

ARTEMUS WARD'S
TRAVELS AMONG THE MORMONS,
& HIS BOOK.

Americana Collection

PS
1140
.A2
1860



L. Tom Perry Special Collections
Harold B. Lee Library
Brigham Young University

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY



3 1197 23617 7702



ARTEMUS WARD

“AMONG THE MORMONS,”

AND

“HIS BOOK.”



LONDON :

WARD, LOCK, & CO., WARWICK HOUSE,
SALISBURY SQUARE.

UPB

CONTENTS.

ARTEMUS WARD "AMONG THE MORMONS."

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	v—xxx

PART I.

ON THE "RAMPAGE."

I. ON THE STEAMER	3
II. THE ISTHMUS	7
III. MEXICO	13
IV. CALIFORNIA	16
V. WASHOE	22
VI. MR. PEPPER	27
VII. HORACE GREELEY'S RIDE TO PLACERVILLE	29
VIII. TO REESE RIVER	35
IX. GREAT SALT LAKE CITY	40
X. THE MOUNTAIN FEVER	44
XI. "I AM HERE"	48
XII. BRIGHAM YOUNG	51
XIII. A PIECE IS SPOKEN	57
XIV. THE BALL	59
XV. PHELPS'S ALMANAC	61
XVI. HURRAH FOR THE ROAD!	63
XVII. VERY MUCH MARRIED	76
XVIII. THE REVELATION OF JOSEPH SMITH	80

- Contents.

PART II.

PERLITE LITTERATOOR.

	PAGE.
I. A WAR MEETING	97
II. ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY	104
III. THINGS IN NEW YORK	110
IV. IN CANADA	117
V. THE NOBLE RED MAN	123
VI. THE SERENADE	125
VII. A ROMANCE.—WILLIAM BARKER. THE YOUNG Patriot	129
VIII. A ROMANCE.—THE CONSCRIPT	131
IX. A ROMANCE.—ONLY A MECHANIC	137
X. BOSTON	139
XI. A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVERSON	147
XII. ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND	155
XIII. ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES	167
XIV. AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN	171
XV. AGRICULTURE	181
.O'BOURCY'S "ARRAH-NA-POGUE"	188



ARTEMUS WARD: "HIS BOOK."

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS	1
THE SHAKERS	3
HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA	12

Contents.

	PAGE.
THE ATLANTIC CABLE	13
AMONG THE SPIRITS	17
ON THE WING	22
THE OCTOROON	26
EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR	32
OBERLIN	34
THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP	38
THE CRISIS	42
WAX FIGURES <i>vs.</i> SHAKSPEARE	47
AMONG THE FREE LOVERS	50
SCANDALOUS DOINGS AT PITTSBURG	54
A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG	56
THE CENSUS	62
AN HONEST LIVING	64
THE PRESS	65
EDWIN FORREST AS OTHELLO	67
THE SHOW BUSINESS AND POPULAR LECTURES	72
WOMAN'S RIGHTS	74
WOULD-BE SEA DOGS	77
ON "FORTS"	78
PICCOLOMINI	81
LITTLE PATTI	85
MOSES, THE SASSY	88
THE PRINCE OF WALES	93
OSSAWATOMIB BROWN	100
JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD	103
CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN	109
INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN	114

Contents.

	PAGE
THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED	121
THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE	128
FOURTH OF JULY ORATION	134
THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE	140
INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON	145

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARION: A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL	153
TOUCHING LETTER FROM A GORY MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD	155
EAST SIDE THEATRICALS	156
SOLILOQUY OF A LOW THIEF	160
SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS	162
THE WIFE	167
A JUVENILE COMPOSITION: ON THE ELEPHANT	168
SOME VERSES SUGGESTED BY 2 OF MY UNCLES	168



INTRODUCTION.

“WILL you go with me to California and Oregon?” asked Artemus Ward, at the Revere House, New York, one day in the summer of 1863.

