as in this case, "nothing was meant by it," no great harm can be done. I rarely stain my pages with even mild profanity. It is wicked in the first place, and not funny in the second. I ask the boon of being occasionally stupid ; but I could never see the fun of being impious.

Col. Chivington vanquished the rebels with his brave Colorado troops, in New Mexico last year, as most people know. At the commencement of the action, which was hotly con-

tested, a shell from the enemy exploded near him, tearing up the ground, and causing Captain Rogers to swear in an awful manner.

“Captain Rogers,” said the Colonel, “gentlemen do not swear on a solemn occasion like this. We may fall, but, falling in a glorious cause, let us die as Christians, not as rowdies, with oaths upon our lips. Captain Rogers, let us——”

Another shell, a sprightlier one than its predecessor, tears the earth fearfully in the immediate vicinity of Col. Chivington, filling his eyes with dirt, and knocking off his hat.

“Why, G—— d—— their souls to h——,” he roared, “they’ve put my eyes out—as *Captain Rogers would say!*”

But the Colonel’s eyes were not seriously damaged, and he went in. Went in, only to come out victorious.

We reach Julesberg, Colorado, the 1st of March. We are in the country of the Sioux Indians now, and encounter them by the hundred. A chief offers to sell me his daughter (a fair young Indian maiden) for six dollars and two quarts of whisky. I decline to trade.

Meals which have hitherto been 1 dol. each are now 75 cents. Eggs appear on the table occasionally, and we hear of chickens farther on. Nine miles from here we enter Nebraska territory. Here is occasionally a fenced farm, and the ranches have bar-rooms. Buffalo skins and buffalo tongues are for sale at most of the stations. We reach South Platte on the 2d, and Fort Kearney on the 3d. The 7th Iowa Cavalry are here, under the command of Major Wood. At Cottonwood, a day’s ride back, we had taken aboard Major. O’Brien, commanding the troops there, and a very jovial warrior he is, too.

Meals are now down to 50 cents, and a great deal better than when they were 1 dol.

Kansas, 105 miles from Atchison. Atchison! No traveller by sea ever longed to set his foot on shore as we longed to reach the end of our dreary coach ride over the wildest

part of the whole continent. How we talked Atchison, and dreamed Atchison for the next fifty hours! Atchison, I shall always love you. You were evidently mistaken, Atchison, when you told me that in case I "lectured" there, immense crowds would throng to the hall; but you are very dear to me. Let me kiss you for your maternal parent!

We are passing through the reservation of the Otoe Indians, who long ago washed the war-paint from their faces, buried the tomahawk, and settled down into quiet, prosperous farmers.

We rattle leisurely into Atchison on a Sunday evening. Lights gleam in the windows of milk-white churches, and they tell us, far better than anything else could, that we are back to civilisation again.

An overland journey in winter is a better thing to have done than to do. In the spring, however, when the grass is green on the great prairies, I fancy one might make the journey a pleasant one, with his own outfit and a few choice friends.

17.—VERY MUCH MARRIED.

ARE the Mormon women happy?

I give it up. I don't know.

It is at Great Salt Lake City as it is in Boston. If I go out to tea at the Wilkinses in Boston, I am pretty sure to find Mr Wilkins all smiles and sunshine, or Mrs Wilkins all gentleness and politeness. I am entertained delightfully, and after tea little Miss Wilkins shows me her photograph album, and plays the march from "Faust" on the piano for me. I go away highly pleased with my visit; and yet the Wilkinses may fight like cats and dogs in private. I may no sooner have struck the sidewalk than Mr W. will be reaching for Mrs W.'s throat.

Thus it is in the City of the Saints. Apparently, the Mormon women are happy. I saw them at their best, of course—at balls, tea-parties, and the like. They were like other women, as far as my observation extended. They were hooped, and furbelowed, and shod, and white-collared, and bejewelled; and, like women all over the world, they were softer-eyed and kinder-hearted than men can ever hope to be.

The Mormon girl is reared to believe that the plurality wife system (as it is delicately called here) is strictly right; and in linking her destiny with a man who has twelve wives, she undoubtedly considers she is doing her duty. She loves the man, probably, for I think it is not true, as so many writers have stated, that girls are forced to marry whomsoever “the Church” may dictate. Some parents, no doubt, advise, connive, threaten, and in aggravated cases, incarcerate here, as some parents have always done elsewhere, and always will do as long as petticoats continue to be an institution.

How these dozen or twenty wives get along without heart-burnings and hairpullings, I can't see.

There are instances on record, you know, where a man don't live in a state of uninterrupted bliss with *one* wife. And to say that a man can possess twenty wives without having his special favourite or favourites, is to say that he is an angel in boots—which is something I have never been introduced to. You never saw an angel with a beard, although you may have seen the Bearded Woman.

The Mormon woman is early taught that man, being created in the image of the Saviour, is far more godly than she can ever be, and that for her to seek to monopolise his affections is a species of rank sin. So she shares his affections with five or six or twenty other women, as the case may be.

A man must be amply able to support a number of wives before he can take them. Hence, perhaps, it is that so many old chaps in Utah have young and blooming wives in their scraglios, and so many young men have only one.

I had a man pointed out to me who married an entire family. He had originally intended to marry Jane, but Jane did not want to leave her widowed mother. The other three sisters were not in the matrimonial market for the same reason; so this gallant man married the whole crowd, including the girl's grandmother, who had lost all her teeth, and had to be fed with a spoon. The family were in indigent circumstances, and they could not but congratulate themselves on securing a wealthy husband. It seemed to affect the grandmother deeply; for the first words she said on reaching her new home were, "Now, thank God! I shall have my gruel reg'lar!"

The name of Joseph Smith is worshipped in Utah; and "they say," that although he has been dead a good many years, he still keeps on marrying women by *proxy*. He "reveals" who shall act as his earthly agent in this matter, and the agent faithfully executes the defunct Prophet's commands.

A few years ago I read about a couple being married by telegraph—the young man was in Cincinnati, and the young woman was in New Hampshire. They did not see each other for a year afterwards. I don't see what fun there is in this sort of thing.

I have somewhere stated that Brigham Young is said to have eighty wives. I hardly think he has so many. Mr Hyde, the backslider, says in his book that "Brigham always sleeps by himself, in a little chamber behind his office;" and if he has eighty wives, I don't blame him. He must be bewildered. I know very well that if I had eighty wives of my bosom I should be confused, and shouldn't sleep anywhere. I undertook to count their long stockings on the clothes-line in his back-yard one day, and I used up the multiplication table in less than half an hour. It made me dizzy—it did!

In this book I am writing chiefly of what I saw. I saw

plurality at its best, and I give it to you at its best. I have shown the silver lining of this great social cloud. That back of this silver lining the cloud must be thick and black, I feel quite sure. But to elaborately denounce, at this late day, a system we all know must be wildly wrong, would be simply to impeach the intelligence of the readers of this book.

18.—THE REVELATION OF JOSEPH SMITH.

I HAVE not troubled the reader with extracts from Mormon documents. The Book of Mormon is ponderous, but gloomy, and at times incoherent; and I will not, by any means, quote from that. But the Revelation of Joseph Smith in regard to the absorbing question of plurality or polygamy may be of sufficient interest to reproduce here. The reader has my full consent to form his own opinion of it:—

REVELATION GIVEN TO JOSEPH SMITH, NAUVOO, JULY 12, 1843.

Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines: Behold! and lo, I am the Lord thy God, and will answer thee as touching this matter: therefore prepare thy heart to receive and obey the instructions which I am about to give unto you; for all those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same; for behold! I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant, and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory; for all who will have a blessing at my hands

shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the conditions thereof, as was instituted from before the foundations of the world; and as pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, it was instituted for the fulness of my glory; and he that receiveth a fulness thereof, must and shall abide the law, or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God.

And verily I say unto you, that the conditions of this law are these: All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connections, associations, or expectations, that are not made, and entered into, and sealed, by the Holy Spirit of promise, of him who is anointed, both as well for time and for all eternity, and that, too, most holy, by revelation and commandment, through the medium of mine anointed, whom I have appointed on the earth to hold this power (and I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power and the keys of this priesthood are conferred), are of no efficacy, virtue, or force in and after the resurrection from the dead; for all contracts that are not made unto this end have an end when men are dead.

Behold! mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion. Will I accept of an offering, saith the Lord, that is not made in my name? Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed? And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my Father ordained unto you, before the world was? I am the Lord thy God, and I give unto you this commandment, that no man shall come unto the Father but by me, or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord; and everything that is in the world, whether it be ordained of men, by thrones, or principalities, or powers, or things of name, whatsoever they may be, that are not by me, or by my word, saith the Lord, shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead, neither in nor after the resurrection, saith the Lord your God; for whatsoever things remaineth are by

me, and whatsoever things are not by me, shall be shaken and destroyed.

Therefore, if a man marry him a wife in the world, and he marry her not by me, nor by my word, and he covenant with her so long as he is in the world, and she with him, their covenant and marriage is not of force when they are dead, and when they are out of the world ; therefore they are not bound by any law when they are out of the world ; therefore, when they are out of the world, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are appointed angels in heaven, which angels are ministering servants, to minister for those who are worthy of a far more, and an exceeding, and an eternal weight of glory ; for these angels did not abide my law, therefore they cannot be enlarged, but remain separately, and singly, without exaltation, in their saved condition, to all eternity, and from henceforth are not gods, but are angels of God for ever and ever.

And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife, and make a covenant with her for time and for all eternity, if that covenant is not by me or by my word, which is my law, and is not sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, through him whom I have anointed and appointed unto this power, then it is not valid, neither of force when they are out of the world, because they are not joined by me, saith the Lord, neither by my word ; when they are out of the world, it cannot be received there, because the angels and the gods are appointed there, by whom they cannot pass ; they cannot, therefore, inherit my glory, for my house is a house of order, saith the Lord God.

And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood, and it shall be said unto them, Ye shall come forth in the first resurrection ; and if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection ;

and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions, all heights and depths, then shall it be written in the Lamb's Book of Life that he shall commit no murder, whereby to shed innocent blood ; and if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them in time and through all eternity ; and shall be of full force when they are out of the world, and they shall pass by the angels and the gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever.

Then shall they be gods, because they have no end ; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue ; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye abide my law, ye cannot attain to this glory ; for strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth unto the exaltation and continuation of the lives, and few there be that find it, because ye receive me not in the world, neither do ye know me. But if ye receive me in the world, then shall ye know me, and shall receive your exaltation, that where I am, ye shall be also. This is eternal life, to know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. I am he. Receive ye, therefore, my law. Broad is the gate, and wide the way that leadeth to the death, and many there are that go in thereat, because they receive me not, neither do they abide in my law.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood, yet they

shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation ; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan, unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God.

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which shall not be forgiven in the world nor out of the world, is in that ye commit murder, wherein ye shed innocent blood, and assent unto my death, after ye have received my new and everlasting covenant, saith the Lord God ; and he that abideth not this law can in no wise enter into my glory, but shall be damned, saith the Lord.

I am the Lord thy God, and will give unto thee the law of my holy priesthood, as was ordained by me and my Father before the world was. Abraham received all things, whatsoever he received, by revelation and commandment, by my word, saith the Lord, and hath entered into his exaltation, and sitteth upon his throne.

Abraham received promises concerning his seed, and of the fruit of his loins—from whose loins ye are, viz., my servant Joseph—which were to continue so long as they were in the world ; and as touching Abraham and his seed out of the world, they should continue ; both in the world and out of the world should they continue as innumerable as the stars ; or, if ye were to count the sand upon the sea-shore, ye could not number them. This promise is yours also, because ye are of Abraham, and the promise was made unto Abraham, and by this law are the continuation of the works of my Father, wherein he glorifieth himself. Go ye, therefore, and do the works of Abraham ; enter ye into my law, and ye shall be saved. But if ye enter not into my law, ye cannot receive the promises of my Father, which he made unto Abraham.

God commanded Abraham, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it ? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abra-

ham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you. *Nay*; for the Lord commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless, it was written, Thou shalt not kill. Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

Abraham received concubines, and they bare him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law; as Isaac also, and Jacob, did none other things than that which they were commanded; and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones; and are not angels, but are gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon, and Moses my servant, as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time, and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

David's wives and concubines were given unto him of me by the hand of Nathan my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his portion; and he shall not inherit them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

I am the Lord thy God, and I gave unto thee, my servant Joseph, by appointment, and restore all things; ask what ye will, and it shall be given unto you, according to my word; and as ye have asked concerning adultery, verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man receiveth a wife in the new and everlasting covenant, and if she be with another man, and I have not appointed unto her by the holy anointing, she hath committed adultery, and shall be destroyed. If she be not in the new and everlasting covenant, and she be with another man, she has committed adultery; and if her husband be with another woman, and he was under a vow, he hath broken his vow, and hath com-

mited adultery ; and if she hath not committed adultery, but is innocent, and hath not broken her vow, and she knoweth it, and I reveal it unto you, my servant Joseph, then shall you have power, by the power of my holy priesthood, to take her, and give her unto him that hath not committed adultery, but hath been faithful ; for he shall be made ruler over many ; for I have conferred upon you the keys and power of the priesthood, wherein I restore all things, and make known unto you all things in due time.

And verily, verily, I say unto you, that whatsoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven ; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens ; and whosoever sins you remit on earth, shall be remitted eternally in the heavens ; and whosoever sins you retain on earth, shall be retained in heaven.

And again, verily, I say, whomsoever you bless, I will bless ; and whomsoever you curse, I will curse, saith the Lord ; for I, the Lord, am thy God.

And again, verily, I say unto you, my servant Joseph, that whatsoever you give on earth, and to whomsoever you give any one on earth, by my word and according to my law, it shall be visited with blessings and not cursings, and with my power, saith the Lord, and shall be without condemnation on earth and in heaven, for I am the Lord thy God, and will be with thee even unto the end of the world, and through all eternity ; for verily I seal upon you your exaltation, and prepare a throne for you in the kingdom of my Father, with Abraham your father. Behold ! I have seen your sacrifices, and will forgive all your sins ; I have seen your sacrifices, in obedience to that which I have told you ; go, therefore, and I make a way for your escape, as I accepted the offering of Abraham of his son Isaac.

Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself, and partake of that which I com-

manded you to offer unto her ; for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham, and that I might require an offering at your hand by covenant and sacrifice ; and let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me ; and those who are not pure, and have said they were pure, shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God ; for I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice ; and I give unto my servant Joseph, that he shall be made ruler over many things, for he hath been faithful over a few things, and from henceforth I will strengthen him.

And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law : but if she will not abide this commandment, then shall my servant Joseph do all things for her, as he hath said ; and I will bless him, and multiply him, and give unto him an hundredfold in this world, of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds. And again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses, and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses, wherein she hath trespassed against me ; and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her, and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice.

And again, I say, let not my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands, lest an enemy come and destroy him—for Satan seeketh to destroy—for I am the Lord thy God, and he is my servant ; and behold ! and lo, I am with him, as I was with Abraham thy father, even unto his exaltation and glory.

Now, as touching the law of the priesthood, there are many things pertaining thereunto. Verily, if a man be called of my Father, as was Aaron, by mine own voice, and by the voice of him that sent me, and I have endowed him with the keys of

the power of this priesthood, if he do anything in my name, and according to my law, and by my word, he will not commit sin, and I will justify him. Let no one, therefore, set on my servant Joseph, for I will justify him ; for he shall do the sacrifice which I require at his hands, for his transgressions, saith the Lord your God.

And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood ; if any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent ; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified ; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him ; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him, and to none else ; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him ; therefore is he justified. But if one or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed ; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world, and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men ; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that he may be glorified.

And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and administer unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God ; for I will destroy her ; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word ; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the

law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter, therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold! I am Alpha and Omega.
AMEN.

PART II.

PERLITE LITTERATOOR.

I.—A WAR MEETING.

OUR complaint just now is war meetins. They've bin havin 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us. They're better attended than the Eclipse was.

I remember how people poured into our town last Spring to see the Eclipse. They labored into a impression that they couldn't see it to home, and so they cum up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin the Eclipse to 'em, in an open-top tent. But the crowds is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

Our big meetin came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr Slinkers, is a polish'd, skarcastic writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be,

as our contemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-headed, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister Sarah is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust Mr Slinkers has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I b'leve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolutely necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that "our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion"—I b'lieve, upon my soul, this illustis man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty.

I was fixin myself up to attend the great war meetin, when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr Sweibier, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphy.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young mother gazin admirinly upon her first-born;" and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter, done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I; "well, I reckon I'd better aire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin the artist with her, and, from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd, I concluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet, and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vilently that the preserve

jars rattled like a cavalry officer's sword and things, which it aroused my Betsy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidently obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooperanooated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin. It was largely attended. The editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up, and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir,—to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with an Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and despatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the editor introduced Mr J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of College in a naberin place. Mr Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capeetle?

"Dan Setchell,"* I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin foe, and they'll skedaddle! Old Setch can do it!"

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

* A very popular comedian in the United State

I will remark, in this connection, that the editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

"You," said Mr Hinkins, "who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitood of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men."

"I really trust that the gent'l'man will not fail to say suthin about the busy haunts of men before he sits down," said I.

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore."*

"You couldn't be *more soft*, my young friend," I observed, whereupon there was cries of "Order! order!"

"I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally," said the young man.

"You might inlist as a liberty-pole,"† said I in a silvery whisper.

"But," he added, "I have a voice, and that voice is for war." The young man then closed his speech with some strikin and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minjster, a very worthy man indeed, but whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin to inlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

* A Sophomore at one of the colleges.

† Every town and village in the States has its "liberty-pole," or flag-staff, on which to hoist the Stars and Stripes.

He didn't seem to see it ; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, commencin as follers :—

“ *Resolved*, That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin on ; and

“ *Resolved*, That we believe Stonewall Jackson sympathises with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine months' men——”

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin guns, and led by Betsy Jane, who brandishd a loud and rattlin umbereller, burst into the room.

“ Here,” cried I, “ are some nine-months' wimin ! ”

“ Mrs Ward,” said the editor of the *Bugle*—“ Mrs Ward, and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ry demonstration ? ”

“ It means,” said that remarkable female, “ that you men air makin fools of yourselves. You air willin to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetins is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall Jackson from comin over to Maryland and helpin himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less talk. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifyin, which don't 'mount to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, and go to fi'tin ; otherwise you can stay at home and take keer of the children, while we wimin will go to the wars ! ”

“ Gentl'men,” said I, “ that's my wife ! Go in, old gal ! ” and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfeck raptors.

“ Is this roll-book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin ? ” she cried.

“ With men ! with men ! ” and our quoty was made up that very night.

There is a great deal of gas about these war meetins. A war meetin, in fact, without gas, would be suthin like the play of Hamlet with the part of Othello omitted.

Still believin that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up * with as any young lady in distress could expect to be, I am, yours more'n anybody else's,

A. WARD.

2.—ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NEW YORK, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
Org. 31ct.

Editer of Play Bill.

DR SIR,—Yrs, into which you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents in my life so you can write my Bogfry for the papers, cum dooly to hand. I hav no doubt that a article onto my life, grammattycally jerked and properly punktooated, would be a addition to the chois literatoor of the day.

To the yooth of Ameriky it would be vallyble as showin how high a pinnykle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvas tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hisself agin the center pole, causin in Rahway, N.J., a discriminatin mob to say humbugs would not go down in their village. The ox resoom'd agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearin as the poor blind man myself. But the infamus cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in the day time to excite simpathy drank freely of spirituous licker unbeknowns to me one day, & while under their infloance he led me into the canal. I had to either tear the green bandige from my eyes or be drowned. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

In writin about these things, Mr Editer, kinder smooth 'em over. Speak of 'em as eccentricities of gen'us.

* The phrase "well sot up" is used to express the marriage portion of a bride.

My next ventur would hav bin a success if I hadn't tried to do too much. I got up a series of wax figgers, and among others one of Socrates. I tho't a wax figger of old Sock. would be poplar with eddycated peple, but unfortinitly I put a Brown linen duster and a U.S. Army regulation cap on him, which peple with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was onfortnit in other respecks. At a certin town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble Amos Perkins, who was a Railroad President, and a great person in them parts. But it appeared I had shown the same figger for a Pirut named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created a intense toomult, & the audience remarked "shame onto me," & other statements of the same similarness. I tried to mollify 'em. I told 'em that any family possessin children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, & I wouldn't charge 'em a cent, but alars! it was of no avail. I was forced to leave, & I infer from a article in the *Advertiser* of that town, in which the Editer says, "Altho' time has silvered this man's hed with its frosts, he still brazenly wallows in infamy. Still are his snakes stuffed, and his wax works unreliable.* We are glad that he has concluded to never revisit our town, altho', incredible as it may appear, the fellow really did contemplate so doing last summer, when, still true to the craven instincts of his black heart, he wrote the hireling knaves of the obscure journal across the street to know what they would charge for 400 small bills, to be done on yellow paper! We shall recur to this matter again."

I say, I infer from this article that a prejudiss still exists agin me in that town.

I will not speak of my once bein in straitend circumstances in a sertin town, and of my endeavorin to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath School picnics to sing ballads

* Artemus Ward may not be quoted as an authority for the use of the word *reliable*, the proper etymology of which has recently formed matter for criticism.

adapted to the understandings of little children, accompanying myself on a claronett—which I forgot where I was one day, singing, instead of “Oh, how pleasant to be a little child,”

“Rip slap—set 'em up again,

Right in the middle of a three-cent pie,”*

which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the claronett except making it howl dismal, broke up the picnic, and children said, in voices choked with sobs and emotions, where was their home and where was their Pa? and I said, Be quiet, dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angrily, “Good heavens forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones, unless it is much desirable for them to expire ignominiously upon to a murderer's gallus!”

I say I will not speak of this. Let it be buried into Oblivion.

In your article, Mr Editor, please tell him what sort of a man I am.

If you see fit to criticise my Show, speak your mind freely. I do not object to criticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startling curiosities, any one of whom is worth double the price of admission.

I have thus far spoke of myself exclusively as a exhibitor.

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The neighbors would stand over my cradle for hours and say, “How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!” The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, saying I was muzzer's bezzzy darlin and a sweetie 'eety 'ittle ting. It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enough to properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy old darlin now.

I have allers sustained a good moral character. I was never a Railroad director in my life.

* As I have mentioned in the Introduction, this popular western song is the original of the London “Slap bang! here we are again.”

Altho' in early life I did not inva'bly confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have been gradooally growin respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but firmly bel'eve in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudnum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

My temperament is billious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am a early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am also bald-heded. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldinsville, Indiany. My next door naber is Old Steve Billins. I'll tell you a little story about Old Steve that will make you larf. He jined the Church last spring, and the minister said, "You must go home now, Brother Billins, and erect a family altar in your own house," whereupon the egrejis old ass went home and built a reg'lar pulpit in his settin room. He had the jiners in his house over four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with its relentless scythe is ever busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in, he gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anything more, Mr Ed'ter.

If you should giv my portrait in connection with my Bogfry, please have me ingraved in a languishin attitood, leanin on a marble pillar, leavin my back hair as it is now.—Trooly yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

3.—THINGS IN NEW YORK.

THE stoodent and connyseer must have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America, large yeller handbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show,

let me here observe, that contains many living wild animals, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

Them handbills is sculpted * in New York.

& I annooly repair here to get some more on um ;

&, bein here, I tho't I'd issoo a Address to the public on matters and things.

Since last I meandered these streets, I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtue unimpaired, but I've got to get some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place, even durin my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contemplate. The house in Varick Street, † where I used to Board, is bein torn down. That house, which was rendered memorable by my living into it, is "parsin away! parsin away!" But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin on continerly. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empires is totterin & Dysentaries is crumblin. These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane Street, ‡ sculps my handbills, & he's a artist. He studid in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my handbills as fast as they're sculpted. You have to watch these ere printers pretty close, for they're jest as apt to spel a word rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months, & what State do I find the country in? Why, I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey. §

* "To sculpt," is to engrave on wood or any other substance.

† Artemus Ward lived in Varick Street, Canal Street, New York, while editor of *Vanity Fair*; and the American phrase is "where I board," not "where I lodge."

‡ A well-known printer for showmen in New York.

§ It is the custom among the New Yorkers to ridicule the adjoining State of New Jersey.

I find sum things that is cheerin, partic'ly the resolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountins, and bombazeen from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jumpt into fabrics of domestic manufactur.

But, says sum folks, if you stop importin things you stop the revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to smoke their livers as dry as a corncob * with Cuby cigars, because 4-sooth if they don't, it will hurt the Revenoo! This talk 'bout the Revenoo is of the bosh, boshy. One thing is tol'bly certin—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is doo the wimin for this patriotic move—and to tell the trooth, the wimin genrally know what they're 'bout. Of all the blessings they're the soothinist. If there'd never bin any wimin, where would my children be to-day?

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a genral and therrer curtainment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin ter'bly extravagant, & onless we paws in our mad career in less than two years the Goddess of Liberty will be seen dodgin into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her headband. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do, if they warn't quite so honest! (Suttle goaketh.)

Thereair other cheerin signs. We don't, forinstuns, lack great Gen'ral's, and we certinly don't lack brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

* "A corncob" is the husk of an ear of Indian corn after the edible portion has been removed.

I venture to say that if you search the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikriscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock * gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

Gentlemen of the Senit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and cave in the Emergency's head?

Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home!

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district the other dey I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness, should not delay about sendin the money right on for one.

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimin who air goin to abandon furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family-gossip.

My reported captur by the North American savijis of Utah, led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthly things, and was a angel playin on a golden harp. Hents my rival home was onexpected.

It was 11 P.M. when I reached my homestid and knocked a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrust itself out of the front chamber winder. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) And a voice said:

* "All poppycock!" *Anglicè*, all sound and fury, signifying nothing.

“Who is it?”

“It is a Man!” I answered, in a gruff vois.

“I don’t b’lieve it!” she sed.

“Then come down and search me,” I replied.

Then resumin my nat’ral voice, I said, “It is your own A. W., Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!”

“Oh,” she said, “it’s you, is it? I thought I smelt some thing.”

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin I found that my family were entertainin a artist from Philadelpy, who was there paintin some startlin waterfalls and mountins, and I morin suspected he had a han-kerin for my oldest dauter.

“Mr Skimmerhorn, father,” sed my dauter.

“Glad to see you, sir!” I replied in a hospittle vois—“glad to see you.”

“He is an artist, father,” sed my child.

“A whichist?”

“An artist. A painter.”

“And glazier?” I askt. “Air you a painter and glazier, sir?”

My dauter and wife was mad, but I couldn’t help it, I felt in a comikil mood.

“It is a wonder to me, sir,” said the artist, “considerin what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don’t secure you.”

“It’s a wonder to me,” said I to my wife, “that somebody don’t secure him with a chain.”

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of the *Bugle* greeted me cordyully, and showed me the follerin article he’d just written about the paper on the other side of the street:—

“We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What

will the hell-hounds of *The Advertiser* say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly-increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain Editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

"That," says the editor, "hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cock-eye."

A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum object.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well, too, tho' his prayer was rather lengthy. The editor of the *Bugle*, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares, solid nonparil.

I don't think of nothin more to write about. So, "B'leeve me if all those endearing young charms," &c., &c.

A. WARD.

4.—IN CANADA.

I'M at present existin under a monikal form of Gov'ment. In other words I'm travellin among the crowned heds of Canady. They ai'n't pretty bad people. On the cont'ry, they air exceedin good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs Victoria, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin game in its season, don't

bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mightier. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of 'em bein gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord Monk. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence Gin'ral Halleck walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

Monk has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death. But this has nothing to do with Monk.

One of Lord Monk's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin, Miss Monk. Mrs Ward will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intellect, which can grasp great questions at onct. I am not a Webster or a Seymour.* I am not a Washington or a Old Abe. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as Henry Ward Beecher. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin-House n Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so.

* Governor Seymour was at the time this was written the popular Democratic governor of the State of New York.

But while I don't have the slitest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pretty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, gentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'ler. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'ler, but everywheres in gin'ral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill bein a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and arches, and citadels, and things. It is said no foe could ever get into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd *want* to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. Jim Wolfe commanded the latters, and Jo Montcalm the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But Wolfe was too many measles for Montcalm, and the French was slew'd. Wolfe and Montcalm was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named George Dalhousie, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin the Revolutionary War B. Arnold* made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. Arnold's funeral had come off immediately on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin, and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occassion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin 'em to intelligent American towerists.

* Benedict Arnold, whom Americans always stigmatise as "the traitor Arnold."

Takin a perfeSSIONAL view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorfty character.

It reminded me of an inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figure of Henry Wilkins, the Boy Murderer. Henry had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle Ephram, and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this stattoo was lost somehow, and not sposin it would make any particler difference, I substitooted the full-grown stattoo of one of my distinguished piruts for the Boy Murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the stattoo, "this is a life-like wax figger of the notorious Henry Wilkins, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle Ephram in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin murderers for nephews. When a mere child this Henry Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went, and returned with a comic song book. A depraved proceedin."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you was here before your wax figure represented Henry Wilkins as a boy. Now, Henry was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man. How's that?"

"The figger has growd, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin their heads as to how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people, and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further, I

could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't, *I'm in favour of the Union as it wasn't.* But the Union anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corps, if you would be happy be virtuous! I, who am the emblem of virtoo, tell you so.

(Signed) "A. WARD."

5.—THE NOBLE RED MAN.

THE red man of the forest was form'ly a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aboorygine warrants me in sayin that of orriggernerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time Chris. arrove on these shores (I allood to Chris. Columbus), the savajis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, drawpoker,* and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, faro banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage-stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us when Chris. sot his foot onto these ere shores. It would have been better for us of the

* "Draw-pocker" is a game of cards very commonly played on the Mississippi steamers and elsewhere.

present day if the injins had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin billers. For the savages owned the country, and Columbus was a fillibuster. Cortez, Pizarro, and Walker were one-horse fillibusters—Columbus was a four-horse team fillibuster, and a large yaller dog under the waggin. I say, in view of the mess we are makin of things, it would have been better for us if Columbus had staid to home. It would have been better for the show bisniss. The circulation of *Vanity Fair** would be larger, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir, and perhaps a ten-pin alley.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin that the scalpin wretches who are in the injin bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, specially the Sioxes of Minnesoty, who desERVE to be murdered in the first degree, and if Pope† will only stay in St Paul and not go near 'em *himself*, I reckon they will be.

6.—THE SERENADE.

THINGS in our town is workin. The canal boat *Lucy Ann* called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The *Lucy Ann* has adopted a new style of Binnacle light, in the shape of a red-headed girl, who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphy to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he might make a fortin. "It's a novelty," I added, "and may startle 'em at fust, but they may conclood to adopt it."

* At the time of writing, Artemus Ward was editor of this periodical. It is long defunct.

† General Pope, after his failure in Virginia, was sent to fight the Indians in the North-West.

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordingly. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with a unexpected honour for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromptoo speech severil days beforehand, bein very careful to expunge all ingramatticisms and payin particler attention to the punktoation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a manly effort; but, alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchin speakin my piece over so as to be entirely perfect. My bloomin young daughter, Sarah Ann, bothered me summut by singin, "Why do summer roses fade?"

"Because," said I, arter hearin her sing it about fourteen times, "because it's their biz! Let 'em fade."

"Betsy," said I, pausin in the middle of the room and lettin my eagle eye wander from the manuscrip—"Betsy, on the night of this here serenade, I desires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white handkercher. D'ye hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One bald-headed old fool will get *his* share."

She refer'd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin.

The expected night cum. At nine o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "Ward! Ward!" I stept out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evigently under the affluence of the intoxicatin bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr Schwazey, who was holdin up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so

much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced:—

“ Feller Citizens,—For this unexpected honor——”

Leader of the Band.—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git through?”

To this painful and disgustin interruption I paid no attention.

“ ——for this unexpected honor, I thank you.”

Leader of the Band.—But you said you’d give us seven dollars if we’d play two choons.”

Again I didn’t notice him, but resumed as follows:—

“ I say, I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells——”

Dr Schwazey.—So do I!

A voice.—We all do!

“ ——my heart swells——”

A voice.—Three cheers for the swells.

“ We live,” said I, “ in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious career!”

Dr Schwazey.—I’m willin for one to go on in a glorious career! Will you join me, fellow citizens, in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career, when he finds himself?

“ Dr Schwazey,” said I, sternly, “ you are drunk. You’re disturbin the meetin.”

Dr S.—Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhynossyross on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that’s handy. Don’t put yourself out on my account.

At this pint the Band begun to make hidyous noises with their brass horns, and an exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn’t to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn’t exactly know what to do, and was just

on the pint of doin it, when a upper winder suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was bro't to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.

7.—A ROMANCE.—WILLIAM BARKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

I.

“No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter’s hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position.”

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

“What! *you* here again?” angrily cried the old man.

“Ay, old man,” proudly exclaimed William Barker, “I am here, your daughter’s equal and yours!”

The old man’s lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried:—

“See! Look on this wealth. And I’ve tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the — with beef—”

“Yes, yes!” eagerly exclaimed the old man.

“—— and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find——”

“I see! I see!” cried the old man. “And good beef they make, too.”

“They do! they do! and the profits are immense.”

“I should say so!”

“And now, sir, I claim your daughter’s fair hand!”

“Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?”

“To the core!” cried William Barker.

“And,” continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, “are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?”

“I am! I am!”

“Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! and whatever our lot in life may be, *let us all support the Government!*”*

8.—A ROMANCE.—THE CONSCRIPT.

[Which may bother the reader a little, unless he is familiar with the music of the day.]

CHAPTER I.

PHILANDER REED struggled with spool-thread † and tape in a dry-goods store at Ogdensburgh, on the St Lawrence River, State of New York. He Rallied Round the Flag, Boys, ‡ and *Hailed* Columbia every time she passed that way. One day,

* Aimed as this arrow (the whole chapter) was against the Shoddyites in the days of Shoddy, the reader can understand how the shaft went home.

† It is a *spool* of cotton, not a *reel*, in the States.

‡ Nearly all the phrases in this sketch are titles of American songs popular during the war.

a regiment returning from the war Came Marching Along, bringing An Intelligent Contraband with them, who left the South about the time Babylon was a-Fallin, and when it was apparent to all well-ordered minds that the Kingdom was Coming, accompanied by the Day of Jubiloo. Philander left his spool-thread and tape, rushed into the street, and by his Long-Tail Blue, said, "Let me kiss him for his Mother." Then, with patriotic jocularly, he inquired, "How is your High Daddy in the Morning?" to which Pomp of Cudjo's Cave replied, "That poor Old Slave has gone to rest, we ne'er shall see him more! But U. S. G. is the man for me, or Any Other Man." Then he Walked Round.

"And your Master," said Philander, "where is he?"

"Massa's in the cold, cold ground—at least I hope so!" said the gay contraband.

"March on, March on! all hearts rejoice!" cried the Colonel, who was mounted on a Bob-tailed nag—on which, in times of Peace, my soul, O Peace! he had betted his money.

"Yaw," said a German Bold Sojer Boy, "we don't-fights-mit-Segel as much as we did."

The regiment marched on, and Philander betook himself to his mother's Cottage near the Banks of that Lone River, and rehearsed the stirring speech he was to make that night at a war meeting.

"It's just before the battle, Mother," he said, "and I want to say something that will encourage Grant."

CHAPTER II.—MABEL.

Mabel Tucker was an orphan. Her father, Dan Tucker, was run over one day by a train of cars, though he needn't have been, for the kind-hearted engineer told him to Git Out of the Way.

Mabel early manifested a marked inclination for the millinery business, and at the time we introduce her to our readers, she

was Chief Engineer of a Millinery Shop and Boss of a Sewing Machine.

Philander Reed loved Mabel Tucker, and Ever of her was Fondly Dreaming ; and she used to say, " Will you love me Then as Now ? " to which he would answer that he would, and *without* the written consent of his parents.

She sat in the parlour of the Cot where she was Born, one Summer's eve, with pensive thought, when Somebody came Knocking at the Door. It was Philander. Fond Embrace and things. Thrilling emotions. P. very pale, and shaky on the legs. Also, sweaty.

" Where hast thou been ? " she said. " Hast been gathering shells from youth to age, and then leaving them like a che-eild ? Why this tremors ? Why these Sadfulness ? "

" Mabeyuel ! " he cried, " Mabeyuel ! They 've Drafted me into the Army ! "

An Orderly Seargeant now appears and says, " Come, Philander, let 's be a marching ; " and he tore her from his embrace (P.'s), and marched the conscript to the Examining Surgeon's office.

Mabel fainted in two places. It was worse than Brothers Fainting at the Door.

CHAPTER III.—THE CONSCRIPT.

Philander Reed hadn't three hundred dollars, being a dead-broken Reed, so he must either become one of the noble Band who are Coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more, or skedaddle across the St Lawrence River to the Canada Line. As his opinions had recently undergone a radical change, he chose the latter course, and was soon Afloat, afloat, on the swift rolling tide. " Row, brothers, row, " he cried, " the stream runs fast, the Seargeant is near, and the 'Zamination 's past, and I 'm a able-bodied man. "

Landing, he at once imprinted a conservative kiss on the Canada Line, and feelingly asked himself, " Who will care for

Mother now? But I propose to stick it out on this Line, if it takes all Summer."

CHAPTER IV.—THE MEETING.

It was evening, *it* was. The Star of the Evening, Beautiful Star, shone brilliantly, adorning the sky with those *Neutral* tints which have characterised all British skies ever since this War broke out.

Philander sat on the Canada Line, playing with his Yardstick, and perhaps about to take the measure of an unmade piece of calico; when Mabel, with a wild cry of joy, sprang from a small boat to his side. The meeting was too much. They divided a good square faint between them this time. At last Philander found his utterance, and said, "Do they think of me at Home, do they ever think of me?"

"No," she replied, "but they do at the recruiting office."

"Ha! 'tis well."

"Nay, dearest," Mabel pleaded, "come home and go to the war like a man! I will take your place in the Dry Goods store. True, a musket is a little heavier than a yardstick, but isn't it a rather more manly weapon?"

"I don't see it," was Philander's reply; "besides, this war isn't conducted accordin to the Constitution and Union. When it is—when it is, Mabeyuel, I will return and enlist as a Convalescent!"

"Then, sir," she said, with much American disgust in her countenance—"then, sir, farewell!"

"Farewell!" he said, "and When this Cruel War is Over, pray that we may meet again!"

"Nary!" cried Mabel, her eyes flashing warm fire,—“nary! None but the brave deserve the Sanitary Fair! A man who will desert his country in its hour of trial would drop Faro checks* into the Contribution Box on Sunday. I hain't

* The pieces of ivory used by gamblers in playing the game of *faro*.

Got time to tarry—I hain't got time to stay!—but here's a gift at parting: a White Feather: wear it into your hat!" and She was Gone from his gaze, like a beautiful dream.

Stung with remorse and mosquitoes, this miserable young man, in a fit of frenzy, unsheathed his glittering dry-goods scissors, cut off four yards (good measure) of the Canada Line, and hanged himself on a Willow Tree. *Requiescat in Tape.* His stick drifted to My Country 'tis of thee! and may be seen, in connection with many others, on the stage of any New York theatre every night.

The Canadiars won't have any Line pretty soon. The skedaddlers will steal it. Then the Canadians won't know whether they're in the United States or not, in which case they may be drafted.

Mabel married a Brigadier-General, and is happy.

9.—A ROMANCE.—ONLY A MECHANIC.

IN a sumptuously furnished parlour in Fifth Avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, ploughed many a sea.

By the side of Isabel Sawtelle sat a young man, with a clear, beautiful eye, and a massive brow.

"I must go," he said; "the foreman will wonder at my absence."

"The *foreman*?" asked Isabel, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work."

"Foreman—shop—*work*! What! do *you* work?"

"Ay, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" and his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked; "it is something about barrels, isn't it?"

“It is!” he said, with a flashing nostril. “And hog-heads.”

“Then go!” she said, in a tone of disdain—“go away!”

“Ha!” he cried, “you spurn me, then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so! though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle,” he added—and nothing could *exceed* his looks at this moment—“when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast of! *Farewell!*”

Years rolled on. Isabel Sawtelle married a miserable aristocrat, who recently died of delirium tremens. Her father failed, and is now a raving maniac, and wants to bite little children. All her brothers (except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddles clams that are stolen for her by little George, her only son that has his freedom. Isabel's sister, Bianca, rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus, *her* husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic.

10.—BOSTON.

A. W. TO HIS WIFE.*

DEAR BETSY,—I write you this from Boston, “the Modern Atkins,” as it is denomyunated, altho' I skurcely know what those air. I'll giv you a kursoory view of this city. I'll klassify the paragrafs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washington correspongents:—

COPPS' HILL.

The winder of my room commands a exileratin view of

* Though Artemus addresses this “to his wife,” he was a bachelor when I parted from him four months ago, and, I believe, is so still. This note is for the benefit of the ladies.

