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Artemus Ward (HTML edition), by Artemus Ward**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ARTEMUS WARD (HTML
EDITION) ***

**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
ARTEMUS WARD**

**By Charles Farrar Browne
(AKA Artemus Ward)**

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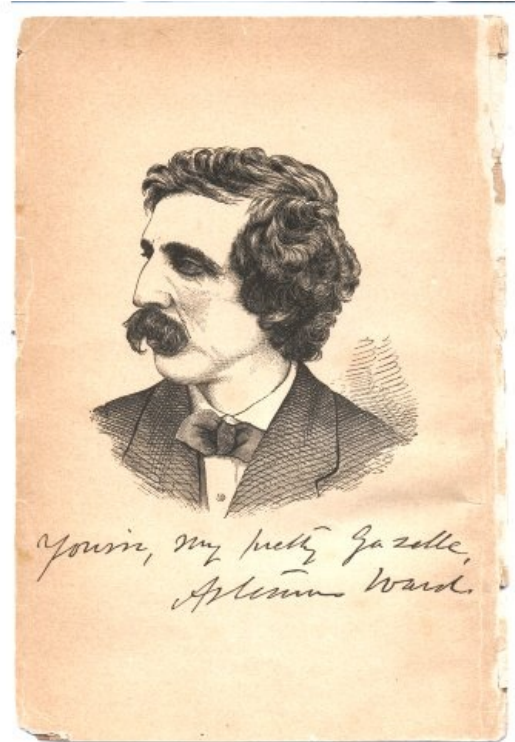
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CHAS. FARRAR BROWNE

"ARTEMUS WARD"



A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY MELVILLE D. LANDON.

Charles Farrar Browne, better known to the world as "Artemus Ward," was born at Waterford, Oxford County, Maine, on the twenty-sixth of April, 1834, and died of consumption at Southampton, England, on Wednesday, the sixth of March, 1867.

His father, Levi Browne, was a land surveyor, and Justice of the Peace. His mother, Caroline E. Brown, is still living, and is a descendant from Puritan stock.

Mr. Browne's business manager, Mr. Hingston, once asked him about his Puritanic origin, when he replied: "I think we came from Jerusalem, for my father's name was Levi and we had a Moses and a Nathan in the family, but my poor brother's name was Cyrus; so, perhaps, that makes us Persians."

Charles was partially educated at the Waterford school, when family circumstances induced his parents to apprentice him to learn the rudiments of printing in the office of the "Skowhegan Clarion," published some miles to the north of his native village. Here he passed through the dreadful ordeal to which a printer's "devil" is generally subjected. He always kept his temper; and his eccentric boy jokes are even now told by the residents of Skowhegan.

In the spring, after his fifteenth birthday, Charles Browne bade farewell to the "Skowhegan Clarion;" and we next hear of him in the office of the "Carpet-Bag," edited by B.P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"). Lean, lank, but strangely appreciative, young Browne used to "set up" articles from the pens of Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly") and John G. Saxe, the poet. Here he wrote his first contribution in a disguised hand, slyly put it into the editorial box, and the next day disguised his pleasure while setting it up himself. The article was a description of a Fourth of July celebration in Skowhegan. The spectacle of the day was a representation of the battle of Yorktown, with G. Washington and General Horace Cornwallis in character. The article pleased Mr. Shillaber, and Mr. Browne, afterwards speaking of it, said: "I went to the theatre that evening, had a good time of it, and thought I was the greatest man in Boston."

While engaged on the "Carpet-Bag," the subject of our sketch closely studied the theatre and courted the society of actors and actresses. It was in this way that he gained that correct and

valuable knowledge of the texts and characters of the drama, which enabled him in after years to burlesque them so successfully. The humorous writings of Seba Smith were his models, and the oddities of "John Phoenix" were his especial admiration.

Being of a roving temper Charles Browne soon left Boston, and, after traveling as a journeyman printer over much of New York and Massachusetts, he turned up in the town of Tiffin, Seneca County, Ohio, where he became reporter and compositor at four dollars per week. After making many friends among the good citizens of Tiffin, by whom he is remembered as a patron of side shows and traveling circuses, our hero suddenly set out for Toledo, on the lake, where he immediately made a reputation as a writer of sarcastic paragraphs in the columns of the Toledo "Commercial." He waged a vigorous newspaper war with the reporters of the Toledo "Blade," but while the "Blade" indulged in violent vituperation, "Artemus" was good-natured and full of humor. His column soon gained a local fame and everybody read it. His fame even traveled away to Cleveland, where, in 1858, when Mr. Browne was twenty-four years of age, Mr. J.W. Gray of the Cleveland "Plaindealer" secured him as local reporter, at a salary of twelve-dollars per week. Here his reputation first began to assume a national character and it was here that they called him a "fool" when he mentioned the idea of taking the field as a lecturer. Speaking of this circumstance while traveling down the Mississippi with the writer, in 1865, Mr. Browne musingly repeated this colloquy:

WISE MAN:—"Ah! you poor foolish little girl—here is a dollar for you."

FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL:—"Thank you, sir; but I have a sister at home as foolish as I am; can't you give me a dollar for her?"

Charles Browne was not successful as a NEWS reporter, lacking enterprise and energy, but his success lay in writing up in a burlesque manner well-known public affairs like prize-fights, races, spiritual meetings, and political gatherings. His department became wonderfully humorous, and was always a favorite with readers, whether there was any news in it or not. Sometimes he would have a whole column of letters from young ladies in reply to a fancied matrimonial advertisement, and then he would have a column of answers to general correspondents like this:—

VERITAS:—Many make the same error. Mr. Key, who wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," is not the author of Hamlet, a tragedy. He wrote the banner business, and assisted in "The Female Pirate," BUT DID NOT WRITE HAMLET. Hamlet was written by a talented but unscrupulous man named Macbeth, afterwards tried and executed for "murdering sleep."

YOUNG CLERGYMAN:—Two pints of rum, two quarts of hot water, tea-cup of sugar, and a lemon; grate in nutmeg, stir thoroughly and drink while hot.

It was during his engagement on the "Plaindealer" that he wrote, dating from Indiana, his first communication,—the first published letter following this sketch, signed "Artemus Ward" a sobriquet purely incidental, but borne with the "u" changed to an "a" by an American revolutionary general. It was here that Mr. Browne first became, IN WORDS, the possessor of a moral show "consisting of three moral bares, the a kangaroo (a amoozing little rascal; 'twould make you larf yourself to death to see the little kuss jump and squeal), wax figures of G. Washington, &c. &c." Hundreds of newspapers copied this letter, and Charles Browne awoke one morning to find himself famous.

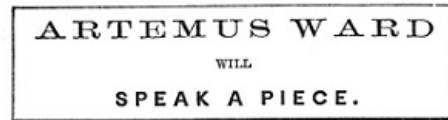
In the "Plaindealer" office, his companion, George Hoyt, writes: "His desk was a rickety table which had been whittled and gashed until it looked as if it had been the victim of lightning. His chair was a fit companion thereto,—a wabbling, unsteady affair, sometimes with four and sometimes with three legs. But Browne saw neither the table, nor the chair, nor any person who might be near, nothing, in fact, but the funny pictures which were tumbling out of his brain. When writing, his gaunt form looked ridiculous enough. One leg hung over the arm of his chair like a great hook, while he would write away, sometimes laughing to himself, and then slapping the table in the excess of his mirth."

While in the office of the "Plaindealer," Mr. Browne first conceived the idea of becoming a lecturer. In attending the various minstrel shows and circuses which came to the city, he would frequently hear repeated some story of his own which the audience would receive with hilarity. His best witticisms came back to him from the lips of another who made a living by quoting a stolen jest. Then the thought came to him to enter the lecture field himself, and become the utterer of his own witticisms—the mouthpiece of his own jests.

On the 10th of November, 1860, Charles Browne, whose fame, traveling in his letters from Boston to San Francisco, had now become national, grasped the hands of his hundreds of New York admirers. Cleveland had throned him the monarch of mirth, and a thousand hearts paid him tributes of adulation as he closed his connection with the Cleveland Press.

Arriving in the Empire City, Mr. Browne soon opened an engagement with "Vanity Fair," a humorous paper after the manner of London "Punch," and ere long he succeeded Mr. Charles G. Leland as editor. Mr. Charles Dawson Shanly says: "After Artemus Ward became sole editor, a position which he held for a brief period, many of his best contributions were given to the public; and, whatever there was of merit in the columns of "Vanity Fair" from the time he assumed the editorial charge, emanated from his pen." Mr. Browne himself wrote to a friend: "Comic copy is what they wanted for "Vanity Fair." I wrote some and it killed it. The poor paper got to be a conundrum, and so I gave it up."

The idea of entering the field as a lecturer now seized Mr. Browne stronger than ever. Tired of the pen, he resolved on trying the platform. His Bohemian friends agreed that his fame and fortune would be made before intelligent audiences. He resolved to try it. What should be the subject of my lecture? How shall I treat the subject? These questions caused Mr. Browne grave speculations. Among other schemes, he thought of a string of jests combined with a stream of satire, the whole being unconnected—a burlesque upon a lecture. The subject,—that was a hard question. First he thought of calling it "My Seven Grandmothers," but he finally adopted the name of "Babes in the Woods," and with this subject Charles Browne was introduced to a metropolitan audience, on the evening of December 23d, 1861. The place was Clinton Hall, which stood on the site of the old Astor Place Opera House, where years ago occurred the Macready riot, and where now is the Mercantile Library. Previous to this introduction, Mr. Frank Wood accompanied him to the suburban town of Norwich, Connecticut, where he first delivered his lecture, and watched the result. The audience was delighted, and Mr. Browne received an ovation. Previous to his Clinton Hall appearance the city was flooded with funny placards reading—



Owing to a great storm, only a small audience braved the elements, and the Clinton Hall lecture was not a financial success. It consisted of a wandering batch of comicalities, touching upon everything except "The Babes." Indeed it was better described by the lecturer in London, when he said, "One of the features of my entertainment is, that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it."

In the middle of his lecture, the speaker would hesitate, stop, and say: "Owing to a slight indisposition we will now have an intermission of fifteen minutes." The audience looked in utter dismay at the idea of staring at vacancy for a quarter of an hour, when, rubbing his hands, the lecturer would continue: "but, ah—during the intermission I will go on with my lecture!"