California being to me what the Americans phrase “an old stamping ground”—a land with which I was familiar, I at once assented; for “*Nulla vestigia retrorsum*” is not the motto of any one who has once trodden the soil of the Golden State, nor who has once felt the luxury of life in a climate to which that of Greece is the nearest European analogue.

“And then come home across the Plains and do the Mormons as we return?” added Artemus, interrogatively.

I paused before giving a reply. It came to my remembrance that Artemus had written ‘A Visit to Brigham Young’ in a volume already published, in which imaginary sketch he had characterized the Mormons as “an onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the globe.”* Visions

* “Artemus Ward, His Book,” p. 77.

flitted before me of our possible fate in a city the inhabitants of which had been so abused by one of the intending travellers. The insecurity of human life at Salt Lake had been a frequent topic for newspaper paragraphs, and I had heard of an unprepossessing body of men in that vicinity designated as *The Destroying Angels*. As delicately as I could, I hinted to Artemus the perils of the enterprise. He affected to despise all danger, and treated my warnings as lightly as Don Quixote did those of Sancho Panza, relative to the windmills of Montiel. That Artemus himself had some misgivings afterwards, if not then, is avowed by him in the chapter on Salt Lake City in the present book. No matter how the Mormons might receive us, it was decided to go; and we went.

For the information of English readers who are not familiar with the geography of the North American Continent, especially with that part of it in which the Salt Lake is situated, I venture to say a few words about the means of getting to the Mormon capital, and its situation, with especial reference to the route passed over by Artemus Ward and myself. Information relative to Utah is not very plentiful, and the books on that territory are by no means numerous. The best work I have met with is that of M. Jules Remy,* and the next best "The City of the Saints," by Captain Richard F. Burton, but both of them are descriptive of the Utah of full five years ago; and, while that of Captain

* "Voyage au Pays des Mormons." Paris, 1860.

Burton depicts the rosy side of Mormondom, that of M. Remy is, perhaps, written with a too condemnatory pen. It is extremely difficult, even by visiting the territory, to learn much concerning it and its inhabitants. The physical features admit of easy description, but its social life, the mighty influences which are at work for good or evil, the curious problems which are solving themselves among a singular people, the exact nature of that strange plastic power which, taking unto itself the form of a religion, is rapidly building up a community unlike any other on the globe, are all points in relation to the Mormons very little understood, and which they themselves do not wish made clear to us, whom they stigmatize as "Gentiles."

You can go to Salt Lake by crossing the Isthmus of Panama, or by being ferried across the Missouri river. In proceeding by the former route you have to brave the dangers of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and in going by the latter you have to encounter the perils of the Plains, including very ugly mountains and very loose-minded Indians. The track of travel pursued by Artemus Ward and myself was simply this: We left New York by steamer, crossed the Isthmus of Panama by railway, steamed up the Pacific to San Francisco, then went by steamboat again to Sacramento, then by railroad to Folsom, and next by coach to Placerville, where we changed our conveyance for what they please to call a "stage" in California, but which, in England, we should

describe as a spring-van, seated, with a covered top to it, and canvas or leather blinds on each side—a form of conveyance common enough in the States and in Australia, but altogether unknown, I believe, in the British Isles. In a hideous apparatus of this description we jolted on night and day for six hundred and thirty miles from Placerville to Salt Lake City. Occasionally we obtained relief by being transferred from the coach, as they would facetiously persist in calling it, to a sleigh, formed of rough pine wood, like a very broad French egg-box, far too shallow, with no cover, placed on huge “runners,” and drawn over the ice by four gaunt maniacal mules, driven by a jovial Jehu, who regarded a capsizing as the most ordinary of every-day events, and a roll down a mountain side as the most exhilarating pastime in the world. Six hundred more miles of similar coach and sleigh brought us from Salt Lake to Denver City in Colorado, and a third six-hundred-mile ride took us across the plains, through camps of Sioux Indians, past herds of buffaloes, and past subterranean cities, excavated and inhabited by prairie dogs, to Atchison, on the Missouri River; whence we crossed the State of Missouri by railway to St. Louis, on the Mississippi, and then through Illinois, Michigan, Upper Canada, and New York State, home again to New York; in all, a journey of over 10,000 miles, of which about 7000 was by water transit, and about 3000 overland. To those who, seeking pleasure, contemplate doing the land route in winter, as we did it, I would give

the same advice that I think Artemus would, and say—*don't*.