Copps' Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berrid. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin ded too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitturly because he haint got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, *he* is.

BUNKER HILL.

Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1776 a thrillin dramy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination"* played star parts.

MR FANUEL.

Old Mr Fanuel is ded, but his Hall † is still into full blarst. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their bisness, Major-generally speakin, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'bly as in the old time.

THE COMMON.

It is here, as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins, is a onhappy Outcast in Naponisit.

* Mr William Warren, the comedian, is the uncle of Mr Joseph Jefferson, the actor, now in this country. He was travelling with a theatrical combination at the time of this article being written.

† Faneuil Hall, Boston, wherein the first revolutionary speeches were made. The Bostonians delight in calling it the "Cradle of Liberty."

THE LEGISLATUR.

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but sum of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down-stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevalin stile, or ten years behind it—jest as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1000 ages was onto we American peple of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin? *

HARVARD COLLEGE.

This celebrated institootion of learnin is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School Street,† and has poopils from all over the country.

I had a letter yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin College in Maine. He writes that he's a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin to be a Grate American humourist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 Summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment,

* The great organ in the Music Hall is the latest "lion" of Boston.

† Alluding to the extreme popularity of this drinking-saloon among the students of Harvard College.

"knock 'em," but the old man was allus a little given to slang). He put his withered han' tremblinly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin down his venerable chin, but it might hav been tobacker jooce. He chaw'd.

LITERATOOR.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, Betsy, is a reg'lar visitor to our westun home. I like it because it has got sense. It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the *Atlantic*, Betsy, understand their bisness. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin.

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT.

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I said to a man who was drivin a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!"

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin wheat, t'aint worth a dam. But hav you seen the Grate Orgin?"

THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES.

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and, smilin in a seductiv

manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't *I* remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclud you aint *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin the remainder of the jerney. Turnin to a respectable lookin female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forget that it is sum time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin of further int'rist took place on the cars excep a coloured gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brest-pin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

WILD GAME.

Altho' fur from the prahayries, there is abundans of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover, and Props.*

COMMON SKOOLS.

A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old pardner, has a little son who has only bin to skool two months, and yet he exhibertid his father's performin Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay partic'lar 'tention to Spelin in these Skools, because if a man can't Spel wel he's of no 'kount.

SUMMIN UP.

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr Reveer, whose tavern † I stop at, informed me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked

* The game of "props," played with cowrie shells, is, I believe, peculiar to the city of Boston.

† The Revere House is one of the best family hotels in Boston.

glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Unlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to hav bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and con tinnered applaus for Boston!

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

Kiss the children for me. What you tell me 'bout the Twins greeves me sorely. When I sent 'em that Toy Engine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a pre-ma-toor leanin tords cussedness that alarms me. I send to Amelia Ann, our oldest dawter, sum new music, viz. : "I am lonely sints My Mother-in-law Died ;" "Dear Mother, What tho' the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is, withered now?" &c. These song writers, by the way, air doin the Mother Business rather too muchly.—Your Own Troo Husban,
ARTEMUS WARD.

II.—A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVERSON.

CHAPTER I.—THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

THE morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with

an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

“Dearest ones,” he said, “I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted; and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?”

“Our own,” they lovingly chimed, “we will!”

“And so farewell!” cried Reginald. “Come to my arms, my own!” he said; “that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away.”

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the

trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die."

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son, my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II.—FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

THE mules were never found.

Reginald's heartbroken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she indiscreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at *me*, with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at *me*!"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No, you *won't*," said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's *my* business to strew!"

"You shan't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the Strew, much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetuates a sob on my handkercher!" said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the Die, but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in *our* pockets, and *no* mistake! Excuse those real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelins."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Don't blame us!"

CHAPTER III.—DUST TO DUST.

THE funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty a-breast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

That night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts sought their

twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would never more linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches never, never more !

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without *sigerfyin*, in any respect, where them mules went to !"

CHAPTER IV.—MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before ! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee ! Be mine—be mine !" he enthusiastically cried,

“and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

‘Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one!’”

They were united, they were !

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman—or rather, does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

12.—ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, VA., *May* —, 18 & 65.

OLONZO WARD.

AFOR I comments this letter from the late rebel capitol, I desire to cimply say that I hav seen a low and skurrilus noat in the papers from a certain purson who singes hissself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther.* I did *once* hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recugnise him now. To me he is wuss than ded ! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago, and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness ? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum, & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betray'd his sex on account of his boots & his Beard fallin off his face, thus rooinin my prospecks in that town, & likewise incurrin the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triffin with the feelins of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever

* Two or three scamps in the United States have endeavoured to pass themselves off as brothers of Artemus Ward. He has no brothers living.

wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. I perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never knowd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolootion War. My father once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin to pay him in the Fall; but Lafy said "he couldn't see it in those lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immejutly on my 'rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House,* and callin to my assistans a young man from our town who writes a good runnin hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin my umbrella to a bald-heded man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a cullud purson, and said:

"Show the gen'lman to the cowyard, and giv him cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr Spotswood.

"Wall, no, not 'zackly; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal was——"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and he shuv'd my umbrella onto the floor. Obsarvin to him not to

* Celebrated as the hotel occupied by the Confederate authorities during the late war.

be so keerless with that wepin, I accompanid the African to my lodgins.

“My brother,” I sed, “air you aware that you’ve bin ’mancipated? Do you realise how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin and holy magnitood?”

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show’d to the cowed, and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn’t gone to the Libby Prison. Tho’ I should hav slept comf’ble enuff if the bedclothes hadn’t bin pulled off me durin the night by a scoundrel who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin, and my throat feels a little husky this mornin.

Gin’ral Hulleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox ambulance.

UNION SENTIMENT.

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev’ry hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and infloentooial citizen of Richmond, and sez he, “Why! we’ve bin fightin agin the Old Flag! Lor bless me, how sing’lar!” He then borrer’d five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standin and formerly a bitter rebuel), “Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir,” he added, “You air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?”

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organised a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and

cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's bin a tremendous Union feelin here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a dagerretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people?"

JEFF. DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduck has been. Her captur in female apparel confooses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't hav draw'd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the coloured man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others, leaves the Confedrit Army in a ruther shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules, and a Bass drum, and is movin rapidly to'rds Taxis.

A PROUD AND HAWTY SUTHENER.

Feelin a little peckish, I went into a eatin house to-day,

and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did wear looked unhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, Sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he sed, sneerinly; "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of gloatin over a fallen peple. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—*never, never!*"

"Hav suthin to eat!" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed, furcely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'l you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenous. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread-tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little to'ards me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum peple at the North who air not wholly loathsum beasts?"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-bluded scoundril. Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crooil war is over, and you're lickt! It's rather necessary for sumbody to lick in a good square, lively fite, and in this 'ere case it happens to be the United States of America. You fit splendid, but we was too many for you. Then make the best of it, & let us all give in and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren. Fur from it. I'm a old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misten'd with suthin very like tears. I'm thinkin of the sea of good rich blud that has been spilt on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin of our

widders and orfuns North, and of your'n in the South. I kin cry for both. B'leeve me, my young fren, I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginnny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a vener'ble sinner like me kin say anythin, God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear."

I riz up to go, & takin my yung Southern fren kindly by the hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern fellers is probly my brothers, tho' you 've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin it! It's over now. Let us all jine in and make a country on this continent that shall giv all Europe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they look at us! Aadoo, addoo!"

And as I am through, I'll likewise say adoo to you, jentle reader, merely remarkin that the Star-Spangled Banner is wavin round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be anythin the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slight cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.

13.—ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

FRIEND WALES,—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forgit a person.

I hearn of your marrige to the Printcis Alexandry, & menter writ you a congratoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bilding a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoos me.

Numeris changes has tooken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sumtimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the *Alobarmy*, manetanes a nootral position!

I'm fraid I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess not!

Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrificisses, you bet.

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrificiss my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the re-delyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss, I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as anybody else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caus'd sum squirmin, but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendell Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallan-diggum, who is conservativ, and who wus resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogus* if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for 'em is a question for Whitin, who 'pears to be tinkerin up this draft bizniss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

I think most of the conscrips in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin on their way at Concord, N.H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hitin all sides; but no offense is ment. You know I ain't a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr Union—that's the only candidate I've

* The "Dry Tortugas" are off the coast of Florida. Many political orisoners were banished to them during the war.

got. I claim, howsever, to have a well-balanced mind ; tho my idees of a well-balanced mind differs from the idees of a partner I once had, whose name was Billson. Billson and me orjanized a strollin dramatic company, & we played The Drunkard, or the Falling Saved, with a real Drunkard. The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson ; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestry, and wishin to expire to slow moosic, he died playin on a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin groans, & such is the world! Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizniss!

But to return to our subjeck. With our resunt grate triumphs on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and them is waters no Father need feel 'shamed of—twig the wittikism?), and the cheerin look of things in other places, I reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what upon airth do the people of Concord, N.H., want a Muslum of Harts for? Hain't you got the State House now? & what more do you want?

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeck in now addressin you is to giv you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin your wife, a bizness I've had over thirty years' experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in connection tharewith. Not knowing what that air, and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not.

We was both very much flustrated. But I never enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can get half a mackril at Delmonico's, or Mr Mason Dory's * for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any particler trouble. When I fust commenst trainin her I institooted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandin'g'd. You'd better do similer. Your wife may object to gittin up and bildin the fire in the mornin, but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejooidis. I regret to obsarve that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin fires,† that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin on the floor putty suddent. I thought I git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions. I allus did, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. My daughter, who is goin on 17, and is frisky, says they's disgustin. And speakin of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discovered that I'm a very entertainin old feller, and they visit us frekently, especially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin the proceedins of our State Legislater. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortnilly has

* The "Maison Dorée," a fashionable New York restaurant.

† The phrase in America is "to build a fire," not, as with us, "to light' one.

to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a drawbridge away orf in the east part of the State, havin sent my daughter to bed at half-past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understan he says I go round swindlin the public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin several people's healths; and wishin to make 'em as robust as possible, I continerd drinkin their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble licker concealed about my person. I had sumhow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin sum cranky observations of Mrs Ward's in the mornin, I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin! I have cum, Betsy," I continued—crackin the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

I dream'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril conseckootiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of anythin since, and if I ever have another reorganizin job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toomstun! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't give her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illusterated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, anyhow.

It's best to give a woman consid'ble lee-way. But not too much. A naber of mine, Mr Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the dooryard while she was cleanin house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin vi'lently; but he said he wanted to give his wife "a little lee-way." That was 2 mutch. I told Mrs Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, "It shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared." It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could; but I was a putty wet-nuss, I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begins to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin in a pecoony pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understand my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respects to St George & the Dragon. "Ever be happy."

A. WARD.

14.—AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

It isn't everyone who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now. In the language of the duke who went round with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever gar-

nished a melodrama, although I have not as yet danced on my village green, as the melodramatic peasant usually does on his. It was the case when Rosina Meadows left home.

The time rolls by serenely now—so serenely that I don't care what time it is, which is fortunate, because my watch is at present in the hands of those "men of New York who are called rioters." We met by chance, the usual way—certainly not by appointment—and I brought the interview to a close with all possible dispatch. Assuring them that I wasn't Mr Greeley, particularly, and that he had never boarded in the private family where I enjoy the comforts of a home, I tendered them my watch, and begged they would distribute it judiciously among the labouring classes, as I had seen the rioters styled in certain public prints.

Why should I loiter feverishly in Broadway, stabbing the hissing hot air with the splendid gold-headed cane that was presented to me by the citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, as a slight testimonial of their esteem? Why broil in my rooms? You said to me, Mrs Gloverson, when I took possession of those rooms, that no matter how warm it might be, a breeze had a way of blowing into them, and that they were, withal, quite countryfied; but I am bound to say, Mrs Gloverson, that there was nothing about them that ever reminded me, in the remotest degree, of daisies or new-mown hay. Thus, with sarcasm, do I smash the deceptive Gloverson.

Why stay in New York when I had a village green? I gave it up, the same as I would an intricate conundrum—and, in short, I am here.

Do I miss the glare and crash of the imperial thoroughfare? the milkman, the fiery, untamed omnibus horses, the soda fountains, Central Park, and those things? Yes, I do; and I can go on missing 'em for quite a spell, and enjoy it.

The village from which I write to you is small. It does not contain over forty houses, all told; but they are milk-white, with the greenest of blinds, and for the most part are shaded

with beautiful elms and willows. To the right of us is a mountain—to the left a lake. The village nestles between. Of course it does. I never read a novel in my life in which the villages didn't nestle. Villages invariably nestle. It is a kind of way they have.

We are away from the cars. The iron-horse, as my little sister aptly remarks in her composition *On Nature*, is never heard to shriek in our midst; and on the whole I am glad of it.

The villagers are kindly people. They are rather incoherent on the subject of the war, but not more so, perhaps, than are people elsewhere. One citizen, who used to sustain a good character, subscribed for the *Weekly New York Herald*, a few months since, and went to studying the military maps in that well-known journal for the fireside. I need not inform you that his intellect now totters, and he has mortgaged his farm. In a literary point of view we are rather bloodthirsty. A pamphlet edition of the life of a cheerful being, who slaughtered his wife and child, and then finished himself, is having an extensive sale just now.

We know little of Honoré de Balzac, and perhaps care less for Victor Hugo. M. Claés's grand search for the Absolute doesn't thrill us in the least; and Jean Valjean, gloomily picking his way through the sewers of Paris, with the spoony young man of the name of Marius upon his back, awakens no interest in our breasts. I say Jean Valjean picked his way gloomily, and I repeat it. No man, under those circumstances, could have skipped gaily. But this literary business, as the gentleman who married his colored chambermaid aptly observed, "is simply a matter of taste."

The store—I must not forget the store. It is an object of great interest to me. I usually encounter there, on sunny afternoons, an old Revolutionary soldier. You may possibly have read about "Another Revolutionary Soldier gone," but this is one who hasn't gone, and, moreover, one who doesn't

manifest the slightest intention of going. He distinctly remembers Washington, of course ; they all do ; but what I wish to call special attention to, is the fact that this Revolutionary soldier is one hundred years old, that his eyes are so good that he can read fine print without spectacles—he never used them, by the way—and his mind is perfectly clear. He is a little shaky in one of his legs, but otherwise he is as active as most men of forty-five, and his general health is excellent. He uses no tobacco, but for the last twenty years he has drunk one glass of liquor every day—no more, no less. He says he must have his tod. I had begun to have lurking suspicions about this Revolutionary soldier business, but here is an original Jacobs.* But because a man can drink a glass of liquor a day, and live to be a hundred years old, my young readers must not infer that by drinking two glasses of liquor a day a man can live to be two hundred. “Which I meanter say, it doesn’t foller,” as Joseph Gargery might observe.

This store, in which may constantly be found calico, and nails, and fish, and tobacco in kegs, and snuff in bladders, is a venerable establishment. As long ago as 1814 it was an institution. The county troops, on their way to the defence of Portland, then menaced by British ships-of-war, were drawn up in front of this very store, and treated at the town’s expense. Citizens will tell you how the clergyman refused to pray for the troops, because he considered the war an unholy one ; and how a somewhat eccentric person, of dissolute habits, volunteered his services, stating that he once had an uncle who was a deacon, and he thought he could make a tolerable prayer, although it was rather out of his line ; and how he prayed so long and absurdly that the Colonel ordered him under arrest, but that even while soldiers stood over him with gleaming bayonets, the reckless being sang a preposterous song about

* “The Original Jacobs” is the sign of a large cheap jewellery store in New York.

his grandmother's spotted calf, with its Ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do, after which he howled dismally.

And speaking of the store, reminds me of a little story. The author of "several successful comedies" has been among us, and the store was anxious to know who the stranger was. And therefore the store asked him.

"What do you follow, sir?" respectfully inquired the tradesman.

"I occasionally write for the stage, sir."

"Oh!" returned the tradesman, in a confused manner.

"He means," said an honest villager, with a desire to help the puzzled tradesman out, "he means that he writes the handbills for the stage-drivers!"

I believe that story is new, although perhaps it is not of an uproariously mirthful character; but one hears stories at the store that are old enough, goodness knows—stories which, no doubt, diverted Methuselah in the sunny days of his giddy and thoughtless boyhood.

There is an exciting scene at the store occasionally. Yesterday an athletic peasant, in a state of beer, smashed in a counter and emptied two tubs of butter on the floor. His father—a white-haired old man, who was a little boy when the Revolutionary war closed, but who doesn't remember Washington *much*, came round in the evening and settled for the damages. "My son," he said, "has considerable originality." I will mention that this same son once told me that he could lick me with one arm tied behind him, and I was so thoroughly satisfied he could, that I told him he needn't mind going for a rope.

Sometimes I go a-visiting to a farm-house, on which occasions the parlour is opened. The windows have been close-shut ever since the last visitor was there, and there is a dingy smell that I struggle as calmly as possible with, until I am led to the banquet of steaming hot biscuit and custard-pie. If they would only let me sit in the dear, old-fashioned kitchen,

or on the door-stone—if they knew how dismally the new black furniture looked. But never mind, I am not a reformer. No, I should rather think not.

Gloomy enough, this living on a farm, you perhaps say ; in which case you are wrong. I can't exactly say that I pant to be an agriculturist, but I do know that in the main it is an independent, calmly happy sort of life. I can see how the prosperous farmer can go joyously a-field with the rise of the sun, and how his heart may swell with pride over bounteous harvests and sleek oxen. And it must be rather jolly for him on winter evenings to sit before the bright kitchen fire and watch his rosy boys and girls as they study out the charades in the weekly paper, and gradually find out why my first is something that grows in a garden, and my second is a fish.

On the green hillside over yonder, there is a quivering of snowy drapery, and bright hair is flashing in the morning sunlight. It is recess, and the Seminary girls are running in the tall grass.

A goodly seminary to look at outside, certainly, although I am pained to learn, as I do on unprejudiced authority, that Mrs Higgins, the Principal, is a tyrant, who seeks to crush the girls and trample upon them ; but my sorrow is somewhat assuaged by learning that Skimmerhorn, the pianist, is perfectly splendid.

Looking at these girls reminds me that I, too, was once young—and where are the friends of my youth ? I have found one of 'em, certainly. I saw him ride in the circus the other day on a bareback horse, and even now his name stares at me from yonder board-fence, in green, and blue, and red, and yellow letters. Dashington, the youth with whom I used to read the able orations of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition-days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest—drives a fish-cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast back into the interior. Hubertson, the utterly stupid

boy—the lunkhead, who never had his lesson, he's about the ablest lawyer a sister State can boast. Mills is a newspaper man, now editing a Major-General down South.

Singlinson, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed and who was real good, and who was never rude—he is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor; and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his bread and butter with the beggar-man, is a failing merchant, and makes money by it. Tom Slink, who used to smoke short-sixes and get acquainted with the little circus boys, is popularly supposed to be the proprietor of a cheap gaming establishment in Boston, where the beautiful but uncertain prop is nightly tossed. Be sure the army is represented by many of the friends of my youth, the most of whom have given a good account of themselves. But Chalmerson hasn't done much. No, Chalmerson is rather of a failure. He plays on the guitar and sings love songs. Not that he is a bad man. A kinder-hearted creature never lived, and they say he hasn't yet got over crying for his curly-haired sister who died ever so long ago. But he knows nothing about business, politics, the world, and those things. He is dull at trade—indeed, it is a common remark that “everybody cheats Chalmerson.” He came to the party the other evening, and brought his guitar. They wouldn't have him for a tenor in the opera, certainly, for he is shaky in his upper notes; but if his simple melodies didn't gush straight from the heart, why were my trained eyes wet? And although some of the girls giggled, and some of the men seemed to pity him, I could not help fancying that poor Chalmerson was nearer heaven than any of us all!

15.—AGRICULTURE.

THE Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual fair, he wrote the President of that Society as follows :—

NEW YORK, *June 12, 1865.*

DEAR SIR,—

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come.

Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturalist will be acceptable ; and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write to you through the Press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye, and oats ; but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm

My neighbours told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lecturing."

These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep-raising.

I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out onto the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gaily o'er the hill-side. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of

caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr Eli Perkins, said, "We must have some shepherd dogs."

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said :

"We must, Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago!"

I wrote to my old friend, Mr Dexter H. Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-coloured, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and shapely-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed :

"Waal! *did* you ever?"

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the greensward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb-chops lay around in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their life stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist I was not a success.

Last summer Mr Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass.

To me the new-mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold* sings about it, in beautiful verse, down in Jersey every summer, so does the brilliant Aldrich at Portsmouth, N.H. And yet I doubt if either of these men know the price of a ton of hay to-day. But new-mown hay is really a fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We had four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here."

"Then follow us."

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live anyhow. Yonder berryin ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter'ble gashes in the other or not! But you, John—you are young.

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready."

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

"I mean that if you continner to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin it, you'll slash h—— out of some of us before we're a hour older!"

* Under the *nom de plume* of MacArone this young author has achieved much celebrity in the United States.

There was some reason mingled with this white-haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag, and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop." It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr Brown."

"Oh no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say; "Mr Brown knows I love you. Mr Brown approves of it."

This was pleasant for Mr Brown!

I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he *do-soed*. She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr Perkins is troubled no more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krows bein put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nother in. Old Bisbee who was frade youd cut his sons leggs of Ses you bet go and

stan up in feeld yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows
will keep way, this made Boys in store larf. no More terday
from

"Yours

"respectful

"ELI PERKINS,

"his letter."

My friend Mr D. T. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*,
thinks if I "keep on" I will get in the Poor House in about
two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want
me, I will come.—Truly yours,

CHARLES F. BROWNE.

16.—O'BOURCY'S "ARRAH-NA-POGUE."

YOU axe me, sir, to sling sum ink for your paper in regards to
the new Irish dramy at Niblo's Garding.* I will do it, sir.

I knew your grandfather well, sir. Sum 16 years ago, while
I was amoosin and instructin the intellectooal peple of Cape
Cod with my justly pop'lar Show, I saw your grandfather.
He was then between 96 years of age, but his mind was very
clear. He told me I looked like George Washington. He
sed I had a massiv intellect. Your grandfather was a highly-
intelligent man, and I made up my mind then that if I could
ever help his family in any way, I'd do so. Your grandfather
gave me sum clams and a Testament. He charged me for
the clams, but threw in the Testament. He was a v'ry fine
man.

I therefore rite for you, which insures your respectability at
once. It gives you a moral tone at the word go.

I found myself the other night at Niblo's Garding, which is

* A popular theatre in New York.

now, by the way, Wheatley's Garding. (I don't know what 's becum of Nib.) I couldn't see much of a garding, however, and it struck me if Mr Wheatley depended on it as regards raisin things, he'd run short of gardin sass. [N.B.—These remarks is voomerous. The older I gro, the more I want to goak.]

I walked down the ile in my usual dignified stile, politely tellin the people as I parsed along to keep their seats. "Don't git up for me," I sed. One of the prettiest young men I ever saw in my life showed me into a seat, and I proceeded to while away the spare time by reading Thompson's *Bank Note Reporter* and the comic papers.

The ordinance was large.

I tho't, from a cursiry view, that the Finnigan Brotherhood was well represented.

There was no end of bootiful wimin, and a heap of good clothes. There was a good deal of hair present that belonged on the heds of people who didn't cum with it—but this is a ticklish subjeck for me. I larfed at my wife's waterfall, which indoosed that superior woman to take it off and heave it at me rather vilently; and as there was about a half bushil of it, it knockt me over, and giv me pains in my body which I hain't got over yit.

The okistry struck up a toon, & I asked the Usher to nudge me when Mr Pogue cum out on the stage to act.

I wanted to see Pogue; but, strange to say, he didn't act durin the entire evenin. I reckon he has left Niblo's, and gone over to Barnum's.

Very industrious peple are the actors at Barnum's. They play all day, and in the evenin likewise. I meet 'm every mornin, at five o'clock, going to their work with their tin dinner-pails. It's a sublime site. Many of 'em sleep on the premises.

Arrah-na-Pogue was writ by Dion O'Bourcicolt & Edward McHouse. They rit it well. O'Bourcy has rit a cartload of plays himself, the most of which is fust-rate.

I understand there is a large number of O'gen'lmen of this city who can rite better plays than O'Bourcy does, but somehow they don't seem to do it. When they do, I'll take a Box of them.

As I remarked to the Boy who squirted peppersass through a tin dinner-horn at my trained Bear (which it caused that feroshus animal to kick up his legs and howl dismal, which fond mothers fell into swoons and children cride to go home because fearin the Bear would leave his jungle and tear them from limb to limb), and then excoosed himself (this Boy did) by sayin he had done so while labourin under a attack of Moral Insanity—as I sed to that thrifty yooth, "I allus incurridge geenyus, whenever I see it."

It's the same with Dan Bryant. I am informed there are better Irish actors than he is, but somehow I'm allus out of town when they act. & so is other folks, which is what's the matter.

ACK THE 1.—Glendalo by moonlite.

Irishmen with clubs.

This is in 1798, the year of your birth, Mr Editor.

It appears a patriotic person named McCool has bin raisin a insurrection in the mountain districks, and is now goin to leave the land of his nativity for a tower in France. Previsly to doin so he picks the pockit of Mr Michael Feeny, a gov'ment detectiv, which pleases the gallery very much indeed, and they joyfully remark "hi, hi."

He meets also at this time a young woman who luv's him dearer than life, and who is, of course, related to the gov'ment; and jus as the gov'ment goes agin him she goes for him. This is nat'ral, but not grateful. She sez, "And can it be so? Ar, tell me it is not so thusly as this thusness wouldst seem!" or words to that effect.

He sez it isn't any other way, and they go off.

Irish moosic by the Band.

Mr McCool goes and gives the money to his foster-sister,

Miss Arrah Meelish, who is goin to shortly marry Shaun, the Lamp Post. Mac then alters his mind about goin over to France, and thinks he'll go up-stairs and lie down in the straw. This is in Arrah's cabin. Arrah says it's all right, me darlint, och hone, and shure, and other pop'lar remarks, and Mac goes to his straw.

The weddin of Shaun and Arrah comes off.

Great excitement. Immense demonstration on the part of the peasantry. Barn-door jigs, and rebelyus song by McHouse, called "The Drinkin of the Gin." Ha, what is this? Soldiers cum in. Moosic by the band. "Arrah," sez the Major, "you have those money." She sez, "Oh no, I guess not." He sez, "Oh yes, I guess you have." "It is my own," sez she, and exhibits it. "It is mine," says Mr Feeny, and identifies it.

Great confusion.

Coat is prodoosed from up-stairs.

"Whose coat is this?" sez the Major. "Is it the coat of a young man secreted in this here cabin?"

Now this is rough on Shaun. His wife accoosed of theft, the circumstances bein very much agin her, and also accoosed of havin a hansum young man hid in her house. But does this bold young Hibernian forsake her? Not much, he don't. But he takes it all on himself, sez he is the guilty wretch, and is marcht off to prison.

This is a new idee. It is gin'rally the wife who suffers, in the play, for her husband; but here's a noble young feller who shuts both his eyes to the apparent sinfulness of his new young wife, and takes her right square to his bosom. It was bootiful to me, who love my wife, and believe in her, and would put on my meetin clothes and go to the gallus for her cheerfully, ruther than believe she was capable of taking anybody's money but mine. My marrid friends, listen to me: If you treat your wives as tho' they were perfeck gentlemen—if you show 'em that you have entire confidence in them—believe me, they will be troo to you most always.

I was so pleased with this conduct of Shaun that I hollered out, "Good boy! Come and see me!"

"Silence!" sum people sed.

"Put him out!" said a sweet-scented young man, with all his new clothes on, and in company with a splendid waterfall, "put this old fellow out!"

"My young friend," said I, in a loud voice, "whose store do you sell tape in? I might want to buy a yard before I go hum."

Shaun is tried by a Military Commission. Colonel O'Grady, although a member of the Commission, shows he sympathises with Shaun, and twits Feeny, the Gov'ment witness, with being a knock-kneed thief, &c., &c. Mr Stanton's grandfather was Sec'y of War in Ireland at that time, so this was entirely proper.

Shaun is convicted and goes to jail. Hears Arrah singin outside. Wants to see her a good deal. A lucky thought strikes him; he opens the window and gets out. Struggles with ivy and things on the outside of the jail, and finally reaches her just as Mr Feeny is about to dash a large wooden stone onto his head. He throws Mr F. into the river. Pardon arrives. Fond embraces. Tears of joy and kisses a la Pogue. Everybody much happy.

Curtain falls.

This is a very hasty outline of a splendid play. Go and see it.—Yours, till then,

A. WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD
AMONG THE FENIANS.



PRELIMINARY.

THERE is a story of two "smart" Yankees, one named Hosea and the other Hezekiah, who met in an oyster shop in Boston. Said Hosea, "As to opening oysters, why nothing's easier if you only know how." "And how's *how*?" asked Hezekiah. "Scotch snuff," replied Hosea, very gravely—"Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off." "I know a man who knows a better plan," observed Hezekiah. "He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, reads a chapter of *Artemus Ward* to them, and goes on until they get interested. One by one they gape with astonishment at A. Ward's whoppers, and as they gape my friend whips 'em out, peppers away, and swallows 'em."

Excellent as all that Artemus Ward writes really is, and exuberantly overflowing with humour as are nearly all his articles, it is too bad to accuse him of telling "whoppers." On the contrary, the old Horatian question of "Who shall forbid me to speak truth in laughter?" seems ever present to his mind. His latest production is the admirable paper on the Fenians with which this little volume opens. Sparkling with genuine fun and bristling with pungent satire, it is an epitome of Artemus Ward's most genial humour and of his keenly sarcastic truth. The doings of the Fenians have hitherto been sufficiently ludicrous to merit the ridicule which Artemus has added to the stock they have so liberally pro-

vided for themselves. To use the periphrasis of Senator Sumner, they have hitherto been "the muscipular abortion of the parturient mountain," whatever their folly may yet lead them to effect of a more serious nature in time to come. As a curiosity of literature, worthy of being preserved for the amusement of posterity, a leading article on the Fenians, extracted from a New York paper of most extensive circulation, is given below.* Such another "leader" as the one here given could not be met with in the press of any land in the world, except in that of the United States.

* "THE FENIAN TROUBLES AT AN END—THE HEAD CENTRE VICTORIOUS.

"The unmitigated blackguards and miserable spalpeens who raised the standard of revolt against the brave and gallant O'Mahony are knocked into the most infinitesimal smithereens, and chewed up until there is not as much left of them as remained after the tooth-and-nail conflict of the Kilkenny cats. The blessed and holy St Patrick (may the heavens be his bed in glory!) never more thoroughly extinguished the toads, snakes, bed-bugs, mosquitoes, and varmint in general, which he drove out of Ould Ireland, than O'Mahony, the gallant Head Centre, squelched, exterminated, crushed out, and extinguished the cantankerous Senators and rebellious disciples of the brotherhood who thought to clutch the evergreen laurels and verdant greenbacks with which a patriotic and confiding people have encircled his brow and lined his wallet. As the blessed St Patrick aforesaid compelled the varmints to betake themselves to the swamps and morasses, and 'chased the frogs into the bogs,' so the redoubtable O'Mahony has compelled the rebellious Fenians to hide their diminished heads and betake themselves to the recesses of oblivion, where their contortions will be watched by the observer of futurity, as the visitors of Blarney Castle are edified by the gambols of the 'comely eels in the verdant mud.' The brave O'Mahony has come forth from the contest like gold from the crucible, or whisky from the still, purified, etherealised, and elevated, while his antagonists have shrunk away like dross or swill, never more to mingle with the Olympian deliberation, and Jove-like councils of the Moffatt Mansion. Instead of participating in these august deliberations, they will go back to their shanties, and there behold the glories they are unworthy to share. As if the O'Mahony bludgeon had not knocked the breath completely out of the revolvers, the idolised Stephens, who, like the Roman Curtius, jumped into the gulf of Irish nationality, published a letter and a proclamation which must satisfy the public that the recreants

If Artemus has on any occasion really told "whoppers," it has been in his announcements of being about to visit England. From time to time he has stated his intention of visiting this country, and from time to time has he disappointed his English friends.

He was coming to England after his trip to California, when, laden with gold, he could think of no better place to spend it in.

He was on his way to England when he and his companion, Mr Hingston, encountered the Pi-ute Indians, and narrowly escaped scalping.

He was leaving for England with "Betsy Jane" and the "snaiks" before the American war was ended.

He had unscrewed the head of each of his "wax figgers," and sent each on board in a carpet-bag, labelled "For England," just as Mr Lincoln was assassinated.

He was hastening to England when the news came a few weeks ago that he had been blown up in an oil well!

He has been on his way to England in every newspaper of the American Union for the last two years.

Here is the latest announcement:—

"Artemus Ward, in a private letter, states that Doctor Kumming, the famous London seer and profit, having foretold that the end of the world will happen on his own birthday

are 'kilt intirely,' and may as well give their neighbours a pleasant wake and a decent burial as expect to survive the period of their inevitable dissolution. His proclamation comes down on them like a shillaly in Donnybrook; and if it does not ventilate their skulls, it is because those cranial envelopes are as impervious to physical force as to the gentle influence of reason or patriotism. Having demolished the rebellious Senate and their backers, the next thing O'Mahony has to do is to wipe out the bloody Saxon and re-establish the nationality of the Emerald Isle as it existed in the days of Brian Boru. As Queen Victoria is a woman, we do not expect to see her locked up like Jeff. Davis, but she will be allowed to emigrate to New York, and open a boarding-school or a dry-goods store, where she will remain unmolested as long as she behaves herself."

in January 1867, he, Artemus, will not visit England until the latter end of 1866, when the people there will be selling off, and dollars will be plentiful. Mr Ward says that he shall leave England in the last steamer, in time to see the American eagle spread his wings, and with the stars and stripes in his beak and talents, sore away to his knativ empyrehum."—*American Paper.*

But even this is likely to be a "whopper," for a more reliable private letter from Artemus declares his fixed purpose to leave for England in the steamship *City of Boston* early in June; and the probabilities are that he will be stepping on English shores just about the time that these pages go to press.

Lest anything should happen to him, and England be forever deprived of seeing him, the most recent production of his pen, together with two or three of his best things, are here embalmed for preservation, on the principle adopted by the affectionate widow of the bear-trainer of Perpignan. "I have nothing left," said the woman; "I am absolutely without a roof to shelter me and the poor animal." "Animal!" exclaimed the prefect; "you don't mean to say that you keep the bear that devoured your husband?" "Alas!" she replied, "it is all that is left to me of the poor dear man?"

If any other excuse be needed for thus presenting the British public with A. Ward's "last," in addition to the pertinency of the article and its real merit, that excuse may be found in the fact that it is thoroughly new to readers on this side of the Atlantic.

The general public will undoubtedly receive "Artemus Ward among the Fenians" with approving laughter. Should it fall into the hands of a philo-Fenian, the effect may be different. To him it would probably have the wrong action of the Yankee bone-picking machine.

"I've got a new machine," said a Yankee pedlar, "for picking bones out of fish. Now, I tell you, it's a leetle bit the darndest thing you ever did see. All you have to do is to

set it on a table and turn a crank, and the fish flies right down your throat and the bones right under the grate. Well, there was a country greenhorn got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way ; and, I tell you, the way the bones flew down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that fellow so full of bones, that he could not get his shirt off for a whole week !”

In addition to the paper on the Fenians, two other articles by Artemus Ward are reprinted in the present volume. One relates to the city of Washington, and the other to the author's imaginary town of Baldinsville. Both are highly characteristic of the writer and of his quaint spellings—a heterography not more odd than that of the postmaster of Shawnee County, Missouri, who, returning his account to the General Office, wrote, “I hearby sertify that the four going A-Counte is as nere Rite as I now how to make It, if there is any mistake it is not Dun a purpers.”

Artemus Ward has created a new model for funny writers ; and the fact is noticeable that, in various parts of this country as well as in his own, he has numerous puny imitators, who suppose that by simply adopting his comic spelling they can write quite as well as he can. Perhaps it would be as well if they remembered the joke of poor Thomas Hood, who said that he could write as well as Shakespere if he had the mind to, but the trouble was—*he had not got the mind.*

* * *

15th June 1866.

P.S.—*June 16th.*—Artemus Ward really arrived in London yesterday. He has come to England at last, though, like “*La Belle Hélène*” at the Adelphi Theatre, he “has been some time in preparation.”

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE FENIANS.

To HOME, *April* 1866.

THE Finians conveyed in our town the other night, and took steps to ord freein Ireland. They met into the Town Hall, and by the kind invite of my naber, Mr Mulroony O'Shaughnessy, whose ancestors at least must have Irish blood in their veins, I went over.

You may not be awair, by the way, that I've been a invalid here to home for sev'ril weeks. And it's all owin to my own improodens. Not feelin like eating a full meal when the cars stopt for dinner, in the South, where I lately was, I went into a Resterater and et 20 hard biled eggs. I think they effected my Liver.

My wife says, Po, po. She says I've got a splendid liver* for a man of my time of life. I've heard of men's livers gradooally wastin' away till they hadn't none. It's a dreadful thing when a man's liver gives him the shake.

Two years ago comin this May, I had a 'tack of fever-'n-ager, and by the advice of Miss Peasley (who continues single and is correspondinly unhappy in the same ratio) I consulted a Spiritooul mejum—a writin' mejum. I got a letter from a cel'brated Injin chief, who writ me, accordin to the mejum, that he'd been ded two hundred and seventeen (217) years, and liked it. He then said, let the Pale face drink sum yarb

* In America perhaps nine complaints out of ten are attributed to some derangement of the liver.—ED.

tea! I drinkt it, and it really helpt me. I've writ to this talented savige this time thro' the same mejum, but as yet I hain't got any answer. Perhaps he's in a spear where they hain't got any postage stamps.

But thanks to careful nussin, I'm improvin rapid.

The Town Hall waz jam-full of people, mostly Irish citizens, and the enthusiasm was immense. They cheer'd everybody and everything. They cheer'd me.

"Hurroo for Ward! Hurroo!"

They was all good nabers of mine, and I ansered in a pleasant voice, "All right, boys, all right. Mavoorneen, och hone, aroon, Cooshla macree!"

These Irish remarks bein' received with great applaus, I added, "Mushler! mushler!"

"Good! good!" cried Captain Spingler, who desires the Irish vote for county clerk; "that's fus' rate."

"You see what I'm drivin at, don't you, Cap?" I said.

"Certainly."

"Well," I ansered, "I'm very glad you do, becaus I don't."

This made the Finians larf, and they said, "Walk up onto the speaker's platform, sir."

The speeches was red hot agin England, and hir iron heel, and it was resolved to free Ireland at onct. But it was much desirable before freein her that a large quantity of funds should be raised. And, like the gen'rous souls as they was, funs was lib'rally contribooted. Then arose a excitin discussion as to which head center they should send 'em to—O'Mahony or McRoberts. There was grate excitement over this, but it was finally resolved to send half to one and half to 'tother.

Then Mr Finnigan rose and said, "We have here to-night sum citizens of American birth, from whom we should be glad to hear. It would fill our harts with speechless joy to hear from a man whose name towers high in the zoological and wax-figger world—from whose pearly lips——"

Says I, "Go slow, Finny, go slow."

"We wish to hear," continued Mr Finnigan, moderatin his stile summut, "from our townsman, Mr Ward."

I beg'd to be declined, but it wan't no use. I rose amid a perfeck uproar of applaus.

I said we had convened there in a meetin, as I understood it, or rather in a body, as it were, in ref'rence to Ireland. If I knew my own hart, every one of us there, both grate and small, had an impulse flowin in his boosum, "and consequentially," I added, we "will stick to it similar and in accordance therewith, as long as a spark of manhood, or the peple at large. That's the kind of man I be!"

Squire Thaxter interrupted me. The Squire feels the wrongs of Ireland deeply, on accounts of havin onct courted the widder of a Irish gentleman who had lingered in a loathsum dunjin in Dublin, placed there by a English tavern-keeper, who despotically wanted him to pay for a quantity of chops and beer he had consoom'd. Besides, the Squire wants to be re-elected Justice of the Peace. "Mr Ward," he said, "you've bin drinkin. You're under the infloo'nce of licker, sir!"

Says I, "Squire, not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in fifteen years."

[Cries of "Oh, here now, that won't do."]

"It is troo," I said. "Not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in all that time. I don't let it pass 'em. I reach for it while it's goin by!" says I. "Squire, harness me sum more!"

"I beg pardon," said the Squire, "for the remark; you are sober; but what on airth are you drivin at?"

"Yes!" I said, "that's just it. That's what I've bin axin myself durin the entire evenin. What is this grate meetin drivin at? What's all the grate Finian meetins drivin at all over the country?"