Mr. Browne's first volume, entitled "Artemus Ward; His Book," was published in New York, May 17th, 1862. The volume was everywhere hailed with enthusiasm, and over forty thousand copies were sold. Great success also attended the sale of his three other volumes published in '65, '67, and '69.

Mr. Browne's next lecture was entitled "Sixty Minutes in Africa," and was delivered in Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia. Behind him hung a large map of Africa, "which region," said Artemus, "abounds in various natural productions, such as reptiles and flowers. It produces the red rose, the white rose, and the neg-roes. In the middle of the continent is what is called a 'howling wilderness,' but, for my part, I have never heard it howl, nor met with any one who has."

After Mr. Browne had created immense enthusiasm for his lectures and books in the Eastern States, which filled his pockets with a handsome exchequer, he started, October 3d, 1863, for California, a faithful account of which trip is given by himself in this book. Previous to starting, he received a telegram from Thomas Maguire, of the San Francisco Opera House, inquiring "what he would *take for forty nights in Californis.*" Mr. Brown immediately telegraphed back,—

"Brandy and water.

A. Ward."

And, though Maguire was sorely puzzled at the contents of the dispatch, the Press got hold of it, and it went through California as a capital joke.

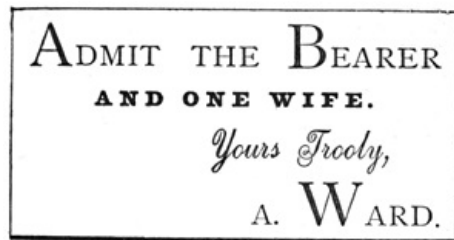
Mr. Browne first lectured in San Francisco on "The Babes in the Woods," November 13th, 1863, at Pratt's Hall. T. Starr King took a deep interest in him, occupying the rostrum, and his general reception in San Francisco was warm.

Returning overland, through Salt Lake to the States, in the fall of 1864, Mr. Browne lectured again in New York, this time on the "Mormons," to immense audiences, and in the spring of 1865 he commenced his tour through the country, everywhere drawing enthusiastic audiences both North and South.

It was while on this tour that the writer of this sketch again spent some time with him. We met at Memphis and traveled down the Mississippi together. At Lake Providence the "Indiana" rounded up to our landing, and Mr. Browne accompanied the writer to his plantation, where he spent several days, mingling in seeming infinite delight with the negroes. For them he showed great fondness, and they used to stand around him in crowds listening to his seemingly serious advice. We could not prevail upon him to hunt or to join in any of the equestrian amusements with

the neighboring planters, but a quiet fascination drew him to the negroes. Strolling through the "quarters," his grave words, too deep with humor for darkey comprehension, gained their entire confidence. One day he called up Uncle Jeff., an Uncle-Tom-like patriarch, and commenced in his usual vein: "Now, Uncle Jefferson," he said, "why do you thus pursue the habits of industry? This course of life is wrong—all wrong—all a base habit, Uncle Jefferson. Now try to break it off. Look at me,—look at Mr. Landon, the chivalric young Southern plantist *from New York*, he toils not, neither does he spin; he pursues a career of contented idleness. If you only thought so, Jefferson, you could live for months *without performing any kind of labor*, and at the expiration of that time *feel fresh and vigorous enough to commence it again*. Idleness refreshes the physical organization—*it is a sweet boon!* Strike at the roots of the destroying habit to-day, Jefferson. It tires you out; resolve to be idle; no one should labor; *he should hire others to do it for him;*" and then he would fix his mournful eyes on Jeff. and hand him a dollar, while the eyes of the wonder-struck darkey would gaze in mute admiration upon the good and wise originator of the only theory which the darkey mind could appreciate. As Jeff. went away to tell the wonderful story to his companions, and backed it with the dollar as material proof, Artemus would cover his eyes, and bend forward on his elbows in a chuckling laugh.

"Among the Mormons" was delivered through the States, everywhere drawing immense crowds. His manner of delivering his discourse was grotesque and comical beyond description. His quaint and sad style contributed more than anything else to render his entertainment exquisitely funny. The programme was exceedingly droll, and the tickets of admission presented the most ludicrous of ideas. The writer presents a fac-simile of an admission ticket which was presented to him in Natchez by Mr. Browne:—



In the spring of 1866, Charles Browne first timidly thought of going to Europe. Turning to Mr. Hingston one day he asked: "What sort of a man is Albert Smith? Do you think the Mormons would be as good a subject to the Londoners as Mont Blanc was?" Then he said: "I should like to go to London and give my lecture in the same place. Can't it be done?"

Mr. Browne sailed for England soon after, taking with him his Panorama. The success that awaited him could scarcely have been anticipated by his most intimate friends. Scholars, wits, poets, and novelists came to him with extended hands, and his stay in London was one ovation to the genius of American wit. Charles Reade, the novelist, was his warm friend and enthusiastic admirer; and Mr. Andrew Haliday introduced him to the "Literary Club," where he became a great favorite. Mark Lemon came to him and asked him to become a contributor to "Punch," which he did. His "Punch" letters were more remarked in literary circles than any other current matter. There was hardly a club-meeting or a dinner at which they were not discussed. "There was something so grotesque in the idea," said a correspondent, "of this ruthless Yankee poking among the revered antiquities of Britain, that the beef-eating British themselves could not restrain their laughter." The story of his Uncle William who "followed commercial pursuits, glorious commerce—and sold soap," and his letters on the Tower and "Chowser," were palpable hits, and it was admitted that "Punch" had contained nothing better since the days of "Yellowplush." This opinion was shared by the "Times," the literary reviews, and the gayest leaders of society. The publishers of "Punch" posted up his name in large letters over their shop in Fleet Street, and Artemus delighted to point it out to his friends. About this time Mr. Browne wrote to his friend Jack Rider, of Cleveland:

"This is the proudest moment of my life. To have been as well appreciated here as at home; to have written for the oldest comic Journal in the English language, received mention with Hood, with Jerrold and Hook, and to have my picture and my pseudonym as common in London as in New York, is enough for

"Yours truly,

"A. Ward."

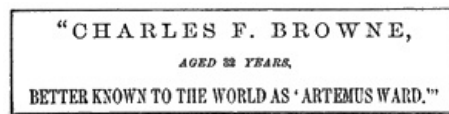
England was thoroughly aroused to the merits of Artemus Ward, before he commenced his lectures at Egyptian Hall, and when, in November, he finally appeared, immense crowds were

compelled to turn away. At every lecture his fame increased, and when sickness brought his brilliant success to an end, a nation mourned his retirement.

On the evening of Friday, the seventh week of his engagement at Egyptian Hall, Artemus became seriously ill, an apology was made to a disappointed audience, and from that time the light of one of the greatest wits of the centuries commenced fading into darkness. The Press mourned his retirement, and a funeral pall fell over London. The laughing, applauding crowds were soon to see his consumptive form moving towards its narrow resting-place in the cemetery at Kensal Green.

By medical advice Charles Browne went for a short time to the Island of 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 club traveled from London to see him—two at a time—that he might be less lonely.

His remains were followed to the grave from the rooms of his friend Arthur Sketchley, by a large number of friends and admirers, the literati and press of London paying the last tribute of respect to their dead brother. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. M.D. Conway, formerly of Cincinnati, and the coffin was temporarily placed in a vault, from which it was removed by his American friends, and his body now sleeps by the side of his father, Levi Browne, in the quiet cemetery at Waterford, Maine. Upon the coffin is the simple inscription:—



His English executors were T.W. Robertson, the playwright, and his friend and companion, E.P. Hingston. His literary executors were Horace Greeley and Richard H. Stoddard. In his will, he bequeathed among other things a large sum of money to his little valet, a bright little fellow; though subsequent denouements revealed the fact that he left only a six-thousand-dollar house in Yonkers. There is still some mystery about his finances, which may one day be revealed. It is known that he withdrew 10,000 dollars from the Pacific Bank to deposit it with a friend before going to England; besides this, his London "Punch" letters paid a handsome profit. Among his personal friends were George Hoyt, the late Daniel Setchell, Charles W. Coe, and Mr. Mullen, the artist, all of whom he used to style "my friends all the year round."

Personally Charles Farrar Browne was one of the kindest and most affectionate of men, and history does not name a man who was so universally beloved by all who knew him. It was remarked, and truly, that the death of no literary character since Washington Irving caused such general and widespread regret.

In stature he was tall and slender. His nose was prominent,—outlined like that of Sir Charles Napier, or Mr. Seward; his eyes brilliant, small, and close together; his mouth large, teeth white and pearly; fingers long and slender; hair soft, straight, and blonde; complexion florid; mustache large, and his voice soft and clear. In bearing, he moved like a natural-born gentleman. In his lectures he never smiled—not even while he was giving utterance to the most delicious absurdities; but all the while the jokes fell from his lips as if he was unconscious of their meaning. While writing his lectures, he would laugh and chuckle to himself continually.

There was one peculiarity about Charles Browne—*He never made an enemy*. Other wits in other times have been famous, but a satirical thrust now and then has killed a friend. Diogenes was the wit of Greece, but when, after holding up an old dried fish to draw away the eyes of Anaximenes' audience, he exclaimed "*See how an old fish is more interesting than Anaximenes,*" he said a funny thing, but he stabbed a friend. When Charles Lamb, in answer to the doting mother's question as to how he liked babies, replied, "b-b-boiled, madam, *boiled!*" that mother loved him no more: and when John Randolph said "*thank you!*" to his constituent who kindly remarked that he had the pleasure of *passing* his house, it was wit at the expense of friendship. The whole English school of wits—with Douglas Jerrold, Hood, Sheridan, and Sidney Smith, indulged in repartee. They were *parasitic* wits. And so with the Irish, except that an Irishman is generally so ridiculously absurd in his replies as to only excite ridicule. "Artemus Ward" made you laugh and love him too.

The wit of "Artemus Ward" and "Josh Billings" is distinctively American. Lord Kames, in his "Elements of Criticism," makes no mention of this species of wit, a lack which the future rhetorician should look to. We look in vain for it in the English language of past ages, and in other languages of modern time. It is the *genus* American. When Artemus says in that serious manner, looking admiringly at his atrocious pictures,—"*I love pictures—and I have many of them—beautiful photographs—of myself;*" you smile; and when he continues, "*These pictures were painted by the Old Masters; they painted these pictures and then they—they expired;*" you hardly know what it is that makes you laugh outright; and when Josh Billings says in his Proverbs, wiser than Solomon's "*You'd better not know so much, than know so many things that ain't so;*"—the same vein is struck, but the text-books fail to explain scientifically the cause of our mirth.