There is nothing that Artemus Ward has said about the steamer Ariel, in his first chapter of this book, which would not be heartily endorsed by nearly all who have voyaged in the vessels belonging to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Panama railway he scarcely attempts to describe; though a railway less than fifty miles in length, which you are charged five pounds sterling for travelling over, is certainly expensive enough to merit a few passing remarks. On the Pacific side, the steamers are all that is desirable: they are palatial in their structure, well officered, well supplied, and well conducted. I have travelled by them more than once, and know nothing more agreeable than to lounge on the "hurricane deck" of the Golden City, or the Constitution, and placidly steam along past the green shores of coffee-yielding Costa Rica, the bold, rocky coast of Mexico, the arid grandeur of Cape St. Lucas, and the mountains covered with wild oats, which form the majestic sea-wall of California. In two weeks from leaving Panama you float through the Golden Gate and land at San Francisco.

Artemus has been very modest in his book, and omitted to say a word in reference to his success in the metropolis of California. Here in England, where the days of lecturing seem to have passed away with the decadence of the Mechanics' Institute, it may surprise many to learn that at his first lecture at San

Francisco, Artemus Ward received over 1600 dollars (£320). And they pay in gold in California, a State law prohibiting the use of paper money. Greenbacks are as much curiosities there as golden dollars are in New York at the present moment.

From California we crossed the Sierra into Nevada, more poetically called "the Silver Land." In the following pages it is spoken of as Washoe; and by that name it was originally known when its argentine treasures were first discovered. At the present moment the name of Washoe is limited to a small city in one corner of the State. Than Nevada, I scarcely know of a place which would convey more extraordinary impressions to the mind of a traveller from the Old World. Journeying to it by the route which we took, or indeed by any route from California, the Sierra Nevada mountains have to be crossed at an altitude of full six thousand feet; and in descending from the summit to the other side the coach glides along a mountain shelf—a perpendicular wall of rock to the left, and an abyss on the right,—to look down which requires stronger nerves than very many travellers possess. Used to the peril of the descent, the coachmen drive down the frightful incline at full speed, while the occupants of the vehicle clutch its roof, or its sides, and hold their breath in the anxiety of their terror. Far away in the distance gleams Lake Tahoe, once called Lake Bigler, after "Fat John Bigler," formerly Governor of California, but who lost the honour of having the lake called by his name

when his political principles ceased to please. Seen as we beheld it, in the early morning light, and as we scudded at a mad pace down the mountain side, its surrounding peaks lighted up with rosy splendour, and its broad expanse of silent, lonely water glowing with silver brightness, I could think of nothing in Switzerland half so grand, nor anything in Italy half so charming. The lake is forty miles in length. We drove along beside it on our way to Carson City, and stopped to breakfast off some delicious fish taken out of its waters. Then came the ascent of the Second Summit, the first glance at the silver regions, and the scenes to which Artemus Ward alludes in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of this volume.

Mr. Brown (for such is the real name of Artemus Ward) has never pretended to be a descriptive writer. As he himself would say, scenery is not one of his "forts." Place an odd man beside a very large mountain, and let Artemus Ward pass by. He will see the man, and catch his peculiarities with photographic celerity; but he will probably fail to notice whether the background to his figure is a mountain or an open plain. Travelling with him, I have been many times surprised at the rapidity with which he grasped character, especially if it verged towards the eccentric. Were he a landscape writer—and why should there not be landscape writers as well as landscape painters?—he would have written at length of the wonders of that Washoe ride, and the glories of that marvellous land, wherein, to use one

of his own witticisms not introduced in the book, "Silver is lying around loose, and thefts of it are termed silver-guilt." He made a descent into the Gould and Curry mine, mentioned by him in the chapter on Washoe, and his experiences therein would alone make a pleasant story.