"My Irish frens, you know me well enuff to know that I didn't come here to disturb this meetin. Nobody but a loafer will

disturb any kind of a meetin. And if you'll notiss it, them as are up to this sort of thing, allers come to a bad end. There was a young man—I will not mention his name—who disturb'd my show in a certain town, two years ago, by makin remarks disrespectful of my animals, accompanied by a allosan to the front part of my hed, which, as you see, it is Bald—sayin, says this young man, 'You sandpaper it too much, but you've got a beautiful head of hair in the back of your neck, old man.' This made a few ignent and low-mindid persons larf; but what was the fate of that young man? In less than a month his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford county, Maine! The human mind can pictur no grater misfortin than this.

"No, my Irish frens, I am here as your naber and fren. I know *you* are honest in this Finian matter.

"But let us look at them Head Centers. Let us look at them rip-roarin orators in New York, who've bin tearin round for up'ards a year, swearin Ireland shall be free.

"There's two parties—O'McMahoneys and McO'Roberts. One thinks the best way is to go over to Canady and establish a Irish Republic there, kindly permittin the Canadians to pay the expenses of that sweet Boón; and the other wants to sail direck for Dublin Bay, where young McRoy and his fair young bride went down and was drowned, accordin to a ballad I ɛnct heard. But there's one pint on which both sides agree—that's the Funs. They're willin, them chaps in New York, to receive all the Funs you'll send 'em. You send a puss to-night to Mahony, and another puss to Roberts. Both will receive 'em. You bet. And with other pusses it will be sim'lar.

"I went into Mr Delmonico's* eatin-house the other night, and I saw my fren Mr Terence McFadden, who is a elekent and enterprisin deputy Centre. He was sittin at a table, eatin a canvas-back duck. Poultry of that kind, as you know, is

* The first restaurant in New York, where the best entertainment for the highest prices may be obtained.—ED.

rather high just now. I think about five dollars per Pound. And a bottle of green seal stood before him.

“‘How are you, Mr McFadden?’ I said.

“‘Oh, Mr Ward! I am miserable—miserable! The wrongs we Irishmen suffer! Oh, Ireland! Will a troo history of your sufferins ever be written? Must we be for ever ground under by the iron heel of despotic Briton? But, Mr Ward, won’t you eat suthin?’

“‘Well,’” I said, “‘if there’s another canvas-back and a spare bottle of that green seal in the house, I wouldn’t mind jinin you in bein ground under by Briton’s iron heel.’

“‘Green turtle soup, first?’ he said.

“‘Well, yes. If I’m to share the wrongs of Ireland with you, I don’t care if I do hav a bowl of soup. Put a bean into it,’ I said to the waiter. ‘It will remind me of my childhood days, when we had ’em baked in conjunction with pork every Sunday mornin, and then all went up to the village church, and had a refreshin nap in the fam’ly pew.’

“Mr McFadden, who was sufferin so thurily for Ireland, was of the Mahony wing. I’ve no doubt that some ekally patriotic member of the Roberts wing was sufferin in the same way over to the Mason-Dory* eatin-house.

“They say, feller citizens, soon you will see a Blow struck for Irish liberty! We hain’t seen nothin *but* a Blow, so far—it’s bin all blow, and the blowers in New York won’t git out of Bellusses as long as our Irish frens in the rooral districks send ’em money.

“Let the Green float above the red, if that’ll make it feel any better, but don’t you be the Green. Don’t never go into anything till you know whereabouts you’re goin to.

“This is a very good country here where you are. You Irish hav enjoyed our boons, held your share in our offices, and you certainly hav done you share of our votin. Then why

* Another restaurant, only a trifle less famous and expensive than its more celebrated rival.—ED.

this hullabaloo about freein Ireland? You do your frens in Ireland a great injoory, too; because they b'lieve you're comin sure enuff, and they fly off the handle and git into jail. My Irish frens, ponder these things a little. 'Zamine 'em closely, and above all find out where the pusses go to."

I sot down. There was no applaws, but they listened to me kindly. They know'd I was honest, however wrong I might be; and they know'd, too, that there was no peple on arth whose generosity and gallantry I had a higher respect for than the Irish, excep when the fly off the handle. So, my feller citizens, let me toot my horn.

But Squire Thaxter put his hand onto my hed and said, in a mournful tone of vois, "Mr Ward, your mind is failin. Your intellect totters! You are only about sixty years of age, yet you will soon be a drivelin dotard, and hav no control over yourself."

"I have no control over my arms now," I replied, drivin my elbows suddenly into the Squire's stomack, which caused that corpulent magistrate to fall vilently off the stage into the fiddlers' box, where he stuck his vener'ble hed into a base drum, and stated "Murder" twice, in a very loud vois.

It was late when I got home. The children and my wife was all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin—gleamed in Betsy's room; it gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin bright, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doins! I felt a sentymental mood so gently ore me stealin, and I pawsed before Betsy's winder, and sung, in a kind of op'ratic vois, as follers, impromptoo, to wit:

Wake, Bessy, wake,
My sweet galoot!
Rise up, fair lady,
While I touch my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a vi'lent crash, and a form robed in spotless white exclaimed,

“Cum into the house, you old fool. To-morrer you’ll be goin round complainin about your liver!”

I sot up a spell by the kitchen fire readin Lewis Napoleon’s “Life of Julius Cæsar.” What a reckless old cuss he was! Yit Lewis picturs him in glowin cullers. Cæsar made it lively for the boys in Gaul, didn’t he? He slewd one million of citizens, male and female—Gauls and Gaulusses—and then he sold another million of ’em into slavery. He continnered this cheerful stile of thing for sum time, when one day he was ’sassinated in Rome by sum high-toned Roman gen’lmen, led on by Mr Brutus. When old Bruty inserted his knife into him, Cæsar admitted that he was gone up. His funeral was a great success, the house bein crowded to its utmost capacity. Ten minutes after the doors were opened, the Ushers had to put up cards on which was printed, “Standin Room Only.”

I went to bed at last. “And so,” I said, “thou hast no ear for sweet melody?”

A silvery snore was my only answer.

BETSY SLEPT.

ARTEMUS WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD IN WASHINGTON.

[The following paper was contributed by Mr Browne to *Vanity Fair*, the New York *Punch*, which terminated its career during the late war. Some of the allusions are, of course, to matters long past; but the old fun and genuine humour of the showman are as enjoyable now as when first written.]

WASHINGTON, *April 17, 1863.*

MY wife stood before the lookin-glass, a fussin up her hair.

“What you doin, Betsy?” I inquired.

“Doin up my back hair,” she replied.

“Betsy,” sed I, with a stern air, “Betsy, you’re too old to think about such frivolities as back hair.”

"Too old? *too old?*" she screamed; "too old, you bald-headed idiot! You ain't got hair enuff onto *your* hed to make a decent wig for a single-brested grasshopper!"

The Rebook was severe, but merited. Hens4th I shall let my wife's back hair alone. You heard me!

My little dawter is growin quite rapid, and begins to scrootinize clothin, with young men inside of it, puthy clost. I obsarve, too, that she twists pieces of paper round her hair at nights, and won't let me put my arms round her any more for fear I'll muss her. "Your mother wasn't 'fraid I'd muss *her* when she was your age, my child," sed I one day, with a sly twinkle into my dark bay eye.

"No," replied my little dawter, "she probly liked it."

You ain't going to fool female Young America much. You may gamble on *that*.

But all this, which happened in Baldinsville a week ago, hain't nothin to do with Washington, from whither I now write you, hopin the items I hereby sends will be exceptable to the Gin-Cocktail of America—I mean the *Punch* thereof. [A mild wittikism.—A. W.]

Washington, D. C.,* is the Capital of "our once happy country"—if I may be allowed to koin a frase! The D. C. stands for Desprit Cusses, a numerosity which abounds here, the most of whom persess a Romantic pashun for gratooitous drinks. And in this conjunction I will relate an incident. I notist for several days a large Hearse standin in front of the principal tavern on Pennsylvany Avenoo. "Can you tell me, my fair Castillian," sed I this mornin, to a young Spaniard from Tipperary, who was blackin boots in the washroom—"can you tell me what those Hearse is kept standin out there for?"

"Well, you see our Bar bisness is great. You've no idee of the number of people who drink at our Bar durin a day You see those Hearse is necessary."

* District of Columbia.—ED.

I saw.

Standin in front of the tarvuns on Pennsylvania Avenoo is a lot of miserbul wretches,—black, white and ring strickid, and freckled—with long whips in their hands, who frowns upon you like the vulture upon the turtle-dove the minit you dismerge from hotel. They own yonder four-wheeled startlin curiositys, which were used years and years ago by the fust settlers of Virginy to carry live hogs to market in. The best carriage I saw in the entire collection was used by Pocky-hontas, sum two hundred years ago as a goat-pen. Becumin so used up that it couldn't hold goats, that fair and gentle savage put it up at auction. Subsekently it was used as a hospital for sick calves, then as a hencoop, and finally it was put on wheels and is now doin duty as a hack.

I called on Secretary Welles, of the Navy. You know he is quite a mariner himself, havin once owned a Raft of logs on the Connethycut river. So I put on saler stile and hollered: "Ahoy, shipmet! Tip us yer grapplin irons!"

"Yes, yes!" he sed, nervously, "but mercy on us, don't be so noisy."

"Ay, ay, my hearty! But let me sing about how Jack Stokes lost his gal:—

'The reason why he couldn't gain her,
Was becoz he's drunken saler!'

"That's very good, indeed," said the Secky, "but this is hardly the place to sing songs in, my frend."

"Let me write the songs of a nashun," sed I, "and I don't care a cuss who goes to the legislater! But I ax your pardon—how's things?"

"Comfortable, I thank you. I have here," he added, "a copy of the Middletown *Weekly Clarion* of February the 15, containin a report that there isn't much Union sentiment in South Caroliny, but I hardly credit it."

"Air you well, Mr Secky," sed I. "Is your liver all right? How's your koff?"

“God bless me!” sed the Secky, risin hastily and glarin wildy at me, “what do you mean?”

“Oh nothin partickler. Only it is one of the beauties of a Republican form of gov'ment that a Cabnit offisser can pack up his trunk and go home whenever he's sick. Sure nothin don't ail your liver?” sed I, pokin him putty vilent in the stummick.

I called on Abe. He received me kindly. I handed him my umbreller, and told him I'd have a check for it if he pleased. “That,” sed he, “puts me in mind of a little story. There was a man out in our parts who was so mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the back winder for fear he would rub the paint off the doorway. Wall, about this time there was a man in a adjacent town who had a green cotton umbreller.”

“Did it fit him well? Was it custom made? Was he measured for it?”

“Measured for what?” said Abe.

“The umbreller?”

“Wall, as I was sayin,” continnerd the Præsident, treatin the interruption with apparent contempt, “this man sed he'd known that there umbreller ever since it was a parasol. Ha, ha, ha!”

“Yes,” sed I, larfin in a respectfùl manner, but what has this man with the umbreller to do with the man who took his wife's coffin out of the back winder?”

“To be sure,” said Abe—“what was it? I must have got two stories mixed together, which puts me in mind of another lit——”

“Never mind, Your Excellency. I called to congratulate you on your career, which has been a honest and a good one—unscared and unmoved by Secesh in front of you and Abbolish at the back of you—each one of which is a little wuss than the other if possible!

“Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty, and vigger merits all prase, but to keep his under-garmints on. E. Stan-

ton has apperently only one weakness, which it is, he can't allus keep his under-garmints from flyin up over his hed. I mean that he occasionally dances in a peck-measure, and he don't look graceful at it."

I took my departer. "Good bye, old sweetness!" sed Abe, shakin me cordgully by the hand.

"Adoo, my Prahayrie flower!" I replied, and made my exit. "Twenty-five thousand dollars a year and found," I soliloquised, as I walked down the street, "is putty good wages for a man with a modist appytite, but I reckon that it is wuth it to run the White House."

"What you bowt, sah? What the debble you doin, sah?"

It was the voice of an Afrikin Brother which thus spoke to me. There was a cullud procession before me which was escortin a elderly bald-hedded Afrikin to his home in Bates Alley. This distinguished Afrikin Brother had just returned from Lybery, and in turnin a corner puty suddent I hed stumbled and placed my hed agin his stummick in a rather strengthly manner.

"Do you wish to impede the progress of this procession, sah?"

"Certainly not, by all means! Procesh!"

And they went on.

I'm reconstructing my show. I've bo't a collection of life-size wax figgers of our prominent Revolutionary forefathers. I bo't 'em at auction, and got 'em cheap. They stand me about two dollars and fifty cents (2 dols. 50 cents) per Revolutionary forefather.

Ever as always yours,

A. WARD.

ARTEMUS WARD'S
LECTURE.

THE Lecture on the Mormons was thus announced to the public of New York, when Artemus Ward first appeared at Dodworth Hall:—

The Festivities at Dodworth Hall will be commenced by the pianist, a gentleman who used to board in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballads—“Dear Sister, is there any Pie in the house?” “My Gentle Father, have you any Fine Cut about you?” “Mother, is the Battle o’er—and is it safe for me to come home from Canada?” And (by request of several families who haven’t heard it) “Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are Marching.” While the enraptured ear drinks in the sweet music (we pay our pianist nine dollars a week, and “find him”) the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the panorama. This green baize cost 40 cents a yard at Mr Stewart’s store. It was bought in deference to the present popularity of “The Wearing of the Green.” We shall keep up to the times if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

INTRODUCTION

BY T. W. ROBERTSON.

FEW tasks are more difficult or delicate than to write on the subject of the works or character of a departed friend. The pen falters as the familiar face looks out of the paper. The mind is diverted from the thought of death as the memory recalls some happy epigram. It seems so strange that the hand that traced the jokes should be cold, that the tongue that trolled out the good things should be silent—that the jokes and the good things should remain, and the man who made them should be gone for ever.

The works of Charles Farrer Browne—who was known to the world as “Artemus Ward”—have run through so many editions, have met with such universal popularity, and have been so widely criticised, that it is needless to mention them here. So many biographies have been written of the gentleman who wrote in the character of the ‘cute Yankee Showman, that it is unnecessary that I should touch upon his life, belongings, or adventures. Of “Artemus Ward” I know just as much as the rest of the world. I prefer, therefore, to speak of Charles Farrer Browne, as I knew him, and, in doing so, I can promise those friends who also knew him and esteemed him, that as I consider no “public” man so public, that some portion of his work, pleasures, occupations, and habits may not

be considered private, I shall only mention how kind and noble-minded was the man of whom I write, without dragging forward special and particular acts in proof of my words, as if the goodness of his mind and character needed the certificate of facts.

I first saw Charles Browne at a literary club ; he had only been a few hours in London, and he seemed highly pleased and excited at finding himself in the old city to which his thoughts had so often wandered. Browne was an intensely sympathetic man. His brain and feelings were as a "lens," and he received impressions immediately. No man could see him without liking him at once. His manner was straightforward and genial, and had in it the dignity of a gentleman, tempered, as it were, by the fun of the humorist. When you heard him talk you wanted to make much of him, not because he was "Artemus Ward," but because he was himself, for no one less resembled "Artemus Ward" than his author and creator, Charles Farrer Browne. But a few weeks ago it was remarked to me that authors were a disappointing race to know, and I agreed with the remark, and I remember a lady once said to me that the personal appearance of poets seldom "came up" to their works. To this I replied that, after all, poets were but men, and that it was as unreasonable to expect that the late Sir Walter Scott could at all resemble a Gathering of the Clans as that the late Lord Macaulay should appear anything like the Committal of the Seven Bishops to the Tower. I told the lady that she was unfair to eminent men if she hoped that celebrated engineers would look like tubular bridges, or that Sir Edwin Landseer would remind her of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." I mention this because, of all men in the world, my friend Charles Browne was the least like a showman of any man I ever encountered. I can remember the odd half-disappointed look of some of the visitors to the Egyptian Hall when "Artemus" stepped upon the platform. At first they thought that he was a gentleman who appeared to

apologise for the absence of the showman. They had pictured to themselves a coarse old man, with a damp eye and a puckered mouth, one eyebrow elevated an inch above the other to express shrewdness and knowledge of the world—a man clad in velveteen and braid, with a heavy watch-chain, large rings, and horny hands, the touter to a wax-work show, with a hoarse voice, and over familiar manner. The slim gentleman in evening dress, polished manners, and gentle voice, with a tone of good breeding that hovered between deference and jocosity; the owner of those thin—those much too thin—white hands could not be the man who spelt joke with a “g.” Folks who came to laugh, began to fear that they should remain to be instructed, until the gentlemanly dissembler began to speak, then they recovered their real “Artemus,” Betsy Jane, wax-figgers, and all. Will patriotic Americans forgive me if I say that Charles Browne loved England dearly? He had been in London but a few days when he paid a visit to the Tower. He knew English history better than most Englishmen; and the Tower of London was to him the history of England embalmed in stone and mortar. No man had more reverence in his nature; and at the Tower he saw that what he had read was real. There *were* the beef-eaters; there *had* been Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lady Jane Grey, and Shakspeare’s murdered princes, and their brave, cruel uncle. There was the block and the axe, and the armour and the jewels. “St George for Merrie England!” had been shouted in the Holy Land, and men of the same blood as himself had been led against the infidel by men of the same brain and muscle as George Washington. Robin Hood was a reality, and not a schoolboy’s myth like Ali Baba and Valentine and Orson.

There were two sets of feelings in Charles Browne at the Tower. He could appreciate the sublimity of history, but, as the “Show” part of the exhibition was described to him, the

humorist, the wit, and the iconoclast from the other side of the Atlantic must have smiled at the "descriptions." The "Tower" was a "show," like his own—Artemus Ward's. A price was paid for admission, and the "figgers" were "orated." Real jewellery is very like sham jewellery after all, and the "Artemus" vein in Charles Browne's mental constitution—the vein of humour, whose source was a strong contempt of all things false, mean, shabby, pretentious, and only external—of bunkum and Barnumisation—must have seen a gigantic speculation realising shiploads of dollars if the Tower could have been taken over to the States, and exhibited from town to town—the Star and Stripes flying over it—with a four-horse lecture to describe the barbarity of the ancient British Barons and the cuss of chivalry.

Artemus Ward's Lecture on the Mormons at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, was a great success. His humour was so entirely fresh, new, and unconventional, it took his hearers by surprise, and charmed them. His failing health compelled him to abandon the lecture after about eight or ten weeks. Indeed, during that brief period he was once or twice compelled to dismiss his audience. I have myself seen him sink into a chair and nearly faint after the exertion of dressing. He exhibited the greatest anxiety to be at his post at the appointed time, and scrupulously exerted himself to the utmost to entertain his auditors. It was not because he was sick that the public was to be disappointed, or that their enjoyment was to be diminished. During the last few weeks of his lecture-giving he steadily abstained from accepting any of the numerous invitations he received. Had he lived through the following London fashionable season, there is little doubt that the room at the Egyptian Hall would have been thronged nightly. Our aristocracy have a fine delicate sense of humour, and the success, artistic and pecuniary, of "Artemus Ward" would have rivalled that of the famous "Lord Dundreary." There were many stupid people who did not understand the

“fun” of Artemus Ward’s books. In their vernacular “they didn’t see it.” There were many stupid people who did not understand the fun of Artemus Ward’s lecture on the Mormons. They *could* not see it. Highly respectable people—the pride of their parish, when they heard of a lecture “upon the Mormons”—expected to see a solemn person, full of old saws and new statistics, who would denounce the sin of polygamy, and bray against polygamists with four-and-twenty boiling-water Baptist power of denunciation. These uncomfortable Christians do not like humour. They dread it as a certain personage is said to dread holy water, and for the same reason that thieves fear policemen—it finds them out. When these good idiots heard Artemus offer, if they did not like the lecture in Piccadilly, to give them free tickets for the same lecture in California, when he next visited that country, they turned to each other indignantly, and said, “What use are tickets for California to us? *We* are not going to California. No! we are too good, too respectable, to go so far from home. The man is a fool!” One of these ornaments of the vestry complained to the doorkeepers, and denounced the lecture as an imposition; “and,” said the wealthy parishioner, “as for the panorama, it’s the worst painted thing I ever saw in all my life!”

But the entertainment, original, humorous, and racy though it was, was drawing to a close! In the fight between youth and death, death was to conquer. By medical advice Charles Browne went for a short time to Jersey—but the breezes of Jersey were powerless. He wrote to London to his nearest and dearest friends—the members of a literary club of which he was a member—to complain that his “loneliness weighed on him.” He was brought back, but could not sustain the journey farther than Southampton. There the members of the before-mentioned club travelled from London to see him—two at a time—that he might be less lonely—and for the unwearied solicitude of his friend and agent, Mr Hingston,

and to the kindly sympathy of the United States Consul at Southampton, Charles Browne's best and dearest friends had cause to be grateful. I cannot close these lines without mention of "Artemus Ward's" last joke. He had read in the newspapers that a wealthy American had offered to present the Prince of Wales with a splendid yacht, American built.

"It seems," said the invalid, "a fashion now-a-days for everybody to present the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him—*my panorama!*"

Charles Browne died beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and by many who had known him but a few weeks; and when he drew his last breath, there passed away the spirit of a true gentleman.

T. W. ROBERTSON.

LONDON, *August 11, 1863.*

ARTEMUS WARD AS A LECTURER.

PREFATORY NOTE

BY EDWARD P. HINGSTON.

IN Cleveland, Ohio, the pleasant city beside the lakes, Artemus Ward first determined to become a public lecturer. He and I rambled through Cleveland together after his return from California. He called on some old friends at the *Herald* office, then went over to the Weddel House, and afterwards strolled across to the offices of the *Plain Dealer*, where, in his position as sub-editor, he had written many of his earlier essays. Artemus inquired for Mr Gray, the editor, who chanced to be absent. Looking round at the vacant desks and ink-stained furniture, Artemus was silent for a minute or two, and then burst into one of those peculiar chuckling fits of laughter in which he would occasionally indulge; not a loud laugh, but a shaking of the whole body with an impulse of merriment which set every muscle in motion. "Here," said he, "here's where they called me a fool." The remembrance of their so calling him seemed to afford him intense amusement.

From the office of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* we continued our tour of the town. Presently we found ourselves in front of Perry's statue, the monument erected to commemorate the naval engagement on Lake Erie, wherein the Americans came off victorious. Artemus looked up to the statue, laid his finger to the side of his nose, and, in his quaint manner, remarked, "I wonder whether they called him 'a fool' too, when he went to fight?"

The remark, following close as it did upon his laughing fit in the newspaper office, caused me to inquire why he had been called "a fool," and who had called him so.

"It was the opinion of my friends on the paper," he replied. "I told them that I was going in for lecturing. They laughed at me, and called me 'a fool.' Don't you think they were right?"

Then we sauntered up Euclid Street, under the shade of its avenue of trees. As we went along, Artemus Ward recounted to me the story of his becoming a lecturer. Our conversation on that agreeable evening is fresh in my remembrance. Memory still listens to the voice of my companion in the stroll, still sees the green trees of Euclid Street casting their shadows across our path, and still joins in the laugh with Artemus, who, having just returned from California, where he had taken sixteen hundred dollars at one lecture, did not think that to be evidence of his having lost his senses.

The substance of that which Artemus Ward then told me was, that while writing for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* he was accustomed, in the discharge of his duties as a reporter, to attend the performances of the various minstrel troupes and circuses which visited the neighbourhood. At one of these he would hear some story of his own, written a month or two previously, given by the "middle-man" of the minstrels and received with hilarity by the audience. At another place he would be entertained by listening to jokes of his own invention, coarsely retailed by the clown of the ring, and shouted at by the public as capital waggery on the part of the performer. His own good things from the lips of another "came back to him with alienated majesty," as Emerson expresses it. Then the thought would steal over him—Why should that man gain a living with my witticisms, and I not use them in the same way myself? why not be the utterer of my own coinage, the quoter of my own jests, the mouthpiece of my own merry conceits? Certainly, it was not a very exalted ambition to aim at the

glories of a circus clown or the triumphs of a minstrel with a blackened face. But, in the United States a somewhat different view is taken of that which is fitting and seemly for a man to do, compared with the estimate we form in this country. In a land where the theory of caste is not admitted, the relative respectability of the various professions is not quite the same as it is with us. There the profession does not disqualify if the man himself be right, nor the claim to the title of gentleman depend upon the avocation followed. I know of one or two clowns in the ring who are educated physicians, and not thought to be any the less gentlemen because they propound conundrums and perpetrate jests instead of prescribing pills and potions.

Artemus Ward was always very self-reliant; when once he believed himself to be in the right it was almost impossible to persuade him to the contrary. But, at the same time, he was cautious in the extreme, and would well consider his position before deciding that which was right or wrong for him to do. The idea of becoming a public man having taken possession of his mind, the next point to decide was in what form he should appear before the public. That of a humorous lecturer seemed to him to be the best. It was unoccupied ground. America had produced entertainers who by means of facial changes or eccentricities of costume had contrived to amuse their audiences, but there was no one who ventured to joke for an hour before a house full of people with no aid from scenery or dress. The experiment was one which Artemus resolved to try. Accordingly, he set himself to work to collect all his best quips and cranks, to invent what new drolleries he could, and to remember all the good things that he had heard or met with. These he noted down and strung together almost without relevancy or connexion. The manuscript chanced to fall into the hands of the people at the office of the newspaper on which he was then employed, and the question was put to him of what use he was going to make of the strange jumble of

jest which he had thus compiled. His answer was that he was about to turn lecturer, and that before them were the materials of his lecture. It was then that his friends laughed at him, and characterised him as "a fool."

"They had some right to think so," said Artemus to me as we rambled up Euclid Street. "I half thought that I was one myself. I don't look like a lecturer—do I?"

He was always fond, poor fellow, of joking on the subject of his personal appearance. His spare figure and tall stature, his prominent nose and his light-coloured hair, were each made the subject of a joke at one time or another in the course of his lecturing career. If he laughed largely at the foibles of others, he was equally disposed to laugh at any shortcomings he could detect in himself. If anything at all in his outward form was to him a source of vanity, it was the delicate formation of his hands. White, soft, long, slender, and really handsome, they were more like the hands of a high-born lady than those of a Western editor. He attended to them with careful pride, and never alluded to them as a subject for his jokes, until, in his last illness, they had become unnaturally fair, translucent, and attenuated. Then it was that a friend calling upon him at his apartments in Piccadilly, endeavoured to cheer him at a time of great mental depression, and pleasantly reminded him of a ride they had long ago projected through the South-Western States of the Union. "We must do that ride yet, Artemus. Short stages at first, and longer ones as we go on." Poor Artemus lifted up his pale, slender hands, and letting the light shine through them, said jocosely, "Do you think these would do to hold a rein with? Why, the horse would laugh at them."

Having collected a sufficient number of quaint thoughts, whimsical fancies, bizarre notions, and ludicrous anecdotes, the difficulty which then, according to his own confession, occurred to Artemus Ward was, what should be the title of his lecture. The subject was no difficulty at all, for the simple

reason that there was not to be any. The idea of instructing or informing his audience never once entered into his plans. His intention was merely to amuse ; if possible, keep the house in continuous laughter for an hour and a half, or rather an hour and twenty minutes, for that was the precise time, in his belief, which people could sit to listen and to laugh without becoming bored ; and, if possible, send his audience home well pleased with the lecturer and with themselves, without their having any clear idea of that which they had been listening to, and not one jot the wiser than when they came. No one better understood than Artemus the wants of a miscellaneous audience who paid their dollar or half-dollar each to be amused. No one could gauge better than he the capacity of the crowd to feed on pure fun, and no one could discriminate more clearly than he the fitness, temper, and mental appetite of the constituents of his evening assemblies. The prosiness of an ordinary Mechanics' Institute lecture was to him simply abhorrent ; the learned platitudes of a professed lecturer were to him, to use one of his own phrases, "worse than poison." To make people laugh was to be his primary endeavour. If in so making them laugh he could also cause them to see through a sham, be ashamed of some silly national prejudice, or suspicious of the value of some current piece of political bunkum, so much the better. He believed in laughter as thoroughly wholesome ; he had the firmest conviction that fun is healthy, and sportiveness the truest sign of sanity. Like Talleyrand, he was of opinion that "*Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.*"

Artemus Ward's first lecture was entitled "The Babes in the Wood." I asked him why he chose that title, because there was nothing whatever in the lecture relevant to the subject of the child-book legend. He replied, "It seemed to sound the best. I once thought of calling the lecture 'My Seven Grandmothers.' Don't you think that would have been good?" It would at any rate have been just as pertinent.

Incongruity as an element of fun was always an idea uppermost in the mind of the Western humorist. I am not aware that the notes of any of his lectures, except those of his Mormon experience, have been preserved, and I have some doubts if any one of his lectures, except the Mormon one, was ever fairly written out. "The Babes in the Wood," as a lecture, was a pure and unmitigated "sell." It was merely joke after joke, and drollery succeeding to drollery, without any connecting thread whatever. It was an exhibition of fireworks, owing half its brilliancy and more than half its effect to the skill of the man who grouped the fireworks together and let them off. In the hands of any other pyrotechnist the squibs would have failed to light, the rockets would have refused to ascend, and the "nine-bangers" would have exploded but once or twice only, instead of nine times. The artist of the display being no more, and the fireworks themselves having gone out, it is perhaps not to be regretted that the cases of the squibs and the tubes of the rockets have not been carefully kept. Most of the good things introduced by Artemus Ward in his first lecture were afterwards incorporated by him in subsequent writings, or used over again in his later entertainment. Many of them had reference to the events of the day, the circumstances of the American War and the politics of the Great Rebellion. These, of course, have lost their interest with the passing away of the times which gave them birth. The points of many of the jokes have corroded, and the barbed head of many an arrow of Artemus's wit has rusted into bluntness with the decay of the bow from which it was propelled.

If I remember rightly, the "Babes in the Wood" were never mentioned more than twice in the whole lecture. First, when the lecturer told his audience that the "Babes" were to constitute the subject of his discourse, and then digressed immediately to matters quite foreign to the story. Then again at the conclusion of the hour and twenty minutes of drollery,

when he finished up in this way: "I now come to my subject—'The Babes in the Wood.'" Here he would take out his watch, look at it with affected surprise, put on an appearance of being greatly perplexed, and amidst roars of laughter from the people, very gravely continue, "But I find that I have exceeded my time, and will therefore merely remark that, so far as I know, they were very good babes—they were as good as ordinary babes. I really have not time to go into their history. You will find it all in the story-books. They died in the woods, listening to the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree. It was a sad fate for them, and I pity them. So, I hope, do you. Good night!"

Artemus gave his first lecture at Norwich in Connecticut, and travelled over a considerable portion of the Eastern States before he ventured to give a sample of his droll oratory in the Western cities, wherein he had earned reputation as a journalist. Gradually his popularity became very great, and in place of letting himself out at so much per night to literary societies and athenæums, he constituted himself his own showman, engaging that indispensable adjunct to all showmen in the United States, an agent to go ahead, engage halls, arrange for the sale of tickets, and engineer the success of the show. Newspapers had carried his name to every village of the Union, and his writings had been largely quoted in every journal. It required, therefore, comparatively little advertising to announce his visit to any place in which he had to lecture. But it was necessary that he should have a bill or poster of some kind. The one he adopted was simple, quaint, striking, and well adapted to the purpose. It was merely one large sheet, with a black ground, and the letters cut out in the block, so as to print white. The reading was "Artemus Ward will Speak a Piece." To the American mind this was intensely funny from its childish absurdity. It is customary in the States for children to speak or recite "a piece" at school at the annual examination, and the phrase is used just in the same sense as

in England we say "a Christmas piece." The professed subject of the lecture being that of a story familiar to children, harmonised well with the droll placard which announced its delivery. The place and time were notified on a slip pasted beneath. To emerge from the dull depths of lyceum committees and launch out as a showman-lecturer on his own responsibility, was something both novel and bold for Artemus to do. In the majority of instances he or his agent met with speculators who were ready to engage him for so many lectures, and secure to the lecturer a certain fixed sum. But in his later transactions Artemus would have nothing to do with them, much preferring to undertake all the risk himself. The last speculator to whom he sold himself for a tour was, I believe, Mr Wilder, of New York City, who realised a large profit by investing in lecturing stock, and who was always ready to engage a circus, a wild-beast show, or a lecturing celebrity.

As a rule Artemus Ward succeeded in pleasing every one in his audience, especially those who understood the character of the man and the drift of his lecture; but there were not wanting at any of his lectures a few obtuse-minded, slowly-perceptive, drowsy-headed dullards, who had not the remotest idea what the entertainer was talking about, nor why those around him indulged in laughter. Artemus was quick to detect these little spots upon the sunny face of his auditory. He would pick them out, address himself at times to them especially, and enjoy the bewilderment of his Bœotian patrons. Sometimes a stolid inhabitant of central New York, evidently of Dutch extraction, would regard him with an open stare expressive of a desire to enjoy that which was said if the point of the joke could by any possibility be indicated to him. At other times a demure Pennsylvania Quaker would benignly survey the poor lecturer with a look of benevolent pity; and on one occasion, when my friend was lecturing at Peoria, an elderly lady, accompanied by her two daughters, left the room in the

midst of the lecture, exclaiming, as she passed me at the door, "It is too bad of people to laugh at a poor young man who doesn't know what he is saying, and ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum!"

The newspaper reporters were invariably puzzled in attempting to give any correct idea of a lecture by Artemus Ward. No report could fairly convey an idea of the entertainment; and being fully aware of this, Artemus would instruct his agent to beg of the papers not to attempt giving any abstract of that which he said. The following is the way in which the reporter of the *Golden Era*, at San Francisco, California, endeavoured to inform the San Franciscan public of the character of "The Babes in the Wood" lecture. It is, as the reader will perceive, a burlesque on the way in which Artemus himself dealt with the topic he had chosen; while it also notes one or two of the salient features of my friend's style of lecturing:—

"HOW ARTEMUS WARD 'SPOKE A PIECE.'"

"Artemus has arrived. Artemus has spoken. Artemus has triumphed. Great is Artemus!

"Great also is Platt's Hall. But Artemus is greater; for the hall proved too small for his audience, and too circumscribed for the immensity of his jokes. A man who has drunk twenty bottles of wine may be called 'full.' A pint bottle with a quart of water in it would also be accounted full; and so would an hotel be, every bed in it let three times over on the same night to three different occupants; but none of these would be so full as Platt's Hall was on Friday night to hear Artemus Ward 'speak a piece.'

"The piece selected was 'The Babes in the Wood,' which reminds us that Mr Ward is a tall, slender-built, fair-complexioned, jovial-looking gentleman of about twenty-seven years of age. He has a pleasant manner, an agreeable style, and a clear, distinct, and powerful voice.

"'The Babes in the Wood' is a 'comic oration,' with a most comprehensive grasp of subject. As spoken by its witty author, it elicited gusts of laughter and whirlwinds of applause. Mr Ward is no prosy lyceum lecturer. His style is neither scientific, didactic, or philosophical. It is simply that of a man who is brimful of mirth, wit, and satire, and who is compelled to let it flow forth. Maintaining a very grave countenance him-

self, he plays upon the muscles of other people's faces as though they were piano-strings, and he the prince of pianists.

"The story of 'The Babes in the Wood' is interesting in the extreme. We would say, *en passant*, however, that Artemus Ward is a perfect steam factory of puns and a museum of American humour. Humanity seems to him to be a vast mine, out of which he digs tons of fun; and life a huge forest, in which he can cut down 'cords' of comicality. Language with him is like the brass balls with which the juggler amuses us at the circus—ever being tossed up, ever glittering, ever thrown about at pleasure. We intended to report his lecture in full, but we laughed till we split our lead pencil, and our shorthand symbols were too infused with merriment to remain steady on the paper. However, let us proceed to give an idea of 'The Babes in the Wood.' In the first place, it is a comic oration; that is, it is spoken, is exuberant in fun, felicitous in fancy, teeming with jokes, and sparkling as bright waters on a sunny day. The 'Babes in the Wood' is—that is, it isn't a lecture or an oratorical effort; it is something *sui generis*; something reserved for our day and generation, which it would never have done for our forefathers to have known, or they would have been too mirthful to have attended to the business of preparing the world for our coming; and something which will provoke so much laughter in our time, that the echo of the laughs will reverberate along the halls of futurity, and seriously affect the nerves of future generations.

"The 'Babes in the Wood,' to describe it, is—Well, those who listened to it know best. At any rate, they will acknowledge with us that it was a great success, and that Artemus Ward has a fortune before him in California.

"And now to tell the story of 'The Babes in the Wood'—But we will not, for the hall was not half large enough to accommodate those who came, consequently Mr Ward will tell it over again at the Metropolitan Theatre next Tuesday evening. The subject will again be 'The Babes in the Wood.'"

Having travelled over the Union with "The Babes in the Wood" lecture, and left his audiences everywhere fully "in the wood" as regarded the subject announced in the title, Artemus Ward became desirous of going over the same ground again. There were not wanting dreary and timid prophets who told him that having "sold" his audiences once, he would not succeed in gaining large houses a second time. But the faith of Artemus in the unsuspecting nature of the public was very large, so with fearless intrepidity he conceived the happy thought of inventing a new title, but keeping to the same old

lecture, interspersing it here and there with a few fresh jokes, incidental to new topics of the times. Just at this period General McClellan was advancing on Richmond, and the celebrated fight at Bull's Run had become matter of history. The forcible abolition of slavery had obtained a place among the debates of the day, Hinton Rowan Helper's book on "The Inevitable Crisis" had been sold at every bookstall, and the future of the negro had risen into the position of being the great point of discussion throughout the land. Artemus required a very slender thread to string his jokes upon, and what better one could be found than that which he chose? He advertised the title of his next lecture as "Sixty Minutes in Africa." I need scarcely say that he had never been in Africa, and in all probability had never read a book on African travel. He knew nothing about it, and that was the very reason he should choose Africa for his subject. I believe that he carried out the joke so far as to have a map made of the African continent, and that on a few occasions, but not on all, he had it suspended in the lecture-room. It was in Philadelphia and at the Musical Fund Hall in Locust Street that I first heard him deliver what he jocularly phrased to me as "My African Revelation." The hall was very thronged, the audience must have exceeded two thousand in number, and the evening was unusually warm. Artemus came on the rostrum with a roll of paper in his hands, and used it to play with throughout the lecture, just as recently at the Egyptian Hall, while lecturing on the Mormons, he invariably made use of a lady's riding-whip for the same purpose. He commenced his lecture thus, speaking very gravely and with long pauses between his sentences, allowing his audience to laugh if they pleased, but seeming to utterly disregard their laughter:—

"I have invited you to listen to a discourse upon Africa. Africa is my subject. It is a very large subject. It has the Atlantic Ocean on its left side, the Indian Ocean on its right, and more water than you could measure out at its smaller end.

Africa produces blacks—ivory blacks—they get ivory. It also produces deserts, and that is the reason it is so much deserted by travellers. Africa is famed for its roses. It has the red rose, the white rose, and the neg-rose. Apropos of negroes, let me tell you a little story."

Then he at once diverged from the subject of Africa to retail to his audience his amusing story of the Conversion of a Negro, which he subsequently worked up into an article in the *Savage Club Papers*, and entitled "*Converting the Nigger.*" Never once again in the course of the lecture did he refer to Africa, until the time having arrived for him to conclude, and the people being fairly worn out with laughter, he finished up by saying, "Africa, ladies and gentlemen, is my subject. You wish me to tell you something about Africa. Africa is on the map—it is on all the maps of Africa that I have ever seen. You may buy a good map for a dollar, and if you study it well, you will know more about Africa than I do. It is a comprehensive subject, too vast, I assure you, for me to enter upon to-night. You would not wish me too, I feel that—I feel it deeply, and I am very sensitive. If you go home and go to bed it will be better for you than to go with me to Africa."

The joke about the "neg-rose" has since run the gauntlet of nearly all the minstrel bands throughout England and America. All the "bones," every "middle-man," and all "end-men" of the burnt-cork profession have used Artemus Ward as a mine wherein to dig for the ore which provokes laughter. He has been the "cause of wit in others," and the bread-winner for many dozens of black-face songsters—"singists" as he used to term them. He was just as fond of visiting their entertainments as they were of appropriating his jokes; and among his best friends in New York were the brothers Messrs Neil and Dan Bryant, who have made a fortune by what has been facetiously termed—"the burnt-cork opera."

It was in his "Sixty Minutes in Africa" lecture that Artemus Ward first introduced his celebrated satire on the negro, which he subsequently put into print. "The African," said he, "may be our brother. Several highly respectable gentlemen and some talented females tell me that he is, and for argument's sake I might be induced to grant it, though I don't believe it myself. But the African isn't our sister, and wife, and uncle. He isn't several of our brothers and first wife's relations. He isn't our grandfather and great grandfather, and our aunt in the country. Scarcely."

It may easily be imagined how popular this joke became when it is remembered that it was first perpetrated at a time when the negro question was so much debated as to have become an absolute nuisance. Nothing else was talked of; nobody would talk of anything but the negro. The saying arose that all Americans had "nigger-on-the-brain." The topic had become nauseous, especially to the Democratic party; and Artemus always had more friends among them than among the Republicans. If he had any politics at all he was certainly a Democrat.