The wit of Charles Browne is of the most exalted kind. It is only scholars and those thoroughly acquainted with the *subtilty* of our language who fully appreciate it. His wit is generally about historical personages like Cromwell, Garrick, or Shakspeare, or a burlesque on different styles of writing, like his French novel, when *hifalutin* phrases of tragedy come from the clodhopper who

—"sells soap and thrice—refuses a ducal coronet."

Mr. Browne mingled the eccentric even in his business letters. Once he wrote to his Publisher, Mr. G.W. Carleton, who had made some alterations in his MSS.: "The next book I write I'm going to get *you* to write." Again he wrote in 1863:

"Dear Carl:—You and I will get out a book next spring, which will knock spots out of all comic books in ancient or modern history. And the fact that you are going to take hold of it convinces me that you have one of the most *massive* intellects of this or any other epoch.

"Yours, my pretty gazelle

"A. Ward."

When Charles F. Browne died, he did not belong to America, for, as with Irving and Dickens, the English language claimed him. Greece alone did not suffer when the current of Diogenes' wit flowed on to death. Spain alone did not mourn when Cervantes, dying, left Don Quixote, the "knight of la Mancha." When Charles Lamb ceased to tune the great heart of humanity to joy and gladness, his funeral was in every English and American household; and when Charles Browne took up his silent resting-place in the sombre shades of Kensal Green, *jesting ceased*, and one great Anglo-American heart,

Like a muffled drum went beating

Funeral marches to his grave.

MELVILLE D. LANDON.

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 deeth 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 tremenjux 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 temperance 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 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 perfect subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloounce. I repeat in regard to them hanbills 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.

ON "FORTS".

Every man has got a Fort. It's sum men's fort to do one thing, and some 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 aily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and imagginashun.

That's so!

Old George Washington's Fort was not to hev eny public man of the present day resemble him to eny alarmin extent. Whare bowts can George's ekal be found? 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.

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



Artemus Rescued from the Kanawl.

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 lick 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 swallows 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 another 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 stummuck & back, and presuntly I fownd myself in the Kanawl with the other hosses, kickin & yellin like a tribe of Cusscaroorus 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.

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 individoal, 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."

"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 beanpole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in 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 said.

"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 fasheshus 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 follored 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 thow 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 hav 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 charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother if they axed him to. They comenst 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 have 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," they said, and I YAY'D.

I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half an 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 fluttered 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 said efreshments 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 married."

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits and hain't got no command over hissself 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 breakfust 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 females on tother. They comenst 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 sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.



Aretemus Among the Shakers — "yay,"
they sed, and I yay'd.

"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 keg 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 religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yerselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes 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 harthstuns—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 Uticky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York.

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

1 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?" and 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&58.—I was summund 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 compleshun of the Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & 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 speckticul which met my gase as I alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlis. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Traspirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurd—"Giv 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." "Prokrastinashun 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 from our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a elecetric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!" Squire Smith's house was lited up regardlis of expense. His little sun William Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old 'Squire hissself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his door-step, pintin his sword sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequently he wood take orf his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter Mis Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perkinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteus I, sed I to myself, "you air a angil & nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the 'Squire's oldest sun, drest hissself up as Venus the God of Wars and red the Decleration of Inderpendunse from the left chambir winder. The 'Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She sed it was the tarnulest nonsense she ever seed. Sez she to the 'Squire, "Cum into the house and go to bed you old fool, you. Tomorrer you'll be goin round half-ded with the rumertism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you get well." Sez the 'Squire, "Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which I this night commerate." Sez she, "Commemerate a cat's tail—cum into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," sez the 'Squire, wavin his sword, "retire." This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, but cum out agin putty quick with a panfull of Bilin hot water which she throwed all over the Squire, & Surs, you wood have split your sides larfin to see the old man jump up and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropishus circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byrun sez. Doctor Hutchinsis offiss was likewise lited up and a Transpirancy, on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders. The aldinsville Bugle of Liberty noospaper offiss was also illumernated, & 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 1.50 dollars 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 attempt to describe the seens of that grate night. Wurd 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 observes, in the buzzum of my famerly, & shall then resume the show biznis, 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 ideas about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the Sperret biznis excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis 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 obsarvethat Mrs. Ward is a invalerble womum—the partner of my goys & the shairer of my

sorrers. In my absense 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 injooced 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 a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "hear cums the benited man"— "hear cums the hory-heded unbeleever"— "hear cums the skoffer at trooth, " etsetter, etsetter.

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

1 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 immaterial, 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 super-human natur becum metty morfussed as man progreest in harmonial coexistunce & eventooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into reglar sperretuellers. (This was versifferusly 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 an body in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?" sed 1 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.

"Air you in the show bizniz, 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 friend, 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 as no use to pursoo the subjeck furdur.

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 biznis I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut biznis & 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 biznis 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, & 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 & 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 professional Sperrit rappers—them as

makes a biznis 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 Editorial 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 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 in 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, addressing the people 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 a 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 bizness," 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, & 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."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example be4 him he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoe makin bizness," I replide. "I guess we can both on 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 bizness better." I was a little riled at the feller, because I never take anythin only when I'm onwell. 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 handbills 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, conspickusly 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 knows 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 ordernary feelins of Shagrin & indignashun that I rite you these here lines. Sum of the hiest and most purest feelins whitch actoate the humin hart has bin tramt onto. The Amerycan flag has bin outrajed. 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 wurd—"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 pawzed a minit and then sed, "Air yu aware, Sir, that the krisis is with us?"

"No," sez I, getting up and lookin 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 stentoewrian voice obsarved that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis consealed abowt their persons they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individooouls 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 miskomprehend me. I meen that the perlittercal ellermunts are orecast 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 of ellerfunts. But I maik bold to say thay is all a ornery set & unpleasant to hav around. 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 wurd. 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 biznis." The man in black close, I will hear obsarve, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the wurd.

"But," sez he, "you hav feelins into you? You cimpathize with the misfortunit, the loly & the hart-sick, 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 wurd ennywhares.

"Draw closter to me," sed the man in black close. "Let me git my mowth fernenst yure ear. Hush—SHESE 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 nevertheles kave in enny man's hed that calls me a obtoos," with whitch remarks I kommenst fur to pull orf my extry garmint. "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 seemed 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 travlin 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, which I accordingly did. I sot down beside her and sed, "yure Sarvant, Marm! How do yer git along?"

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

"So I larn. Yure rather more Roon than Octo, I take it," sed 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 Ive 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 jumt 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 wont," 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 shood be thare a grate while my self 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 carried 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 passinjers was a snorein like pawpusses & the little damsell in the pinc gown was a singin "Oft in the Silly nite." The onprinsipuld Octoroon & the miserbul man in black close was gone, & all of a suddent it flasht ore my brane that I'de bin swindild.

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 excloosivly for the benefit of that institution. It is a very good college, too, & a grate many wurthy yung men go there annooally 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 bizness. 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 are 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 & Americky 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 crowdod 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 hosswhip him, the Perfesser objected. "Suffer not your angry pashums 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 se zhe, "let's try moral swashun upon the poor creeter." So he put his hand upon the Kangeroo's hed and sed, "poor little fellow—poor little fellow—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 and scream with pane. Sez I, "that's one of the poor little fellow'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 culleded peple. At the Boardin House the culleded 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 gittin 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.

Thare 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 forreds; 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 meetin 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 sevrал mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshuntly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intently arter the object 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 floor.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary a zeffter disturbed the sreen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd bin 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 ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvliny round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblin 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 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 sleepis 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 unfortnitly 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 immejitely to the parson's, & was made 1 that very nite.

(Notiss to the Printer: Put some stars here.)

* * * * *

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this footstool 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.

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 disgised 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 Bizness of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests. Alow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at presnt is as harmless as the newborn 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 origernal cawz of her is. The origernal cawz is Our Afrikan Brother. I was into BARNIM'S Moozeum down to New York the other day & saw that exsentric Etheopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, you 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 luvliness 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 impoodents 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 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'leeve thay call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzuns, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Sevrul 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 sevrul 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 & sevrul other public grosserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise. [Notiss to bizness men 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 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 statid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sumwhares 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.



Artemus on the Lecture Platform — "Shall the Star Spangled Banner be cut up into dish cloths?"

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He woodn'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 other's blud? Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this here Skoolhouse, upon my nativ shor 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 & 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 campane with my Show, wharever 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. Accordinly I squatted.

WAX FIGURES VS. SHAKESPEARE.

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 enjoyin the same blessins. I wood 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.

Bizness 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 bizness, but I make bold to say no man on this footstule kan truthfully 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 Cangeroo, which larst little cuss continners to kondukt 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 so much at that air infurnal Kangeroo that I'm frade this desine will be flustratid to some extent. And while speakin of morrality, remines me that sum folks turn up their nosis at shows like mine, sayin they is low and not fit to be patrernized by peplpeple 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 ginerally? Thare's Mrs. Mackbeth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round ain't 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—Ile let his bowels out," or wurds 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 some more peple. If he isent a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shood like to know whare you find um. Thare's Iargo who is more ornery nor pizun. See how shameful he treated that hily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleeve his wife was too thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whiskey 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 a piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall continner my remarks on the drammer 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 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.)

Some years ago I pitched my tent and onfurl'd my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleeved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on ginerel principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided peple by showin them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shell 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 onreer 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 purpose (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. 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 gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly 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?" sed 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 hav found me at larst, and you would hav 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 hollered:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endeaverin 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 mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I adrest them as follers:

"You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and beleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizniss is cussed noncents, 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 ideas! 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.

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, & wanted 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 obsarve.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U.S. sogers, hosstensibly sent out there 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 austeer 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.

"You air 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 married."

"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 mine 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," sed 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, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call 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 their selves 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. Sum times thay abooz hissself individooally. They 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 cslot, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumptimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin 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.

"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. Wards'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 prow'd & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the United States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails, puttin thare arms round me in luv'in style. "Become 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."



A Mormon Episode — "Oh stay, Sir, stay!"
sed a tall gwant femail.

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

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tell, 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 here in the promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be4 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 PRESS.

I WANT the editors to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. Thare 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 lines 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 bane & gentlemunly manajer, but when I, fur the purpuss of showin fair play all around, went to anuther offiss to git my handbills printed, what duz this pussillanermus editer do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He sed my wax works was a humbug & called me a horey-heded itinrent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar the Beneshy 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 miserable papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuvs all, don't assault a editer of this kind. It only gives him a note rososity, 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 FOREST AS OTHELLO.

Durin a recent visit to New York the undersined went to see Edwin Forrest. As I'm into the moral show bizness myself, I ginrally go to Barnum's moral Museum, where only moral peple air admitted, pertickly 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 perosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Several opery glasses was leveld at me by Gothum's farest 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 jewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me axed me if I'd ever



"Fair Youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

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 tomorrow 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 pussylanermus 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 versifrusly. 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 have 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 brainless 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 & orficer in Otheller's army. He liked his tods too well, howsever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisn young men. Iago injuces Mike to drink with him, Iago slyly throwin his whiskey over his shoulder. Mike gits 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 & proceeds for to smash him. A feller named Montano undertakes to slap Cassio, when that infatooated person runs his sword into him. That miserble man, Iago, pretents to be very sorry to see Mike conduck hissself 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 sympathizes with poor Mike & interceeds for him with Otheller. Iago makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of Mike than she does of hissself. Otheller swallers Iago's lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of hissself 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 & 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 hissself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a breek skedule of the synopsis of the play.

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

I feel that the Show Bizness, which Ive stroven to ornymnt, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as thay air kalled, tho in my pinion thay air poplar humbugs. Individooouls, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin biznis. They cram theirselves with hi-sounding 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 & ragales 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 noospape—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 beests. 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 biznis 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 deppeytashun of ladies came up & sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin & Wimin's Rite's Associashun, 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," sed the feroshus woman—"we belong to a Society whitch beleeves wimin has rites—whitch 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, I've a wife to hum."

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

"Oh whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air.—"O, what is the price that woman pays for her expeeriunce!"

"I don't know," sez I; "the price of my show is 15 cents pur individooal."

"& can't our Soisety 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!" Where upon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observashun that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. Its onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scarcely 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 lions, seekin whom you may devour somebody—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!"

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 pecoonary pint of vew, I've lernt sumthin new, over hear on British Sile, whare they bleeve in Saint George and the Dragoon. Previs to cumin over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittany and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmun 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, and 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 Edmun Hed a beneverlent look, & when sum folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmun Hed anymore than it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmun 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 Edmun Hed. You may kall it what you 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 glimpse of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowd 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 Kurnel 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 Powder 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 thay 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 roter 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 & becum a Marter to 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 shood 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 handid me a segar &

we sot down on the Pizarro & comenst 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 bevrige 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 PEPLER cheer me I feel pleased, fur I know they meen it; but if these one-horse offishuls cood know how I see threw all their moves & understan exackly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at 'em in private, thayd 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 arove 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 ginerel 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 bizness, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleaved Noah's colleckshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho I make bold to dowt 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 particler Loonatic Asylum hev you & yure frends escaped frum, ef I may be so bold?" Just then a suddent thawt struck me & I sed, "Oh yure the fellers who air worryin the Prince so & givin the Juke of Noocastle cold sweats at nite, by yure 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 keenin a tinker's cuss what meetin house you sleep in Sundays. Go home & mind yure bisness & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observashuns I left 'em.

I shall leeve British sile 4thwith.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN.

I don't portend to be a cricket & consekently the reader will not regard this 'ere peace as a Cricketcism. 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 wher. He didn't cum it, as the sekel showed. This play was jerked by a admirer of Old Ossywattermy.

First akt opens at North Elby, Old Brown's humsted. Tare's a weddin at the house. Amely, Old Brown's darter, marrys sumbody, and they all whirl in the Messy darnce. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 sons leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs. Ossywattermy tells 'em thay air goin on a long jurny & Blesses 'em to slow fiddlin. They go to Kansis. What upon arth they 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 Kausis at a tarvern. Mister Blanc, a sinister lookin man with his Belt full of knives & hoss pistils,

axes 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 loohin person, then axis him whether he's fur or fernenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, whareupon Mister Blanc, who is the most sinisterest lookin man I ever saw, sez Har, har, har I (that bein his stile of larfin wildly) & ups & sticks a knife into yung Brown. Another 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 plesed 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 yang 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 merraklis 'scape reminds me of the 'scape of De Jones, the Coarsehair 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 open the winder and got out. To resoom—Old Brown rushes down to the footlites, gits down on his nees & swares he'll hav revenge. The battle of Ossawatermy takes place. Old Brown kills Mister Blanc, the sinister individooal aforesed. Mister Blane makes a able & elerquent speech, sez he don't see his mother much, and dies likes the 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 seein their mothers. From Kansis to Harper's Ferry. Picter 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 Jose, and sentenced to be hung on the gallus. Tabloo—Old Brown on a platform, pintin upards the staige lited up with red fire. Goddiss 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 enjoyin 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 futur 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 munch. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst 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 doing up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzud, but its grate doins," & then larfed as if heed kill hissself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a austeer look, "William, I woodnut 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 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 followed by a enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterzens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voises. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mrs. Square Baxter and her three grown-up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Ripley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsetterry, etsetterry. 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 od flannil, &c. I never seed such a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strong was my feelings, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun

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



"Twins, Marm," sez I, "twins!"

"Twins, Marm," sez I, "twins!"

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

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

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

"No, morra," 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 rush to to the top of the shed whare 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 sealed 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 legislator for a City Charter?"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I; "iv 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 Shakepire 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 hero 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 Baldsinville 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 screetchins & kickins up; Mis. Hirus Doolittle, who kindly

furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasnt konvenient to cook vittles at my hous; & the Peasleys, Par Parsunes & Watsunes fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

BOSTON.

(A. WARD 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 paragraphs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washinton correspondents!

COPP'S HILL.

The winder of my room commands a exileratin view of 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 ain't going 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 bizness, 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'ly 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 Naponsit.

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 prevailin' 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 humorist? 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 youthful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he sed—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment, "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, makin' 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 bizness. 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 Boozum hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I sed 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 sed, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but was regards raisin' wheat, t'ain't worth a damn. 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 seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't I remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she sed, "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 conclood you ain't 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 colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

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 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. Onlike 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 continnered applaus' for Boston!

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

Kiss the children for me. What you tell me 'bout the Twins grieves me sorely. When I sent 'em that Toy Engine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what wos doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dishwater on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a prematoor 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 Bizness rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husband',

Artemus Ward.

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 woods, 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 color. "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 parent's 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 Ole 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.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



Artemus Ward has an interview with President Lincoln.with. They slunked out of site to onct.

I hav no politics. Not a one. I'm not in the business. If I was I spose I should holler versiffusly 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 infamus lise of the enemy, got up jst be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & erth 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 bizniss. I'm in a far more respectful bizniss nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congressser. The wuss 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 knowed I wasn't to be trifled

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 captng 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 forecassle & throw yer jib-poop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N.B. This is genuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theatre 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 friendly 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 thar'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon 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 perfeckly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with 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-hedged cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was "a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundliss West."

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take a small post-offiss if you could git it, would you?"

Sez he, "A patrit is abuv them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrirts this season, ain't 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 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 fireplace he jumt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffiss till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockymet!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yerth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Winconsin, in endeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President eleck, & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fireplace if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashing down the chimney, his head strikin me viliently again the inards and prostratin 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," gittin 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 futur. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll give 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 eppydemics 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, go 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 tuchin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest living, 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 ort as tho Satun hisself was arter 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. 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 vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scarcely 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 other's 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.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

Notwithstandin I hain't 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, howsever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody 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 Washinton 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 pertect 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 you ax for a man breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

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 understand that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these question, my royal duke and most noble hiness 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 sarkasticul.

"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 "wild land" air painted upon men's shirt bosums with tobacco-jooce! 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 subsektently died at St. Heleny! There's where

the greatest military man this world ever produced 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 walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military 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 drownid his sorrers in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It ginerally 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."

"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 hav seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid at 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 getting ready to strike 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 sections 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 Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father use to keep a little grocery 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 contemptoious 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 love with a nice little gal after that, who was much sweeter then 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.

Yures Muchly,
WARD, (Artemus)

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 honor 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 agriculturist 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 hav'n't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbors 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.



Artemus finds it pleasant strolling about his farm with dressin-gown and cigar.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gayly o'er the hillside. 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-colored, 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 round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not 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 knows the price of a ton of hay to-day. But new-mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gayly 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 sed, "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man!" I sed.

"I mean that if you continner to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash hout of some of us before we're a hour older!"

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 sed 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 sed, "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 off Ses you bet go an stan up in feeld yrsel 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.

BUSTS.

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 Napoleon?" 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 endeavored to rebuke the depraved buster, but our utterance was choked, and we could only gaze upon him in speechless astonishment and indignation.

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 neighborhood, 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 Honor will show some consideration *for the feelings of a poor orphan!*"

The Judge sentenced the perfect young wretch without delay.

AFFAIRS AROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

It isn't every one 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 around with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever garnished 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 despatch. 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 laboring 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 these 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 Honore de Balzac, and perhaps care less for Victor Hugo. M. Claes'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 spooney 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 these circumstances, could have skipped gayly. 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 meaner 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 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 farmhouse, on which occasions the parlor 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. Hurbertson, 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, and is just 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 beggarman, 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 little 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!

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 Cappylets, 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 truthful advertisement.

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

If what I've bin threw is "Suthren hossipitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me.

They was altogether two 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 peepel 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 proseed 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 climbacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally 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 threwout this 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 anoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty—"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," said 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 flooid can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated.



"I was ceased and tied to a stump."

I axed them if that was gineraly the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but said I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomry in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patriits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the baldheaded 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 amooment 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 massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a varity of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contaned. 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 gineral conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could get 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 invaded 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 been havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much.

I was carried to Montgomry in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery edifiss, but the table was librally surplied 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 nothin to talk about, howsever, 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 suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst 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 enthoosiastic in confiscatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confiscated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confiscated in the same way onct, but the confiscaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus."

"Wall, wall Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air friendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many frens in the North, who sympathize with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik.

Many of us was your sincere friends, 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 Govymnt 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 two small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsville Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Captin 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 projeny air well.