War had arisen, the South was closed, and the lecturing arena considerably lessened. Artemus Ward determined to go to California. Before starting for that side of the American continent, he wished to appear in the city of New York. He engaged, through his friend Mr De Walden, the large hall then known as Niblo's, in front of the Niblo's Garden Theatre, and now used, I believe, as the dining-room of the Metropolitan Hotel. At that period Pepper's Ghost chanced to be the great novelty of New York City, and Artemus Ward was casting about for a novel title to his old lecture. Whether he or Mr De Walden selected that of "Artemus Ward's Struggle with a Ghost" I do not know; but I think that it was Mr De Walden's choice. The title was seasonable, and the lecture successful. Then came the tour to California, whither I proceeded in advance to warn the miners on the Yuba, the

travellers on the Rio Sacramento, and the citizens of the Chrysopolis of the Pacific that "A. Ward" would be there shortly. In California the lecture was advertised under its old name of "The Babes in the Wood." Platt's Hall was selected for the scene of operation, and, so popular was the lecturer, that on the first night we took at the doors more than sixteen hundred dollars in gold. The crowd proved too great to take money in the ordinary manner, and hats were used for people to throw their dollars in. One hat broke through at the crown. I doubt if we ever knew to a dollar how many dollars it once contained.

California was duly travelled over, and "The Babes in the Wood" listened to with laughter in its flourishing cities, its mining-camps among the mountains, and its "new placers" beside gold-bedded rivers. While journeying through that strangely-beautiful land, the serious question arose—What was to be done next? After California—where?

Before leaving New York, it had been a favourite scheme of Artemus Ward not to return from California to the East by way of Panama, but to come home across the Plains, and to visit Salt Lake City by the way. The difficulty that now presented itself was, that winter was close upon us, and that it was no pleasant thing to cross the Sierra Nevada and scale the Rocky Mountains with the thermometer far below freezing-point. Nor was poor Artemus even at that time a strong man. My advice was to return to Panama, visit the West India Islands, and come back to California in the spring, lecture again in San Francisco, and then go on to the land of the Mormons. Artemus doubted the feasibility of this plan, and the decision was ultimately arrived at to try the journey to Salt Lake. Unfortunately the winter turned out to be one of the severest. When we arrived at Salt Lake City, my poor friend was seized with typhoid fever, resulting from the fatigue we had undergone, the intense cold to which we had been subjected, and the excitement of being on a journey of 3500

miles across the North American Continent, when the Pacific Railway had made little progress and the Indians were reported not to be very friendly.

The story of the trip is told in Artemus Ward's lecture. I have added to it, at the special request of the publisher, a few explanatory notes, the purport of which is to render the reader acquainted with the characteristics of the lecturer's delivery. For the benefit of those who never had an opportunity of seeing Artemus Ward nor of hearing him lecture, I may be pardoned for attempting to describe the man himself.

In stature he was tall, in figure, slender. At any time during our acquaintance his height must have been disproportionate to his weight. Like his brother Cyrus, who died a few years before him, Charles F. Browne, our "Artemus Ward," had the premonitory signs of a short life strongly evident in his early manhood. There were the lank form, the long pale fingers, the very white pearly teeth, the thin, fine, soft hair, the undue brightness of the eyes, the excitable and even irritable disposition, the capricious appetite, and the alternately jubilant and despondent tone of mind which too frequently indicate that "the abhorred fury with the shears" is waiting too near at hand to "slit the thin-spun life." His hair was very light-coloured, and not naturally curly. He used to joke in his lecture about what it cost him to keep it curled; he wore a very large moustache without any beard or whiskers; his nose was exceedingly prominent, having an outline not unlike that of the late Sir Charles Napier. His forehead was large, with, to use the language of the phrenologists, the organs of the perceptive faculties far more developed than those of the imaginative powers. He had the manner and bearing of a naturally-born gentleman. Great was the disappointment of many who, having read his humorous papers descriptive of his exhibition of snakes and waxwork, and who having also formed their ideas of him from the absurd pictures which had been attached to some editions of his works, found

on meeting with him that there was no trace of the showman in his deportment, and little to call up to their mind the smart Yankee who had married "Betsy Jane." There was nothing to indicate that he had not lived a long time in Europe and acquired the polish which men gain by coming in contact with the society of European capitals. In his conversation there was no marked peculiarity of accent to identify him as an American, nor any of the braggadocio which some of his countrymen unadvisedly assume. His voice was soft, gentle, and clear. He could make himself audible in the largest lecture-rooms without effort. His style of lecturing was peculiar; so thoroughly *sui generis*, that I know of no one with whom to compare him, nor can any description very well convey an idea of that which it was like. However much he caused his audience to laugh, no smile appeared upon his own face. It was grave even to solemnity, while he was giving utterance to the most delicious absurdities. His assumption of indifference to that which he was saying, his happy manner of letting his best jokes fall from his lips as if unconscious of their being jokes at all, his thorough self-possession on the platform, and keen appreciation of that which suited his audience and that which did not, rendered him well qualified for the task which he had undertaken—that of amusing the public with a humorous lecture. He understood and comprehended to a hair's breadth the grand secret of how not to bore. He had weighed, measured, and calculated to a nicety the number of laughs an audience could indulge in on one evening, without feeling that they were laughing just a little too much. Above all, he was no common man, and did not cause his audience to feel that they were laughing at that which they should feel ashamed of being amused with. He was intellectually up to the level of nine-tenths of those who listened to him, and in listening, they felt that it was no fool who wore the cap and bells so excellently. It was amusing to notice how with different people his jokes

produced a different effect. The Honourable Robert Lowe attended one evening at the Mormon Lecture, and laughed as hilariously as any one in the room. The next evening Mr John Bright happened to be present. With the exception of one or two occasional smiles, he listened with grave attention.

In placing the lecture before the public in print, it is impossible, by having recourse to any system of punctuation, to indicate the pauses, jerky emphases, and odd inflexions of voice which characterised the delivery. The reporter of the *Standard* newspaper, describing his first lecture in London, aptly said:—"Artemus dropped his jokes faster than the meteors of last night succeeded each other in the sky. And there was this resemblance between the flashes of his humour and the flights of the meteors, that in each case one looked for jokes or meteors, but they always came just in the place that one least expected to find them. Half the enjoyment of the evening lay, to some of those present, in listening to the hearty cachinnation of the people who only found out the jokes some two or three minutes after they were made, and who then laughed apparently at some grave statements of fact. Reduced to paper, the showman's jokes are certainly not brilliant; almost their whole effect lies in their seemingly impromptu character. They are carefully led up to, of course; but they are uttered as if they are mere afterthoughts, of which the speaker is hardly sure." Herein the writer in the *Standard* hits the most marked peculiarity of Artemus Ward's style of lecturing. His affectation of not knowing what he was uttering, his seeming fits of abstraction, and his grave, melancholy aspect, constituted the very cream of the entertainment. Occasionally he would amuse himself in an apparently meditative mood, by twirling his little riding-whip, or by gazing earnestly, but with affected admiration, at his panorama. At the Egyptian Hall his health entirely failed him, and he would occasionally have to use a seat during the course of the lecture. In the notes which follow I have tried, I know how

inefficiently, to convey here and there an idea of how Artemus rendered his lecture amusing by gesture or action. I have also, at the request of the publisher, made a few explanatory comments on the subject of our Mormon trip. In so doing I hope that I have not thrust myself too prominently forward, nor been too officious in my explanations. My aim has been to add to the interest of the lecture with those who never heard it delivered, and to revive in the memory of those who did some of its notable peculiarities. The illustrations are from photographs of the panorama painted in America for Artemus, as the pictorial portion of his entertainment.

In the lecture is the fun of the journey. For the hard facts the reader in quest of information is referred to a book published previously to the lecturer's appearance at the Egyptian Hall, the title of which is, "Artemus Ward: His Travels among the Mormons." Much against the grain as it was for Artemus to be statistical, he has therein detailed some of the experiences of his Mormon trip, with due regard to the exactitude and accuracy of statement expected by information-seeking readers in a book of travels. He was not precisely the sort of traveller to write a paper for the evening meetings of the Royal Geographical Society, nor was he sufficiently interested in philosophical theories to speculate on the developments of Mormonism as illustrative of the history of religious belief. We were looking out of the window of the Salt Lake House one morning, when Brigham Young happened to pass down the opposite side of Main Street. It was cold weather, and the prophet was clothed in a thick cloak of some green-coloured material. I remarked to Artemus that Brigham had seemingly compounded Mormonism from portions of a dozen different creeds; and that in selecting green for the colour of his apparel, he was imitating Mahomet. "Has it not struck you," I observed, "that Swedenborgianism and Mahometanism are oddly blended in the Mormon faith?"

"Petticoatism and plunder," was Artemus's reply; and that

comprehended his whole philosophy of Mormonism. As he remarked elsewhere: "Brigham Young is a man of great natural ability. If you ask me, How pious is he? I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up."

To lecture in London, and at the Egyptian Hall, had long been a favourite idea of Artemus Ward. Some humorist has said, that "All good Americans, when they die——, go to Paris." So do most, whether good or bad, while they are living.

Still more strongly developed is the transatlantic desire to go to Rome. In the far west of the Missouri, in the remoter west of Colorado, and away in far north-western Oregon, I have heard many a tradesman express his intention to make dollars enough to enable him to visit Rome. In a land where all is so new, where they have had no past, where an old wall would be a sensation, and a tombstone of anybody's great grandfather the marvel of the whole region, the charms of the old world have an irresistible fascination. To visit the home of the Cæsars they have read of in their school-books, and to look at architecture which they have seen pictorially, but have nothing like it in existence around them, is very naturally the strong wish of people who are nationally nomadic, and who have all more or less a smattering of education. Artemus Ward never expressed to me any very great wish to travel on the European continent, but to see London was to accomplish something which he had dreamed of from his boyhood. There runs from Marysville in California to Oroville in the same State a short and singular little railway, which, when we were there, was in a most unfinished condition. To Oroville we were going. We were too early for the train at the Marysville station, and sat down on a pile of timber to chat over future prospects.

"What sort of a man was Albert Smith?" asked Artemus. "And do you think that the Mormons would be as good a subject for the Londoners as Mont Blanc was?"

I answered his questions. He reflected for a few moments, and then said—

“Well, old fellow, I’ll tell you what I should like to do. I should like to go to London and give my lecture in the same place. Can it be done?”

It was done. Not in the same room, but under the same roof and on the same floor; in that gloomy-looking Hall in Piccadilly, which was destined to be the ante-chamber to the tomb of both lecturers.

Throughout this brief sketch I have written familiarly of the late Mr Charles F. Browne as “Artemus Ward,” or simply as “Artemus.” I have done so advisedly, mainly because, during the whole course of our acquaintance, I do not remember addressing him as “Mr Browne,” or by his real Christian name. To me he was always “Artemus”—Artemus the kind, the gentle, the suave, the generous. One who was ever a friend in the fullest meaning of the word, and the best of companions in the amplest acceptance of the phrase. His merry laugh and pleasant conversation are as audible to me as if they were heard but yesterday; his words of kindness linger on the ear of memory, and his tones of genial mirth live in echoes which I shall listen to for evermore. Two years will soon have passed away since last he spoke, and

“Silence now, enamour’d of his voice
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.”

E. P. HINGSTON.

LONDON, October 1868.

THE LECTURE.*

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

YOU are entirely welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to my little picture-shop. †

I couldn't give you a very clear idea of the Mormons—and Utah—and the Plains—and the Rocky Mountains—without opening a picture-shop—and therefore I open one.

I don't expect to do great things here—but I have thought

* Artemus Ward's first lecture in London was delivered at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Tuesday, November 13, 1866. The room used was that which had been recently occupied by Mr Arthur Sketchley. It is the lesser of the two rooms at the top of the staircase; not the one in which Mr Albert Smith formerly made his appearances. The attendance was very large, but the audience for the most part consisted of invited friends and the members of the press. The paying public having to wait for another opportunity, though they struggled in large numbers to obtain admission. Copies of Artemus Ward's very original programmes are given in the Appendix, together with the notice of the lecture which appeared in the *Times* two days after its delivery. The notice was written by Mr John Oxenford.

† "*My little picture-shop.*"—I have already stated that the room used was the lesser of the two on the first floor of the Egyptian Hall. The panorama was to the left on entering, and Artemus Ward stood at the south-east corner, facing the door. He had beside him a music-stand, on which for the first few days he availed himself of the assistance afforded by a sheet of foolscap, on which all his "cues" were written out in a large hand. The proscenium was covered with dark cloth, and the picture bounded by a great gilt frame. On the rostrum behind the lecturer was a little door giving admission to the space behind the picture where the piano was placed. Through this door Artemus would disappear occasionally in the course of the evening, either to instruct his pianist to play a

that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand * I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.—I'd rather live in Margate—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.†

If you should be dissatisfied with anything here to-night—I will admit you all free in New Zealand—if you will come to me there for the orders. Any respectable cannibal will tell you where I live. This shows that I have a forgiving spirit.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.‡

few more bars of music, to tell his assistants to roll the picture more quickly or more slowly, or to give some instructions to the man who worked "the moon." The little lecture-room was thronged nightly during the very few weeks of its being open.

* "*To New Zealand.*"—Artemus Ward seriously contemplated a visit to Australia, after having made the tour of England. He was very much interested in all Australian affairs, had a strong desire to see the lands of the South, and looked forward to the long sea-voyage as one of the means by which he should regain his lost health.

† "*More ventilation.*"—The heat and closeness of the densely-packed room was a cause of common complaint among the audience.

‡ "*These clothes,*" &c.—This was one of poor Artemus's jokes which owed more of its success to its oddity than to its veracity. While lecturing at the Egyptian Hall he wore a fashionably-cut dress-coat in the evening. It was what he had never done during his lecture-career in the States, and he used privately to complain how uncomfortable he felt in it. He assumed the most deplorable look when pointing out his costume to his audience. His voice dropped into a moody, reflective tone, and then suddenly passed into a much higher key when he commenced to allude to "large fortunes." He seemed to have shaken off the embarrassment of his fashionable clothes, and to be glad to pass on to another subject. In the punctuation of the succeeding paragraph of the lecture, I have endeavoured to convey an idea of the long pause he made between some of his sentences.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an Artist. I don't paint myself—though, perhaps, if I were a middle-aged single lady I should—yet I have a passion for pictures.—I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—rather sweet to look at for a short time—and as I said before I like them. I've always loved pictures.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cartload of raw turnips over a wooden bridge.—The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that Time passes on.—It is a kind of way Time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with Art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State, I mean—a distinguished sculptist wanted to sculp me. But I said "No." I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands—he would have flooded the market with my busts—and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going round with a bust of me. Everybody would want one of course—and wherever I should go I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand—and I should have to return to America—where my creditors are.

I like Art. I admire dramatic Art—although I failed as an actor.

It was in my schoolboy days that I failed as an actor.*—The play was the "Ruins of Pompeii."—I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance—but it was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask—"Where are the boys of my youth?"—I assure you this is not a conundrum.—Some are amongst you here—some in America—some are in gaol.—

Hence arises a most touching question—"Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married—some would like to be.

Oh my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. †—Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said "Why these weeps?"—He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow £200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me for ever. I ventured to remind him of the £200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so told him I would throw off one hundred pounds. He brightened—shook my hand—and said—"Old friend—I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality—I'll throw off the other hundred."

As a manager I was always rather more successful than as an actor.

* "*Failed as an actor.*"—Artemus made many attempts as an amateur actor, but never to his own satisfaction. He was very fond of the society of actors and actresses. Their weaknesses amused him as much as their talents excited his admiration. One of his favourite sayings was that the world was made up of "men, women, and the people on the stage."

† "*Because I am!*"—Spoken with a sigh. It was a joke which always told. Artemus never failed to use it in his "Babes in the Wood" lecture, and the "Sixty Minutes in Africa," as well as in the Mormon story.

Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh anything scarcely—and I said to myself—the people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage—as you know—from New York to Melbourne—and to my utter surprise the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before—and he said it agreed with him.—I thought so!—I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef—mutton—pork—he swallowed them all like a shark—and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that when we reached Melbourne this infamous skeleton weighed 64 pounds more than I did!

I thought I was ruined—but I wasn't. I took him on to California—another very long sea voyage—and when I got him to San Francisco I exhibited him as a Fat Man.*

This story hasn't anything to do with my Entertainment, I know—but one of the principal features of my Entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

My Orchestra is small—but I am sure it is very good—so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night—and his washing.†

* "*As a fat man.*"—The reader need scarcely be informed that this narrative is about as real as "A. Ward's Snails," and about as much matter of fact as his journey through the States with a wax-work show.

† "*My pianist,*" &c.—That a good pianist could be hired for a small sum in England was a matter of amusement to Artemus. More especially when he found a gentleman obliging enough to play anything he desired, such as break-downs and airs which had the most absurd relation to the scene they were used to illustrate. In the United States his pianist was desirous of playing music of a superior order, much against the consent of the lecturer.

I like Music.—I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window, and sang—"Come where my love lies dreaming."—I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah—and I was very ill—I was fearfully wasted.—My face was hewn down to nothing—and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare stick it into other people's business—for fear it would stay there—and I should never get it again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married—tho' not so much so as her husband—he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing "Sweet bird—do not fly away!"—and I told her I wouldn't.—She played the accordion divinely—accordionly I praised her.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met.—He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had night mares of course. In the morning the landlord said—How do you feel—old hoss—hav'—I told him I felt my oats.

PERMIT* me now to quietly state that altho' I am here with my cap and bells, I am also here with some serious descriptions of the Mormons—their manners—their customs—and while the pictures I shall present to your notice are by no means works of art—they are painted from photographs actually taken on the spot †——and I am sure I need not inform any person present who was ever in the territory of Utah that they are as faithful as they could possibly be. ‡

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California. §

* "*Permit me now.*"—Though the serious part of the lecture was here entered upon, it was not delivered in a graver tone than that in which he had spoken the farcialities of the prologue. Most of the prefatory matter was given with an air of earnest thought; the arms sometimes folded, and the chin resting on one hand. On the occasion of his first exhibiting the panorama at New York he used a fishing-rod to point out the picture with; subsequently he availed himself of an old umbrella. In the Egyptian Hall he used his little riding-whip.

† "*Photographs.*"—They were photographed by Savage & Ottinger, of Salt Lake City, the photographers to Brigham Young.

‡ "*Curtain.*"—The picture was concealed from view during the first part of the lecture by a crimson curtain. This was drawn together or opened many times in the course of the lecture, and at odd points of the picture. I am not aware that Artemus himself could have explained why he caused the curtain to be drawn at one place and not at another. Probably he thought it to be one of his good jokes that it should shut in the picture just when there was no reason for its being used.

§ "*By way of California.*"—That is, he went by steamer from New York to Aspinwall, thence across the Isthmus of Panama by railway, and then from Panama to California by another steamboat. A journey which then occupied about three weeks.

I went to California on the steamer *Ariel*.—This is the steamer *Ariel*.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer *Ariel*—and when you go to California be sure and go on some other steamer—because the *Ariel* isn't a very good one.

When I reached the *Ariel*—at pier No. 4—New York—I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things—which were being thrown around by the ship's porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic.—So great was the excitement—my fragile form was smashed this way—and jammed that way—till finally I was shoved into a stateroom which was occupied by two middle-aged females—who said, “Base man—leave us—Oh leave us!”——I left them——Oh—I left them!

We reached Accapulco, on the coast of Mexico, in due time. Nothing of special interest occurred at Accapulco—only some of the Mexican ladies are very beautiful. They all have brilliant black hair—hair “black as starless night”—if I may quote from the *Family Herald*. It don't curl.—A Mexican's lady's hair never curls—it is straight as an Indian's. Some people's hair won't curl under any circumstances.—My hair won't curl under two shillings.*

* “Under two shillings.”—Artemus always wore his hair straight until after his severe illness in Salt Lake City. So much of it dropped off during his recovery, that he became dissatisfied with the long meagre appearance his countenance presented when he surveyed it in the looking-glass. After his lecture at the Salt Lake City theatre, he did not lecture again until we had crossed the Rocky Mountains and arrived at Denver City, the capital of Colorado. On the afternoon he was to lecture there.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The great thoroughfare of the imperial city of the Pacific Coast.

The Chinese form a large element in the population of San Francisco—and I went to the Chinese Theatre.

A Chinese play often lasts two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is cheerfully conducted from week to week till he is either killed or married.

The night I was there a Chinese comic vocalist sang a Chinese comic song. It took him six weeks to finish it—but, as my time was limited, I went away at the expiration of 215 verses. There were 11,000 verses to this song—the chorus being “Tural lural dural, ri fol day”——which was repeated twice at the end of each verse——making—as you will at once see—the appalling number of 22,000 “tural lural dural, ri fol days”——and the man still lives.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

Virginia City—in the bright new State of Nevada.*

I met him coming out of an ironmonger's store with a small parcel in his hand. “I want you, old fellow,” he said; “I have been all round the city for them, and I've got them at last.” “Got what?” I asked. “A pair of curling-tongs. I am going to have my hair curled to lecture in to-night. I mean to cross the Plains in curls. Come home with me, and try to curl it for me. I don't want to go to any idiot of a barber, to be laughed at.” I played the part of *friseur*. Subsequently he became his own “curlist,” as he phrased it. From that day forth Artemus was a curly-haired man.

* “Virginia City.”—The view of Virginia City given in the panorama conveyed a very poor idea of the marvellous capital of the silver region of

A wonderful little city—right in the heart of the famous Washoe silver regions—the mines of which annually pro-

Nevada. Artemus caused the curtain to close up between his view of San Francisco and that of Virginia City, as a simple means of conveying an idea of the distance travelled between. To arrive at the city of silver we had to travel from San Francisco to Sacramento by steamboat, thence from Sacramento to Folsom by railroad, then by coach to Placerville. At Placerville we commenced the ascent of the Sierra Nevada, gaining the summit of Johnson's Pass about four o'clock in the morning; thence we descended; skirted the shores of Lake Tahoe, and arrived at Carson City, where Artemus lectured. From Carson, the next trip was across an arid plain, to the great silver region. Empire City, the first place we struck, was composed of about fifty wooden houses and three or four quartz mills. Leaving it behind us, we pass through the Devil's Gate—a grand ravine, with precipitous mountains on each side; then we came to Silver City, Gold Hill, and Virginia. The road was all up-hill. Virginia City itself is built on a ledge cut out of the side of Mount Davidson, which rises some 9000 feet above the sea level—the city being about half way up its side. To Artemus Ward the wild character of the scenery, the strange manners of the red-shirted citizens, and the odd developments of life met with in that uncouth mountain-town were all replete with interest. We stay there about a week. During the time of our stay he explored every part of the place, met many old friends from the Eastern States, and formed many new acquaintances, with some of whom acquaintance ripened into warm friendship. Among the latter was Mr Samuel L. Clemens, now well known as "Mark Twain." He was then sub-editing one of the three papers published daily in Virginia—*The Territorial Enterprise*. Artemus detected in the writings of Mark Twain the indications of great humorous power, and strongly advised the writer to seek a better field for his talents. Since then he has become a well-known New York lecturer and author. With Mark Twain, Artemus made a descent into the Gould and Curry Silver Mine at Virginia, the largest mine of the kind, I believe, in the world. The account of the descent formed a long and very amusing article in the next morning's *Enterprise*. To wander about the town and note its strange developments occupied Artemus incessantly. I was sitting writing letters at the hotel when he came in hurriedly, and requested me to go out with him. "Come and see some joking much better than mine," said he. He led me to where one of Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s express waggons was being rapidly filled with silver bricks. Ingots of the precious metal, each almost as large as an ordinary brick, were being thrown from one man to another to load the waggon, just as bricks or cheeses are trans-

duce over twenty-five millions of solid silver. This silver is melted into solid bricks—of about the size of ordinary house-ferred from hand to hand by carters in England. “Good old jokes those, Hingston. Good, solid ‘Babes in the Wood,’” observed Artemus. Yet that evening he lectured in “Maguire’s Opera House,” Virginia City, to an audience composed chiefly of miners, and the receipts were not far short of eight hundred dollars. A droll building it was to be called an “Opera House,” and to bear that designation in a place so outlandish. Perched up on the side of a mountain, from the windows of the dressing-rooms a view could be had of fifty miles of the American desert. It was an “Opera House;” yet in the plain beneath it there were Indians who still led the life of savages, and carried dried human scalps attached to their girdles. It was an “Opera House;” yet, for many hundred miles around it, Nature wore the roughest, sternest, and most barren of aspects—no tree, no grass, no shrub, but the colourless and dreary sage-brush. Every piece of timber, every brick, and every stone in that “Opera House” had been brought from California, over those snow-capped *Sierras*, which, but a few years before, had been regarded as beyond the last outposts of civilisation. Every singer who had sung, and every actor who had performed at that “Opera House,” had been whirled down the sides of the Nevada mountains, clinging to the coach-top, and mentally vowing never again to trust the safety of his neck on any such professional excursion. The drama has been very plucky “out West.” *Thalia*, *Melpomene*, and *Euterpe* become young ladies of great animal spirits and fearless daring when they feel the fresh breezes of the Pacific blowing in their faces. At Virginia City we purchased black felt shirts half an inch thick, and gray blankets of ample size to keep us warm for the journey we were about to undertake. We invested also in revolvers to defend ourselves against the Indians; a dozen cold roast fowls to eat on the way; a demijohn of Bourbon whisky, and a bagful of unground coffee. This last was about as useful as any of our purchases. Thus provided, we started across the desert on our way to Reese River, and thence to Salt Lake City. Our coach was a fearfully lumbering old vehicle of great strength, constructed for jolting over rocky ledges, plunging into marshy swamps, and for rolling through miles of sand. The horses were small and wiry, accustomed to the country, and able to exist on anything which it is possible for a horse to eat. There were four of us in the coach. The “Pioneer Company’s” man who drove us was full of whisky and good humour when he mounted the box; and singing in chorus, “Jordan’s a hard road to travel on,” we bowled down the slope of Mount Davidson towards the deserts of Nevada, *en route* for New Pass Station.

bricks—and carted off to San Francisco with mules. The roads often swarm with these silver waggons.

One hundred and seventy-five miles to the east of this place are the Reese River Silver Mines—which are supposed to be the richest in the world.

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

The great American Desert in winter-time—the desert which is so frightfully gloomy always. No trees—no houses—no people—save the miserable beings who live in wretched huts and have charge of the horses and mules of the Overland Mail Company.

This picture is a great work of art.—It is an oil painting—done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired.

The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the Hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the Artist—— and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.*

* "*Threw brickbats at him.*"—This portion of the panorama was very badly painted. When the idea of having a panorama was first entertained by Artemus, he wished to have one of great artistic merit. Finding considerable difficulty in procuring one, and also discovering that the expense of a real work of art would be beyond his means, he resolved on

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

A bird's-eye-view of Great Salt Lake City——the strange city in the Desert about which so much has been heard——the city of the people who call themselves Saints.*

I know there is much interest taken in these remarkable people—ladies and gentlemen——and I have thought it better to make the purely descriptive part of my Entertainment entirely serious——I will not—then—for the next ten minutes—confine myself to my subject.

having a very bad one, or one so bad in parts that its very badness would give him scope for jest. In the small towns of the Western States it passed very well for a first-class picture, but what it was really worth in an artistic point of view its owner was very well aware.

* "*Salt Lake City.*"—Our stay in the Mormon capital extended over six weeks. So cheerless was the place in midwinter, that we should not have stayed half that time had not Artemus Ward succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever almost as soon as we arrived. The incessant travel by night and day, the depressing effect produced by intense cold, travelling through leagues of snow and fording half-frozen rivers at midnight, the excitement of passing through Indian country, and some slight nervous apprehension of how he would be received among the Mormons, considering that he had ridiculed them in a paper published some time before, all conspired to produce the illness which resulted. Fever of the typhoid form is not uncommon in Utah. Probably the rarefaction of the air on a plateau four thousand feet above the sea level has something to do with its frequency. Artemus's fears relative to the cordiality of his reception proved to be groundless, for during the period of his being ill he was carefully tended. Brigham Young commissioned Mr Stenhouse, postmaster to the city and Elder of the Mormon Church, to visit him frequently and supply him with whatever he required. One of the two wives of Mr Townsend, landlord of the Salt Lake House, the hotel where we stopped, was equally as kind. Whatever the feelings of the Mormons were towards poor Artemus, they at least treated him with sympathetic hospitality. Even Mr Porter Rockwell, who is known as one of the "Avenging Angels," or "Danite Band," and who is reported to have made away with some seventeen or eighteen enemies of the "Saints," came and sat by the bedside of the sufferer, detailing to him some of the little "difficulties" he had experienced in effectually silencing the unbelievers of times past.

Some seventeen years ago, a small band of Mormons—headed by Brigham Young—commenced in the present thrifty metropolis of Utah. The population of the territory of Utah is over 100,000—chiefly Mormons—and they are increasing at the rate of from five to ten thousand annually. The converts to Mormonism now are almost exclusively confined to English and Germans.—Wales and Cornwall have contributed largely to the population of Utah during the last few years. The population of Great Salt Lake City is 20,000.—The streets are eight rods wide *—and are neither flagged nor paved. A stream of pure mountain spring water courses through each street—and is conducted into the gardens of the Mormons. The houses are mostly of adobe—or sun-dried brick—and present a neat and comfortable appearance.—They are usually a story and a half high. Now and then you see a fine modern house in Salt Lake City—but no house that is dirty, shabby, and dilapidated—because there are no absolutely poor people in Utah. Every Mormon has a nice garden—and every Mormon has a tidy dooryard.—Neatness is a great characteristic of the Mormons.

The Mormons profess to believe that they are the chosen people of God—they call themselves Latter-day Saints—and they call us people of the outer world Gentiles. They say that Mr Brigham Young is a prophet—the legitimate successor of Joseph Smith, who founded the Mormon religion. They also say they are authorised—by special revelation from Heaven—to marry as many wives as they can comfortably support.

This wife system they call plurality—the world calls it polygamy. That, at its best, it is an accursed thing—I need not, of course, inform you—but you will bear in mind that I am here as a rather cheerful reporter of what I saw in Utah—and I fancy it isn't at all necessary for me to grow

* Equal to sixty-four feet wide.

virtuously indignant over something we all know is hideously wrong.

You will be surprised to hear—I was amazed to see—that among the Mormon women there are some few persons of education—of positive cultivation. As a class the Mormons are not an educated people—but they are by no means the community of ignoramuses so many writers have told us they were.

The valley in which they live is splendidly favoured. They raise immense crops. They have mills of all kinds. They have coal—lead—and silver mines. All they eat—all they drink—all they wear—they can produce themselves—and still have a great abundance to sell to the gold regions of Idaho on the one hand and the silver regions of Nevada on the other.

The President of this remarkable community—the head of the Mormon Church—is Brigham Young.—He is called President Young—and Brother Brigham. He is about fifty-four years old—although he doesn't look to be over forty-five. He has sandy hair and whiskers—is of medium height—and is a little inclined to corpulency. He was born in the State of Vermont. His power is more absolute than that of any living sovereign—yet he uses it with such consummate discretion that his people are almost madly devoted to him—and that they would cheerfully die for him if they thought the sacrifice were demanded—I cannot doubt.

He is a man of enormous wealth. One-tenth of everything sold in the territory of Utah goes to the Church—and Mr Brigham Young is the Church. It is supposed that he speculates with these funds—at all events, he is one of the wealthiest men now living—worth several millions—without doubt.—He is a bold—bad man—but that he is also a man of extraordinary administrative ability no one can doubt who has watched his astounding career for the past ten years. It is only fair for me to add that he treated me with marked kindness during my sojourn in Utah.

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

The West Side of Main Street—Salt Lake City—including a view of the Salt Lake Hotel.—It is a temperance hotel.* I prefer temperance hotels—altho' they sell worse liquor than any other kind of hotels. But the Salt Lake Hotel sells none——nor is there a bar in all Salt Lake City——but I found when I was thirsty—and I generally am—that I could get some very good brandy of one of the Elders—on the sly—and I never on any account allow my business to interfere with my drinking.

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

There is the Overland Mail Coach.†——That is, the den on wheels in which we have been crammed for the past ten days—

* "*Temperance hotel.*"—At the date of our visit, there was only one place in Salt Lake City where strong drink was allowed to be sold. Brigham Young himself owned the property, and vended the liquor by wholesale, not permitting any of it to be drunk on the premises. It was a coarse, inferior kind of whisky, known in Salt Lake as "Valley Tan." Throughout the city there was no drinking-bar nor billiard-room, so far as I am aware. But a drink on the sly could always be had at one of the hard-goods stores, in the back office behind the pile of metal saucepans; or at one of the dry-goods stores, in the little parlour in the rear of the bales of calico. At the present time I believe that there are two or three open bars in Salt Lake, Brigham Young having recognised the right of the "Saints" to "liquor up" occasionally. But whatever other failings they may have, intemperance cannot be laid to their charge. Among the Mormons there are no paupers, no gamblers, and no drunkards.

† "*Overland mail coach.*"—From Virginia City to Salt Lake we travelled in the coaches of the "Pioneer Stage Company." In leaving Salt Lake for Denver we changed to those of the "Overland Stage Company," of which the renowned Ben Holliday is proprietor, a gentleman whose name on the Plains is better known than that of any other man in America.

and ten nights.—Those of you who have been in Newgate*—

—and stayed there any length of time—as visitors—can realise how I felt.

The American Overland Mail Route commences at Sacramento—California—and ends at Atchison—Kansas. The distance is two thousand two hundred miles—but you go part of the way by rail. The Pacific Railway† is now com-

* “*Been in Newgate.*”—The manner in which Artemus uttered this joke was peculiarly characteristic of his style of lecturing. The commencement of the sentence was spoken as if unpremeditated; then, when he had got as far as the word “Newgate,” he paused, as if wishing to call back that which he had said. The applause was unfailingly uproarious. Travelling through the States, he used to say, “Those of you who have been in the Penitentiary.” On the morning after his lecture at Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, he was waited on by a tall, gaunt, dark-haired man, of sour aspect and sombre demeanour, who carried in his hand a hickory walking-cane, which he grasped very menacingly, as addressing Artemus he said, “I guess you are the gentleman who lect’red last night?” Mr Ward replied in the affirmative. “Then I’ve got to have satisfaction from you. I took my wife and her sister to hear you lecter, and you insulted them.” “Excuse me,” said Artemus. “I went home immediately the lecture was over, and had no conversation with any lady in the hall that evening.” The visitor grew more angry. “Hold thar, Mr Lect’rer. You told my wife and her sister that they’d been in the Penitentiary. I must have satisfaction for the insult, and I’m come to get it.” Artemus was hesitating how to reply, when the hotel clerk suddenly appeared upon the scene, saying, “I’ve a good memory for voices. You are Mr Josiah Mertin, I believe?” “I am,” was the reply. “And I am the late clerk of the Girard House, Philadelphia. There’s a little board-bill of yours owing there for ninety-two dollars and a half. You skedaddled without paying. Will you oblige me by waiting till I send for an officer?” I believe that Mr Josiah Mertin did not even wait for “satisfaction.”

† “*The Pacific Railway.*”—The journey was made in the winter of 1863–4. By the time these notes appear in print the Pacific Railway will

pleted from Sacramento—California—to Fulsom—California——which only leaves two thousand two hundred and eleven miles to go by coach. This breaks the monotony——it came very near breaking my back.

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

The Mormon Theatre.—This edifice is the exclusive property of Brigham Young. It will comfortably hold three thousand persons—and I beg you will believe me when I inform you that its interior is quite as brilliant as that of any theatre in London.*

The actors are all Mormon amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

be almost complete from the banks of the Missouri to those of the Sacramento, and travellers will soon be able to make the transit of over three thousand miles from New York City to the capital of California, without leaving the railway car, except to cross a ferry, or to change from one station to another.

* "*Brilliant as that of any theatre in London.*"—Herein Artemus slightly exaggerated. The colouring of the theatre was white and gold, but it was inefficiently lighted with oil lamps. When Brigham Young himself showed us round the theatre, he pointed out, as an instance of his own ingenuity, that the central chandelier was formed out of the wheel of one of his old coaches. The house is now, I believe, lighted with gas. Altogether it is a very wondrous edifice, considering where it is built and who were the builders. At the time of its erection there was no other theatre on the northern part of the American plateau, no building for a similar purpose anywhere for five hundred miles, north, east, south, or west. Many a theatre in the provincial towns of England is not half so substantially built, nor one-tithe part so well appointed. The dressing rooms, wardrobe, tailors' workshop, carpenters' shop, paint room, and library, leave scarcely anything to be desired in their completeness. Brigham Young's son-in-law, Mr Hiram Clawson, the manager, and Mr John Cane, the stage manager, if they came to London, might render good service at one or two of our metropolitan playhouses.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of this theatre. The Mormons mostly pay in grain—and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there—among my receipts were corn—flour—pork—cheese—chickens—on foot and in the shell.

One family went in on a live pig—and a man attempted to pass a “yaller dog” at the Box Office—but my agent repulsed him. One offered me a doll for admission—another infants' clothing.—I refused to take that.—As a general rule I do refuse.

In the middle of the parquet—in a rocking-chair—with his hat on—sits Brigham Young. When the play drags—he either goes out or falls into a tranquil sleep.

A portion of the dress circle is set apart for the wives of Brigham Young. From ten to twenty of them are usually present. His children fill the entire gallery—and more too.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The East Side of Main Street—Salt Lake City—with a view of the Council Building.—The Legislature of Utah meets there. It is like all legislative bodies. They meet this winter to repeal the laws which they met and made last winter—and they will meet next winter to repeal the laws which they met and made this winter.

I dislike to speak about it—but it was in Utah that I made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. You may have noticed it. I speak six different languages—London—Chatham—and Dover—Margate—Brighton—and Hastings. My parents sold a cow—and sent me to college when I was quite young. During the vacation I used to teach a school of

whales—and there 's where I learned to spout.—I don't expect applause for a little thing like that. I wish you could have heard that speech—however. If Cicero—he's dead now—he has gone from us——but if Old Ciss* could have heard that effort it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There are stationed in Utah two regiments of U. S. troops—the 21st from California—and the 37th from Nevada. The 20-onesters asked me to present a stand of colours to the 37-sters—and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence of a bold and brilliant character—and also some sweet talk——real pretty shopkeeping talk—that I worked the enthusiasm of those soldiers up to such a pitch—that they came very near shooting me on the spot.†

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

Brigham Young's Harem.—These are the houses of

* "*Old Ciss.*"—Here again no description can adequately inform the reader of the drollery which characterised the lecturer. His reference to Cicero was made in the most lugubrious manner, as if he really deplored his death and valued him as a schoolfellow loved and lost.

† "*United States troops.*"—Our stay in Utah was rendered especially pleasant by the attentions of the regiment of California Cavalry, then stationed at Fort Douglas in the Wahsatch Mountains, three miles beyond and overlooking the city. General Edward O'Connor, the United States Military Governor of Utah, was especially attentive to the wants of poor Artemus during his severe illness; and had it not been for the kind attentions of Dr Williams, the surgeon to the regiment, I doubt if the invalid would have recovered. General O'Connor had then been two years stationed in Utah, but during the whole of that time had refused to have any personal communication with Brigham Young. The Mormon prophet would sit in his private box, and the United States general occupy a seat in the dress-circle of the theatre. They would look at each other frequently through their opera-glasses, but that constituted their whole intimacy.

Brigham Young. The first on the right is the Lion House—so called because a crouching stone lion adorns the central front window. The adjoining small building is Brigham Young's office—and where he receives his visitors.—The large house in the centre of the picture—which displays a huge bee-hive—is called the Bee House——the bee-hive is supposed to be symbolical of the industry of the Mormons. —Mrs Brigham Young the first—now quite an old lady—lives here with her children. None of the other wives of the prophet live here. In the rear are the school-houses where Brigham Young's children are educated.

Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me by thinking of that. That is—he has eighty actual wives, and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. These spiritual marriages——as the Mormons call them——are contracted with aged widows—who think it a great honour to be sealed—the Mormons call it being sealed—to the Prophet.

So we may say he has two hundred wives. He loves not wisely—but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her—but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family——unless you're very fond of excitement.

A few days before my arrival in Utah—Brigham was married again—to a young and really pretty girl*——but he says he shall stop now. He told me confidentially that he shouldn't get married any more. He says that all he wants now is to live in peace for the remainder of his days—and have his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his

* “A really pretty girl.”—The daughter of the architect of his new theatre.

family. Well—that's all right—that's all right—I suppose—but if *all* his family soothe his dying pillow—he'll have to go out-doors to die.

By the way—Shakespeare endorses polygamy.—He speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr Windsor have?—But we will let this pass.

Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night by invitation in the Mormon village of Provost—but during the day I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family.—It was before I knew that he was much married—and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success—but I didn't get any money.

(*Pointing to Panorama*).

Heber C. Kimball's Harem.—Mr C. Kimball is the first vice-president of the Mormon Church—and would—consequently—succeed to the full presidency on Brigham Young's death.

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive cuss of some seventy summers—or some 'ers there about. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives.* He says they are awful eaters.