Yours Respectably,

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 troubles. 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 continner on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicuously in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomery to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be enriched 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, cotin from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable 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 knife!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, Blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't orriginal with me, them words was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded. His 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 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 seccoorly 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-breasted 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 minutes parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hissself with a stuffed sled-stake, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His last words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Senator 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 Secessher 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 ginger bred!" I sed. She

thankt me muchly and tript galy away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm afraid 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 placin 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 out heads together for a few minutes, danced around a little, and sot down in a mudpuddle. We riz to our feet agin and 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 gettin up agin, but the man sed 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 Pepetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

Delivered July 4th, at Weathersfield, Connecticut, 1859.

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjince. I was 96 minits passin a givin 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 punktooated it. I do my own punktooatin now days. The Printers in "Vanity Fair" offiss can't punktooate worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin 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.

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. Toe 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 get 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. I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every

ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I hav 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 afraid 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 Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our kareer has been tremenjis. 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 hav 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 abowt 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 hobbyhoss 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 eventooally, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exerting theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumphantly 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 luvd his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 korned hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be Washingtons but we kin all be patriots & 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 seseshers! 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 least 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 partickular 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 seezed 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 firebrand tied to his tale, and while you air abowt it you will do a first-rate thing for yourself and everybody abowt you by shunnin all kinds of intoxicatin lickens. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 2 tales, sayin nothin abowt the trubble and sufferin they cawse. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New England's favorite Bevrige.

My frends, I'm dun. I tear myself away from you with tears in my eyes & a pleasant oder of Onyins abowt my close. In the langwidge of Mister Catterline to the Rummuns, I go, but perhaps I shall cum back agin. Adoo, people of Weathersfield. 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 had flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added! "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing 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 majestically 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 ginerall desire on the part of young men who are into the crisis to wear eppylyts, I detarmined to have my company composed excloosviely 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 eppylyt 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?

Have 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, walking 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 sumhow 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 in a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

"Miss Peaseley," 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 mornin 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!" sed 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 tackticks 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 cote-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.

A WAR MEETING.

Our complaint just now is war meetin's. 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 cotemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-heded, 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 believe upon my soul that if it wasn't absolootly 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 illustris man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty.



Artemus is introduced by his daughter to a distinguished landscape painter, who has long hair and a wild expression in his eye.

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 port-folio, and his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as MR. SWEIBIER, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphly.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his master-pieces—a young mother gazin' admirin'ly 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 hire 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 summat 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 vi'lently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry offisser'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, incidentally obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooperanoated 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 a 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 dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the Editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is suffering 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."

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 gen'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 orginal remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, 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."

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 sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months men—



The Editor of "The Bugle" is interrupted by Betsy Jane and her female warriors.

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 brandish'd 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 meetin's 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 to go fi'tin'; otherwise you can stay to home and take keer of the children, while we wimin will go to the wars!"

"Gentl'man," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfeck rapters.

"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 meetin's. 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

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

If I'm drafted I shall *resign*.

Deeply grateful for the onexpected honor thus confereed upon me I shall feel compeld 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 hav 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 eventooaly becum a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself Brigadeer-ginral quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idea there was so many of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin', and made tracks for Baldinsville.

My only daughter threw herself onto my boosum, and said, "It is me fayther! I thank the gods!"

She reads the *Ledger*.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said ARTEMUS, Jr. He reads the *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), and 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 this fam'ly, and yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

An old bachelor 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, gинуine 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 bachelor is up to little games of this sort—not at all—but I repeat, he's a poor critter. He don't live here; 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 bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

My townsmen were 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 cavilry?"

"That," said the landlord, "is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has literally bo't the stage line 'tween here and Scotsburg. 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 hevvy, to-day," said the landlord. "Gin'rally they don't have more'n half a dozen letters 'tween 'em. To-day they're got one a piece! Bile my lights and liver!"

"And the passengers?"

"There ain't any, skacely, now-days," said the landlord, "and what few ther 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 said, 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 purpose of announcin', from week to 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 yer grandmams? 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 habit-oal 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 hadn'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 stummick 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 the 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 doin's? *Nihil fit*—"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's giv 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. 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 impertant despatch 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'S 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 made good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginny, more especially 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 slung-shots, 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 ain't 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. 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 trying to kick over the Republic! Betsy, my wife, says so too.

The meeting broke up with enthusiasm.

We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.

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 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 honored 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 9 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! GIN 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 toward 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 suddenly cut short by Washington, who, driving the spurs into his horse, playfully attempted to ride 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 sympathize 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 is 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 whitewashed 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 wagon 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 they laugh and jocosly punch each other in the ribs.

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

The stoddent and connyseer must have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America large yeller hanbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show, let me here obsarve, that contains many livin' wild animils, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

Them hanbills is sculpt in New York.

& I annoolly repair here to git some more on 'um;

&, bein' here, I tho't I'd issoo a Adress to the public on matters and things.

Since last I meyandered these streets, I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtoo unimpaired; but I've got to git some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place, even durin' my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contempulate. The house in Varick street, where I used to Board, is bein' torn down. That house, which was rendered memorable by my livin' 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 hanbills, & he's artist. He studid in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my hanbils as fast as they're sculpt. You have to watch these ere printers pretty close, for they're jest as apt to spel a wurd rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look around 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.

There air other cheerin' signs for Ameriky. We don't, for instuns, lack great Gen'ral's, and we certinly don't brave sojers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

I venture to say that if you sarch 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 would be able to find—find among their constituents.

Gentleman 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 day 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 essenshall to their happiness, should not delay about sendin' the money right on for one.

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 on expected.

It was 11, P.M., when I reached my homestid and knockt a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrusted itself out of the front chamber winder. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) And a voice said:

"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 something."

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin' I found that my family were entertainin' a artist from Philadelphy, who was there paintin' some startlin water-falls and mountains, and I morin suspected he had a hankerin' 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," sed the artist, "considerin what a widespread 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, and was indeed a Loathsum object.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well, too, tho' his prayer was ruther lengthy. The Editor of the *Bugle*, who was with me, sed 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.

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 ain'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, includin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mighter. 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 and postage stamps. 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 intelleck, 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 in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slitest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, jentle 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 git 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 monymment 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 immeditly 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 occasion. 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. Takin' a perfessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorffy character.

It reminded me of a inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger 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 figger 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 tar-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 favor of the Union as it wasn't*. But the Union, anyhow.

Gentlemen of the editorial corpse, if you would be happy be virtuous! I who am the emblem of virtue, tell you so.

(Signed,) "A Ward."

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 orrignerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time CHRIS. arrove on these shores (I alloud to CHRIS. COLUMBUS), the savajis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, 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 coonskin with a barrel of 'em. The female Aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whale-bone 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 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 bisness 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.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.

Richmond, Va.—May, 18 & 65.

OLONZO WARD.

Afore I comments this letter from the late rebil capitol I desire to cimply say that I hav seen a low and skurrilus noat in the paper from a certin purson who singes hisselt Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did *once* hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recugnize 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 feelin's of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not even wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognize 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 know'd 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 baldheded 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 'zacky; 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. Obsravin' to him not to 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 realize how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dreams, or do you realize the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show'd to the cowyard 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 bed-clothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin' the night, by a scoundrul 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 smallpox amboolance.

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 infloentoool citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! We've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borrar'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 organized 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 sympathizer. & 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 refleck what his conduct 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' drawd 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 colored 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 onhealthy. 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 purposes of gloating over a fallen people. 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 have sum people 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 misfortuns, 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 Virginny 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 young 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 line 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! Adoo, adoo!"

And as I am through, I 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 anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slite cold.

Artemus Ward.

FRIEND WALES,—You remember me. I saw you in Canady a few years ago. I remember you too. I seldim forget a person.

I hearn of your marriage to the Printcis Alexandry, & ment ter writ you a congratoolatory letter at the time, but I've bin bildin a barn this summer, & hain't had no time to write letters to folks. Excoose me.

Numeris changes has taken place since we met in the body politic. The body politic, in fack, is sick. I sometimes think it has got biles, friend Wales.

In my country we've got war, while your country, in conjunktion with Cap'n Sems of the "Alobarmy," manetanes a nootral position!

I'm afraid 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 Patrity has to make sacrificisses, you bet.

I have already given two cousins to the war, & I stand redly to sacrific my wife's brother ruther'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss cums to wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodied relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as any body 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 caused sum squirmin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallandiggum, 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, stopping on their way at Concord, N.H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hittin' 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 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 it 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, consisting 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 call a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an



The miserable man once played Hamlet, and expired to slow music (produced by himself as there was no orchestra).

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 und 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 bizniss I've had over thirty years experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers have a good deal to say about "vikins" in connexion thare with. Not knowings what that air, and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we hab 'em or not. We was both very much flustrated. But I never injoyed 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 to. You can git 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 prejoodiss. 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'd 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 speaking 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, specially 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 onfortnitly has 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-reading 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 onct. 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 continnerd 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 woice, I sed, "Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have cum, Betsy," I continued—crackin the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Haave you per-ayed tonight?"

* * * * *

I dream'd 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 sustained a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slapjacks 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 giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illusterated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particlerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

It's best to give a woman considerable 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 door-yard while she was cleanin' house. I toald Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin' vi'lently; but he said he wanted to giv 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," at the same time tossin' him his mother's Bible. 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 begin 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 certinty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecoonery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a cab'net offisser does, & I understand my business a good deal better than some of them do.

Respecks to St. George & the Dragon.
Ever be 'appy
A. Ward

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 covered 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 admiringly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organized 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!" said the fair Elizy. "Thou did'st excellent well. And, Moses," she continnered, layin 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," said 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, stampt 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 captin'g isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The captin'g 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!"



A very Bloody Romance--"Oh that I should live to see myself a ded body!" screamed the unfortunate man.

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the captin'g, "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 captin'g'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 cut orf his hed also.

"Oh that I should live to see myself a dead 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!" sed 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!" sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV. THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the Sassy! 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 gittin 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 during 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 Desert of Sarah, or as joyyus as a flower garding, my object will have been accomplished, and more too.

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, bleary-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 coupe. 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 graveled 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 neighbors 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!

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 center 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 favor 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*"

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 Ogdensburg, 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 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 Jubilee. Philander left his spool-thread and tape, rushed into the street, and by his Long-Tail Blue, sed, "Let me kiss him for his Mother." Then, with patriotic jocularity, 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," sed Philander, "where is he?"

"Massa's in the cold, cold ground—at least I hope so!" sed 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," sed 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 milinery 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 parlor 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 in the legs. Also, sweaty.

"Where hast thou been?" she sed. "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 Surgeant 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 Brother's 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 Sergeant 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 characterized all British skies ever since this War broke out.

Philander sat on the Canada Line, playing with his Yard-stick, 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 got time to tarry—I hain't got time to stay!—but here's a gift at parting: a White Feather: wear it in 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 Canadians won't have any line pretty soon. The skeddaddlers 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.

A ROMANCE—ONLY A MECHANIC.

In a sumptuously furnished parlor 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 sed, "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."

"Aye, 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 hogsheads."

"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 off? *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.

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 armor, 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 traveling 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 chaw.

"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 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 skin-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!"

Thrilling as the 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 sea-faring man stands before him. It is Roberto the Rover, disguised as a common sailor.

"So," said the King, "thou wouldst have audience with me!"

"Aye aye, yer 'onor," said the sailor, "just tip us yer grapplin irons and pipe all hands on deck. Reef home yer jib poop 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."

"Aye, aye, 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 thunder-struck. 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 GOVENRED 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.

FINALE.

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.

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. Anyway! 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, his 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 remorseless, and that night Clarence Stanley became a wanderer in the wide, wide world. As he went 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 around 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 of 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 wagon 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 says 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 infinim 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, perpare 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 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.
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PYROTECHNY: A ROMANCE AFTER THE FRENCH.

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 extraordinary skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

With that simple weapon he could make, from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. 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 had 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 an 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 ordinary 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 unfeeling 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 Pettingill, 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!"

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!" said Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he cried, "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 heart-broken 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 perpetrates 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 think 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 feelin's."

"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 abreast, 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, nevermore!

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. Sarah 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.

I.
ON THE STEAMER.

New York, Oct. 13, 1868.

The steamer Ariel starts for California at noon.

Her decks are crowded with excited passengers, who instantly 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 was ever thrown together.

I am one of them. I am rushing around 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 stateroom 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.

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 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.

II.
THE ISTHMUS.

On the ninth day we reach Aspinwall in the Republic of Granada. The President of New Granada 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 gives me to understand that he is the only strictly honest person in Aspinwall. The rest, he says, are niggers—which the colored 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 the 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 & 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 apologizes, 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 natives amass wealth by carrying valises, &c., then squander it for liquor. My native comes to me as I sit on the veranda 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 rat gnaws 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, "*Adous!* 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 patronizingly upon us from their doorways. An elderly lady in spectacles appears to be much scandalized 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.

The Senioritas 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 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 Senioritas go away.

They do not go to Peru on a Peruvian bark, but on an English steamer. Off to Acapulco.

III.
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 naive about it. Handing you a necklace they will say, "Me give you *pres-ent*, *Senor*," and then retire with a low curtsey. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say quite sweetly, "You give me *pres-ent*, *Senor*, 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.

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 reach 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.

IV.
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, 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 door-keeper 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, that 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 had 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 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.

Years ago Mr. Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company. There was a formidable and well-organized 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 off 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, 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.

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 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 a 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.

V.

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 Warden 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 few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast every morning. A reformed desperado told my 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 the 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 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 dooryard.

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 marvelous city of 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.

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 rumor 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 whiskey-vender draws his cork or the gambler spreads his green cloth, Maguire opens a theatre, and with a hastily-organized "Vigilance Committee" of actors, commences to execute Shakespeare.

VI.

MR. PEPPER.

My arrival at Virginia City was signalized 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 spiritous 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!*

VII.

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 favor 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 by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fete the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered to 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 feted at 7 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 7 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 7 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 7!"

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've 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 California Stage Company, *Ido*. 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 was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were 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: Get 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 bands, 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 wagon 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 on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand 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.

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 wagon.

Among the passengers is a genial man of the name of Ryder, who has achieved a widespread 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 organization. The seceding savages have announced that they shall kill and scalp all pale-faces [which makes our face 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 readjust the long littering 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 Hingston 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, unmolested 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 plain 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 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 honor of speaking a piece had no other floor than the bare earth. The roof was of sagebrush. 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. Shakespeare!"

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 prospecting 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.

IX.

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 lookout 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-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 preeminently 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 monopolized 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.

X.

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. Nursers 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 lathed 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 clothesline 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 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 beefsteaks 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?"

XI.

"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, of 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 for 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 humor 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!"

XII.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham Young sends word I may see him tomorrow. So I go to bed singing the popular Mormon hymn:

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 62 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 dispatches 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. Rumor 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 saw mills, grist mills, woollen factories, brass and iron foundries, farms, brick-yards, &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 principle. 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 veranda 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. 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 cabinet-maker 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 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*.

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 in 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.

I lectured here, and I can only say that I was never listened to more kindly than I was by this audience.

XIII.

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.

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 canyon.

We reach Weber station, thirty miles from Salt Lake City and wildly situated at the foot of the grand Echo Canyon, at 3 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."

Forward to Fort Bridger, in an open sleigh. Night clear, cold, and moonlit. Driver Mr. Samuel Smart. Through Echo Canyon 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. 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.

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.

We are on the road again, Sunday the 14th, with a driver of the highly floral name of Primrose. At 7 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 unfavorable 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 breakdown, and are forced to walk four miles.

I remember that one of the numerous reasons urged in favor of General Fremont's election to the Presidency in 1856 was his finding the path across the Rocky Mountains. I wrung my frostbitten hands on that dreadful night, and declared that for me to deliberately go over that path in mid-winter was a sufficient reason for my election to any lunatic asylum, by an overwhelming vote.

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.

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 5 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.

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, 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, where I lecture.



Artemus suggests that the Otoe Indian bury his tomahawk and settle down to farming.

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.

Back to Latham again over a marshy road, and on to Nebraska by the main stage-line.

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.

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 civilization again.

XIV.

VERY MUCH MARRIED.

Are the Mormon women happy?

I give it up. I don't know.

I give it up. I don't know. 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 favorite, or favorites, 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 monopolize 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 seraglios, 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 had 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.

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 the 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, and 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.

PART V. ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

THE LONDON PUNCH LETTERS.

I.

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 verses onto "A Child who nearly Died of the Measles, O!" but as he injoodiciously introjudiced a chorious at the end of each stansy, 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 abandined poetry forever, 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 opinyon of the British public. "It is a edycated community," said he; "they're a intellectooal peple. In one small village alone I sold 50 cakes of soap, incloudin 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 removed the day afore the disastriss 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 Pennsylvania. 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.



Artemus Ward arrives in London
--introduces himself to Mr. Punch

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 civilized peple 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 conkerd 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'larly, 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-headed 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 glo'rus 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 perlitical 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 an 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 hisself up as A real Cannibal from New Zeelan, and when I was simply tellin the audience that he was the most feroshos Cannibal of his tribe, and that, alone and unassisted, he had et sev'r'il 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 hevly on me, and as he was a very muscular 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 Caesar—they must have 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 Greenlion 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 indooeed 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 communycation. I'll try and be more collected in my next, and meanwhile, b'lieve me,

Trooly Yours,

Artemus Ward

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 a fork. People of this kind should be encurriged. 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 closely 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'n'ble, and perhaps they would be ekally sim'lar ten years 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 peple 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 skoolmaster 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 henpecks me, and the young man in our neighborhood 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.," probly regrets havin said so.

I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle yooth, and I permits no person to alood to her as B.J. outside of the family circle, of which I am it principally myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I must pollish you off."

He was a able-bodied young man, and, remoovin his coat, he enquired 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 fireplace. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organized. 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 Trashin 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 liven Orthur could describe that disfortnit young man's sittyvation 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 wus than two fathers to him.

I will here obsarve that fitin orter be allus avided, excep in extreem 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 hisself, 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'rently 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 edifiss; he says it should be years and even ages older than it is; but I decline to hold myself responsible for the conduck of this idyit simply because he's my countryman. I spose every civ'lised land is endowed with its full share of gibberin' idyits, and it can't be helpt—leastways I can't think of any

effectoal 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 pieces with wild omnibus 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' England like the 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 hissself a intelligent man, and thinks he orter 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 trustid with a ballit any more'n one of my trained serpuntus 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 pintoed to a first-class carriage, the sole ocke pant of which was a rayther prepossessin' female of about 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 hissself 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 sumwhat 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 Greenlion 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 feamale, 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. People 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 fack, that a extra hotel was startid in the town to accomodate the peple who thronged to my cradle." Havin 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 lively 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 hissself 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 suffrage may range at that joyous 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 handkercher, he said, "Is the strange bein a American?"

"He is."

"A Gen'ral?"

"No."

"A Colonial?"

"No."

"A Majer?"

"Not a Majer."

"A Captin?"

"He is not."

"A leftenant?"

"Not even that."

"Then," said the lan'lord of the Green Lion, "you ar deceeved! He is no countryman of yours."

"Why not?" I said.



Artemus Ward as
Captain of the Home Guards

"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 git his drafts casht, and he says that not one has arrived on these shores during 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 deceeved you! He's a imposture!"

I reeled into a chair. For a minit I was speechlis. At length I murmured, "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—he is a Trans-Mejim, and when he slings himself into a trans-state he says the sperits 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 spiritoal 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 intervoos 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 lovinly 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 risin to his feet he said, in 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'im during your elekant speech to settle his bill at my 'ouse tonight, 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 screaming, and the men was hollerin' perlice. A perliceman 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 deloosion; and they always treat me perlutely. 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 litteraoor, 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 philosopher, 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 night-caps.

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 pictures 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 ideeas have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minits 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 look't however more like a spider.



Artemus Ward visits the Tomb of Shakespeare and makes a slight mistake.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard 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 boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him onto 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, Earnest Montresser," 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 climt 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'ment 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 continner investigating Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at 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 all 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 Pennsylvania. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvania to wake up some mornin' and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish people. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the Ile 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 equv'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 geneyus, 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.

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 sawdust. I should have instintly gone into the City and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condemn 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 drawn onto a Bankin House in London which doesn't have a existance, 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 marrige 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 sacrificsises 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 was expressly made, Mr. Moses inforemd 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 hart 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 devourin 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 walkin along, amoosin myself by stickin my penknife 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, I 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 as 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 agreeable 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 mountins and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptuous reparst was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnitly left his pocket-book at home on the marble centre- 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 Conquerer."

"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 Sloschers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the club. In fact, 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 Sloschers 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 Sloschers crowded round me, and said I was welcome.

"What a beautiful brest-pin 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 parsed 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 Sloscher 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 family. 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."

"Young woman, I'm not your Saler boy. Far Different."