Mr Kimball had a son—a lovely young man—who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day—while he was absent from home—these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man.

* "*A hundred head of wives.*"—It is an authenticated fact that, in an address to his congregation in the Tabernacle, Heber C. Kimball once alluded to his wives by the endearing epithet of "my heifers;" and on another occasion politely spoke of them as "his cows." The phraseology may possibly be a slight indication of the refinement of manners prevalent in Salt Lake City.

—which so enraged Mr Kimball's son—which made Mr Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistol.

The doctor who attended him—a very scientific man—informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

(Soft music.) *

I hope this sad end will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men. Mr Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cypress—the myrtle—and the willow. This music is a dirge by the eminent pianist for Mr Kimball's son. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap-year when I was there—and seventeen young widows—the wives of a deceased Mormon—offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day—and taking their soft white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears.

And I said—“Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thushness?”

They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size.—They said—

“Oh—soon thou wilt be gonested away!”

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

* “*Soft music.*”—Here Artemus Ward's pianist (following instructions) sometimes played the “Dead March from Saul.” At other times, the Welsh air of “Poor Mary Anne,” or anything else replete with sadness which might chance to strike his fancy. The effect was irresistibly comic.

They said—"Doth not like us?"

I said—"I doth—I doth!"

I also said—"I hope your intentions are honourable—as I am a lone child—my parents being far—far away."

They then said—"Wilt not marry us?"

I said—"Oh—no—it cannot was."

Again they asked me to marry them—and again I declined. When they cried—

"Oh—cruel man! This is too much—oh! too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.*

(Pointing to Panorama.)

This is the Mormon Temple.

It is built of adobe—and will hold five thousand persons quite comfortably. A full brass and string band often assists the choir of this church—and the choir—I may add—is a remarkably good one.

Brigham Young seldom preaches now. The younger elders—unless on some special occasions—conduct the services. I only heard Mr Young once. He is not an educated man—but speaks with considerable force and clearness. The day I was there there was nothing coarse in his remarks.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The foundations of the Temple.

These are the foundations of the magnificent Temple the

* "That I declined."—I remember one evening-party in Salt Lake City to which Artemus Ward and myself went. There were thirty-nine ladies and only seven gentlemen.

Mormons are building. It is to be built of hewn stone—and will cover several acres of ground. They say it shall eclipse in splendour all other temples in the world. They also say it shall be paved with solid gold.*

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the architect of this contemplated gorgeous affair repudiated Mormonism—and is now living in London.

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

The Temple as it is to be.

This pretty little picture is from the architect's design—and cannot therefore—I suppose—be called a fancy sketch.†

Should the Mormons continue unmolested—I think they will complete this rather remarkable edifice.

“Solid gold.”—“Where will the gold be obtained from?” is a question which the visitor might reasonably be expected to ask. Unquestionably the mountains of Utah contain the precious metal, though it has not been the policy of Brigham Young and the chiefs of the Mormon Church to disclose their knowledge of the localities in which it is to be found. There is a current report in Salt Lake City that nuggets of gold have been picked up within a radius of a few score of miles from the site of the new temple. But the Mormons, instructed by their Church, profess ignorance on the subject. The discovery of large gold mines, and permission to work them, would attract to the valley of Salt Lake a class of visitors not wished for by Brigham Young and his disciples. Next to the construction of the Pacific Railway, nothing would be more conducive to the downfall of Mormonism than Utah becoming known as an extensive gold-field.

† *“A fancy sketch.”*—Artemus had the windows of the temple in his panorama cut out and filled in with transparent coloured paper, so that, when lighted from behind, it had the effect of one of the little plaster churches, with a piece of lighted candle inside, which the Italian image-boys display at times for sale in the streets. Nothing in the course of the evening pleased Artemus more than to notice the satisfaction with which this meretricious piece of absurdity was received by the audience.

Great Salt Lake.—The great salt dead sea of the desert.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

I know of no greater curiosity than this inland sea of thick brine. It is eighty miles wide—and one hundred and thirty miles long. Solid masses of salt are daily washed ashore in immense heaps—and the Mormon in want of salt has only to go to the shore of this lake and fill his cart. Only—the salt for table use has to be subjected to a boiling process.*

These are facts—susceptible of the clearest possible proof. They tell one story about this lake—however—that I have my doubts about. They say a Mormon farmer drove forty head of cattle in there once—and they came out first-rate pickled beef.——

* * * * *

I sincerely hope you will excuse my absence——I am a man short—and have to work the moon myself.†

* “*The Great Salt Lake.*”—A very general mistake prevails among those not better informed, that the Mormon capital is built upon the borders of the Salt Lake. There are eighteen miles of distance between them. Not from any part of the city proper can a view of the lake be obtained. To get a glimpse of it without journeying towards it, the traveller must ascend to one of the rocky ledges in the range of mountains which back the city. So saline is the water of the lake, that three pailsful of it are said to yield on evaporation one pailful of salt. I never saw the experiment tried.

† “*The moon myself.*”—Here Artemus would leave the rostrum for a few moments, and pretend to be engaged behind. The picture was painted for a night scene, and the effect intended to be produced was that of the

I shall be most happy to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The Endowment House.*

In this building the Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of the faith.

Strange stories are told of the proceedings which are held in this building—but I have no possible means of knowing how true they may be.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

Echo Canyon.

Salt Lake City is fifty-five miles behind us—and this is Echo Canyon—in reaching which we are supposed to have crossed the summit of the Wahsatch Mountains. These ochre-coloured bluffs——formed of conglomerate sandstone—and

moon rising over the lake, and rippling on the waters. It was produced in the usual dioramic way, by making the track of the moon transparent, and throwing the moon on from the bull's eye of a lantern. When Artemus went behind, the moon would become nervous and flickering, dancing up and down in the most inartistic and undecided manner. The result was that, coupled with the lecturer's oddly-expressed apology, the "moon" became one of the best laughed-at parts of the entertainment.

* "*The Endowment House.*"—To the young ladies of Utah this edifice possesses extreme interest. The Mormon ceremony of marriage is said to be of the most extraordinary character; various symbolical scenes being enacted, and the bride and bridegroom invested with sacred garments which they are never to part with. In all Salt Lake I could not find a person who would describe to me the ceremonies of the Endowment House, nor could Artemus or myself obtain admission within its mystic walls.

full of fossils——signal the entrance to the Canyon. At its base lies Weber Station.

Echo Canyon is about twenty-five miles long. It is really the sublimest thing between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada. The red wall to the left develops further up the Canyon into pyramids—butfresses—and castles——honeycombed and fretted in nature's own massive magnificence of architecture.

In 1856—Echo Canyon was the place selected by Brigham Young for the Mormon General Wells to fortify and make impregnable against the advance of the American army—led by General Albert Sidney Johnson. It was to have been the Thermopylæ of Mormondom —— but it wasn't. General Wells was to have done Leonidas——but he didn't.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

A more cheerful view of the Desert.

The wild snowstorms have left us—and we have thrown our wolf-skin overcoats aside. Certain tribes of far-western Indians bury their distinguished dead by placing them high in air and covering them with valuable furs——that is a very fair representation of these mid-air tombs. Those animals are horses——I know they are——because my artist says so. I had the picture two years before I discovered the fact.——The artist came to me about six months ago—and said——“It is useless to disguise it from you any longer——they are horses.”*

It was while crossing this desert that I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted——they were dressed in beaver-skins——and they were armed with rifles—knives—and pistols.

What could I do?——What could a poor old orphan do?

* “*They are horses.*”——Here again Artemus called in the aid of pleasant banter as the most fitting apology for the atrocious badness of the painting.

I'm a brave man.—The day before the Battle of Bull's Run I stood in the highway while the bullets—those dreadful messengers of death—were passing all around me thickly—IN WAGGONS—on their way to the battlefield.* But there were too many of these Injuns—there were forty of them—and only one of me—and so I said—

“Great Chief—I surrender.” His name was Wocky-bocky. He dismounted—and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye. Wocky-

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

bocky came very close to me and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden tresses—and he rubbed his dreadful Thomashawk across my lily-white face. He said—

“Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean !”

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said—“Wink-ho—loo-boo !”

Says I — “Mr Wocky-bocky” — says I — “Wocky — I have thought so for years—and so's all our family.”

He told me I must go to the tent of the Strong-Heart—and eat raw dog.† It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food.

* “*Their way to the battlefield.*”—This was the great joke of Artemus Ward's first lecture, “The Babes in the Wood.” He never omitted it in any of his lectures, nor did it lose its power to create laughter by repetition. The audiences at the Egyptian Hall, London, laughed as immoderately at it as did those of Irving Hall, New York, or of the Tremont Temple in Boston.

† “*Raw dog.*”—While sojourning for a day in a camp of Sioux Indians, we were informed that the warriors of the tribe were accustomed to eat raw dog to give them courage previous to going to battle. Artemus was

I prefer pork-pie — because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me—I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter—and I said to her in a silvery voice — in a kind of German-silvery voice——I said—

“Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog.”

There was nothing but his paws! I had paused too long! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on. As I seized him—he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary.

(Pointing to Panorama.)

The Rocky Mountains.

I take it for granted you have heard of these popular mountains. In America they are regarded as a great success, and we all love dearly to talk about them. It is a kind of weakness with us. I never knew but one American who hadn't something—sometime—to say about the Rocky Mountains——and he was a deaf and dumb man, who couldn't say anything about nothing.

But these mountains—whose summits are snow-covered and icy all the year round—are too grand to make fun of. I crossed them in the winter of '64—in a rough sleigh drawn by four mules.

This sparkling waterfall is the Laughing-Water alluded to

greatly amused with the information. When, in after years, he became weak and languid, and was called upon to go to lecture, it was a favourite joke with him to inquire, “Hingston, have you got any raw dog?”

by Mr Longfellow in his Indian poem—"Higher-Water."
The water is higher up there.

(*Music.*)

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

The plains of Colorado.

These are the dreary plains over which we rode for so many weary days. An affecting incident occurred on these plains some time since, which I am sure you will pardon me for introducing here.

On a beautiful June morning—some sixteen years ago——

(*Music, very loud till the scene is off.*)

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

———and she fainted on Reginald's breast !*

The Prairie on Fire.

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

A prairie on fire is one of the wildest and grandest sights that can possibly be imagined.

* "*On Reginald's breast.*"—At this part of the lecture Artemus pretended to tell a story—the piano playing loudly all the time. He continued his narration in excited dumb-show—his lips moving as though he were speaking. For some minutes the audience indulged in unrestrained laughter.

These fires occur—of course—in the summer—when the grass is dry as tinder—and the flames rush and roar over the prairie in a manner frightful to behold. They usually burn better than mine is burning to-night. I try to make my prairie burn regularly—and not disappoint the public—but it is not as high-principled as I am.*

(*Pointing to Panorama.*)

Brigham Young at home.

The last picture I have to show you represents Mr Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large—and the olive branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than any man I know. When at home—as you here see him—he ought to be very happy with sixty wives to minister to his comforts—and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends—what is home without a family?

What will become of Mormonism? We all know and admit it to be a hideous wrong—a great immoral stain upon the 'scutcheon of the United States. My belief is that its existence is dependent upon the life of Brigham Young. His administrative ability holds the system together—his power of will maintain it as the faith of a community. When he dies—Mormonism will die too. The men who are around him have neither his talent nor his energy. By means of his strength it is held together. When he falls—Mormonism will also fall to pieces.

* "*As high-principled as I am.*"—The scene was a transparent one—the light from behind so managed as to give the effect of the prairie on fire. Artemus enjoyed the joke of letting the fire go out occasionally, and then allowing it to relight itself.

That lion—you perceive—has a tail.* It is a long one already. Like mine—it is to be continued in our next.†

* "*That lion has a tail.*"—The lion on a pedestal, as painted in the panorama—its tail outstretched like that of the leonine adornment to Northumberland House, was a pure piece of frolic on the part of the entertainer. Brigham Young certainly adopts the lion as a Mormon emblem. A beehive and a lion, suggestive of industry and strength, are the symbols of the Mormons in Salt Lake City.

† "*To be continued in our next.*"—To revisit Utah, and to do another and a better lecture about it, was a favourite idea of Artemus Ward. Another fancy that he had was to visit the stranger countries of the Eastern world and find in some of them matter for a humorous lecture. While ill in Utah, he read Mr Layard's book on Nineveh, left behind at the hotel by a traveller passing through Salt Lake. Mr Layard's reference to the Yezedi, or "Devil-worshippers," took powerful hold on the imagination of the reader. During our trip home across the plains he would often, sometimes in jest and sometimes in earnest, chat about a trip to Asia to see the "Devil-worshippers." Naturally his inclinations were nomadic, and had a longer life been granted to him I believe that he would have seen more of the surface of this globe than even the generality of his countrymen see, much as they are accustomed to travel. Within about the same distance from Portland in England that his own birth-place is from Portland in Maine, his travels came to an end. He died at Southampton. His great wish was for strength to return to his home, that he might die with the face of his own mother bending over him, and in the cottage where he was born.

. "CÆLUMQUE
ADSPICIT ET MORIENS DULCES REMINISCITUR ARGOS."

E. P. H.

APPENDIX.

"THE TIMES" NOTICE.

"EGYPTIAN HALL.—Before a large audience, comprising an extraordinary number of literary celebrities, Mr Artemus

Ward, the noted American humorist, made his first appearance as a public lecturer on Tuesday evening, the place selected for the display of his quaint oratory being the room long tenanted by Mr Arthur Sketchley. His first entrance on the platform was the signal for loud and continuous laughter and applause, denoting a degree of expectation which a nervous man might have feared to encounter. However, his first sentences, and the way in which they were received, amply sufficed to prove that his success was certain. The dialect of Artemus bears a less evident mark of the Western World than that of many American actors, who would fain merge their own peculiarities in the delineation of English character ; but his jokes are of that true Transatlantic type, to which no nation beyond the limits of the States can offer any parallel. These jokes he lets fall with an air of profound unconsciousness—we may almost say melancholy—which is irresistibly droll, aided as it is by the effect of a figure singularly gaunt and lean and a face to match. And he has found an audience by whom his caustic humour is thoroughly appreciated. Not one of the odd pleasantries slipped out with such imperturbable gravity misses its mark, and scarcely a minute elapses at the end of which the sedate Artemus is not forced to pause till the roar of mirth has subsided. There is certainly this foundation for an *entente cordiale* between the two countries calling themselves Anglo-Saxon, that the Englishman, puzzled by Yankee politics, thoroughly relishes Yankee jokes, though they are not in the least like his own. When two persons laugh together, they cannot hate each other much so long as the laugh continues.

“ The subject of Artemus Ward’s lecture is a visit to the Mormons, copiously illustrated by a series of moving pictures, not much to be commended as works of art, but for the most part well enough executed to give (fidelity granted) a notion of life as it is among the remarkable inhabitants of Utah. Nor let the connoisseur, who detects the shortcomings of some of these pictures, fancy that he has discovered a flaw in the armour of

the doughty Artemus. That astute gentleman knows their worth as well as anybody else, and while he ostensibly extols them, as a showman is bound to do, he every now and then holds them up to ridicule in a vein of the deepest irony. In one case a palpable error of perspective, by which a man is made equal in size to a mountain, has been purposely committed, and the shouts of laughter that arise as soon as the ridiculous picture appears is tremendous. But there is no mirth in the face of Artemus; he seems even deaf to the roar; and when he proceeds to the explanation of the landscape, he touches on the ridiculous point in a slurring way that provokes a new explosion.

"The particulars of the lecture we need not describe. Many accounts of the Mormons, more or less credible, and all authenticated, have been given by serious historians, and Mr W. H. Dixon, who has just returned from Utah to London, is said to have brought with him new stores of solid information. But to most of us Mormonism is still a mystery, and under those circumstances a lecturer who has professedly visited a country for the sake more of picking up fun than of sifting facts, and whose chief object it must be to make his narrative amusing, can scarcely be accepted as an authority. We will, therefore, content ourselves with stating that the lecture is entertaining to such a degree that to those who seek amusement its brevity is its only fault; that it is utterly free from offence, though the opportunities for offence given by the subject of Mormonism are obviously numerous; and that it is interspersed, not only with irresistible jokes, but with shrewd remarks, proving that Artemus Ward is a man of reflection, as well as a consummate humorist."

EGYPTIAN HALL,

PICCADILLY.

Every Night (except Saturday) at 8,

SATURDAY MORNINGS AT 3.

Artemus Ward

AMONG THE MORMONS.

During the Vacation the Hall has been carefully Swept out, and a new Door-Knob has been added to the Door.

MR ARTEMUS WARD *will call on the Citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand.*

A person of long-established integrity will take excellent care of Bonnets, Cloaks, &c., during the Entertainment; the Audience better leave their money, however, with Mr WARD; he will return it to them in a day or two, or invest it for them in America, as they may think best.

☞ Nobody must say that he likes the Lecture unless he wishes to be thought eccentric; and nobody must say that he doesn't like it unless he really *is* eccentric. (This requires thinking over, but it will amply repay perusal.)

The Panorama used to Illustrate Mr WARD'S Narrative is rather worse than Panoramas usually are.

Mr WARD will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

PROGRAMME.

I.

APPEARANCE OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Who will be greeted with applause. ☞ The Stall-keeper is particularly requested to attend to this. ☞ When quiet has been restored, the Lecturer will present a rather frisky prologue, of about ten minutes in length, and of nearly the same width. It perhaps isn't necessary to speak of the depth.

II.

THE PICTURES COMMENCE HERE, the first one being a view of the California Steamship. Large crowd of citizens on the wharf, who appear to be entirely willing that ARTEMUS WARD shall go. "Bless you, Sir!" they say. "Don't hurry about coming back. Stay away for years, if you want to!" It was very touching. Disgraceful treatment of the passengers, who are obliged to go forward to smoke pipes, while the steamer herself is allowed 2 Smoke Pipes amid-ships. At Panama. A glance at Mexico.

III.

The Land of Gold.

Montgomery Street, San Francisco. The Gold Bricks. Street Scenes. "The Orphan Cabman, or The Mule Driver's Step-Father." The Chinese Theatre. Sixteen square yards of a Chinese Comic Song.

IV.

The Land of Silver.

Virginia City, the wild young metropolis of the new Silver State. Fortunes are made there in a day. There are instances on record of young men going to this place without a shilling—poor and friendless—yet by energy, intelligence, and a careful disregard to business, they have been enabled to leave there, owing hundreds of pounds.

V.

The Great Desert at Night.

A dreary waste of sand. The sand isn't worth saving, however. Indians occupy yonder mountains. Little Injuns seen in the distance trundling their war-whoops.

VI.

A Bird's-eye View of Great Salt Lake City.

With some entirely descriptive talk.

VII.

Main Street, East Side.

The Salt Lake Hotel, which is conducted on Temperance principles. The landlord sells nothing stronger than salt butter.

VIII.

The Mormon Theatre.

The Lady of Lyons was produced here a short time since, but failed to satisfy a Mormon audience, on account of there being only one Pauline in it. The play was revised at once. It was presented the next night, with fifteen Paulines in the cast, and was a perfect success. All these statements may be regarded as strictly true. Mr WARD would not deceive an infant.

IX.

Main Street, West Side.

This being a view of Main Street, West Side, it is naturally a view of the West Side of Main Street.

X.

Brigham Young's Harem.

Mr Young is an indulgent father, and a numerous husband. For further particulars call on Mr WARD, at Egyptian Hall, any Evening this Week. This paragraph is intended to blend business with amusement.

XI.

Heber C. Kimball's Harem.

We have only to repeat here the pleasant remarks above in regard to Brigham.

INTERMISSION OF FIVE MINUTES.

XII.

The Tabernacle.

XIII.

The Temple as it is.

XIV.

The Temple as it is to be.

XV.

The Great Salt Lake.

XVI.

The Endowment House.

The Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of his faith here. The Mormon's religion is singular, and his wives are plural.

XVII.

Echo Canyon.

XVIII.

The Desert, again.

A more cheerful view. The Plains of Colorado. The Colorado Mountains "might have been seen" in the distance, if the Artist had painted 'em. But he is prejudiced against mountains, because his uncle once got lost on one.

XIX.

Brigham Young and his wives. The pretty girls of Utah mostly marry Young.

XX.

The Rocky Mountains.

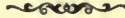
XXI.

The Plains of Nebraska.

XXII.

The Prairie on Fire.

RECOMMENDATIONS.



TOTNESS, Oct. 20th, 1866.

Mr ARTEMUS WARD,

My dear Sir,—My wife was dangerously unwell for over sixteen years. She was so weak that she could not lift a teaspoon to her mouth. But in a fortunate moment she commenced reading one of your lectures. She got better at once. She gained strength so rapidly that she lifted the cottage piano quite a distance from the floor, and then tipped it over on to her mother-in-law, with whom she had had some little trouble. We like your lectures very much. Please send me a barrel of them. If you should require any more recommendations you can get any number of them in this place, at two shillings each, the price I charge for this one, and I trust you may be ever happy.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly, and so is my wife,

R. SPRINGERS.

An American correspondent of a distinguished journal in Yorkshire thus speaks of Mr WARD's power as an Orator:—

“It was a grand scene, Mr ARTEMUS WARD standing on the platform, talking ; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats ; others leaving the room and not returning ; others crying like a child at some of the jokes—all, all formed a most impressive scene, and showed the powers of this remarkable orator. And when he announced that he should never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening.”

Doors open at Half-past Seven, commence at Eight.

Conclude at Half-past Nine.

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SATURDAY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOONS AT 3 P.M.

ARTEMUS WARD,

His Programme.

Dodworth Hall, 806 Broadway.

OPEN EVERY EVENING.





- 1.—Introductory.
- 2.—The steamer *Ariel en route*.
- 3.—San Francisco.
- 4.—The Washoe Silver Region.
- 5.—The Plains.
- 6.—The City of Saints.
- 7.—A Mormon Hotel.
- 8.—Brigham Young's Theatre.
- 9.—The Council-House.
- 10.—The Home of Brigham Young.
- 11.—Heber C. Kimball's Seraglio.
- 12.—The Mormon House of Worship.
- 13.—Foundations of the New Temple.
- 14.—Architect's View of the Temple when finished.
- 15.—The Great Dead Sea of the Desert.
- 16.—The House of Mystery.
- 17.—The Canon.
- 18.—Mid-Air Sepulture.
- 19.—A Nice Family Party at Brigham Young's.

It requires a large number of Artists to produce this Entertainment. The casual observer can form no idea of the quantity of unfettered genius that is soaring, like a healthy Eagle, round this Hall in connection with this Entertainment. In fact, the following gifted persons compose the

Official Bureau.

Secretary of the Exterior	.	.	.	Mr E. P. Hingston.
Secretary of the Treasury	.	.	.	Herr Max Field,
				(Pupil of Signor Thomaso Jacksoni.)
Mechanical Director and Professor of Carpentry				Signor G. Wilsoni.
Crankist	.	.	.	Mons. Aleck.
Assistant Crankist	.	.	.	Boy (orphan).
Artists	.	.	.	Messrs Hilliard & Maeder.
Reserved Chairists	.	.	.	Messrs Persee & Jerome.
Moppist	.	.	.	Signorina O'Flaherty.
Broomist	.	.	.	Mlle. Topsisia de St Moke.
Hired Man	.	.	.	John.
Fighting Editor	.	.	.	Chevalier McArone.
Dutchman	.	.	.	By a Polish Refugee, named McFinnigin.
Doortendist	.	.	.	Mons. Jacques Ridere.
Gas Man	.	.	.	Artemus Ward.

This Entertainment will open with music. The Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust."  First time in this city. 

* * *

Next comes a jocund and discursive preamble, calculated to show what a good education the Lecturer has.

* * *

View the first is a sea-view.—Ariel navigation.—Normal school of whales in the distance.—Isthmus of Panama.—Interesting interview with Old Panama himself, who makes all the hats. Old Pan, is a likely sort of man.

* * *

San Francisco.—City with a vigilant government.—Miners allowed to vote. Old inhabitants so rich that they have legs with golden calves to them.

*
* *

Town in the Silver region.—Good quarters to be found there.—Playful population, fond of high-low-jack and homicide.—Silver lying around loose.—Thefts of it termed silver-guilt.

*
* *

The Plains in Winter.—A wild Moor, like Othello.—Mountains in the distance forty thousand miles above the level of the highest sea (Musiani's chest C included).—If you don't believe this you can go there and measure them for yourself.

*
* *

Mormondom, sometimes called the City of the Plain, but wrongly ; the women are quite pretty.—View of Old Poly Gamy's house, &c.

*
* *

The Salt Lake Hotel.—Stage just come in from its overland route and retreat from the Indians.—Temperance house.—No bar nearer than Salt Lake sand-bars.—Miners in shirts like Artemus Ward his Programme—they are read and will wash.

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* *

Mormon Theatre, where Artemus Ward lectured.—Mormons like theatricals, and had rather go to the Play-house than to the Work-house, any time.—Private boxes reserved for the ears of Brother Brigham's wives.

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Intermission of Five Minutes.

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* *

Territorial State-House.—Seat of the Legislature.—About as fair a collection as that at Albany—and we “can't say no fairer than that.”

*
* *

Residence of Brigham Young and his wives.—Two hundred souls with but a single thought, Two hundred hearts that beat as one.

*
*

Seraglio of Heber C. Kimball.—Home of the Queens of Heber.—No relatives of the Queen of Sheba.—They are a nice gang of darlings.

*
*

Mormon Tabernacle, where the men espouse Mormonism and the women espouse Brother Brigham and his Elders as spiritual Physicians, convicted of bad doct'rin.

*
*

Foundations of the Temple.—Beginning of a healthy little job.—Temple to enclose all out-doors, and be paved with gold at a premium.

*
*

The Temple when finished.—Mormon idea of a meeting-house.—N.B. It will be bigger, probably, than Dodworth Hall.—One of the figures in the foreground is intended for Heber C. Kimball.—You can see, by the expression of his back, that he is thinking what a great man Joseph Smith was.

*
*

The Great Salt Lake.—Water actually thick with salt—too saline to sail in.—Mariners rocked on the bosom of this deep with rock salt.—The water isn't very good to drink.

*
*

House where Mormons are initiated.—Very secret and mysterious ceremonies.—Anybody can easily find out all about them though, by going out there and becoming a Mormon.

*
*

Echo Canon.—A rough bluff sort of affair.—Great Echo.—When Artemus Ward went through, he heard the echoes of some things the Indians said there about four years and a half ago.

*
*

The Plains again, with some noble savages, both in the live and dead state.—The dead one on the high shelf was killed in a Fratricidal Struggle.—They are always having Fratricidal Struggles out in that line of country.—It would be a good place for an enterprising Coroner to locate.

*
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*

Brigham Young surrounded by his wives.—These ladies are simply too numerous to mention.

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☞ Those of the audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him, often, at his fine new house in Brooklyn. His house is on the right hand side as you cross the Ferry, and may easily be distinguished from the other houses by its having a Cupola and a Mortgage on it.

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*
*

☞ Soldiers on the battle-field will be admitted to this Entertainment gratis.

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☞ The Indians on the Overland Route live on Routes and Herbs. They are an intemperate people. They drink with impunity, or anybody who invites them.

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*

☞ Artemus Ward delivered Lectures before

ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE

ever thought of delivering lectures.

TICKETS 50 cents. RESERVED CHAIRS 1 dol.

Doors open at 7.30 P.M.; Entertainment to commence at 8.

☞ The Piano used is from the celebrated factory of Messrs CHICKERING & SONS, 653 Broadway.

The Cabinet Organ is from the famous factory of Messrs MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, and is furnished by MASON BROTHERS, 7 Mercer Street, New York.

Yours truly,

A. Ward

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON,
AND OTHER HUMOROUS PAPERS.

THE LATE
ARTEMUS WARD.

A few copies of a Bust of this inimitable humorist having been prepared by GEFLOWSKI, the sculptor, for some personal friends, MR HOTTEN is permitted to take a select number of Subscribers' names for single copies.

The Price to Subscribers is 21s. ; or with Glass Shade and Stand, 25s. Sent carriage free on receipt of Post-Office Order.

The Bust is about Twelve Inches high.

74 & 75 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

INTRODUCTORY.

“**A** RTEMUS WARD IN LONDON” is chiefly formed of a series of eight papers written for *Punch* by Mr Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward) in the summer and autumn of 1866. Shortly after he arrived in this country Artemus Ward was engaged by Mr Mark Lemon to contribute to the leading comic journal of the metropolis. The articles were written when health was failing the writer, and when sad thoughts mingled with his most humorous fancies. The last two or three papers of the series were the result of considerable effort; they were penned at a time when labour was irksome, and even to think was troublesome to the thinker. Hence they lack in that rollicking humour which characterised the writer's earlier efforts, but are rich in shrewd remark and genial sarcasm. The paper entitled “A Visit to the British Museum” is the last published paper of Artemus Ward. The “sunny spring-time of my life,” to which he refers in the concluding paragraph, had passed away from him for ever, and the winter of the grave was opening to his view. To write for *Punch* had been his ambition many years before he came to London. That ambition was realised; but with its realisation came the accomplishment of his career—

“ But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.”

The article entitled "Pyrotechny" first appeared in a Christmas annual bearing the name of *The Five Aills*, edited by Mr Tom Hood, and published by Messrs Warne & Co. The humorous effusion to which the title of "The Negro Question" is affixed was contributed to the *Savage Club Papers*, edited by Mr Halliday, and published by Messrs Tinsley. Both articles are here reprinted with the permission of the original publishers.

E. P. H.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

L

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

MR PUNCH,—MY DEAR SIR,—You prob'ly didn't meet my uncle Wilyim when he was on these shores. I jedge so from the fack that his pursoots wasn't litrary. Commerce, which it has been trooly observed by a statesman, or somebody, is the foundation stone onto which a nation's greatness rests, glorious Commerce was Uncle Wilyim's fort. He sold soap. It smelt pretty, and redily commanded two pents a cake. I'm the only litrary man in our fam'ly. It is troo, I once had a dear cuzzun who wrote 22 versis onto "A Child who nearly Died of the Measles, O!" but as he injoodiciously introjuced a chorious at the end of each stanzy, the parrents didn't like it at all. The father in particler wept afresh, assaulted my cuzzun, and said he never felt so ridicklus in his intire life. The onhappy result was that my cuzzun abandind poetry for ever, and went back to shoemakin, a shattered man.

My Uncle Wilyim disposed of his soap, and returned to his nativ land with a very exolted opinyin of the British public. "It is a edycated community," said he; "they're a intellectoal peple. In one small village alone I sold 50 cakes of soap, incloodin barronial halls, where they offered me a ducal coronet, but I said no—give it to the poor." This was the

way Uncle Wilyim went on. He told us, however, some stories that was rather too much to be easily swallerd. In fack, my Uncle Wilyim was not a emblem of trooth. He retired some years ago on a hansum comptency derived from the insurance-money he received on a rather shaky skooner he owned, and which turned up while lyin at a wharf one night, the cargo havin fortnitly been remooved the day afore the disastriiss calamty occurd. Uncle Wilyim said it was one of the most sing'ler things he ever heard of; and, after collectin the insurance-money, he bust into a flood of tears, and retired to his farm in Pennsylvany. He was my uncle by marriage only. I do not say that he wasn't a honest man. I simply say that if you have a uncle, and bitter experunce tells you it is more profitable in a pecoonery pint of view to put pewter spoons instid of silver ones onto the table when that uncle dines with you in a frenly way—I simply say, there is sumthun wrong in our social sistim, which calls loudly for reform.

I 'rived on these shores at Liverpool, and proceeded at once to London. I stopt at the Washington Hotel in Liverpool, because it was named after a countryman of mine who didn't get his living by makin mistakes, and whose mem'ry is dear to civilised people all over the world, because he was gentle and good as well as trooly great. We read in Histry of any number of great individooals, but how few of 'em, alars! should we want to take home to supper with us! Among others, I would call your attention to Alexander the Great, who conkered the world, and wept because he couldn't do it sum more, and then took to gin-and-seltzer, gettin tight every day afore dinner with the most disgustin reg'larity, causin his parunts to regret they hadn't 'prenticed him in his early youth to a biskit-baker, or some other occupation of a peaceful and quiet character. I say, therefore, to the great men now livin (you could put 'em all into Hyde Park, by the way, and still leave room for a large and respectable concourse of rioters)—be good. I say to that gifted but bald-heded Prooshun, Bismarck, be good

and gentle in your hour of triumph. *I* always am. I admit that our lines is different—Bismarck's and mine ; but the same glor'us principle is involved. I am a exhibiter of startlin curiositys, wax works, snaix, etsetry (“either of whom,” as a American statesman whose name I ain't at liberty to mention for perlitercal resins, as he expecks to be a candidate for a prom'nent offiss, and hence doesn't wish to excite the rage and jelisy of other showmen—“either of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission”) ; I say I am a exhibiter of startlin curiositys, and I also have my hours of triumph, but I try to be good in 'em. If you say, “Ah, yes, but also your hours of grief and misfortin ;” I answer, it is troo : and you prob'ly refer to the circumstans of my hirin a young man of dissypated habits to fix hissself up as A real Cannibal from New Zeelan, and when I was simply tellin the audience that he was the most feroshus Cannibal of his tribe, and that, alone and unassisted, he had et sev'ril of our fellow-countrymen, and that he had at one time even contemplated eatin his Uncle Thomas on his mother's side, as well as other near and dear relatives, —when I was makin these simple statements, the mis'ble young man said I was a lyer, and knockt me off the platform. Not quite satisfied with this, he cum and trod hevily on me, and as he was a very musculer person, and wore remarkable thick boots, I knew at once that a canary bird wasn't walkin over me.

I admit that my ambition overlept herself in this instuns, and I've been very careful ever since to deal square with the public. If I was the public I should insist on squareness, tho' I shouldn't do as a portion of my audience did on the occasion jest mentioned, which they was employed in sum naberin coal mines.

“As you hain't got no more Cannybals to show us, old man,” said one of 'em, who seemed to be a kind of leader among 'em—a tall dis'greeble skoundril—“as you seem to be out of Cannybals, we'll sorter look round here and fix things.

Them wax figgers of yours want washin. There's Napoleon Bonyparte and Julius Cæsar—they must havé a bath," with which coarse and brutal remark he imitated the shrill war-hoop of the western savage, and, assisted by his infamus coal-heavin companyins, he threw all my wax-work into the river, and let my wild bears loose to pray on a peaceful and inoffensive agricultooral community.

Leavin Liverpool (I'm goin back there tho'—I want to see the Docks, which I heard spoken of at least once while I was there), I cum to London in a 1st class car, passin the time very agreeable in discussin, with a countryman of mine, the celebrated Schleswig-Holstein question. We took that int'resting question up and carefully traced it from the time it commenced being so down to the present day, when my countryman, at the close of a four hours' annymated debate, said he didn't know anything about it himself, and he wanted to know if I did. I told him that I did not. He's at Ramsgate now, and I am to write him when I feel like givin him two days in which to discuss the question of negro slavery in America. But now I do not feel like it.

London at last, and I'm stoppin at the Green Lion tavern. I like the lan'lord very much indeed. He had fallen into a few triflin errors in regard to America—he was under the impression, for instance, that we et hay over there, and had horns growin out of the back part of our heads—but his chops and beer is ekal to any I ever pertook. You must cum and see me, and bring the boys. I'm told that Garrick used to cum here; but I'm growin skeptycal about Garrick's favorit taverns. I've had over 500 public-houses pintoed out to me where Garrick went. I was indooced one night, by a select comp'ny of Britons, to visit sum 25 public-houses, and they confidentially told me that Garrick used to go to each one of 'em. Also, Dr Johnson. This won't do, you know.

May be I've rambled a bit in this comunycation. I'll

try and be more collected in my next, and meanwhile b'lieve me Trooly Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

II.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

YOU 'LL be glad to learn that I've made a good impression onto the mind of the lan'lord of the Green Lion tavern. He made a speech about me last night. Risin in the bar, he spoke as follers, there bein over 20 individooals present:—

“This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my fam'ly. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. (*Hear, hear.*) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knife and fork. Peple of this kind should be encurridged. I purpose 'is 'elth!” (*Loud 'plaws.*)

What could I do but modestly get up and express a fervint hope that the Atlantic Cable would bind the two countries still more clostly together? The lan'lord said my speech was full of orig'nality, but his idee was the old stage coach was more safer, and he tho't peple would indors that opinyin in doo time.

I'm gettin on exceedin well in London. I see now, however, that I made a mistake in orderin my close afore I left home. The trooth is, the taler in our little villige owed me for a pig, and I didn't see any other way of gettin my pay. Ten years ago these close would no doubt have been fash'nable, and perhaps they would be ekally sim'lar ten year hens. But now they're diff'rently. The taler said he know'd they was all right, because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashins reg'lar. This was a infamus

falsehood. But as the ballud says (which I heard a gen'l'man in a new soot of black close and white kid gloves sing t'other night), Never don't let us Despise a Man because he wears a Raggid Coat! I don't know as we do, by the way, tho' we gen'rally get out of his way pretty rapid; prob'ly on account of the pity which tears our boosums for his onhappy condition.

This last remark is a sirkastic and witherin thrust at them blotid people who live in gilded saloons. I tho't I'd explain my meanin to you. I frekently have to explain the meanin of my remarks. I know one man—and he's a man of varid 'complishments—who often reads my articles over 20 times afore he can make anything of 'em at all. Our skool-master to home says this is a pecoolerarity of geneyus. My wife says it is a pecoolerarity of infernal nonsens. She's a exceedin practycal woman. I luv her muchly, however, and humer her little ways. It's a recklis falshood that she he-pecks me; and the young man in our neighbourhood who said to me one evenin, as I was mistenin my diafram with a gentle cocktail at the villige tavun—who said to me in these very langwidge, "Go home, old man, onless you desires to have another teapot throwd at you by B. J.," prob'ly regrets havin said so.

I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle yooth, and I permits no person to allood to her as B. J. outside of the family circle, of which I am it principally myself. Your other observation I scorn and disgust, and I must polish you off."

He was a able-bodied young man, and, remoovin his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder. I said, Yes: if there was a Powder-grindist handy, nothin would 'ford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin me to make a rapid retreat into the fire-place. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organised. But I rallied and went for him, in a rayther vigris style for my

time of life. His parunts lived near by, and I will simply state 15 minits had only elapst after the first act, when he was carried home on a shutter. His mama met the sollum procession at the door, and after keerfully looking her orfspring over, she said :

“ My son, I see how it is distinctually. You’ve been foolin round a Thrashin Masheen. You went in at the place where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and you got up into the thingamyjig, and let the horses tred on you, didn’t you, my son ? ”

The pen of no livin Orthur could describe that disfortnit young man’s sittywation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him till he got well. His reg’lar original father being absent to the war, I told him I’d be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I’d already been wuss than two fathers to him.

I will here obsarve that fitin orter be allus avided, excep in extrem cases. My principle is, if a man smites me on the right cheek I’ll turn my left to him, prob’ly ; but if he insinooates that my gran’mother wasn’t all right, I’ll punch his hed. But fitin is mis’ble bisniss, gen’rally speakin, and whenever any enterprisin countryman of mine cums over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring, I’m allus excessively tickled when he gets scooped hissself, which it is a sad fack has thus far been the case—my only sorrer bein that t’other feller wasn’t scooped likewise. It’s diff’reently with scullin boats, which is a manly sport ; and I can only explain Mr Hamil’s resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn’t used to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfact’ry to all.

As I remarked afore, I’m gettin on well. I’m aware that I’m in the great metrop’lis of the world, and it doesn’t make me onhappy to admit the fack. A man is a ass who dispoots it. That’s all that ails *him*. I know there is sum peple who cum over here and snap and snarl ’bout this and that : I know

one man who says it is a shame and a disgrace that St Paul's Church isn't a older ediffiss ; he says it should be years and even ages older than it is ; but I decline to hold myself responsible for the conduct of this idyit simply because he's my countryman. I spose every civ'lisid land is endowed with its full share of gibberin idyits, and it can't be helpt—leastways I can't think of any effectooal plan of helpin it.

I'm a little sorry you've got politics over here, but I shall not diskuss 'em with nobody. Tear me to peaces with wild omnibuss hosses, and I won't diskuss 'em. I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other night, and went to the great meetin for a few minits. I hadn't been in the hall long when a stern lookin artisan said to me :

“ You ar from Wales ? ”

No, I told him I didn't think I was. A hidgyis tho't flasht over me. It was of that onprincipled taler, and I said, “ Has my clothin a Welchy appearance ? ”

“ Not by no means,” he answered, and then he said, “ And what is your opinyin of the present crisis ? ”

I said, “ I don't zackly know. Have you got it very bad ? ”

He replied, “ Sir, it is sweepin over England like a Cymoon of the Desert ! ”

“ Wall,” I said, “ let it sweep ! ”

He ceased me by the arm and said, “ Let us glance at hist'ry. It is now some two thousand years——”

“ Is it, indeed ? ” I replied.