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 brest-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it parsed away like the brest 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'l'y, I shall disfiger 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 enwelopin 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 ansered; "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 institootion 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 during 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 trater's abrest, 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 onfortnit 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 conspirater 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 the 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 cutlery I notist the bow and arrer which those hot-headed old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow and arrer used at this day by certin 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 Mountain 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 Thomashawks. 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 fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscous 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," notwithstanding the eccentric conduct 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, etc., statin that these was conkerd 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 pepl's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so blessed 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 sassage 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 sassage 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 surprise 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 in 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 frolicksome day I'd made of it.

Respectably, &c.

Artemus Ward

MR. PUNCH, My dear Sir,—I was a little disapinted in not receivin a invitation to jine in the meetins of the Social Science Congress.

I don't exackly 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 along; and I don't remember a instance since my 'rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and perlitly 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 Buckinham 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 sidewalk instid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelins.

I prepared a 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 excos'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 youth, 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 professional 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 making 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 where 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 anserd, hitting him another whack.

"I prythy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effect 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, soothinly, "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 interesting 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, maintaining 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 defeat; 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 organ and a violin) playin slow and melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence darcin 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.



Natural History—Sudden and unexpected
Playfulness of the Bear—

Well, one day I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we will 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 follered. 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 naturally 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 violent death the next day, by bein 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 movin effeck on them.

I feel that I must now conclood.

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 borrar money to do it with.

Very respectivly 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 upsot 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, and my appytite left me, and my pults 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 peple 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 showing 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 ediffisses, 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 infloocene 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: 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 from 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 that I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummays, the Greek vasis, etc, but it occurd 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 doubtles 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 beneverlent-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 is 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 remostrated with him, any more than I did with two young persons of diffrent 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 fellin 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

PART VI. ARTEMUS WARD'S PANORAMA.

(ILLUSTRATED AS DELIVERED AT EGYPTIAN HALL, LONDON.)

REFATORY NOTE BY MELVILLE D. LANDON.

The fame of Artemus Ward culminated in his last lectures at Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the final one breaking off abruptly on the evening of the 23d of January, 1867. That night the great humorist bade farewell to the public, and retired from the stage to die! His Mormon lectures were immensely successful in England. His fame became the talk of journalists, savants, and statesmen. Every one seemed to be affected differently, but every one felt and acknowledged his power. "The Honorable Robert Lowe," says Mr. E.P. HINGSTON, Artemus Ward's bosom friend, "attended the Mormon lecture one evening, 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."

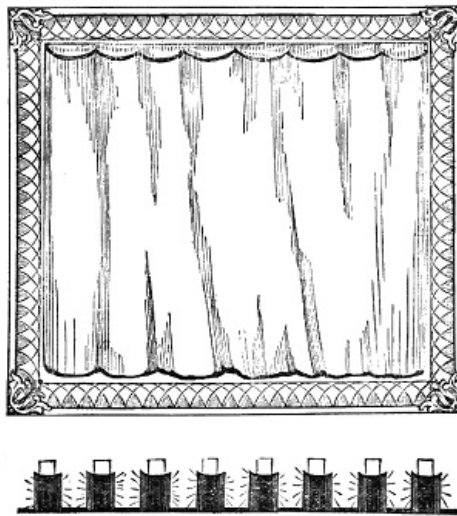
The "London Standard," in describing his first lecture in London, aptly said, "Artemus dropped his jokes faster than the meteors of last night succeeded each other in the sky. And there was this resemblance between the flashes of his humor and the flights of the meteors, that in each case one looked 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 cachment of the people, who only found out the jokes some two or three minutes after they were made, and who 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 seeming 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."

His humor was so entirely fresh and unconventional, that 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. Frequently he sank into a chair and nearly fainted from 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. The English aristocracy have a fine, delicate sense of humor, 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. There were many stupid people who did not understand the fun of Artemus Ward's lecture on the Mormons. 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 rave without limit against Mormons. These uncomfortable Christians do not like humor. 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 vestrymen complained to the doorkeeper, and denounced the lecturer as an impostor—"and," said the wealthy parishioner, "as for the panorama, it is the worst painted thing I ever saw."

During the lecture Artemus was always as solemn as the grave. Sometimes he would seem to forget his audience, and stand for several seconds gazing intently at his panorama. Then he would start up and remark apologetically, "I am very fond of looking at my pictures." His dress was always the same—evening toilet. His manners were polished, and his voice gentle and hesitating. Many who had read of the man who spelled joke with a "g," looked for a smart old man with a shrewd cock eye, dressed in vulgar velvet and gold, and they were hardly prepared to see the accomplished gentleman with slim physique and delicate white hands.

The letters of Artemus Ward in "Punch" from the tomb of Shakspeare and the London Tower, had made him famous in England, and in his audience were the nobility of the realm. His first lecture in London was delivered at Egyptian Hall, on Tuesday, November 13th, 1866. The room used was that which had been occupied by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, adjoining the one in which Mr. Arthur Smith formerly made his appearances. The stage, with the curtain down, had this appearance while Artemus was delivering his prologue:



Punctually at eight o'clock he would step hesitatingly before the audience, and rubbing his hands bashfully, commence the lecture.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL LECTURE.

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 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.**

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 cart-load 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.

*(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.)

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 pounds. 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 pounds he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so I 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.

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.**

I like Music.—I can't sing. As a singer I am not a success. I am **saddest** when I sing. So are those who hear

me. They are sadder even than I am.

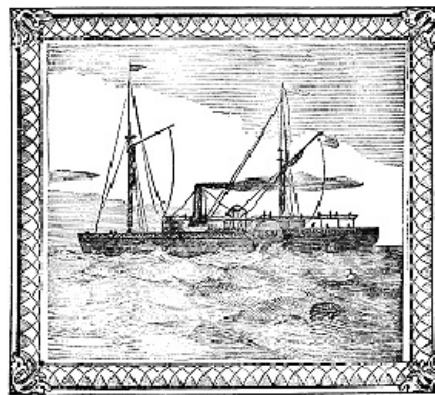
The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window and sang—"Come where my love lies dreaming."—I didn't go. **I didn't think it would be correct.**

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 to 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 nightmares of course.** In the morning the landlord said—How do you feel—old hoss—hay?—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 California on the steamer "Ariel."



This is the steamer "Ariel."

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—O leave us!"—**I left them—Oh—I left them!**

We reach Acapulco on the coast of Mexico in due time. Nothing of special interest occurred at Acapulco—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 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.*

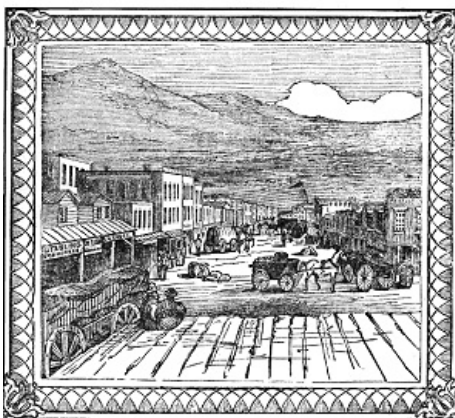
*(under two shillings)" Artemus always wore his hair straight until his severe illness in Salt Lake City. So much of it dropped off during his recovery that he became dissatisfied with the long meagre appearance his countenance presented when he surveyed it in the looking-glass. After his lecture at 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 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 around 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.



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**.



Virginia City—in the bright new State of Nevada.

A wonderful little city—right in the heart of the famous Washoe silver regions—the mines of which annually produce over twenty-five millions of solid silver. This silver is melted into solid bricks—about the size of ordinary house-bricks—and carted off to San Francisco with mules. The roads often swarm with these silver wagons.

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.

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 it. **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.



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.

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 authorized—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 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 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 favored. 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 54 years old—altho' he doesn't look to be over 45. 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.



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.

*(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 parlor 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 recognized 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.)



There is the Overland Mail Coach.—That is, the den on wheels in which we have been crammed for the past ten days and ten nights.—Those of you who have been in Newgate*
-----and stayed there any length of time-----
as visitors—can realize how I felt.

*(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.)

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 completed 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.



This edifice is the exclusive property of Brigham Young. It will comfortably hold 3,000 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.

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.



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 colors 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.

*(Here again no description can adequately inform the reader of the drollery which characterized 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.)



Brigham Young's Harem.—These are the houses of 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 schoolhouses 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 honor to be sealed—the Mormons call it being sealed—to the Prophet.

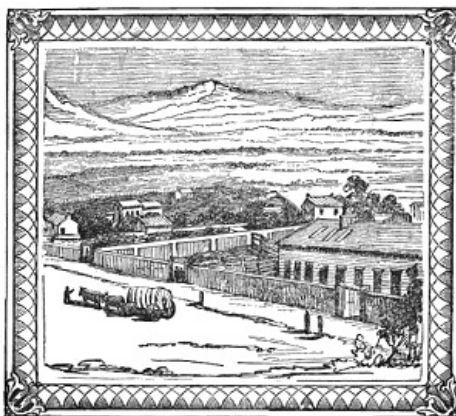
So we may say he has two hundred wives. He loves not wisely—**but two hundred well.** He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

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 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 indorses 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.**



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 thereabout. **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**—which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son—which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistuel.

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 asiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

*(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.)

I hope his 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 thusness?"

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.

They said—"Doth not like us?"

I said—"I doth—I doth!"

I also said—"I hope your intentions are honorable—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.



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 occasion—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.



The foundations of the Temple.

These are the foundations of the magnificent Temple the Mormons are building. It is to be built of hewn stone—and will cover several acres of ground. They say it shall eclipse in splendor 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.



The Temple as it is to be.

Should the Mormons continue unmolested—I think they will complete this rather remarkable edifice.



Great Salt Lake.—The great salt dead sea of the desert.

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.**—

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I sincerely hope you will excuse my absence—I am a man short—and have to work 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 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 the 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.)

I shall be most happy to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist.



The Endowment House.

In this building the Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of the faith.

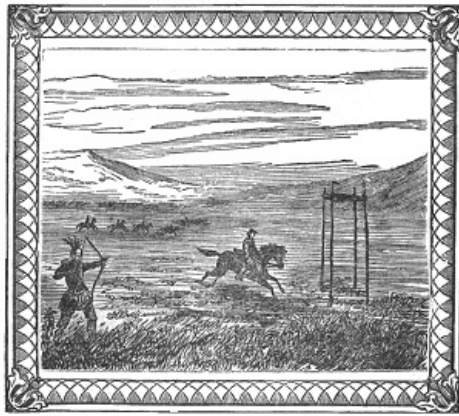
Strange stories are told of the proceedings which are held in this building—but I have no possible means of knowing how true they may be.



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-colored bluffs—formed of conglomerate sandstone—and 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 farther up the Canyon into pyramids—buttresses—and castles—honey-combed 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 Thermopylae of Mormondom—but it wasn't. General Wells was to have done Leonidas—but he didn't.



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? 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 WAGONS—on their way to the battle-field.***

*(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.)

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-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*.

("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 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 favorite joke with him to inquire, "Hingston, have you got any raw dog?")

It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. **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.



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—some time—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 by Mr. Longfellow in his Indian poem—"Higher-Water." **The water is higher up there.**



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!*

*"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.)



A prairie on fire is one of the wildest and grandest sights that can be possibly imagined.

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.***

*(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.)

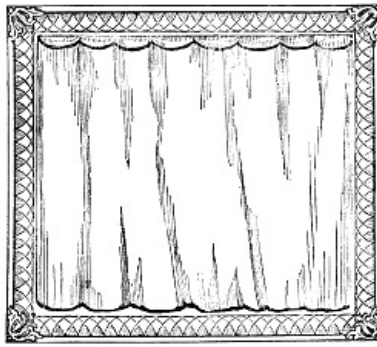


The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large—and the olive branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. **He is more a father than any man I know. When at home—as you here see him—he ought to be very happy with sixty wives 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 strain 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 maintains 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.

That lion—you perceive—has a tail. It is a long one already. Like mine—it is to be continued in our next.

THE END



The curtains fell for the last time on Wednesday, the 23 of January, 1867. Artemus Ward had to break off the lecture abruptly. He never lectured again.

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PROGRAMME OF EGYPTIAN HALL LECTURE.

PROGRAMME USED AT 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, etc., 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.

The Panorama used to Illustrate Mr. Ward's Narrative is rather more than Panoramas usually are.



MR. WARD will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

nbsp;

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 amidships. 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-hoops.

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.

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 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.

PROGRAMME OF THE DODWORTH HALL LECTURE

ARTEMUS WARD,

His Programme.

ROBERTS HALL, 806 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

OPEN EVERY EVENING.

- 1.— Introduction.
- 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 Canyon.
- 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

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. Topsia de St.
Moke.

Hired
Man.....John.

Fighting Editor.....Chevalier
McArone.

Dutchman.....By a Polish Refugee, named
McFinnigin.

Doortendist.....Mons. Jacques
Ridera.

Gas Man.....Artemus
Ward.

This Entertainment will open with music. The soldiers' Chorus from
"Faust." First time in this city.

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Next comes a jocund and discursive preamble, calculated to show
what a good education the Lecturer has

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* *

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.

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San Francisco.—City with a vigilant government.—Miners allowed to vote. Old inhabitants so rich that they have legs with golden calves to them.

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* *

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.

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* *

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.

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Mormondom, sometimes called the City of the Plain, but wrongly; the women are quite pretty.—View of Old Poly Gamy's house, &c.

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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 Playhouse than to the Workhouse, 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."

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Residence of Brigham Young and his wives.—Two hundred souls with but a single thought, Two hundred hearts that beat as one.

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* *

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.

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* *

Mormon Tabernacle, where the men espouse Mormonism and the women espouse Brother Brigham and his Elders as spiritual Physicians, convicted of bad doct'rin.

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Foundations of the Temple.—Beginning of a healthy little job.—Temple to enclose all out-doors, and be paved with gold at a premium.

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* *

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.

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* *

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.

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* *

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.

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* *

Echo Canyon.—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.


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* *

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—Those 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 be easily 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 CTS.
Doors open at 7.30 P.M.;

RESERVED CHAIRS, \$1
Entertainment to commence at 8.

ARTEMUS WARD
PART VII.

I.

THE 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.) Sevrал passenjers on bored. Parst threw deliteful country. Honest farmers was to work sowin korn, and other projuce 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 captin, clearin his glass (a empty black bottle, with the bottom knockt out) and bringin it to his Eagle eye.

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the captin. "What wessel's that air?"

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

"I, I, Sir!" hollered our captin. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chamber-maid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" said the captin 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 captin 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!" said 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 been 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 docile 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, incloodin a party of bald heded cullered men was playing 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," said 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.

Thursdy.—Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore 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 handkercher, 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 pushing 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?" said 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," said the captin, risin hisself 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 passengers, 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 peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days, when people was intelligent & wax figgers & livin wild beests wasn't scoffed at.

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

(Poeckry.)

A.W.

I NEVER attempted to re-Organize my wife but onct. I shall sever 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 afflicktid. Consekens was, I presunted myself at Betty's bedside late at nite, with considerbul licker koncealed about my persun.

I hed somehow got perseschun of a hosswhip on my way hum, and rememberin some kranky observashuns of Mrs Ward's in the mornin, I snapt 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-awe you per-aged to-night?

* * * * *

I dreamed that nice 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 another re-Organizin job on hand I shall let it out.

ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

New York, near Fifth Avenoo 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 punktoated, would be a addition to the chois literatoor of the day.

To the youth 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 scrachin hissself agin the center pole, causin in Rahway, N.Y., a discriminating 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 simpaty 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.

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 people, but unfortinitly I put a Brown linen duster and a U.S. Army regulation cap on him, which people with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was onfortnit in other respects. 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, "Atho' 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 never to 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 hiring 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 endeaverin to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath School picnics to sing ballads

adapted to the understandins of little children, accompanyin myself on a claironett—which I forgot where I was one day, singing, instid 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 claironett except makin 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 igminyusly upon to a murderer's gallus!"

I say I will not speak of this. Let it be Berrid into Oblivyun.

In your article, Mr. Editer, 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 startlin cooriosities, any one of whom is wuth dubbler the price of admission.

I hav thus far spoke of myself excloosivly as a exhibiter.

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers 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, sayin I was muzzer's bezzy darlin and a sweety 'eety 'ittle ting. It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuf 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.

Altho' in early life I did not inva'bly confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have been gradoolly 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 live 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, Brothern 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 sittin 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, learnin on a marble pillar, leavin my back hair as it is now.—Trooly yours.

Artemus Ward.

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 Binnakle 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 Philadelphia. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphia 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.

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 accordin. 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 honor for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromptoo speech severil days beforehand bein very careful to expunge all ingramatticisms and payin particuler attention to the punktooation. 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 perfeck. 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 onexpected 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 onexpected 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 rhunossyross 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 me account.

At this point 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 point 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.

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 intellectoal 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 said 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 very 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 now, by the way, Wheatley's Garding. (I don't know what's bcum 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 yoomerous. The older I gro, the more I want to goak.]

I walked down the isle 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 give me pains in my body which I hain't got over yit.

The orkistry struck up a toon, & I asked the Usher to nudge me when Mr. Pogue cum on the stage to act.

I wanted to see Pogue; but, strange to say, he didn't act during the entire evenin. I reckon he has left Niblo's, and gone over to Barnum's.

Very industrious pepl 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 them sleep on the premises.

Arrah-na-Pogue was writ by Dion O'Bourcicolt & Edward McHouse. They writ it well. O'Bourcy has writ a cartload of plays himself, the most of which is fust-rate.

I understand there is a large number of O'gen'tlmen 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 excoused himself (this Boy did) by sayin he had done so while labourin under a attack of Moral Insanity—as I sed to that thrifty youth, "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 somhow 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 districts, 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 luvs him dearer than life, and who is, of course, related to the gov'ment; and just 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 wedding 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 dont. But he takes it all on himself, sez he is the guilty wretch, and is marcht off to prison.

This is a new idea. 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 though' they were perfect 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 said.

"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 sympathizes 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 harty outline of a splendid play. Go and see it—Yours till then,

A. Ward.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE FENIANS.

To Home, April 1866.

The Finians conveened in our town the other night, and took steps toord freein Ireland. They met into the Town Hall, and by the kind invite of my naber, Mr. Mulrooney 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 ratios I consulted a Spiritual 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 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 haint' got any postage stamps.

But thanks to careful nussin, I'm improvin rapid.

The Town Hall was jam-full of peple, 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 country 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, 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 applause.

I said we had convened there in a meetin, as I understood it, or rather in a body, as it were, in reference 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 tarvern-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 during 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 notice 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 misfortun 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 Boon; 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 onct 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 tonight 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 rather high just now. I think about five dollars per Poult. 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 suffers! Oh, Ireland! Will a troo history of your sufferins ever be written? Must we be 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 caanvas-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 have 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 have done your share of our votin. Then why this hulla-balloo 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 they 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 stomach, 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 window, 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 Caesar." What a reckless old cuss he was! Yit Lewis picturs him in glowin cullers. Caesar 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, Caesar 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 prntd, "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," said 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-heded 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 fair 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 itermis 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 Pennsylvania 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."

I saw.

Standin in front of the tarvuns of 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 Virginny to carry live hogs to market in. The best carriage I saw in the entire collection was used by Pockyhontas, 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. Subsequently 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 heart! 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 Carolina, 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 wildly 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 Cabnet 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," continnered the President, treatin the interruption with apparent comtempt, "this man sed he'd known that there umbreller ever since it was a pyrasol. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes," said I, larfin in a respectful 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 praise, but to keep his under-garments on. E. Stanton has appearently only one weakness, which it is, he can't allus keep his under-garments 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 soliloquized, 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.

SCENES OUTSIDE THE FAIR GROUNDS.

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 honored 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 crate 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 hand-works'—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 understand, and knows my bizness aboard a propeller. 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 toward 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!!"

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 umbrellers 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 umbreller 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 color 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 a 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 opinyn," said the leading female, "that you're a scoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor nergoes' 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 relapsed 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 an excellent one. If, on 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.

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 humor 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 anecdote gives 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 reasons 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 tortoise shell 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 formidable 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.]

Ontil 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 ockepyyied by a pugylist—one of them fellers which hits from the shoulder, and teaches the manly art of self defens. And he cum and said he was goin in free, in consekence of previ'sly ockepyyin sed b'ildin, with a large yeller dog. I sed, "To be sure, sir, but not with those yeller dogs." 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 live 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 on to a shutter carrid by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over, and sed, "My son, you've been 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 been 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 tempist 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 have b'leaved such 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 been vari's.

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* * * * *

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 favorite ideas; and another favorite 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 disgustin 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

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