“ Listin ! ” he fiercely cried ; “ it is only a little over two thousand years since——”

“ Oh, bother ! ” I remarkt ; “ let us go out and git some beer.”

“ No, sir. I want no gross and sensual beer. I'll not move from this spot till I can vote. Who ar you ? ”

I handed him my card, which, in addition to my name, contains a elabrit description of my show.

“Now, sir,” I proudly said, “you know me?”

“I sollumly swear,” he sternly replied, “that I never heard of you, or your show, in my life!”

“And this man,” I cried, bitterly, “calls hisself a intelligent man, and thinks he order be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!”

I’ve no objection to ev’ry intelligent man votin if he wants to. It’s a pleasant amoosement, no doubt; but there is those whose igrance is so dense and loathsum that they shouldn’t be trusted with a ballit any more’n one of my trained serpunt should be trusted with a child to play with.

I went to the station with a view of returnin to town on the cars.

“This way, sir,” said the guard; “here you ar.”

And he pinted to a first-class carrige, the sole ockepant of which was a rayther prepossessin female of 30 summers.

“No, I thank you,” I earnestly replied; “I prefer to walk.”

I am, dear Sir, very respectivly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

III.

THE GREEN LION AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

MR PUNCH,—MY DEAR SIR,—It is now two weeks since a rayther strange lookin man engaged ’partments at the Green Lion. He stated he was from the celebrated United States, but beyond this he said nothin. He seem’d to prefer sollytood. He remained mostly in his room, and whenever he did show hisself he walkt in a moody and morose manner in the garding, with his hed bowed down and his arms foldid across his brest. He reminded me sunwhat of the celebrated but onhappy *Mr Haller*, in the cheerful play of *The Stranger*. This man puzzled me. I’d been puzzled afore several times, but never so severally

as now. Mine Ost of the Green Lion said I must interrogate this strange bein, who claimed to be my countryman.

“He hasn’t called for a drop of beer since he’s been in this ere Ouse,” said the landlord. “I look to you,” he added, “to clear up this dark, this orful mistry!”

I wringed the lan’lord’s honest hand, and told him to consider the mistry cleared up.

I gained axes to the misterus bein’s room, and by talkin sweet to him for a few minits, I found out who he was. Then returnin to the lan’lord, who was nervisly pacin up and down the bar, I said :

“Sweet Rolando, don’t tremble no more! I’ve torn the marsk from the hawty stranger’s face, and dived into the recesses of his inmost sole! He’s a Trans-Mejim!”

I’d been to the Beefanham theatre the previs evenin, and probly the drammer I saw affected me, because I’m not in the habit of goin on as per above. I like the Beefanham theatre very much indeed, because there a enthoosiastic lover of the theatre like myself can unite the legitermit drammer with fish. Thus, while your enrapterd soul drinks in the lorfty and noble sentences of the gifted artists, you can eat a biled mack’ril jest as comfor’bly as in your own house. I felt constrained, however, to tell a fond mother who sot immegitly behind me, and who was accompanied by a gin bottle and a young infant—I felt constrained to tell that mother, when her infant playfully mingled a rayther oily mack’ril with the little hair which is left on my vener’ble hed, that I had a bottle of scented hair oil at home, which on the whole I tho’t I preferred to that which her orfspring was greasin me with. This riled the excellent female, and she said :

“Git out! you never was a infank yourself, I spose! Oh, no! You was too good to be a infank, you was! You slid into the world all ready grow’d, didn’t you? Git out!”

“No, madam,” I replied, “I too was once a infant! I was a luvly child. Peple used to come in large and enthoosiastic

crowds from all parts of the country to see me, I was such a sweet and intel'gent infant. The excitement was so intens, in fact, that a extra hotel was startid in the town to accommodate the peple who thronged to my cradle." Having finished these troothful statemints, I smilt sweetly on the worthy female. She said :

"Drat you ! what do you come a-chaffin me for ?"

And the estymible woman was really gettin furis, when I mollyfied her by praisin her child, and by axin pardin for all I'd said.

"This little gal," I observed, "this surprisingly luvly gal—" when the mother said,

"It's t' other sect is he, sir ; it's a boy."

"Wall," I said, "then this little boy, whose eye is like a eagle a-soaring proudly in the azure sky, will some day be a man, if he don't choke hisselt to death in childhood's sunny hours with a smelt or a bloater, or some other drefful calamity. How surblime the tho't, my dear madam, that this infant as you fondle on your knee on this night, may grow up into a free and independent citizen, whose vote will be worth from ten to fifteen pounds, accordin as suffrages may range at that ioyus perid !"

Let us now return, jentle reader, to the lan'lord of the Green Lion, who we left in the bar in a state of anxiety and perspire. Rubbin his hot face with a red hankercher, he said :

"Is the strange bein a American ?"

"He is."

"A Gen'ral ?"

"No."

"A Colonial ?"

"No."

"A Majer ?"

"Not a Majer."

"A Capting ?"

"He is not."

“ A leftenant ? ”

“ Not even that.”

“ Then,” said the lan’lord of the Green Lion, “ you are deceived ! He is no countryman of yours.”

“ Why not ? ” I said.

“ I will tell you, sir,” said the lan’lord. “ My son-in law is employed in a bankin house where ev’ry American as comes to these shores goes to get his drafts casht, and he says that not one has arrived on these shores durin the last 18 months as wasn’t a Gen’ral, a Colonial, a Majer, a Captin, or a leftenant ! This man, as I said afore, has deceived you ! He’s a impostuer ! ”

I reeled into a chair. For a minit I was speechlis. At length I murmerd, “ Alars ! I fear it is too troo ! Even I was a Captin of the Home Gards.”

“ To be sure,” said the lan’lord ; “ you all do it, over there.”

“ Wall,” I said, “ whatever nation this person belongs to, we may as well go and hear him lectur this evenin. He is one of these spirit fellers—a Trans-Mejim, and when he slings himself into a trans-state, he says the sperrits of departed great men talk through him. He says that to-night sev’ril em’nent persons will speak through him—among others, Cromwell.”

“ And this Mr Cromwell—is he dead ? ” said the lan’lord.

I told him that Oliver was no more.

“ It’s a umbug,” said the lan’lord ; to which I replied that we’d best go and see, and we went. We was late, on account of the lan’lord’s extensiv acquaintans with the public-house keepers along the road, and the hall was some two miles distant, but we got there at last. The hall was about half full, and the Mejim was just then assumin to be Benjamin Franklin, who was speakin about the Atlantic Cable.

He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that messiges could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by

steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was Franklin, a spiritooal life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellecks particly.

The audiens was mostly composed of rayther pale peple, whose eyes I tho't rolled round in a somewhat wild manner. But they was well-behaved, and the females kept saying, "How beautiful! What a surblime thing it is," et cetry, et cetry. Among the females was one who was a fair and rosy young woman. She sot on the same seat we did, and the lan'lord of the Green Lion, whose frekent intervooos with other lan'lords that evenin had been too much for him, fastened his left eye on the fair and rosy young person, and smilin lovingly upon her, said :

"You may give me, my dear, four-penny-worth of gin—cold gin. I take it cold, because——"

There was cries of "Silence! Shame! Put him out! the Skoffer!"

"Ain't we at the Spotted Boar?" the lan'lord hoarsely whispered.

"No," I answered, "it's another kind of bore. Lis'en. Cromwell is goin' to speak through our inspired fren', now."

"Is he?" said the lan'lord—"is he? Wall, I've suthin to say, also. Was this Cromwell a licensed vittler?"

"Not that I ever heard," I anserd.

"I'm sorry for that," said the lan'lord with a sigh; "but you think he was a man who would wish to see licensed vittlers respected in their rights?"

"No doubt."

"Wall," said the lan'lord, "jest you keep a eye on me."

Then rising to his feet he said, in a somewhat husky yet tol'bly distink voice, "Mr Crumbwell!"

"Cromwell!" I cried.

"Yes, Mr Cromwell: that's the man I mean, Mr Cromble! won't you please advise that gen'l'man who you're talkin through—won't you advise 'm during your elekant speech to

settle his bill at my 'ouse to-night, Mr Crumbles," said the lan'lord, glarin' savigely round on the peple; "because if he don't, there'll be a punched 'ed to be seen at the Green Lion, where I don't want no more of this everlastin nonsens. I'll talk through 'im. Here 's a sperrit," said the lan'lord, a smile once more beamin on his face, "which will talk through him like a Dutch father! I'm the sperrit for you, young feller!"

"You're a helthy old sperret," I remarkt; and then I saw the necessity of gettin him out of the hall. The wimin was yellin and screamin, and the men was hollerin perlice. A perlicemen really came and collerd my fat fren.

"It's only a fit, Sir Richard," I said. I always call the perlice Sir Richard. It pleases them to think I'm the victim of a de-loosion; and they always treat me perlately. This one did, certainly, for he let us go. We saw no more of the Trans-Mejim.

It's diffikilt, of course, to say how long these noosances will be allowed to prowll round. I should say, however, if pressed for a answer, that they will prob'ly continner on jest about as long as they can find peple to lis'en to 'em. Am I right?—
Yours faithfull,

ARTEMUS WARD.

IV.

AT THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

MR PUNCH,—MY DEAR SIR,—I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspeare.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She

said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went.

"But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses 'as growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit—also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was goin to carry both of my red flannel nightcaps.

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the Birthplace of Shakspeare. Mr S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it prof'tible cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakspeare is s'posed to have fell down on the ice and hurt hissself when a boy (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford), I wondered if three hundred years hence picturs of *my* birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighing 1000 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, feller-citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod-liver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of peple, who excite a

feelin of loathin in every brest where lorfty emotions and original idees have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minutes on my way to Stratford onto the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appintment: H.R.H.;" and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appintment: H.R.H.; and now *you're* at it. It is simply onpossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me, that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appintment. I said, "Oh, *hadn't* I?" Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt."

"And the enterprisin tradesman," I continnerd, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appintment: H.R.H.! It is a beautiful, a great idee!"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of Shakspeare in a hired fly. It lookt, however, more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old churchyard at Stratford, beside a Tombstone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakspeare. Alars! and this is the spot where——"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager; "Shakspeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a hoy told me this was it." The boy larfed

and put the shillin I d givin him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced moving backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and after talking to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman who was talking in a excited manner to a fashnibly-dressed young man.

“No, Ernest Montressor,” the old gentleman said, “it is idle to pursoo this subjeck no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as ventures out in a uncertain climit like this without a umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability; and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter’s happiness to.”

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said :

“You’re right! You’re one of those kind of men, you are——”

He wheeled suddenly round, and in a indignant voice, said, “Go way—go way! This is a privit intervoo.”

I didn’t stop to enrich the old gentleman’s mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn’t inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbreller. I’m really delighted with this grand old country, *Mr Punch*, but you must admit that it does rain rayther numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monerkal form of gov’mnt or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced persons to say.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn’t fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons con-

tinner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it all.

When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow-pupils to deliver a farewell address.

"Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about Shakspeare, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irving used to keep.

"I've understood that he was unsuccessful as a lan'lord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and ondoubtedly represented a thrifty Ile well somewhere in Pennsylvany. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvany to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his backyard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the Ile it squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great S. must go there once certinly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equiv'lent to

sayin one has jest about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me Chawcer's *poems*. Mr C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had genevus, was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which, I'm fraid, would stand a rayther slim chance beside the needle gun.—Adoo !
adoo !

ARTEMUS WARD.

V.

IS INTRODUCED AT THE CLUB.

MR PUNCH,—MY DEAR SIR,—It is seldim that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mar'd by Games.

It is Commerce, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ards each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your last Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was encored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertainin this great regard for Commerce, “whose sales whiten every sea,” as everybody happily observes every chance he gets, I learn with disgust and surprise that a British subjeck bo't a Barril of Apple Sass in America recently, and when he arrove home he found under a few deloosiv layers of sass nothin but saw-dust. I should have instantly gone into the City and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condem and repudiate, as a American, this gross frawd, if I

hadn't learned at the same time that the draft given by the British subjeck in payment for this frawdylent sass was drawd onto a Bankin House in London which doesn't have a existence, but far otherwise, and never did.

There is those who larf at these things, but to me they merit rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my Uncle Wilyim—who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marriage only, who is a low cuss, and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father, on discoverin it, got in a rage and denounced him, Uncle Wilyim said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class Humer!—with the exception of this wretched Uncle, the escutchin of my fam'ly has never been stained by Games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfeshion I do not call Games. They are sacrificses to Art.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The Wards is a very clever fam'ly indeed.

I believe we are descendid from the Puritins, who nobly fled from a land of despitism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin *his*.

As I said before, we are a very clever fam'ly.

I was strolling up Regent Street the other day, thinkin what a clever fam'ly I come of, and looking at the gay shop-winders. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them others wouldn't do. They carrid the observer too far back into the dim vister of the past, and I gave 'em to a Orfun Asylum. The close I wear now I bo't of Mr Moses, in the Commercial Road. They were expressly made, Mr Moses informed me, for a nobleman; but as they fitted him too muchly, partic'ly the trows'rs (which is blue, with large red and white checks), he had said:

“My dear feller, make me some more, only mind—be sure you sell these to some genteel old feller.”

I like to saunter thro' Regent Street. The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoon, who don't spile their beauty by devouring cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American and French lasses do. It's a mistake about everybody being out of town, I guess. Regent Street is full. I'm here; and, as I said before, I come of a very clever fam'ly.

As I was walking along, amoosin myself by stickin my pen-knife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell coaches (not one of whom howled with angwish), I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who said, “I have seen that face somewheres afore!”

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell have been burnished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

“Was it in the Crimea, comrade? Yes, it was. It was at the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!”

I said, “No, it wasn't at Sebastopol. I escaped a fatal wound by not bein there. It was a healthy old fortress,” I added.

“It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash.”

“And plucky boys they was who brought her down,” I added; “and hurrah for 'em!”

The man graspt me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked so much as he did me.

“Let us,” he added, “let us to the shrine of Bachus!”

And he dragged me into a public-house. I was determined to pay, so I said, “Mr Bachus, giv this gen'l'man what he calls for.”

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner-time arrove, when the agree'ble gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy, they was welcome to it.

We had soop and fish, and a hot jint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintige. We had ices, and we had froot from Greenland's icy mountains and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptuous reparst was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnity left his pocket-book at home on the marble center-table.

"But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, never mind," and drew out my puss; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the dinner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The agree'ble gentleman then said, "Now I will show you our Club. It dates back to the time of William the Conqueror."

"Did Bill belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Wall," I said, "if Billy was one of 'em, I need no other endorsement as to its respectfulness; and I'll go with you, my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agree'ble man told me that the Club was called the Slosers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the Club. In fack, if any member appeared there in evenin dress, he'd be instantly expeld. "And yit," he added, "there's geneyus there, and lorfty emotions, and intelleck. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intelleck you'll see there."

We reached the Slosers in due time, and I must say they

was a shaky-looking lot, and the public-house where they convened was certingly none of the best.

The Slosers crowded round me, and said I was welcome.

"What a beautiful brestpin you 've got," said one of 'em. "Permit me," and he took it out of my neckercher. "Isn't it luvly?" he said, parsin it to another, who passed it to another.

It was given me by my aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special occasions. I see that beautiful boosum-pin a parsin from one Sloser to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poit, "parsin away! parsin away!" I never saw it no more.

Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:

"At larst! at larst! My Wilyim, from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, Marm. Not on no account. I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters; but a voice in my heart didn't whisper Seu-zan! I've belayed the marlin-spikes on the upper jibpoop, but Seu-zan's eye wasn't on me, much. Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are!" she howled, seizin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have a opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the point of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever fam'ly. A very clever fam'ly, indeed.

"Where," I cried, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Captin—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "What do I see? Me Sister! me sweet Adulaide! and in tears! Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent I took to my boosum, and borrowed

money of, and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you?—You ought to be ashamed of yourself.”

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the breast-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it parsed away like the breast-pin. Then they ~~sorter~~ quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Green Lion.

“Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you’ve been up to larks!” said the lan’lord, larfin loudly, and digging his fist into my ribs.

I said, “Bigsby, if you do that agin, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent fam’ly, I shall disfigger your beneverlent countenance for life!”

“What has ruffled your spirits, friend?” said the lan’lord.

“My spirits has been ruffled,” I ansered in a bittur voice, “by a viper who was into the Crimea. What good was it,” I cried, “for Sebastopol to fall down without envelopin in its ruins that viper?”

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever fam’ly.

ARTEMUS WARD.

VI.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

MR PUNCH,—MY DEAR SIR,—I skurcely need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop’lar with peple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don’t find a basis more firmer than this one.

“You have no Tower in America?” said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

“Alars! no,” I anserd; “we boste of our enterprise and

improvements, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after awhile, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin-room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many peple have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this instiotoon were a bad lot, and their crimes were trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occurd durin the rain of Henry the Three. Let us be cheerful," I continnerd. "Look at the festiv Warders, in their red flannil jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers, and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enuff to admit about twenty traters abreast, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are a onfornit class of peple. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country—they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of Gloster, afterwards Old Dick the Three, who may be seen at the Tower on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take Mr Gloster's case. Mr G. was a conspirator of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple tree. But Mr G. succeeded, and became great.

He was slewd by Col. Richmond, but he lives in histry, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other em'nent persons, and no extra charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lectur.

There's one king in this room who is mounted onto a foamin steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choice cuttlery I notist the bow and arrer which those hot-heded old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrer used at this day by certain tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be a Injun when I was in the Rocky Mountin regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. Mr Cooper and Dr Catlin have told us of the red man's wonerful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said :

“Brothers ! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers ! the sun is sinkin in the West, and Wa-na-bucky-she will soon cease speakin. Brothers ! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink.”

He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whisky, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subjeck of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin the fack that every year “carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun,” I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomas-hawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of Queen Elizabeth, mounted on a f'ry stuffed hoss,

whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated Elizabeth with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it at the Surry Theatre, where *Troo to the Core* is bein acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooed on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, givin the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic-hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammer is *Troo to the Core*, notwithstandin the eccentric conduck of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in Queen Elizabeth to make Martin Truegold a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instrouments of tortur, such as thumbscrews, throat-collars, &c., statin that these was conkered from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in them days—which elissited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it *was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumbscrews, when we was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she 'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassiges, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassige into his mouth that I expected to see him choke hissself to death; he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls, "This is a sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassige in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these

drefful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewils is kept. I was so pleased with the Queen's Crown, that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprize it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife ; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of funs I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillings.

"I'll give you six *d.*'s more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hart-rendin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about Governor Ayre, and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and bad him good-bye. And then I tho't what a frolicsome day I'd made of it.—Respectably, &c.,

ARTEMUS WARD.

VII.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

MR PUNCH,—MY DEAR SIR,—I was a little disapinted at not receivin a invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exactly see how they go on without me.

I hope it wasn't the intentions of the Sciencers to exclud me from their deliberations.

Let it pars. I do not repine. Let us remember Homer. Twenty cities claim Homer dead, thro' which the livin Mr Homer couldn't have got trusted for a sandwich and a glass of bitter beer, or words to that effect.

But perhaps it was a oversight. Certinly I have been hospitably rec'd in this country. Hospitality has been pored all over me. At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I don't remember a instance since my 'rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and purlitely shuttin the door for me, and then extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frenly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yit tuchin gesture, welcum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh yes—I guess he doesn't he. And it's quite right among two great countries which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's. And I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckingham Pallis, I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referd to the side walk instid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelins.

I prepared an Essy on Animals to read before the Social Science meetins. It is a subjeck I may truthfully say I have successfully wrestled with. I tackled it when only nineteen years old. At that tender age I writ a Essy for a lit'ry Institoot entitled, "Is Cats to be trusted?" Of the merits of that Essy it doesn't becum me to speak, but I may be excoos'd for mentionin that the Institoot parsed a resolution that "whether we look upon the length of this Essy, or the manner in which it is written, we feel that we will not express any opinion of it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the Essy I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisheder production than the one on Cats, which was

wroten when my mind was crood, and afore I had masterd a graceful and ellygant stile of composition. I could not even punctooate my sentences proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my yooth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was unexcusable, and I'm surprised I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essy on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to spare, I'll read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or, what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all picturs in next week's *Punch*, and do not let your contributors write enything whatever (let them have a holiday; they can go to the British Mooseum;) and publish my Essy intire. It will fill all your collumes full, and create comment. Does this proposition strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essy to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closin attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with 'em doorin my entire perfessional career as a showman, more especial bears, wolves, leopards and serpunts.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contact with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive manner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardy manner, I used to casionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places were they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than ushil, which elissited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said, "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I ansered, hitting him another whack.

"I prithy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effeck of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creeturs better than you do."

With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, "Come hither, pretty creetur."

The pretty creetur come-hithered rayther speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Gentle Sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you mustn't fondle 'em. You mustn't meddle with their idiotsyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears, you can teach 'em to do interestin things, but they're onreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and give a mournful wale, etsetry. But he often annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Run, it suddenly occurd to the Fed'ral soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintainin a rate of speed durin the entire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed *Gladiateur*. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this deieat; and I said to my Bear shortly after, as

I was givin a exhibition in Ohio—I said, “Brewin, are you not sorry the National arms has sustained a defeat?” His business was to wale dismal, and bow his head down, the band (a barrel orgin and a violin) playing slow and melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence darncein and larfin in the most joyous manner? I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty.

I will relate another incident in the career of this retchid Bear. I used to present what I called in the bills a Beautiful living Pictur—showing the Bear’s fondness for his Master: in which I’d lay down on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down beside me, restin his right paw on my breast, the Band playing “*Home, Sweet Home,*” very soft and slow. Altho’ I say it, it was a tuchin thing to see. I’ve seen Tax-Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, “Ladies and Gentlemen, we will now show you the Bear’s fondness for his master,” and I went and laid down. I tho’t I observed a pecooliar expression into his eyes, as he rolled clumsily to’ards me, but I didn’t dream of the scene which follerd. He laid down, and put his paw on my breast. “Affection of the bear for his Master,” I repeated. “You see the Monarch of the Western Wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals natrally are, we now see that they have hearts, and can love. This bear, the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her che-ild!” But what was my horror when the grizzly and infamus Bear threw his other paw *under* me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close embrace he waltzed up and down the platform in a frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make matters wuss, a low scurrilus young man in the audiens hollered out:

“Playfulness of the Bear! Quick moosic!”

I jest ’scaped with my life. The Bear met with a wiolent death the next day, by being in the way when a hevily loaded gun was fired off by one of my men.

But you should hear my *Essy* which I wrote for the Social Science Meetins. It would have had a moving effect on them. I feel that I must now conclud.

I have read Earl Bright's speech at Leeds, and I hope we shall now hear from John Derby. I trust that not only they, but Wm. E. Stanley and Lord Gladstone will cling inflexibly to those great fundamental principles, which they understand far better than I do, and I will add, that I do not understand anything about any of them whatever in the least—and let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrow the money to do it with.—Very respectfully yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

VIII.

A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MR PUNCH,—MY DEAR SIR,—You didn't get a instructiv article from my pen last week on account of my nervus sistim havin underwent a dreffle shock. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upshot me. I was walkin in Regent Street one day last week, enjoyin your rich black fog and bracing rains, when all at once the Sun bust out and actooally shone for nearly half an hour steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his hoss at a friteful rate of speed to my lodgins, but it wasn't of no avale. I had orful cramps, my appytite left me, and my pulsts went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful nussin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exileratin weather continners.

[All of the foregoin is sarcasum.]

It's a sing'lar fack, but I never sot eyes on your excellent British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many

people there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happened thusly : When one of my excellent countrymen, jest arrived in London, would come and see me, and display a inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would suggest a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Mooseum would ockepy him a day at leest, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble ediffises, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metropolis. There's my fren Col. Larkins, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it ; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it yit. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The Col. says it is fortnit we live in a intellectooal age which wouldn't countenance such infamus things as occurd in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled ; and considerin upon how slight a provycation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all.

I allus ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you will permit me to say so) the spirit of the eagle, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much eagler when I'm in the open air. So on the mornin on which I went to the Mooseum I lit a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there as quick as his Arabian charger could go. The driver was under the infloence of beer, and narrerly escaped runnin over a aged female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstratid with him. I said :

“ That poor old woman may be the only mother of a young

man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?"

He said, "You lie!" I got down and called another cab, but said nothin to this driver about his parents.

The British Mooseum is a magnificent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble costymonger, who traverses the busy streets with a cart containin all kinds of vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Mooseum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Mooseum! These noble walls," I continnerd, punching them with my umbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowd to finish my enthoosiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hash voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "you see, I'm lookin round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larfin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never woulded I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance of his mouth to his stummuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while goin down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only

shows that the swine is a ass who don't know what's good ; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin to the devil I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurrd to me there was rayther too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertin date." Now, I like the British Mooseum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of erthen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertin date," I'm at a loss to 'zackly determin whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a jug one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug ; but a jug of a uncertin date doesn't overwhelm me with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertin age is doubtless vallyable property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want too many of them.

I was debarred out of the great readin-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little fraid I shan't get in there. Seein a elderly gentleman, with a benevolent-lookin face near by, I venturd to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to *Mr Punch*," I said.

"Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you *have* done it now ! You stood some chance before."

I will get this infamus wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statute of Apollo is a pretty slick statute. A young yeoman seemed deeply imprest with it. He viewd it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districks where the daisy sweetly blooms, he would be swearin in a

horrible manner at his bullocks, and whacking 'em over the head with a hayfork ; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed bein.

I told the attendant that if the British nation would stand the expens of a marble bust of myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculptist.

“ I feel,” I said, “ that this a dooty I owe to posterity.”

He said it was hily prob'l, but he was inclined to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Mooseum with a bust of me, altho' he venturd to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by Madam Tussaud, who would give it a prom'nent position in her Chamber of Horrers. The young man was very polite, and I thankt him kindly.

After visitin the Refreshment-room, and partakin of half a chicken “ of a uncertin age,” like the Roman antiquitys I have previsly spoken of, I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal room, I observed with pane that a benevolint person was urgin the stufft elephant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel called on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did with two young persons of diff'rent sexes who had retired behind the Rynosserhoss to squeeze each other's hands. In fack, I rayther approved of the latter proceedin, for it carrid me back to the sunny spring-time of *my* life. I'm in the shear and yellor leaf now, but I don't forgit the time when to squeeze my Betsy's hand sent a thrill through me like follin off the roof of a two-story house ; and I never squozed that gentle hand without wantin to do so some more, and feelin that it did me good.—Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

IX.

PYROTECHNY.

I.—THE PEACEFUL HAMLET.

NESTLING among the grand hills of New Hampshire, in the United States of America, is a village called Waterbury.

Perhaps you were never there.

I do not censure you if you never were.

One can get on very well without going to Waterbury.

Indeed, there are millions of meritorious persons who were never there, and yet they are happy.

In this peaceful hamlet lived a young man named Pettingill.

Reuben Pettingill.

He was an agriculturist.

A broad-shouldered, deep-chested agriculturist.

He was contented to live in this peaceful hamlet.

He said it was better than a noisy Othello.

Thus do these simple children of nature joke in a first-class manner.

II.—MYSELF.

I write this romance in the French style.

Yes : something that way.

The French style consists of making just as many paragraphs as possible.

Thus one may fill up a column in a very short time.

I am paid by the column, and the quicker I can fill up a column—but this is a matter to which we will not refer.

We will let this matter pass.

III.—PETTINGILL.

Reuben Pettingill was extremely industrious.

He worked hard all the year round on his father's little farm.

Right he was !

Industry is a very fine thing.

It is one of the finest things of which we have any knowledge.

Yet do not frown, "do not weep for me," when I state that I don't like it.

It doesn't agree with me.

I prefer indolence.

I am happiest when I am idle.

I could live for months without performing any kind of labour, and at the expiration of that time I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months.

This should not surprise you.

Nothing that a modern novelist does should excite astonishment in any well-regulated mind.

IV.—INDEPENDENCE DAY.

The 4th of July is always celebrated in America with guns, and processions, and banners, and all those things.

You know why we celebrate this day.

The American Revolution, in 1775, was perhaps one of the finest revolutions that was ever seen. But I have not time to give you a full history of the American Revolution. It would consume years to do it, and I might weary you.

One 4th of July, Reuben Pettingill went to Boston.

He saw great sights.

He saw the dense throng of people, the gay volunteers, the banners, and, above all, he saw the fireworks.

I despise myself for using so low a word, but the fireworks "licked" him.

A new world was opened to this young man.

He returned to his parents and the little farm among the hills, with his heart full of fireworks.

He said, "I will make some myself."

He said this while eating a lobster on top of the coach.

He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

With that simple weapon he could make, from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, &c. He carved excellent soldiers also.

I remember his masterpiece.

It was "Napoleon crossing the Alps."

Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps.

An Alp or two more would have improved it: but, as a whole, it was a wonderful piece of work; and what a wonderful piece of work is a wooden man, when his legs and arms are all right.

V.—WHAT THIS YOUNG MAN SAID.

He said, "I can make just as good fireworks as them in Boston."

"Them" was not grammatical, but why care for grammar as long as we are good?

VI.—THE FATHER'S TEARS.

Pettingill neglected the farm.

He said that it might till itself—he should manufacture some gorgeous fireworks, and exhibit them on the village green on the next 4th of July.

He said the Eagle of Fame would flap his wings over their humble roof ere many months should pass away.

"If he does," said old Mr Pettingill, "we must shoot him, and bile him, and eat him, because we shall be rather short of meat, my son, if you go on in this lazy way."

And the old man wept.

He shed over 120 gallons of tears.

That is to say, a puncheon. But by all means let us avoid turning this romance into a farce.

VII.—PYROTECHNY.

But the headstrong young man went to work making fireworks.

He bought and carefully studied a work on pyrotechny.

The villagers knew that he was a remarkably skilful young man, and they all said, "We shall have a great treat next 4th of July."

Meanwhile Pettingill worked away.

VIII.—THE DAY.

The great day came at last.

Thousands poured into the little village from far and near.

There was an oration, of course.

IX.—ORATORY IN AMERICA.

Yes ; there was an oration.

We have a passion for oratory in America—political oratory chiefly.

Our political orators never lose a chance to "express their views."

They will do it. You cannot stop them.

There was an execution in Ohio one day, and the Sheriff, before placing the rope round the murderer's neck, asked him if he had any remarks to make ?

"If he hasn't," said a well-known local orator, pushing his way rapidly through the dense crowd to the gallows—"if our ill-starred feller-citizen don't feel inclined to make a speech,

and is in no hurry, I should like to avail myself of the present occasion to make some remarks on the necessity of a new protective tariff!"

X.—PETTINGILL'S FIREWORKS.

As I said in Chapter VIII., there was an oration. There were also processions, and guns, and banners.

"This evening," said the chairman of the committee of arrangements, "this evening, fellow-citizens, there will be a grand display of fireworks on the village green, superintended by the inventor and manufacturer, our public-spirited townsman, Mr Reuben Pettingill."

Night closed in, and an immense concourse of people gathered on the village green.

On a raised platform, amidst his fireworks, stood Pettingill.

He felt that the great hour of his life was come, and, in a firm, clear voice, he said :

"The fust fireworks, feller-citizens, will be a rocket, which will go up in the air, bust, and assume the shape of a serpint."

He applied a match to the rocket, but instead of going up in the air, it flew wildly down into the grass, running some distance with a hissing kind of sound, and causing the masses to jump round in a very insane manner.

Pettingill was disappointed, but not disheartened. He tried again.

"The next fireworks," he said, "will go up in the air, bust, and become a beautiful revolvin wheel."

But, alas! it didn't. It only ploughed a little furrow in the green grass, like its unhappy predecessor.

The masses laughed at this, and one man—a white-haired old villager—said, kindly but firmly, "Reuben, I'm 'fraid you don't understand pyrotechny."

Reuben was amazed. Why did his rockets go down instead of up? But, perhaps, the others would be more successful;

and, with a flushed face, and in a voice scarcely as firm as before, he said :

“The next specimen of pyrotechny will go up in the air, bust, and become a eagle. Said eagle will soar away into the western skies, leavin a red trail behind him as he so soars.”

But, alas ! again. No eagle soared ; but, on the contrary, that ordinarily proud bird buried its head in the grass.

The people were dissatisfied. They made sarcastic remarks. Some of them howled angrily. The aged man, who had before spoken, said :

“No, Reuben, you evidently don’t understand pyrotechny.” Pettingill boiled with rage and disappointment.

“You don’t understand pyrotechny !” the masses shouted. Then they laughed in a disagreeable manner, and some unfeelin lads threw dirt at our hero.

“You don’t understand pyrotechny !” the masses yelled again.

“Don’t I ?” screamed Pettingill, wild with rage ; “don’t you think I do ?”

Then seizing several gigantic rockets he placed them over a box of powder, and touched the whole off.

This rocket went up. It did indeed.

There was a terrific explosion.

No one was killed, fortunately, though many were injured.

The platform was almost torn to pieces.

But proudly erect among the falling timbers stood Pettin-gill, his face flashing with wild triumph ; and he shouted, “If I’m any judge of pyrotechny, that rocket has went off.”

Then seeing that all the fingers on his right hand had been taken close off in the explosion, he added, “And I ain’t so dreadful certain but four of my fingers has went off with it, because I don’t see ’em here now !”

X.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

I WAS sitting in the bar, quietly smokin a frugal pipe, when two middle-aged and stern-looking females and a young and pretty female suddenly entered the room. They were accompanied by two umberellers and a negro gentleman.

"Do you feel for the down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles.

"Do I feel for it?" answered the lan'lord, in a puzzled voice—"do I feel for it?"

"Yes; for the oppressed, the benighted?"

"Inasmuch as to which?" said the lan'lord.

"You see this man?" said the female, pintin her umbrelles at the negro gentleman.

"Yes, marm, I see him."

"Yes!" said the female, raisin her voice to a exceedin high pitch, "you see him, and he's your brother!"

"No, I'm darned if he is!" said the lan'lord, hastily retreating to his beer-casks.

"And yours!" shouted the excited female, addressing me. "He is also your brother!"

"No, I think not, marm," I pleasantly replied. "The nearest we come to that colour in our family was the case of my brother John. He had the janders for sev'ral years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jander."

"Look at this man!" screamed the female.

I looked at him. He was an able-bodied, well-dressed, comfortable-looking negro. He looked as though he might heave three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur.

"Look at that down-trodden man!" cried the female.

"Who trod on him?" I inquired.

“Villains! despots!”

“Well,” said the lan’lord, “why don’t you go to the willins about it? Why do you come here tellin us niggers is our brothers, and brandishin your umbrellers round us like a lot of lunnytics? You’re wuss than the sperrit-rappers!”

“Have you,” said middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person, “have you no sentiment—no poetry in your soul—no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?”

“I not only never dost,” said the landlord, in an angry voice, “but I’ll bet you five pound you can’t bring a man as dares say I durst.”

“The little birds,” continued the female, “dost not love to gaze onto them?”

“I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou!” I humorously sung, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman.

“Don’t you look in that way at my dawter!” said female No. 1, in a violent voice; “you’re old enough to be her father.”

“’Twas an innocent look, dear madam,” I softly said. “You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fact, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrow to sit as a model to a celebrated artist who is about to sculp a statue to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s’pose a sculper would send for me for that purpose onless he knowd I was overflowing with innocency? Don’t make a error about me.”

“It is my opiny’n,” said the leading female, “that you’re a scoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor negroes’ we are seeking to aid. You are a groper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!

‘There is a sparkling fount,
Come, O come, and drink.’

No: you will not come and drink.”

"Yes, he will," said the landlord, "if you'll treat. Jest try him."

"As for you," said the enraged female to the landlord, "you're a degraded bein, too low and vulgar to talk to."

"This is the sparklin fount for me, dear sister!" cried the lan'lord, drawin and drinkin a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin larf, and relapst into silence.

"My colored fren," I said to the negro, kindly, "what is it all about?"

He said they was trying to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They were without tracts.

I said, "My fren, this is a seris matter. I admire you for trying to help the race to which you belong, and far be it from me to say anything again carrying the gospel among the blacks of the South. Let them go to them by all means. But I happen to individually know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a very sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for workin. I was down there last winter, and I observed that this class had plenty of preachin for their souls, but skurce any vittles for their stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really a excellent one. If, on the t'other hand, it is proposed to send preachin alone, all I can say is that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect too much."

I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said:

"Farewell, my colored fren, I wish you well, certainly You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar.

But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummuck yearns for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortunate at home, as you seem to help the poor and unfortunate abroad.”

When they had gone, the lan'lord said, “Come into the garden, Ward.” And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.

XI.

ARTEMUS WARD ON HEALTH.

[The following fragment from the pen of Artemus Ward was written in the last days of his illness, and was found amongst the loose papers on the table beside his bed. It contains the last written jests of the dying jester, and is illustrative of that strong spirit of humour which even extreme exhaustion and the near approach of death itself could not wholly destroy.

There is an anecdote related of Thomas Hood to the effect that when he was just upon the point of dying, his friend Mr F. O. Ward visited him, and, to amuse him, related some of his adventures in the low parts of the metropolis in his capacity as a sanitary commissioner. “Pray desist,” said Hood; “your anecdotes give me the *back-slum-bago*.” The proximity of death could no more deprive poor Artemus of his power to jest than it could Thomas Hood. When nothing else was left him to joke upon, when he could no longer seek fun in the city streets, or visit the Tower of London and call it “a sweet boon,” his own shattered self suggested a theme for jesting. He commenced this paper “On Health.” The purport of it, I believe, was to ridicule doctors generally; for Artemus was bitterly sarcastic on his medical attendants, and he had some good reason for being so. A few weeks before he died a German physician examined his throat with a laryngoscope, and told him that nothing was the matter with him except a slight inflammation of the larynx. Another physician told him that he had heart disease, and a third assured him that he merely required his throat to be sponged two or three times a day, and take a preparation of tortoiseshell for medicine, to perfectly recover! Every doctor made a different diagnosis, and each had a different specific. One alone of the many physicians to whom Artemus applied seemed to be fully aware that the poor patient was dying of consumption in its most formid-

able form. Not merely phthisis, but a cessation of functions and a wasting away of the organs most concerned in the vital processes. Artemus saw how much the doctors were at fault, and used to smile at them with a sadly scornful smile as they left the sick-room. "I must write a paper," said he, "about health and doctors." The few paragraphs which follow are, I believe, all that he wrote on the subject. Whether the matter became too serious to him for further jesting, or whether his hand became too weak to hold the pen, I cannot say. The article terminates as abruptly as did the life of its gentle, kind, ill-fated author. E. P. H.]

UNTIL quite recent, I've bin a helthy individooal. I'm near 60, and yit I've got a muskle into my arms which don't make my fists resemble the tread of a canary bird when they fly out and hit a man.

Only a few weeks ago I was exhibitin in East Skowhegan, in a b'ildin which had form'ly bin ockepied by a pugylist—one of them fellers which hits from the shoulder, and teaches the manly art of self-defens. And he cum and sed he was goin in free, in consekence of previ'sly ockepyin sed b'ildin, with a large yeller dog. I sed, "To be sure, sir, but not with those yeller dog." He sed, "Oh, yes." I sed, "Oh, no." He sed, "Do you want to be ground to powder?" I sed, "Yes, I do, if there is a powder-grindist handy." When he struck me a disgustin blow in my left eye, which caused that concern to at once close for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him. I went for him energet'cally. His parents lived near by, and I will simply state that 15 minits after I'd gone for him, his mother, seein the prostrate form of her son approachin the house onto a shutter carrid by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over, and sed, "My son, you've bin foolin round a thrashin masheen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, come out with the straw, and then got up in the thingumajig and let the hosses tred on you, didn't you, my son?"

You can jedge by this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm angry.

But to resoom about helth. I cum of a helthy fam'ly.

The Wards has allus bin noted for helthiness.

The fust of my ancestors that I know anything about was Abijah Ward and his wife, Abygil Ward, who came over with the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower*. Most of the Pilgrims was sick on the passige, but my ancestor wasn't. Even when the tem-pist raged and the billers howled, he sold another Pilgrim a kag of apple sass. The Pilgrim who bo't it was angry when he found that under a few layers of sass the rest was sawdust, and my ancestor sed he wouldn't hav b'leeved sech wickedness could exist, when he ascertained that the bill sed Pilgrim gave him was onto a broken bank, and wasn't wuth the price of a glass of new gin. It will be thus seen that my fust ancestor had a commercial mind.

My ancestors has all bin helthy people, tho' their pursoots in life has bin vari's.

* * * * *

XII.

A FRAGMENT.

[Among the papers, letters, and miscellanea left on the table of poor Ward was found the fragment which follows. Diligent search failed to discover any beginning or end to it. The probability is that it consists of part of a paper intended to describe a comic trip round England. To write a comic itinerary of an English tour was one of the author's favourite ideas; and another favourite one was to travel on the Continent and compile a comic *Murray's Guide*. No interest attaches to this mere scrap other than that it exemplifies what the writer would have attempted had his life been longer.]

* * * * *

AT North Berwick there was a maniacal stampede toward the little house by the railside, where they sell such immense quantities of sponge-cake, which is very sweet and very yellow, but which lies rather more heavily on the stomach than raw turnips, as I ascertained one day from actual experience. This is not stated because I have any spite against this little house by the railside. Their mince-pies are nobly made, and their apple-pies are unsurpassed. Some years ago there used to be a very pretty girl at this house, and one day, while I was struggling rapidly with a piece of mince-pie, I was so unfortunate as to wink slightly at her. The rash act was discovered by a yellow-haired party, who stated that she was to be his wife ere long, and that he "expected" he could lick any party who winked at her. A cursory examination of his frame convinced me that he could lick me with disgusting ease, so I told him it was a complaint of the eyes. "They are both so," I added, "and they have been so from infancy's hour. See here!" And I commenced winking in a frightful manner. I escaped, but it was inconvenient for me for some time afterwards, because whenever I passed over the road I naturally visited the refreshment house, and was compelled to wink in a manner which took away the appetites of other travellers, and one day caused a very old lady to state, with her mouth full of sponge-cake, that she had cripples and drunkards in her family, but, thanks to the heavens above, no idiots without any control over their eyes, looking sternly at me as she spoke.

That was years ago. Besides, the wink was a pure accident. I trust that my unblemished character—but I will not detain you further with this sad affair.

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ARTEMUS WARD

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

From the "Cleveland Plain Dealer."

THE following newspaper scraps and sketches are the earliest writings of Artemus Ward that have been collected and preserved. They originally appeared in a paper called *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, published at Cleveland, in Ohio. At the time of writing them the Author had not created his old showman of Baldinsville. He was a mere youth, employed as reporter and assistant editor on the paper. The articles appeared in various copies of the *Plain Dealer* during the years 1859 and 1860.

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES.

I.

RED HAND: A TALE OF REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player."—*Shakespeare.*

"Let me die to sweet music."—*J. W. Shuckers.*

"GO forth, Clarence Stanley! Hence to the bleak world, dog! You have repaid my generosity with the blackest ingratitude. You have forged my name on a five thousand dollar check—have repeatedly robbed my money-drawer—have perpetrated a long series of high-handed villainies, and now to-night, because, forsooth, I'll not give you more money to spend on your dissolute companions, you break a chair over my aged head. Away! You are a young man of small moral principle. Don't ever speak to me again!"

These harsh words fell from the lips of Horace Blinker, one of the merchant princes of New York city. He spoke to Clarence Stanley, his adopted son, and a beautiful youth of nineteen summers. In vain did Clarence plead his poverty, his tender age and inexperience; in vain did he fasten those lustrous blue eyes of his appealingly and tearfully upon Mr Blinker, and tell him he would make the pecuniary matter all right in the fall, and that he merely shattered a chair over his head by way of a joke. The stony-hearted man was remorse

less, and that night Clarence Stanley became a wanderer in the wide, wide world! As he bent forth he uttered these words:—

“H. Blinker, beware! A RED HAND is around, my fine feller!”

CHAPTER II.

“—a man of strange, wild mien—one who has seen trouble.”—*Sir Walter Scott.*

“You ask me, Don't I wish to see the Constitution dissolved and broken up? I answer, *Never, never, NEVER!*”—*H. W. Faxon.*

“They will join our expedition.”—*Anon.*

“Go in on your muscle.”—*President Buchanan's instructions to the Collector of Toledo.*

“Westward the hoe of Empire Stars its way.”—*George N. True.*

“Where liberty dwells there is my kedentry.”—*C. R. Dennett.*

Seventeen years have become engulfed in the vast and moist ocean of eternity since the scene depicted in the last chapter occurred. We are in Mexico. Come with me to the Scarlet Banditti's cave. It is night. A tempest is raging tempestuously without, but within we find a scene of dazzling magnificence. The cave is spacious. Chandeliers of solid gold hang up suspended round the gorgeously furnished room, and the marble floor is star-studded with flashing diamonds. It must have cost between two hundred dollars to fit this cave up. It embraced all the modern improvements. At the head of the cave life-size photographs (by Ryder) of the bandits, and framed in gilt, were hung up suspended. The bandits were seated around a marble table, which was sculpted regardless of expense, and were drinking gin and molasses out of golden goblets. When they got out of gin, fresh supplies were brought in by slaves from a two-horse waggon outside, which had been captured that day, after a desperate and bloody struggle, by the bandits, on the plains of Buena Vista.

At the head of the table sat the Chief. His features were swarthy but elegant. He was splendidly dressed in new clothes, and had that voluptuous, dreamy air of grandeur about him which would at once rivet the gaze of folks generally. In answer to a highly enthusiastic call he arose and delivered an able and eloquent speech. We regret that our space does not permit us to give this truly great speech in full—we can merely give a synopsis of the distinguished speaker's remarks: "Comrades! listen to your chief. You all know my position on Lecompton. Where I stand in regard to low tolls on the Ohio Canal is equally clear to you, and so with the Central American question. I believe I understand my little Biz. I decline defining my position on the Horse Railroad until after the Spring Election. Whichever way I says I don't say so myself unless I say so also. Comrades! be virtuous and you'll be happy." The Chief sat down amidst great applause, and was immediately presented with an elegant gold-headed cane by his comrades, as a slight testimonial of their respect.

CHAPTER III.

"This is the last of earth."—*Page*.

"The hope of America lies in its well-conducted school-houses."—*Bone*.

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I want the Union to be reserved."—*N. T. Nash*.

"Sine qua non Ips Dixit Quid pro quo cui bono Ad infinitum E Unibus plurum."—*Brown*.

Two hours later. Return we again to the Banditti's Cave. Revelry still holds high carnival among the able and efficient bandits. A knock is heard at the door. From his throne at the head of the table the Chief cries:

"Come in!"

And an old man, haggard, white-haired, and sadly bent, enters the cave.

“Messieurs,” he tremblingly ejaculates, “for seventeen years I have not tasted of food!”

“Well,” says a kind-hearted bandit, “if that’s so I expect you must be rather faint. We’ll get you up a warm meal immediately, stranger.”

“Hold!” whispered the Chief in tones of thunder, and rushing slowly to the spot; “this is about played out. Behold in me RED HAND, the Bandit Chief, once Clarence Stanley, whom you cruelly turned into a cold world seventeen years ago this very night! Old man, prepare to go up!” Saying which the Chief drew a sharp carving-knife and cut off Mr Blinker’s ears. He then scalped Mr B., and cut all of his toes off. The old man struggled to extricate himself from his unpleasant situation, but was unsuccessful.

“My goodness!” he piteously exclaimed, “I must say you are pretty rough. It seems to me——”

This is all of this intensely interesting tale that will be published in the *Plain Dealer*. The remainder of it may be found in the great moral family paper, *The Windy Flash*, published in New York, by Stimpkins. *The Windy Flash* circulates 4,000,000 copies weekly.

IT IS THE ALL-FIREDEST PAPER EVER PRINTED.*

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IT’S THE CUSSEDEST BEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

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* A burlesque on the style in which advertisements were set up by one of the newspapers of New York.

IT'S A MORAL PAPER.

IT'S A MORAL PAPER.

IT'S A MORAL PAPER.

IT'S A MORAL PAPER.

SOLD AT ALL THE CORNER GROCERIES.

SOLD AT ALL THE CORNER GROCERIES.

SOLD AT ALL THE CORNER GROCERIES.

SOLD AT ALL THE CORNER GROCERIES.

II.

THE LAST OF THE CULKINSES—A DUEL IN CLEVELAND—DISTANCE
TEN PACES—BLOODY RESULT—FLIGHT OF ONE OF THE PRIN-
CIPALS—FULL PARTICULARS.

A FEW weeks since a young Irishman named Culkins wandered into Cleveland from New York. He had been in America only a short time. He overflowed with book learning, but was mournfully ignorant of American customs, and as innocent and confiding withal as the Babes in the Wood. He talked much of his family, their commanding position in Connaught, Ireland, their immense respectability, their chivalry, and all that sort of thing. He was the only representative of that mighty race in this country. "I'm the last of the Culkinses!" he would frequently say, with a tinge of romantic sadness, meaning, we suppose, that he would be the last when the elder Culkins (in the admired language of the classics) "slipped his wind." Young Culkins proposed to teach Latin, Greek, Spanish, Fardown Irish, and perhaps Choctaw, to such youths as desired to become thorough linguists. He was not very successful in this line, and concluded to enter the office of a prominent law firm on Superior Street as a student. He dove

among the musty and ponderous volumes with all the enthusiasm of a wild young Irishman, and commenced cramming his head with law at a startling rate. He lodged in the back-room of the office, and previous to retiring he used to sing the favourite ballads of his own Emerald Isle. The boy who was employed in the office directly across the hall used to go to the Irishman's door and stick his ear to the key-hole with a view to drinking in the gushing melody by the quart or perhaps pailful. This vexed Mr Culkins, and considerably marred the pleasure of the thing, as witness the following :—

“ O come to me when daylight sets.

[What yez doing at that door, yer d——d spalpane ?]

Sweet, then come to me !

[I'll twist the nose off yez presently, me honey !]

When softly glide our gondolettes

[Bedad, I'll do murther to yez, young gintlemin !]

O'er the moonlit sea.”

Of course, this couldn't continue. This, in short, was rather more than the blood of the Culkinses could stand, so the young man, through whose veins such a powerful lot of that blood courses, sprang to the door, seized the eavesdropping boy, drew him within, and commenced to severely chastise him. The boy's master, the gentleman who occupied the office across the hall, here interfered, pulled Mr Culkins off, thrust him gently against the wall, and slightly choked him. Mr Culkins bottled his furious wrath for that night, but in the morning he uncorked it and threatened the gentleman (whom for convenience sake we will call Smith) with all sorts of vengeance. He obtained a small horsewhip and tore furiously through the town, on the look-out for Smith.

He sent Smith a challenge, couched in language so scath-

ingly hot that it burnt holes through the paper, and when it reached Smith it was riddled like an old-fashioned milk-strainer. No notice was taken of the challenge, and Culkins' wrath became absolutely terrific. He wrote handbills, which he endeavoured to have printed, posting Smith as a coward. He wrote a communication for the *New Herald*, explaining the whole matter. (This wasn't very rich, we expect.) He urged us to publish his challenge to Smith. Somebody told him that Smith was intending to flee the city in fear on an afternoon train, and Culkins proceeded to the depot, horsewhip in hand, to lie in wait for him. This was Saturday last. During the afternoon Smith concluded to accept the challenge. Seconds and a surgeon were selected, and we are mortified to state that at 10 o'clock in the evening Scanton's Bottom was desecrated with a regular duel. The frantic glee of Culkins when he learned his challenge had been accepted can't be described. Our pen can't do it—a pig-pen couldn't. He wrote a long letter to his uncle in New York, and to his father in Connaught. At about ten o'clock the party proceeded to the field. The moon was not up, the darkness was dense, the ground was unpleasantly moist, and the lights of the town, which gleamed in the distance, only made the scene more desolate and dreary. The ground was paced off and the men arranged. While this was being done, the surgeon, by the light of a dark lantern, arranged his instruments, which consisted of 1 common hand-saw, 1 hatchet, 1 butcher knife, a large variety of smaller knives, and a small mountain of old rag. Neither of the principals exhibited any fear. Culkins insisted that, as the challenging party, he had the right to the word fire. This, after a bitter discussion, was granted. He urged his seconds to place him facing towards the town, so that the lights would be in his favour. This was done without any trouble, the immense benefits of that position not being discovered by Smith's second.

“If I fall,” said Culkins to his second, “see me respectably

buried and forward bill to Connaught. Believe me, it will be cashed." The arms (horse-pistols) were given to the men, and one of Culkins' seconds said :

"Gentlemen, are you ready ?"

SMITH.—Ready.

CULKINS.—Ready. The blood of the Culkinses is aroused !

SECOND.—One, Two, Three—fire !

Culkins' pistol didn't go off. Smith didn't fire.

"That was generous in Smith not to fire," said a second.

"It was INDADE," said Culkins ; "I did not think it of the low-lived scoundrel !"

The word was again given. Crack went both pistols simultaneously. The smoke slowly cleared away, and the principals were discovered standing stock-still. The silence and stillness for a moment were awful. No one moved. Soon Smith was seen to reel and then to slowly fall. His second and the surgeon rushed to him. Culkins made a tremendous effort to fly from the field, but was restrained by his seconds.

"The honour of the Culkinses," he roared, "is untarnished—why the divil won't yez let me go ? H——ll's blazes, men, will yez be after giving me over to the bailiffs ? Dochter, Dochter !" he shouted, "is he mortally wounded ?"

The doctor said he could not tell—that he was wounded in the shoulder—that a carriage would be sent for and the wounded man taken to his house. Here a heart-rending groan came from Smith, and Culkins, with a Donnybrook shriek, burst from his seconds, knocked over the doctor's lantern, and fled towards the town like greased lightning amidst a chorus of excited voices.

"Hold him !"

"Stop him !"

"Grab him by the coat-tails !"

"Shoot him !"

"Head him off !"

And half of the party started after him at an express-train

rate. There was some very fine running indeed. Culkins was brought to a sudden stop against a tall board fence, but he sprang back and cleared it like an English hunter, and tore like a lunatic for the city. Half an hour later the party might have been seen, if it hadn't been so pesky dark, groping blindly around the office in which Culkins had been a student at law.

"Are you here, Culkins?" said one.

"Before Culkins answers that," said a smothered voice in the little room, "tell me who yez are."

"Friends—your seconds!"

"Gintlemin, Culkins is here. The last of the Culkinses is under the bed."

He was dragged out.

"I hope," he said, "the ignoble wretch is not dead, but I call you to witness, gintlemin, that he grossly insulted me."

[We don't care what folks say, but choking a man is a gross insult.—Ed. P.D.]

He was persuaded to retire. There was no danger of his being disturbed that night, as the watch were sleeping sweetly as usual in the big arm-chairs of the various hotels, and he would be able to fly the city in the morning. He had a haggard and worn-out look yesterday morning. Two large bailiffs, he said, had surrounded the building in the night, and he had not slept a wink. And to add to his discomfiture his coat was covered with a variegated and moist mixture, which he thought must be some of the brains of his opponent, they having spat-tered against him as he passed the dying man in his flight from the field. As Smith was not dead (though the surgeon said he would be confined to his house for several weeks, and there was some danger of mortification setting in), Culkins wisely concluded that the mixture might be something else. A liberal purse was made up for him, and at an early hour yesterday morning the last of the Culkinses went down St Clair Street on a smart trot. He took this morning's Lakeshore express train at some way-station, and is now on his

way to New York. The most astonishing thing about the whole affair is the appearance on the street to-day, apparently well and unhurt, of the gentleman who was so badly "wounded in the shoulder." But a duel was actually "fit."

III.

HOW OLD ABE RECEIVED THE NEWS OF HIS NOMINATION.

THERE are several reports afloat as to how "Honest Old Abe" received the news of his nomination, none of which are correct. We give the correct report.

The Official Committee arrived in Springfield at dewy eve, and went to Honest Old Abe's house. Honest Old Abe was not in. Mrs Honest Old Abe said Honest Old Abe was out in the woods splitting rails. So the Official Committee went out into the wood, where sure enough they found Honest Old Abe splitting rails with his two boys. It was a grand, a magnificent spectacle. There stood Honest Old Abe in his shirt-sleeves, a pair of leather home-made suspenders holding up a pair of home-made pantaloons, the seat of which was neatly patched with substantial cloth of a different colour.

"Mr Lincoln, sir, you've been nominated, sir, for the highest office, sir——"

"Oh, don't bother me," said Honest Old Abe; "I took a *stent* this mornin to split three million rails afore night, and I don't want to be pestered with no stuff about no Conventions till I get my *stent* done. I've only got two hundred thousand rails to split before sundown. I kin do it if you'll let me alone."

And the great man went right on splitting rails, paying no attention to the Committee whatever. The Committee were

lost in admiration for a few moments, when they recovered, and asked one of Honest Old Abe's boys whose boy he was?

"I'm my parents' boy," shouted the urchin, which burst of wit so convulsed the Committee that they came very near 'gin'in eout' completely.

In a few moments Honest Old Abe finished his task, and received the news with perfect self-possession. He then asked them up to the house, where he received them cordially. He said he split three million rails every day, although he was in very poor health. Mr Lincoln is a jovial man, and has a keen sense of the ludicrous. During the evening he asked Mr Evarts of New York, "Why Chicago was like a hen crossing the street?" Mr Evarts gave it up. "Because," said Mr Lincoln, "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man!" This exceedingly humorous thing created the most uproarious laughter.

IV.

ROBERTO THE ROVER: A TALE OF SEA AND SHORE.

CHAPTER I.—FRANCE.

OUR story opens in the early part of the year 17—. France was rocking wildly from centre to circumference. The arch despot and unscrupulous man, Richard the III., was trembling like an aspen leaf upon his throne. He had been successful, through the valuable aid of Richelieu and Sir Wm. Donn, in destroying the Orleans Dysentery, but still he trembled! O'Mulligan, the snake-eater of Ireland, and Schnappsgoot of Holland, a retired dealer in gin and sardines, had united their forces—some nineteen men and a brace of bull pups in all—and were overtly at work, their object being to oust the tyrant. O'Mulligan was a young man between fifty-three years of age, and was chiefly distinguished for being the son

of his aunt on his great-grandfather's side. Schnappsgoot was a man of liberal education, having passed three weeks at Oberlin College. He was a man of great hardihood, also, and would frequently read an entire column of "railway matters" in the *Cleveland Herald* without shrieking with agony.

CHAPTER II.—THE KING.

The tyrant Richard the III. (late Mr Gloster) sat upon his throne in the Palace d' St Cloud. He was dressed in his best clothes, and gorgeous trappings surrounded him everywhere. Courtiers, in glittering and golden armour, stood ready at his beck. He sat moodily for a while, when suddenly his sword flashed from its silver scabbard, and he shouted:

"Slaves, some wine, ho!"

The words had scarcely escaped his lips ere a bucket of champagne and a hoe were placed before him.

As the King raised the bucket to his lips, a deep voice near by, proceeding from the mouth of the noble Count Staghisnibs, cried, "Drink hearty, old feller."

"Reports, travelling on lightning-wings, whisper of strange goings on and cuttings up throughout this kingdom. Knowest thou aught of these things, most noble Hellitysplit?" and the King drew from the upper pocket of his gold-faced vest a paper of John Anderson's solace and proceeded to take a chew.

"Treason stalks monster-like throughout unhappy France, my liege!" said the noble Hellitysplit. The ranks of the P. Q. R.'s are daily swelling, and the G. R. J. A.'s are constantly on the increase. Already the peasantry scout at cat-fish, and demand pickled salmon for their noonday repasts. But, my liege," and the brave Hellitysplit's eyes flashed fire, "myself and sword are at thy command!"

"Bully for you, Count," said the King. "But soft: methinks report—perchance unjustly—hast spoken suspiciously

of thee, most Royal d' Sardine? How is this? Is it a newspaper yarn? WHAT'S UP?"

D'Sardine meekly approached the throne, knelt at the King's feet, and said: "Most patient, gray, and red-headed skinner; my very approved shin-plaster: that I've been asked to drink by the P. Q. R.'s, it is most true; true, I have imbibed sundry mugs of lager with them. The very head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more."

"'Tis well!" said the King, rising and looking fiercely around. Hadst thou proved false I would with my own good sword have cut off yer head, and spilled your ber-lud all over the floor! If I wouldn't blow me!"

CHAPTER III.—THE ROVER.

Thrilling as these scenes depicted in the preceding chapter indubitably were, those of this are decidedly THRILLINGER. Again are we in the mighty presence of the King, and again is he surrounded by splendour and gorgeously-mailed courtiers. A seafaring man stands before him. It is Roberto the Rover, disguised as a common sailor.

"So," said the King, "thou wouldst have audience with me!"

"Ay, ay, yer 'onor," said the sailor, "just tip us yer grapplin irons and pipe all hands on deck. Reef home yer jibpoop and splice yer main topsuls. Man the jibboom and let fly yer top-gallunts. I've seen some salt water in my days, yer land lubber, but shiver my timbers if I hadn't rather coast among seagulls than landsharks. My name is Sweet William. You're old Dick the Three! Ahoy! Awast! Dam my eyes!" and Sweet William pawed the marble floor and swung his tarpaulin after the manner of sailors on the stage, and consequently not a bit like those on shipboard.

"Mariner," said the King, gravely, "thy language is exceeding lucid, and leads me to infer that things is workin bad."

"Ay, ay, my hearty!" yelled Sweet William, in dulcet

strains, reminding the King of the "voluptuous smell of physic," spoken of by the late Mr Byron.

"What wouldst thou, seafaring man?" asked the King.

"This!" cried the Rover, suddenly taking off his maritime clothing and putting on an expensive suit of silk, bespangled with diamonds—"This! I am Roberto the Rover!"

The King was thunderstruck. Cowering back in his chair of state, he said in a tone of mingled fear and amazement, "Well, may I be gaul-darned!"

"Ber-lud! ber-lud! ber-lud!" shrieked the Rover, as he drew a horse-pistol and fired it at the King, who fell fatally killed, his last words being, "WE ARE GOVERNED TOO MUCH—THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH!!!"

At this exciting juncture Messrs O'Mulligan and Schnappsgoot (who had previously entered into a copartnership with the Rover for the purpose of doing a general killing business) burst into the room and cut off the heads and let out the inwards of all the noblemen they encountered. They then killed themselves and died like heroes, wrapped up in the Star-Spangled Banner, to slow music.

The Rover fled. He was captured near Marseilles and thrust into prison, where he lay for sixteen weary years, all attempts to escape being futile. One night a lucky thought struck him. He raised the window and got out. But he was unhappy. Remorse and dyspepsia preyed upon his vitals. He tried Boerhave's Holland Bitters and the Retired Physician's Sands of Life, and got well. He then married the lovely Countess d'Smith, and lived to a green old age, being the triumph of virtue and downfall of vice.

V.

ABOUT EDITORS.

WE hear a great deal, and something too much, about the poverty of editors. It is common for editors to parade their poverty and joke about it in their papers.* We see these witticisms almost every day of our lives. Sometimes the editor does the "vater vorks business," as Mr Samuel Weller called weeping, and makes pathetic appeals to his subscribers. Sometimes he is in earnest when he makes these appeals, but why "on airth" does he stick to a business that will not support him decently? We read of patriotic and lofty-minded individuals who sacrifice health, time, money, and perhaps life, for the good of humanity, the Union, and that sort of thing, but we don't *see* them very often. We must say that we could count up all the lofty patriots in this line that we have ever seen, during our brief but chequered and romantic career, in less than half a day. A man who clings to a wretchedly paying business, when he can make himself and others near and dear to him fatter and happier by doing something else, is about as near an ass as possible, and not hanker after green grass and corn in the ear. The truth is, editors as a class are very well fed, groomed and harnessed. They have some pains that other folk do not have, and they also have some privileges which the community in general can't possess. While we would not advise the young reader to "go for an editor," we assure him he can do much worse. He musn't spoil a flourishing blacksmith or popular victualler in making an indifferent editor of himself, however. He must

* Western editors are apt to make their impecuniosity a matter of joke. Whenever the editor of a newspaper in a small town of the Far West has nothing better to fill up a column with, he resorts to the topic ever uppermost in his mind, and reminds his subscribers how desirable it is that they should pay up their subscriptions.

be endowed with some fancy and imagination to enchain the public eye. It was Smith, we believe, or some other man with an odd name, who thought Shakspeare lacked the requisite fancy and imagination for a successful editor.

To those persons who can't live by printing papers we would say, in the language of the profligate boarder when dunned for his bill, being told at the same time by the keeper of the house that he couldn't board people for nothing, "Then sell out to somebody who can!" In other words, fly from a business which don't remunerate. But as we intimated before, there is much gammon in the popular editorial cry of poverty.

Just now we see a touching paragraph floating through the papers to the effect that editors don't live out half their years; that, poor souls! they wear themselves out for the benefit of a cold and unappreciating world. We don't believe it. Gentle reader, don't swallow it. It is a footlight trick to work on your feelings. For ourselves, let us say, that unless we slip up considerably on our calculations, it will be a long time before our fellow-citizens will have the melancholy pleasure of erecting to our memory a towering monument of Parian marble on the Public Square.

VI.

EDITING.

BEFORE you go for an Editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Do not rush into the editorial harness rashly. Look around and see if there is not an omnibus to drive—some soil somewhere to be tilled—a clerkship on some meat cart to be filled—anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an Editor, which is hard business at best.

We are not a horse, and consequently have never been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing-machine;

but we fancy that the life of the Editor who is forced to write, write, write, whether he feels right or not, is much like that of the steed in question. If the yeas and neighs could be obtained, we believe the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing-machine is preferable to the sanctum editorial.

'The Editor's work is never done. He is drained incessantly, and no wonder that he dries up prematurely. Other people can attend banquets, weddings, &c.; visit halls of dazzling light, get inebriated, break windows, lick a man occasionally, and enjoy themselves in a variety of ways; but the Editor cannot. He must stick tenaciously to his quill. The press, like a sick baby, mustn't be left alone for a minute. If the press is left to run itself even for a day, some absurd person indignantly orders the carrier-boy to stop bringing "that infernal paper. There's nothing in it. I won't have it in the house!"

The elegant Mantalini, reduced to mangle-turning, described his life as "a dem'd horrid grind." The life of the Editor is all of that.

But there is a good time coming, we feel confident, for the Editor. A time when he will be appreciated. When he will have a front seat. When he will have pie every day, and wear store clothes* continually. When the harsh cry of "stop my paper" will no more grate upon his ears. Courage, Messieurs the Editors! Still, sanguine as we are of the coming of this jolly time, we advise the aspirant for editorial honours to pause ere he takes up the quill as a means of obtaining his bread and butter. Do not, at least, do so until you have been jilted several dozen times by a like number of girls; until you have been knocked down-stairs several times and soused in a horse-pond; until all the "gushing" feelings within you have been thoroughly subdued; until, in short, your hide is of rhinoceros thickness. Then, O aspirants for the bubble reputation at the

* *Store clothes.*—Ready-made garments are so called in the States.

press's mouth, throw yourselves among the inkpots, dust, and cobwebs of the printing office, if you will.

* * * Good my lord, will you see the Editors well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the time. After your death you had better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

HAMLET, *slightly altered.*

VII.

POPULARITY.

WHAT a queer thing is popularity! Bill Pug Nose of the "Plug-Uglies" * acquires a world-wide reputation by smashing up the "champion of light weights," sets up a Saloon upon it, and realises the first month; while our Missionary, who collected two hundred blankets last August, and at that time saved a like number of little negroes in the West Indies from freezing, has received nothing but the yellow fever. The Hon. Oracular M. Matterson becomes able to withstand any quantity of late nights and bad brandy, is elected to Congress, and lobbies through contracts by which he realises some 50,000 dollars; while private individuals lose 100,000 dollars by the Atlantic Cable. Contracts are popular—the cable isn't. Fiddlers, Prima Donnas, Horse Operas, learned pigs, and five-legged calves travel through the country, reaping "golden opinions," while editors, inventors, professors, and humanitarians generally, are starving in garrets. Revivals of religion, fashions, summer resorts, and pleasure trips, are exceedingly popular, while trade, commerce, chloride of lime, and all the concomitants necessary to render the inner life of denizens of

* *Plug-Uglies.*—The name given to an infamous gang of ruffians which once had its head-quarters in Baltimore.

cities tolerable, are decidedly *non est*. Even water, which was so popular and populous a few weeks ago, comes to us in such stinted sprinklings that it has become popular to supply it only from hydrants in sufficient quantities to raise one hundred disgusting smells in a distance of two blocks. Monsieur Revierre, with nothing but a small name and a large quantity of hair, makes himself exceedingly popular with hotelkeepers and a numerous progeny of female Flaunts and Blounts, while Felix Smooth and Mr Chink, who persistently set forth their personal and more substantial marital charms through the columns of the *New York Herald*, have only received one interview each—one from a man in female attire, and the other from the keeper of an unmentionable house. Popularity is a queer thing, very. If you don't believe us, try it!

VIII.

A LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN THE WAY.

AN enterprising travelling agent for a well-known Cleveland Tombstone Manufactory lately made a business visit to a small town in an adjoining county. Hearing, in the village, that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him consolation and a gravestone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a frightful one, but the agent persevered, and finally arrived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails "over in the pastur, about two milds." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse and started for the "pastur." After falling into all manner of mudholes, scratching himself with briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked

the man if he had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear of it, and sympathised with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all, both of high and low degree. Informed the man that "what was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a gravestone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept—marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was "a little difficulty in the way."

"Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.

"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no gravestun ain't necessary: you see the cussed critter ain't dead. SHE'S SCOOTED WITH ANOTHER MAN!"

The agent retired.

IX.

OTHELLO.

EVERYBODY knows that this is one of Mr W. Shakspeare's best and most attractive plays. The public is more familiar with *Othello* than any other of "the great Bard's" efforts. It is the most-quoted from by writers and orators, *Hamlet* perhaps excepted, and provincial theatres seem to take more delight in doing it than almost any other play extant, legitimate or otherwise. The scene is laid in Venice. Othello, a warm-hearted, impetuous, and rather verdant Moorish gentleman, considerably in the military line, falls in love and marries Desdemona, daughter of the Hon. Mr Brabantio, who represents one of the "back districts" in the Venetian Senate. The Senator is quite vexed at this—rends his linen and swears considerably—but finally dries up, requesting the Moor to remember that Desdemona has deceived her Pa, and bidding him to look out that she don't likewise come it over him, "or words to that effect."

Mr and Mrs Othello get along very pleasantly for a while. She is sweet-tempered and affectionate—a nice, sensible woman, not at all inclined to pantaloon, he-female conventions, pickled-beets, and other “strong-minded” arrangements. He is a likely man and “a good provider.” But a man named Iago, who, we believe, wants to get Mr O. out of his snug government berth that he may get into it, systematically and effectually ruins the Othello household. Had there been a Lecompton Constitution up, Iago would have been an able and eloquent advocate of it, and would thus have got Othello’s position, for the Moor would have utterly repudiated that pet scheme of the Devil and several other gentlemen, whose names we omit out of regard for the feelings of their parents. Lecompton wasn’t a “test,” however, and Iago took another course to oust Othello. He fell in with a brainless young man named Roderigo, and won all of his money at euchre. (Iago always played foul.) We suppose he did this to procure funds to help him carry out his vile scheme. Michael Cassio, whose first name would imply that he was of the Irish persuasion, was the unfortunate individual selected by Mr I. as his principal tool. This Cassio was a young officer of considerable promise and high moral worth. He yet unhappily had a weakness for drink, and through this weakness Mr I. determined to “fetch him.” He accordingly proposed a drinking bout with Michael. Michael drank faithfully every time, but Iago adroitly threw his whisky on the floor. While Cassio is pouring the liquor down his throat Iago sings a popular bacchanalian song, the first verse of which is as follows:—

“ And let me the canakin clink, clink,
 And let me the canakin clink :
 A soldier’s a man,
 A life’s but a span,
 Why, then, let a soldier drink.”

And the infatuated young man does drink. The “canakin is

clinked" until Michael gets tight as a boiled owl.* He has about seven inches of whisky in him. He says he is sober, and thinks he can walk a crack with distinguished success. He then grows religious and "hopes to be saved." He then wants to fight, and allows he can lick a yard full of the Venetian fancy. He falls in with Roderigo and proceeds to smash him. Montano undertakes to stop Cassio, when that intoxicated person stabs him. Iago pretends to be very sorry to see Michael conduct himself in this improper manner, and undertakes to smooth the thing over to Othello, who rushes in with a drawn sword and wants to know what's up. Iago cunningly gives his villainous explanation, and Othello tells Michael that he loves him, but he can't train in his regiment any more. Desdemona, the gentle and good, sympathises with Cassio, and intercedes for him with the Moor. Iago gives the Moor to understand that she does this because she likes Michael better than she does his own dark-faced self, and intimates that their relations (Desdemona's and Michael's) are of an entirely too friendly character. The Moor believes the villain's yarn, and commences making himself unhappy and disagreeable generally. Iago tells Othello what he heard Cassio say about "sweet Desdemona" in his dreams, but of course the story was a creation of Iago's fruitful brain—in short, a lie. The poor Moor swallows it, though, and storms terribly. He grabs Iago by the throat, and tells him to give him the ocular proof. Iago becomes virtuously indignant, and is sorry he mentioned the subject to the Moor. The Moor relents and believes Iago. He then tortures Desdemona with his foul suspicions, and finally smothers her with a pillow while she is in bed. Mrs Iago, who is a woman of spirit, comes in on the Moor just as he has finished the murder. She gives it to him right smartly, and shows him he has been terribly deceived. Mr Iago enters. Mrs Iago pitches into him, and he stabs her. Othello gives him a piece of his mind and subsequently a piece of his sword.

* *Tight as a boiled owl.*—In other words, thoroughly intoxicated.

Iago, with a sardonic smile, says he bleeds, but isn't hurt much. He then walks up to Othello, and with another sardonic smile, points to the death-couch of poor Desdemona. He then goes off. Othello tells the assembled dignitaries that he has done the State some service, and they know it; asks them to speak of him as he is, and do as fair a thing as they can under the circumstances; calls himself a circumcised dog, and kills himself, which is the most sensible thing he can do.

X.

SCENES OUTSIDE THE FAIR GROUND.

THERE is some fun outside the Fair Ground. Any number of mountebanks have pitched their tents there, and are exhibiting all sorts of monstrosities to large and enthusiastic audiences. There are some eloquent men among the showmen. Some of them are Demosthenic. We looked around among them during the last day we honoured the Fair with our brilliant presence, and were rather pleased at some things we heard and witnessed.

The man with the fat woman and the little woman and the little man was there.

“'Ere's a show, now,” said he, “worth seeing. 'Ere's a entertainment that improves the morals. P. T. Barnum—you've all hearn o' him. What did he say to me? Sez he to me, sez P. T. Barnum, 'Sir, you have the all-firedest best show travelin!'—and all to be seen for the small sum of fifteen cents!”

The man with the blue hog was there. Says he, “Gentle MEN, this beast can't turn round in a crockery grate ten feet square, and is of a bright indigo blue. Over five hundred persons have seen this wonderful BEING this mornin, and they said as they come out, 'What can these 'ere things be? Is it alive? Doth it breathe and have a being? Ah yes, they say,

it is true, and we have saw a entertainment as we never saw afore. 'Tis nature's [only fifteen cents—'ere's your change, sir] own sublime handiworks'—and walk right in."

The man with the wild mare was there.

"Now, then, my friends, is your time to see the gerratist queeriosity in the livin' world—a wild mare without no hair—captered on the roarin wild prahayries of the far distant West by sixteen Injuns. Don't fail to see this gerrate exhibition. Only fifteen cents. Don't go hum without seein the State Fair, an' you won't see the State Fair without you see my show. Gerratist exhibition in the known world, an' all for the small sum of fifteen cents."

Two gentlemen connected with the press here walked up and asked the showman, in a still small voice, if he extended the usual courtesies to editors. He said he did, and requested them to go in. While they were in some sly dog told him their names. When they came out the showman pretended to talk with them, though he didn't say a word. They were evidently in a hurry.

"There, gentlemen, what do you think them gentlemen say? They air editors—editors, gentlemen—Mr —— of the Cleveland ——, and Mr —— of the Detroit ——, and they say it is the gerratist show they ever seed in their born days!"

[Nothing but the tip ends of the editors' coat-tails could be seen when the showman concluded this speech.]

A smart-looking chap was doing a brisk business with a gambling contrivance. Seeing two policemen approach, he rapidly and ingeniously covered the dice up, mounted his table, and shouted :

"Ere's the only great show on the grounds! The highly-trained and performing Mud Turtle with nine heads and seventeen tails, captured in a well-fortified hencoop, after a desperate struggle, in the lowlands of the Wabash!!"

The facetious wretch escaped.

A grave, ministerial-looking and elderly man in a white choker had a gift-enterprise concern. "My friends," he solemnly said, "you will observe that this jewellery is elegant indeed, but I can afford to give it away, as I have a twin brother seven years older than I am, in New York City, who steals it a great deal faster than I can give it away. No blanks, my friends—all prizes—and only fifty cents a chance. I don't make anything myself, my friends—all I get goes to aid a sick woman—my aunt in the country, gentlemen—and besides I like to see folks enjoy themselves!"

The old scamp said all this with a perfectly grave countenance.

The man with the "wonderful calf with five legs and a huming head," and "the philosophical lung-tester," were there. Then there was the Flying Circus and any number of other ingenious contrivances to relieve young ladies and gentlemen from the rural districts of their spare change.

A young man was bitterly bewailing the loss of his watch, which had been cut from his pocket by some thief.

"You ain't smart," said a middle-aged individual in a dingy Kossuth hat with a feather in it, and who had a very you-can't-fool-me look. "I've been to the State Fair before, I want yer to understan, and knows my bizniss aboard a pro-deller. Here's MY money," he exultingly cried, slapping his pantaloons' pocket.

About half an hour after this we saw this smart individual rushing frantically around after a policeman. Somebody had adroitly relieved him of HIS money. In his search for a policeman he encountered the young man who wasn't smart.

"Haw, haw, haw," violently laughed the latter; "by G—, I thought you was smart—I thought you'd been to the State Fair before."

The smart man looked sad for a moment, but a knowing smile soon crossed his face, and drawing the young man who wasn't smart confidentially towards him, said—

“There wasn't only fifteen cents in coppers in my pocket—my MONEY is in my boot—they can't fool me—I'VE 'BEEN TO THE STATE FAIR BEFORE !!”

HE DECLINED “BILING.”—The students of the Conneaut Academy gave a theatrical entertainment a few winters ago. They “executed” Julius Cæsar. Everything went off satisfactorily until Cæsar was killed in the market-place. The stage accommodations were limited, and Cæsar fell nearly under the stove, in which there was a roaring fire. And when Brutus said—

“ People and Senators !—be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still—ambition's debt is paid !”

he was amazed to see Cæsar rise upon his feet and nervously examine his scorched garments.

“Lay down, you fool,” shouted Brutus, wildly ; “do you want to break up the whole thing?”

“No,” returned Cæsar, in an excited manner, “I don't : I want to act out General Cæsar in good style, but I ain't goin' to bile under that cussed old stove for nobody !”

This stopped the play, and the students abandoned theatricals forthwith.

XI.

COLOURED PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

THERE is a plain little meeting-house on Barnwell Street * in which the coloured people—or a goodly portion of them—worship on Sundays. The seats are cushionless, and have perpendicular backs. The pulpit is plain white—trimmed with red, it is true, but still a very unostentatious affair for coloured

* *Barnwell Street.*—One of the streets of the city of Cleveland.

people, who are supposed to have a decided weakness for gay hues. Should you escort a lady to this church, and seat yourself beside her, you will infallibly be touched on the shoulder, and politely requested to move to the "gentlemen's side." Gentlemen and ladies are not allowed to sit together in this church. They are parted remorselessly. It is hard—we may say it is terrible—to be torn asunder in this way, but you have to submit, and of course you had better do so gracefully and pleasantly.

Meeting opens with an old-fashioned hymn, which is very well sung indeed by the congregation. Then the minister reads a hymn, which is sung by the choir on the front seats near the pulpit. Then the minister prays. He hopes no one has been attracted there by idle curiosity—to see or be seen—and you naturally conclude that he is gently hitting you. Another hymn follows the prayer, and then we have the discourse, which certainly has the merit of peculiarity and boldness. The minister's name is Jones. He don't mince matters at all. He talks about the "flames of hell" with a confident fierceness that must be quite refreshing to sinners.

"There's no half-way about this," says he, "no by-paths.

"There are in Cleveland lots of men who go to church regularly, who behave well in meeting, and who pay their bills.

"They ain't Christians though.

"They're gentlemen sinners.

"And whar d'ye spose they'll fetch up?

"I'll tell ye—they'll fetch him up in h—ll, and they'll come up standing too—there's where they'll fetch up!

'Who's my backer?

"Have I got a backer?

"Whar's my backer?

"This is my backer (striking the Bible before him)—the Bible will back me to any amount!"

To still further convince his hearers that he was in earnest, he exclaimed, "That's me—that's Jones!"

He alluded to Eve in terms of bitter censure. It was natural that Adam should have been mad at her. "I shouldn't want a woman that wouldn't mind me, myself," said the speaker.

He directed his attention to dancing, declaring it to be a great sin. "Whar there's dancing there's fiddling—whar there's fiddling there's unrighteousness, and unrighteousness is wickedness, and wickedness is sin! That's me—that's Jones."

Bosom the speaker invariably called "buzzim," and devil "debil," with a fearfully strong accent on the "il."

XII.

SPIRITS.

MR DAVENPORT,* who has been for some time closely identified with the modern spiritual movement, is in the city with his daughter, who is quite celebrated as a medium. They are accompanied by Mr Eighme and his daughter, and are holding circles in Hoffman's Block every afternoon and evening. We were present at the circle last evening. Miss Davenport seated herself at a table on which was a tin trumpet, a tamborine, and a guitar. The audience were seated around the room. The lights were blown out, and the spirit of an eccentric individual, well known to the Davenports, and whom they call George, addressed the audience through the trumpet. He called several of those present by name in a boisterous voice, and dealt several stunning knocks on the table. George has been in the spirit world some two hundred years. He is a rather rough spirit, and probably run with the machine and "killed for Kyser" † when in the flesh. He ordered the seats

* *Mr Davenport.*—One of the afterwards notorious Davenport Brothers.

† *Kyser* is an extensive New York butcher, and "to kill" (or slaughter)

in the room to be wheeled round so the audience would face the table. He said the people on the front seat must be tied with a rope. The order was misunderstood, the rope being merely drawn before those on the front seat. He reprimanded Mr Davenport for not understanding the instructions. What he meant was that the rope should be passed once around each person on the front seat and then tightly drawn, a man at each end of the seat to hold on to it. This was done, and George expressed himself satisfied. There was no one near the table save the medium. All the rest were behind the rope, and those on the front seat were particularly charged not to let any one pass by them. George said he felt first-rate, and commenced kissing the ladies present. The smack could be distinctly heard, and some of the ladies said the sensation was very natural. For the first time in our eventful life we sighed to be a spirit. We envied George. We did not understand whether the kissing was done through a trumpet. After kissing considerably, and indulging in some playful remarks with a man whose Christian name was Napoleon Bonaparte, and whom George called "Boney," he tied the hands and feet of the medium. He played the guitar and jingled the tambourine, and then dashed them violently on the floor. The candles were lit, and Miss Davenport was securely tied. She could not move her hands. Her feet were bound, and the rope (which was a long one) was fastened to the chair. No person in the room had been near her or had anything to do with tying her. Every person who was in the room will take his or her oath of that. She could hardly have tied herself. We never saw such intricate and thorough tying in our life. The believers present were convinced that George did it. The unbelievers didn't exactly know what to think about it. The candles were extinguished again, and pretty soon Miss Davenport told George to "don't." She spoke in for him has passed into a saying with the roughs, or "bhoys," of New York. To "run with a [fire] machine,"

an affrighted tone. The candles were lit, and she was discovered sitting on the table—hands and feet tied as before, and herself tied to the chair withal. The lights were again blown out, there were sounds as if some one was lifting her from the table; the candles were relit, and she was seen sitting in the chair on the floor again. No one had been near her from the audience. Again the lights were extinguished, and presently the medium said her feet were wet. It appeared that the mischievous spirit of one Biddie, an Irish Miss who died when twelve years old, had kicked over the water-pail. Miss Eighme took a seat at the table, and the same mischievous Biddie scissored off a liberal lock of her hair. There was the hair, and it had indisputably just been taken from Miss Eighme's head, and her hands and feet, like those of Miss D., were securely tied. Other things of a staggering character to the sceptic were done during the evening.

XIII.

MR BLOWHARD.

THE reader has probably met Mr Blowhard. He is usually round. You find him in all public places. He is particularly "numerous" at shows. Knows all the actors intimately. Went to school with some of 'em. Knows how much they get a month to a cent, and how much liquor they can hold to a teaspoonful. He knows Ned Forrest like a book. Has taken sundry drinks with Ned. Ned likes him much. Is well acquainted with a certain actress. Could have married her just as easy as not if he had wanted to. Didn't like her "style," and so concluded not to marry her. Knows Dan Rice well. Knows all of his men and horses. Is on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros, and is tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant. We encountered Mr Blowhard

at the circus yesterday. He was entertaining those near him with a full account of the whole institution, men, boys, horses, "muils" and all. He said the rhinoceros was perfectly harmless, as his teeth had all been taken out in infancy. Besides, the rhinoceros was under the influence of opium while he was in the ring, which entirely prevented his injuring anybody. No danger whatever. In due course of time the amiable beast was led into the ring. When the cord was taken from his nose, he turned suddenly and manifested a slight desire to run violently in among some boys who were seated near the musicians. The keeper, with the assistance of one of the Bedouin Arabs, soon induced him to change his mind, and got him in the middle of the ring. The pleasant quadruped had no sooner arrived here than he hastily started, with a melodious bellow, towards the seats on one of which sat Mr Blowhard. Each particular hair on Mr Blowhard's head stood up "like squills upon the speckled porkupine" (Shakspeare or Artemus Ward, we forget which), and he fell, with a small shriek, down through the seats to the ground. He remained there until the agitated rhinoceros became calm, when he crawled slowly back to his seat.

"Keep mum," he said, with a very wise shake of the head. "I only wanted to have some fun with them folks above us. I swar, I'll bet the whisky they thought I was scared!" Great character that Blowhard.

XIV.

MARKET MORNING.

"Hurrah! this is market day,
Up, lads, and gaily away!"—OLD COMEDY.

ON market mornings there is a roar and a crash all about the corner of Kinsman and Pittsburgh Streets. The market build-

ing—so called, we presume, because it don't in the least resemble a market building—is crowded with beef and butchers, and almost countless meat and vegetable waggons, of all sorts, are confusedly huddled together all around outside. These waggons mostly come from a few miles out of town, and are always on the spot at daybreak. A little after sunrise the crash and jam commences, and continues with little cessation until ten o'clock in the forenoon. There is a babel of tongues, an excessively cosmopolitan gathering of people, a roar of wheels, and a lively smell of beef and vegetables. The soap man, the headache curative man, the razor man, and a variety of other tolerable humbogs, are in full blast. We meet married men with baskets in their hands. Those who have been fortunate in their selections look happy, while some who have been unlucky wear a dejected air, for they are probably destined to get pieces of their wives' minds on their arrival home. It is true, that all married men have their own way, but the trouble is they don't all have their own way of having it! We meet a newly-married man. He has recently set up housekeeping. He is out to buy steak for breakfast. There are only himself and wife and female domestic in the family. He shows us his basket, which contains steak enough for at least ten able-bodied men. We tell him so, but he says we don't know anything about war, and passes on. Here comes a lady of high degree, who has no end of servants to send to the market, but she likes to come herself, and it won't prevent her shining and sparkling in her elegant drawing-room this afternoon. And she is accumulating muscle and freshness of face by these walks to market.

And here *is* a charming picture. Standing beside a vegetable cart is a maiden beautiful and sweeter far than any daisy in the fields. Eyes of purest blue, lips of cherry red, teeth like pearls, silken, golden hair, and form of exquisite mould. We wonder if she is a fairy, but instantly conclude that she is not, for in measuring out a peck of onions she spills

some of them a small boy laughs at the mishap, and she indignantly shies the measure at his head. Fairies, you know, don't throw peck measures at small boys' heads. The spell was broken. The golden chain which for a moment bound us fell to pieces. We meet an eccentric individual in corduroy pantaloons and pepper-and-salt coat, who wants to know if we didn't sail out of Nantucket in 1852 in the whaling brig *Jasper Green*. We are compelled to confess that the only nautical experience we ever had was to once temporarily command a canal boat on the dark-rolling Wabash, while the captain went ashore to cave in the head of a miscreant who had winked lasciviously at the sylph who superintended the culinary department on board that gallant craft. The eccentric individual smiles in a ghastly manner, says perhaps we won't lend him a dollar till to-morrow; to which we courteously reply that we *certainly* won't, and he glides away.

We return to our hotel, reinvigorated with the early, healthful jaunt, and bestow an imaginary purse of gold upon our African Brother, who brings us a hot and excellent breakfast.

XV.

WE SEE TWO WITCHES.

Two female fortune-tellers recently came hither, and spread "small bills" throughout the city. Being slightly anxious, in common with a wide circle of relatives and friends, to know where we were going to, and what was to become of us, we visited both of these eminently respectable witches yesterday and had our fortune told "twict." Physicians sometimes disagree, lawyers invariably do, editors occasionally fall out, and we are pained to say that even witches unfold different tales to one individual. In describing our interviews with these singularly gifted female women, who are actually and posi-

tively here in this city, we must speak considerably of “we”—not because we flatter ourselves that we are more interesting than people in general, but because in the present case it is really necessary. In the language of Hamlet’s Pa, “List, O list !”

We went to see “Madame B.” first. She has rooms at the Burnett House. The following is a copy of her bill :—

MADAME B.,

THE CELEBRATED SPANISH ASTROLOGIST, CLAIRVOYANT
AND FEMALE DOCTRESS,

Would respectfully announce to the citizens that she has just arrived in this city, and designs remaining for a few days only.

The Madame can be consulted on all matters pertaining to life—either past, present, or future—tracing the line of life from Infancy to Old Age, particularising each event, in regard to

*Business, Love, Marriage, Courtship, Losses, Law Matters, and
Sickness of Relatives and Friends at a distance.*

The Madame will also show her visitors a life-like representation of their Future Husbands and Wives.

LUCKY NUMBERS IN LOTTERIES

Can also be selected by her, and hundreds who have consulted her have drawn capital prizes. The Madame will furnish medicine for all diseases, for grown persons (male or female) and children.

Persons wishing to consult her concerning this mysterious art and human destiny, particularly with reference to their own individual bearing in relation to a supposed Providence, can be accommodated by calling at

ROOM No. 23, BURNETT HOUSE,
Corner of Prospect and Ontario Streets, Cleveland.

The Madame has travelled extensively for the last few years, both in the United States and the West Indies, and the success which has attended her in all places has won for her the reputation of being the most wonderful Astrologist of the present age.

The Madame has a superior faculty for this business, having been born with a Caul on her Face, by virtue of which she can more accurately read the past, present, and future ; also enabling her to cure many diseases without using drugs or medicines. The Madame advertises nothing but what she can do. Call on her if you would consult the greatest Foreteller of events now living.

Hours of Consultation, from 8 A.M. to 9 o'clock P.M.

We urbanely informed the lady with the "Caul on her Face" that we had called to have our fortune told, and she said, "Hand out your money." This preliminary being settled, Madame B. (who is a tall, sharp-eyed, dark-featured and angular woman, dressed in painfully positive colours, and heavily loaded with gold chain and mammoth jewellery of various kinds) and Jupiter indicated powerful that we were a slim constitution, which came down on to us from our father's side. Wherein our constitution was not slim, so it came down on to us from our mother's side.

"Is this so?"

And we said it was.

"Yes," continued the witch, "I know'd 'twas. You can't deceive Jupiter, me, nor any other planick. You may swim same as Leander did, but you can't deceive the planicks. Give me your hand! Times ain't so easy as they has been. So—

so—but 'tis temp'ry. 'Twon't last long. Times will be easy soon. You may be tramped on to onct or twict, but you'll rekiver. You have talenk, me child. You kin make a Congresser if sich you likes to be. [We said we would be excused, if it was all the same to her.] You kin be a lawyer. [We thanked her, but said we would rather retain our present good moral character.] You kin be a soldier. You have courage enough to go to the Hostrian wars and kill the French. [We informed her that we had already murdered some "English."] You won't have much money till you're thirty-three years of old. Then you will have large sums—forty thousand dollars, perhaps. Look out for it! [We promised we would.] You have travelled some, and you will travel more, which will make your travels more extensiver than they has been. You will go to Californy by way of Pike's Pick. [Same route taken by Horace Greeley.] If nothin happens onto you, you won't meet with no accidents and will get through pleasant, which you otherwise will not do under all circumstances however, which doth happen to all, both great and small, likewise to the rich as also the poor. Hearken to me! There has been deaths in your family, and there will be more! But Reserve your constitution and you will live to be seventy years of old. Me child, HER hair will be black—black as the Raving's wing. Likewise black will also be her eyes, and she'll be as different from which you air as night and day. Look out for the darkish man! He's yer rival! Beware of the darkish man! [We promised that we'd introduce a funeral into the "darkish man's" family the moment we encountered him.] Me child, there's more sunshine than clouds for ye, and send all your friends up here.

"A word before you goes. Expose not yourself. Your eyes is saller, which is on accounts of bile on your systim. Some don't have bile on to their systims which their eyes is not saller. This bile ascends down on to you from many generations which is in their graves, and peace to their ashes."

MADAME CROMPTON.

We then proceeded directly to Madame Crompton, the other fortune-teller.

Below is her bill:—

MADAME R. CROMPTON,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED FORTUNE-TELLER AND
ASTROLOGIST.

Madame Crompton begs leave to inform the citizens of Cleveland and vicinity that she has taken rooms at the

FARMERS' ST CLAIR HOUSE,

CORNER OF ST CLAIR AND WATER STREETS,

Where she may be consulted on all matters pertaining to
Past and Future Events.

*Also giving Information of Absent Friends, whether
Living or Dead.*

P.S.—Persons having lost or having property stolen of any kind, will do well to give her a call, as she will describe the person or persons with such accuracy as will astonish the most devout critic.

Terms Reasonable

She has rooms at the Farmers' Hotel, as stated in the bill above. She was driving an extensive business, and we were forced to wait half an hour or so for a chance to see her. Madame Crompton is of the English persuasion, and has evidently searched many long years in vain for her H. She is small in stature, but considerably inclined to corpulency, and her red round face is continually wreathed in smiles, reminding one of a new tin pan basking in the noonday sun. She took a greasy pack of common playing cards, and requested us to

“cut them in three,” which we did. She spread them out before her on the table, and said :—

“Sir to you which I speaks. You ’av been terrible crossed in love, and your ’art ’as been much panged. But you ’ll get all over it and marry a light complected gale with rayther reddish ’air. Before some time you ’ll have a leggercy fall down on to you, mostly in solick Jold. There may be a law-suit about it, and you may be sup-prisoned as a witnesses, but you ’ll git it—mostly in solick Jold, which you will keep in chists, and you must look out for them. [We said we would keep a skinned optic on “them chists.”] You ’as a enemy, and he’s a lightish man. He wants to defraud you out of your ’onesty. He is tellink lies about you now in the ’opes of crushin yourself. [A weak invention of “the opposition.”] You never did nothin bad. Your ’art is right. You ’ave a great taste for hosses and like to stay with ’em. Mister to you I sez ! Gard against the lightish man and all will be well.”

The supernatural being then took an oval-shaped chunk of glass (which she called a stone) and requested us to “hang on to it.” She looked into it and said :

“If you ’re not keerful when you git your money, you ’ll lose it, but which otherwise you will not, and fifty cents is as cheap as I kin afford to tell anybody’s fortune, and no great shakes made then.”

XVI.

FROM A HOMELY MAN.

DEAR PLAIN DEALER,—I am a plain man, and there is a melancholy fitness in my unbosoming my sufferings to the “Plain” Dealer. Plain as you may be in your dealings, however, I am convinced you never before had to *deal* with a correspondent so hopelessly plain as I. Yet plain don’t half

express my looks. Indeed I doubt very much whether any word in the English language could be found to convey an adequate idea of my absolute and utter homeliness. The dates in the old family Bible show that I am in the decline of life, but I cannot recall a period in my existence when I felt really young. My very infancy, those brief months when babes prattle joyously and know nothing of care, was darkened by a shadowy presentiment of what I was to endure through life, and my youth was rendered dismal by continued repetitions of a fact painfully evident "on the face of it," that the boy was growing homelier and homelier every day. Memory, that with other people recalls so much that is sweet and pleasant to think of in connection with their youth, with me brings up nothing but mortification, bitter tears, I had almost said curses, on my solitary and homely lot. I have wished—a thousand times wished—that Memory had never consented to take a seat "in this distracted globe."

You have heard of a man so homely that he couldn't sleep nights, his face ached so. Mr Editor, I am that melancholy individual. Whoever perpetrated the joke—for joke it was no doubt intended to be—knew not how much truth he was uttering, or how bitterly the idle squib would rankle in the heart of one suffering man. Many and many a night have I in my childhood laid awake thinking of my homeliness, and as the moonlight has streamed in at the window and fell upon the handsome and placid features of my little brother slumbering at my side, Heaven forgive me for the wicked thought, but I have felt an almost unconquerable impulse to for ever disfigure and mar that sweet upturned innocent face that smiled and looked so beautiful in sleep, for it was ever reminding me of the curse I was doomed to carry about me. Many and many a night have I got up in my night-dress, and lighting my little lamp, sat for hours gazing at my terrible ugliness of face reflected in the mirror, drawn to it by a cruel fascination which it was impossible for me to resist.

I need not tell you that I am a single man, and yet I have had what men call affairs of the heart. I have known what it is to worship the heart's embodiment of female loveliness, and purity, and truth, but it was generally at a distance, entirely safe to the object of my adoration. Being of a susceptible nature, I was continually falling in love, but never, save with one single exception, did I venture to declare my flame. I saw my heart's palpitator walking in a grove. Moved by my consuming love, I rushed towards her, and throwing myself at her feet began to pour forth the long-pent-up emotions of my heart. She gave one look and then

“Shrieked till all the rocks replied ;”

at least you 'd thought they replied if you had seen me leave that grove with a speed greatly accelerated by a shower of rocks from the hands of an enraged brother, who was at hand. That prepossessing young lady is now slowly recovering her reason in an institution for the insane.

Of my further troubles I may perhaps inform you at some future time.

HOMELY MAN.

XVII.

THE ELEPHANT.

SOME two years since, on the strength of what we regarded as reliable information, we announced the death of the elephant Hannibal, at Canton, and accompanied the announcement with a short sketch of that remarkable animal. We happened to be familiar with several interesting incidents in the private life of Hannibal, and our sketch was copied by almost every paper in America and by several European journals. A few months ago a “travelled” friend showed us the sketch in a

Parisian journal, and possibly it is "going the rounds" of the Chinese papers by this time. A few days after we had printed his obituary Hannibal came to town with Van Amburgh's Menagerie, and the same type which killed the monster restored him to life again.

About once a year Hannibal

"Gets on a spree,
And goes bobbin around."

to make a short quotation from a once popular ballad. These sprees, in fact, "is what's the matter with him."

The other day, in Williamsburg, Long Island, he broke loose in the canvas, emptied most of the cages, and tore through the town like a mammoth pestilence. An extensive crowd of athletic men, by jabbing him with spears and pitchforks, and coiling big ropes around his legs, succeeded in capturing him. The animals he had set free were caught and restored to their cages without much difficulty.

We doubt if we shall ever forget our first view of Hannibal—which was also our first view of any elephant—of *the* elephant, in short. It was at the close of a sultry day in June, 18—. The sun had spent its fury and was going to rest among the clouds of gold and crimson. A solitary horseman might have been seen slowly ascending a long hill in a New England town. That solitary horseman was us, and we were mounted on the old white mare. Two bags were strapped to the foaming steed. That was before we became wealthy, and of course we are not ashamed to say that we had been to mill, and consequently *them* bags contained flour and middlins. Presently a large object appeared at the top of the hill. We had heard of the devil, and had been pretty often told that he would have a clear deed and title to us before long, but had never heard him painted like the object which met our gaze at the top of that hill on the close of that sultry day in June. Concluding (for we were a mere youth) that it was an eccen-

tric whale, who had come ashore near North Yarmouth, and was making a tour through the interior on wheels, we hastily turned our steed and made for the mill at a rapid rate. Once we threw over ballast, after the manner of balloonists, and as the object gained on us we cried aloud for our parents. Fortunately we reached the mill in safety, and the object passed at a furious rate, with a portion of a woodshed on its back. It was Hannibal, who had run away from a neighbouring town, taking a shed with him.

DRANK STANDIN.—Col. — is a big “railroad man.” He attended a railroad supper once. Champagne flowed freely, and the Colonel got more than his share. Speeches were made after the removal of the cloth. Somebody arose and eulogised the Colonel in the steepest possible manner—called him great, good, patriotic, enterprising, &c., &c. The speaker was here interrupted by the illustrious Colonel himself, who, arising with considerable difficulty, and beaming benevolently around the table, gravely said, “Let’s (hic) drink that sedimunt standin!” It was done.

XVIII.

B U S T S.

THERE are in this city several Italian gentlemen engaged in the bust business. They have their peculiarities and eccentricities. They are swarthy-faced, wear slouched caps and drab pea-jackets, and smoke bad cigars. They make busts of Webster, Clay, Bonaparte, Douglas, and other great men, living and dead. The Italian buster comes upon you solemnly and cautiously. “Buy Napo-leon?” he will say, and you may probably answer “not a buy.” “How much giv-ee?” he asks, and perhaps you will ask him how much he wants,

"Nine dollar," he will answer always. We are sure of it. We have observed this peculiarity in the busters frequently. No matter how large or small the bust may be, the first price is invariably "nine dollar." If you decline paying this price, as you undoubtedly will if you are right in your head, he again asks, "How much giv-ee?" By way of a joke you say "a dollar," when the buster retreats indignantly to the door, saying in a low, wild voice, "O dam!" With his hand upon the door-latch, he turns and once more asks, "How much giv-ee?" You repeat the previous offer, when he mutters, "O ha!" then coming pleasantly towards you, he speaks thus: "Say! how much giv-ee?" Again you say a dollar, and he cries, "Take 'um—take 'um!"—thus falling eight dollars on his original price.

Very eccentric is the Italian buster, and sometimes he calls his busts by wrong names. We bought Webster (he called him Web-STAR) of him the other day, and were astonished when he called upon us the next day with another bust of Webster, exactly like the one we had purchased of him, and asked us if we didn't want to buy "Cole, the wife-pizener!" We endeavoured to rebuke the depraved buster, but our utterance was choked, and we could only gaze upon him in speechless astonishment and indignation.

XIX.

HOW THE NAPOLEON OF SELLERS WAS SOLD.

WE have read a great many stories of which Winchell, the great wit and mimic, was the hero, showing always how neatly and entirely he sold somebody. Any one who is familiar with Winchell's wonderful powers of mimicry cannot doubt that these stories are all substantially true. But there is one instance which we will relate, or perish in the attempt, where

the jolly Winchell was himself sold. The other evening, while he was conversing with several gentlemen at one of the hotels, a dilapidated individual reeled into the room and halted in front of the stove, where he made wild and unsuccessful efforts to maintain a firm position. He evidently had spent the evening in marching torchlight processions of forty-rod whisky down his throat, and at this particular time was decidedly and disreputably drunk. With a sly wink to the crowd, as much as to say, "We'll have some fun with this individual," Winchell assumed a solemn face, and in a ghostly voice said to one of the company :

"The poor fellow we were speaking of is dead !"

"No ?" said the individual addressed.

"Yes," said Winchell ; "you know both of his eyes were gouged out, his nose was chawed off, and both of his arms were torn out at the roots. Of course, he couldn't recover."

This was all said for the benefit of the drunken man, who was standing, or trying to stand, within a few feet of Winchell ; but he took no sort of notice of it, and was apparently ignorant of the celebrated delineator's presence. Again Winchell endeavoured to attract his attention, but utterly failed as before. In a few moments the drunken man staggered out of the room.

"I can generally have a little fun with a drunken man," said Winchell, "but it is no go in this case."

"I suppose you know what ails the man who just went out ?" said the "gentlemanly host."

"I perceive he is alarmingly inebriated," said Winchell ; "does anything else ail him ?"

"Yes," said the host, "HE'S DEAF AND DUMB !"

This was true. There was a "larf," and Winchell, with the remark that he was sorry to see a disposition in that assemblage "to deceive an orphan," called for a light and went gravely to bed.

XX.

ON AUTUMN.

POETS are wont to apostrophise the leafy month of June, and there is no denying that if Spring is "some," June is Summer. But there is a gorgeous magnificence about the habiliments of Nature, and a teeming fruitfulness upon her lap during the autumnal months, and we must confess we have always felt genially inclined towards this season. It is true, when we concentrate our field of vision to the minute garniture of earth, we no longer observe the beautiful petals, nor inhale the fragrance of a gay parterre of the "floral epistles" and "angel-like collections" which Longfellow (we believe) so graphically describes, and which Shortfellows so fantastically carry about in their button-holes; but we have all their tints reproduced upon a higher and broader canvas in the kaleidoscopic colours with which the sky and the forest daily enchant us, and the beautiful and luscious fruits which Autumn spreads out before us, and

"Crowns the rich promise of the opening Spring."

In another point of view Autumn is suggestive of pleasant reflections. The wearying, wasting heat of Summer, and the deadly blasts with which her breath has for some years been freighted, are past, and the bracing north winds begin to bring balm and healing on their wings. The hurly-burly of travel, and most sorts of publicity (except newspapers), are fast playing out, and we can once more hope to see our friends and relations in the happy sociality of home and fireside enjoyments. Yielding, as we do, the full force to which Autumn is seriously entitled, or rather to the serious reflections and admonitions which the decay of Nature and the dying year always inspire, and admitting the poet's decade—

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"

there is a brighter Autumn beyond, and brighter opening years to those who choose them rather than dead leaves and bitter fruits. Thus we can conclude tranquilly with Bryant, as we began gaily with another—

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

XXI.

PAYING FOR HIS PROVENDER BY PRAYING.

WE have no intention of making fun of serious matters in telling the following story; we merely relate a fact.

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding-house and filled it with boarders, but forgot, until the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man from Trumbull County—who agreed to pay for his board in praying. For a while all went smoothly, but the boarding-master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble and to leave, and the other morning the praying boarder actually “struck!” Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:—

LANDLORD.—Will you pray, Mr Mild?

MILD.—No, sir, I will not.

LANDLORD.—Why not, Mr Mild?

MILD.—It don't pay, sir. I can't pray on such victuals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, *nary another prayer you get out of me!*

And that's the way the matter stood at latest advices.

XXII.

HUNTING TROUBLE.

HUNTING trouble is too fashionable in this world. Contentment and jollity are not cultivated as they should be. There are too many prematurely-wrinkled long and melancholy faces among us. There is too much swearing, sweating and slashing, fuming, foaming and fretting around and about us all.

“A mad world, my masters.”

People rush out-doors bareheaded and barefooted, as it were, and dash blindly into all sorts of dark alleys in quest of all sorts of Trouble, when, “Goodness knows,” if they will only sit calmly and pleasantly by their firesides, Trouble will knock soon enough at their doors.

Hunting Trouble is bad business. If we ever are induced to descend from our present proud position to become a member of the Legislature, or ever accumulate sufficient muscle, impudence, and taste for bad liquor to go to Congress, we shall introduce “a william” for the suppression of Trouble-hunting. We know Miss Slinkins, who incessantly frets because Miss Slurkins is better harnessed than she is, won't like it; and we presume the Simpkinses, who worry so much because the Perkinses live in a freestone-fronted house whilst theirs is only plain brick, won't like it also. It is doubtful, too, whether our long-haired friends, the Reformers (who think the machinery of the world is all out of joint, while we

think it only needs a little greasing to run in first-rate style), will approve the measure. It is probable, indeed, that very many societies, of a reformatory (and inflammatory) character, would frown upon the measure. But the measure would be a good one nevertheless.

Never hunt Trouble. However dead a shot one may be, the gun he carries on such expeditions is sure to kick or go off half-cocked. Trouble will come soon enough, and when he does come, receive him as pleasantly as possible. Like the tax-collector, he is a disagreeable chap to have in one's house, but the more amiably you greet him the sooner he will go away.

XXIII.

DARK DOINGS.

FOUR promising young men of this city attended a ball in the rural districts not long since. At a late hour they retired, leaving word with the clerk of the hotel to call them early in the morning, as they wanted to take the first train home. The clerk was an old friend of the "fellers," and he thought he would have a slight joke at their expense. So he burnt some cork, and, with a sponge, blacked the faces of his city friends after they had got soundly asleep. In the morning he called them about ten minutes before the train came along. Feller No. 1 awoke and laughed boisterously at the sight which met his gaze. But he saw through it—the clerk had played his good joke on his three comrades, and of course he would keep mum. But it was a devilish good joke. Feller No. 2 awoke, saw the three black men in the room, comprehended the joke, and laughed vociferously. But he would keep mum. Fellers No. 3 and 4 awoke, and experienced the same pleasant feeling; and there was the beautiful spectacle of four nice young men laughing heartily one at another, each

one supposing the "urbane clerk" had spared him in his cork-daubing operations. They had only time to dress before the train arrived. They all got aboard, each thinking what a glorious joke it was to have his three companions go back to town with black faces. The idea was so rich that they all commenced laughing violently as soon as they got aboard the cars. The other passengers took to laughing also, and fun raged fast and furious, until the benevolent baggage-man, seeing how matters stood, brought a small pocket-glass and handed it around to the young men. They suddenly stopped laughing, rushed wildly for the baggage-car, washed their faces, and amused and instructed each other during the remainder of the trip with some eloquent flashes of silence.

XXIV.

A HARD CASE.

WE have heard of some very hard cases since we have enlivened this world with our brilliant presence. We once saw an able-bodied man chase a party of little school-children, and rob them of their dinners. The man who stole the coppers from his deceased grandmother's eyes lived in our neighbourhood, and we have read about the man who went to church for the sole purpose of stealing the testaments and hymn-books. But the hardest case we ever heard of lived in Arkansas. He was only fourteen years old. One night he deliberately murdered his father and mother in cold blood, with a meat-axe. He was tried and found guilty. The Judge drew on his black cap, and in a voice choked with emotion asked the young prisoner if he had anything to say before the sentence of the court was passed on him. The court-room was densely crowded, and there was not a dry eye in the vast assembly. The youth of the prisoner, his beauty and

innocent looks, the mild lamblike manner in which he had conducted himself during the trial—all, all had thoroughly enlisted the sympathy of the spectators, the ladies in particular. And even the Jury, who had found it to be their stern duty to declare him guilty of the appalling crime—even the Jury now wept aloud at this awful moment.

“Have you anything to say?” repeated the deeply-moved Judge.

“Why, no,” replied the prisoner, “I think I haven’t, though I hope yer Honour will show some consideration FOR THE FEELINGS OF A POOR ORPHAN!”

The Judge sentenced the perfect young wretch without delay.

XXV.

REPORTERS.

THE following paragraph is going the rounds:—“How many a great man is now basking in the sunshine of fame generously bestowed upon him by the prolific genius of some reporter! How many stupid orations have been made brilliant, how many wandering, pointless, objectless speeches put in form and rendered at least readable, by the unknown reporter! How many a disheartened speaker, who was conscious the night before of a failure, before a thin, cold, spiritless audience, awakes delighted to learn that he has addressed an overwhelming assemblage of his enthusiastic, appreciating fellow-citizens, to find his speech sparkling with ‘cheers,’ breaking out into ‘immense applause,’ and concluding amidst ‘the wildest excitement!’”

There is considerable truth in the above, we are sorry to state. Reporters are too apt to smooth over and give a fair face to the stupidity and bombast of political and other public

humbugs. For this they are not only seldom thanked, but frequently are kicked. Of course this sort of thing is wrong. A Reporter should be independent enough to meet the approaches of gentlemen of the Nincompoop persuasion with a flat rebuff. He should never gloss over a political humbug, whether he belongs to "our side" or not. He is not thanked for doing it, and, furthermore, he loses the respect and confidence of his readers. There are many amiable gentlemen ornamenting the various walks of life who are under the impression that for a dozen bad cigars or a few drinks of worse whisky they can purchase the "opinion" of almost any Reporter. It has been our pleasure on several occasions to disabuse those gentlemen of this impression.

Should another occasion of this kind ever offer, we feel that we should be "adequate" to treat it in a similar manner. A Reporter, we modestly submit, is as good as anybody, and ought to feel that he is, everywhere and at all times. For one, let us quietly and without any show of vanity remark, that we are not only just as good as anybody else, but a great deal better than many we know of. We love God and hate Indians: pay our debts; support the Constitution of the United States; go in for Progress, Sunshine, Calico, and other luxuries; are perfectly satisfied and happy, and wouldn't swop "sits" with the President, Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of China, Sultan of Turkey, Brigham Young, or Nicholas Longworth. Success to us!

HE HAD THE LITTLE VOUCHER IN HIS POCKET

L—— lived in this city several years ago. He dealt in horses, carriages, &c. Hearing of a good chance to sell buggies up West, he embarked with a lot for that "great" country. At

Toledo he took a Michigan Southern train. Somebody had, by way of a joke, warned him against the conductor of that particular train, telling him that said conductor had an eccentric way of taking up tickets at the beginning of the journey, and of denying that he had done so and demanding fare at the end thereof. This the confiding L—— swallowed. He determined not to be swindled in this way, and so when the conductor came around and asked him for his ticket he declined giving it up. The conductor insisted. L—— still refused.

“I’ve got the little voucher in my pocket,” he said, with a knowing look, slyly slapping the pocket which contained the ticket.

The conductor glanced at L——’s stalwart frame. He had heard L—— spoken of as a fighting man. He preferred not to grapple with him. The train was a light one, and it so happened that L—— was the only man in this, the hind car. So the conductor had the train stopped, and quietly unhitched this car.

“Good day, Mr L——,” he yelled; “just keep that little voucher in your pocket, and be d——d to you!”

L—— jumped up and saw the other cars moving rapidly away. He was left solitary and alone in a dismal piece of woods known as the Black Swamp. He remained there in the car until night, when the down-train came along and took him to Toledo. He had to pay fare, his up through-ticket not being good on that train. His buggies had gone unattended to Chicago. He was very angry. He finally got through, but he will never hear the last of that “little voucher.”

XXVII.

THE GENTLEMANLY CONDUCTOR.

FEW have any idea of the trials and tribulations of the railway conductor—"the gentlemanly conductor," as one-horse newspapers delight in styling him. Unless you are gifted with the patience of the lamented Job, who, tradition informs us, had "biles" all over his body, and didn't swear once, never go for a Conductor, me boy!

The other evening we enlivened a railroad car with our brilliant presence. Starting time was not quite up, and the passengers were amusing themselves by laughing, swearing, singing, and talking, according to their particular fancy. The Conductor came in, and the following were a few of the questions put to him:—One old fellow, who was wrapped up in a horse-blanket, and who apparently had about two pounds of pigtail in his mouth, wanted to know "What pint of compass the keers was travellin in?" An old lady, surrounded by band-boxes and enveloped in flannels, wanted to know what time the eight o'clock train left Rock Island for "Dubu-kue?" A carrot-haired young man wanted to know if "free omyibuses" ran from the cars to the taverns in Toledo? A tall, razor-faced individual, evidently from the interior of Connecticut, desired to know if "conductin" paid as well eout West as it did deoun in his country; and a portly, close-shaven man, with round keen eyes, and in whose face you could read the interest-table, asked the price of corner lots in Omaha. These and many other equally absurd questions the conductor answered calmly and in a resigned manner. And we shuddered as we thought how he would have to answer a similar string of questions in each of the three cars ahead.

XXVIII.

A. WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.—REPORTED BY HIMSELF—OR
SOMEBODY ELSE.

[The following rough report of Artemus Ward's Lecture in California appeared in the *San Francisco Era*, during the lecturer's visit to that city. It has been thought worthy of preservation in the form of a supplementary paper to the present little volume.]

FELLER-CITIZENS AND FELLER-CITIZENESSES,—I feel truly glad to see you here to-night, more especially those who have paid, although I am too polite to say how many are here who have not paid, but who take a base advantage of the good-nature of my friend and manager, Hingston, bothering him to give them free tickets, gratis, and also for nothing; and my former friend and manager, Rosenberg, assures me that the best way to prevent a person from enjoying any entertainment is to admit them without the equivalent spondulics. What a man gets for nothing he don't care for.

Talking of free tickets, my first lecture was a wonderful success—house so full that everybody who could pay turned from the doors. It happened thus:—

Walking about Salt Lake City on the morning before the lecture, I met Elder Kimball. Well, I most imprudently gave him a family ticket. That ticket filled the house, and left about a dozen of the young Kimballs howling in the cold. After that I limited my family tickets to "Admit Elder Jones, ten wives, and thirty children."

You may perhaps be astonished that I, a rather fascinating bachelor, escaped from Salt Lake City without the loss of my innocence. Well I will confess, confidentially, that was only by the skin of my teeth, and thanks to the virtuous lecturing of my friend Hingston, whose British prejudices against

Bigamy, Trigamy, and Brighamism, saying nothing of Ninnygavigamy, could not be overcome.

My narrowest escape was this :—

About six hours before I arrived an elder died. I think his name was Smith. You may have heard that name before; but it isn't the Smith you know—it is quite another Smith. Well, this defunct elder left a small assortment of wives behind him—I think there were seventeen—of all ages, from seventeen to seventy. This miscellaneous gathering included three grandmothers, a fact which lent a venerable sanctity to the affair. I received an invitation—I went—and was introduced to the whole seventeen widows at once. Sam Weller or Dr Shelton Mackenzie—I forget which—says, "One widow is dangerous;" but, perhaps, there is safety in a multitude of them. All I know is, that they made the tenderest appeals to me, as a man and a brother; but I threw myself upon their mercy—I told them I was far away from my parents and my Sainted Maria, and that I was a good young man; and finally, I begged to know if their intentions were honourable?

One said :

"Young man, dash not the cup of happiness from your life!"

I said :

"I have no objection to a cup, but I cannot stand an entire hogshead!"

They grew more and more tender—two put their arms around me and pinioned me, while the other fifteen drew large shears from their pockets, and, under pretence of getting a lock of hair for each, they left me as bare as a goose-egg. Indians couldn't have scalped me closer. I made Samson-like, my escape from these Delilahs by stratagem. I assured them that I was sickening for the measles, which, like love, is always the more fatal the later it comes in life. I also told them that my friend Hingston was a much better looking man than I was; also that he was an Englishman, and that, according to that

nation's creed, every Englishman is equal to five Americans and five hundred Frenchmen: consequently there would be some to spare of him. This happy thought saved me. I was let off upon solemnly promising to deliver Hingston into their arms, bound, Laocoon-like, by the serpent spells of their charms, or, like Regulus, potted and preserved in a barrel of finger-nails, for their especial scratching.

Hingston, little dreaming of the sale I had made of him, went on the pretended errand of conveying to these seventeen beauties a farewell bouquet. Poor fellow! that is the last I ever saw of him—he was never heard of again.

The gentleman who acts as my manager is somebody else. I must ask the indulgence of the audience for twenty minutes, while I drop a few tears to his memory. (Here Artemus holds his head over a barrel, and the distinct dripping of a copious shower is heard.)

As I feel a little better, I will recommence my lecture—I don't mean to defend Mormonism—indeed, I have no hesitation in affirming, and I affirm it boldly, and I would repeat the observation to my own wife's face, if I had one, but as I haven't one, I'll say it boldly to every other man's wife, that I don't think it wise to marry more than one wife at a time, without it is done to oblige the ladies, and then it should be done sparingly, and not oftener than three times a day, for the marriage ceremony isn't lightly to be repeated. But I want to tell you what Brigham Young observed to me.

“Artemus, my boy,” said he, “you don't know how often a man marries against his will. Let me recite one case out of a hundred that has happened to myself. About three months ago a family arrived here—they were from Hoboken—everybody knows how beautiful the Jersey girls are—with the exception of applejack, they are the nicest things Jersey produces. Well, this family consisted of four daughters, a mother and two grandmothers, one with teeth, the other without. I took a fancy to the youngest of the girls, and proposed. After cou-

siderable reflection she said : 'I can't think of marrying you without you marry my three sisters as well.'

"After some considerable hesitation I agreed, and went to the girl's mother for her consent :—'No objection to your marrying my four girls, but you'll have to take me as well.' After a little reflection, I consented, and went to the two grandmothers for their consent :—'No objection,' said the old dames in a breath, 'but you'll have to marry us as well. We cannot think of separating the family.' After a little cosy hesitation on my part, I finally agreed to swallow the two old venerable antiquities as a sort of sauce to the other five."

Under these circumstances, who can wonder at Brigham Young being the most highly married man in the Republic? In a word, he is too much married—indeed, if I were he, I should say two hundred and too much married.

As I see my esteemed friend Joe Whitton, of Niblo's Garden, sitting right before me, I will give him an anecdote which he will appreciate. There is considerable barter in Salt Lake City—horses and cows are good for hundred-dollar greenbacks, while pigs, dogs, cats, babies, and pickaxes are the fractional currency. I dare say my friend Joe Whitton would be as much astonished as I was after my first lecture. Seeing a splendid house I naturally began to reckon my spondulics. Full of this Pactolean vision, I went into my treasurer's room.

"Now, Hingston, my boy, let us see what the proceeds are! We shall soon make a fortune at this rate."

Hingston with the solemnity of a cashier, then read the proceeds of the lecture :—

"Three cows, one with horns, and two without, but not a stump-tail; fourteen pigs, alive and grunting; seventeen hams, sugar cured; three babies in arms, two of them cutting their teeth, and the other sickening with the chicken-coop, or some such disease." There were no end of old hats, ladies' hoops, corsets, and another article of clothing, generally stolen from the husband. There was also a secondhand coffin, three

barrels of turnips, and a peck of coals ; there was likewise a footless pair of stockings without the legs, and a pair of embroidered gaiters, a little worn. If I could find the legs belonging to them—well, I won't say what I'd do now—but leave all ladies in that pleasing state of expectation which is true happiness. Ladies and gentlemen, my lecture is done—if you refuse to leave the hall, you 'll be forcibly ejected.

THE END.

[October, 1884.]



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