New Year's-day, 1864, found us both in Virginia City, perched up on the side of Mount Davidson, some five or six thousand feet above the sea-level, with a magnificent view before us of the desert over which we had to find our way to Utah. It was a pleasant prospect to look down upon. Nothing but arid rocks and sandy plains, speckled with *Artemisia* or sage-brush. No village for full two hundred miles, and any number of the worst tribe of Indians—the Goshoots—agreeably besprinkling the path. We escaped by exactly twenty-four hours the honour of being scalped at a station west of Reese River. On the night following our departure, the noble red man came with his tomahawk and slaughtered the men who had harnessed-up our horses.

The Reese River silver-mines have acquired great celebrity since Artemus Ward lectured in Austin. He announced the lecture as "The Pioneer Lecture in the Shoshone Nation." The admission was one dollar and a half (6s. English), and half-a-dozen Shoshone warriors, in all the glory of grease and red-ochre, clustered around the door of the court-house. It is hardly more than a year and a half ago; Austin was then a straggling mining town of little more than a year's

growth. At the present moment it is a city, with a mayor and corporation, plate-glass windows, and a theatre. Embosomed as it is among mountains, far away from all other cities, a silver mine behind every house, and Indians sauntering about its streets, it is one of the strangest of the many strange cities of the new Western World.

Coach and sleigh alternately took us on from Reese by way of Fort Ruby to Salt Lake City. It is a drive of very nearly four hundred miles. Grandeur of scenery and the novelties of the journey fail to compensate for the loss of sleep, the fatigue of mind and body occasioned by continuous jolting over rocky paths, and the inconvenience of travelling in an open sleigh at midnight, in the midst of a snow storm, knowing that you are some thousand feet up a mountain side, and seeing no indications of any track by which you may reach the valley below. The stations on the road are miserable in the extreme. Sometimes they are mere "dug-outs," as they are called, excavations in which are stables for the horses or mules, and a subterranean den for the poor isolated wretch to sleep in who has charge of the property of the company. A few of the stations are square-built forts of adobe, or sun-dried brick, with an apartment in the corner for the keeper and his companions—that is, if he happens to have any. Where these station-keepers come from is a problem to the traveller. Tall, gaunt, dirty, with long untrimmed hair, shaggy whiskers, and innocent of linen, these pariahs of the desert lead the dreariest kind of

life, devoid of all comfort, and liable at any time to fall the victims of the revengeful Indian. Among them are found the disappointed miner from California, the hunted outlaw from Texas, the spirit-broken bandit of Chihuahua, and the exacerbated Juarist of Mexico. At a station at which we halted near Bear River, and where the surroundings appeared to me to be unusually dreary, I remarked to the station-keeper that he must be sadly in want of company. His reply startled me, "Not while I can talk with Martin Luther and Daniel Webster." He was a forlorn Spiritualist from Melrose, near Boston. How he accommodated the "spirits" I know not, for the room was too small to hold a table, and a broad shelf served as a substitute.

There was another station—Needle Rock—to which Artemus refers, where the keeper was the most pitiable specimen we had seen of his class. His habitation was high up on a table-land of desert. The scene around was arid, sterile, forlorn, and wretched to the last degree. It was winter. He had to go two miles to a spring and break in the ice for water. We passed him as he was so engaged. Half-starved, toothless, consumptive, grim and ghastly, we could not but pity him and offer a few consoling jokes. His reply was, "I guess I'll get a wife this summer, and then I'll be better off." Poor fellow! The bride waiting for him seemed to be her whom we wed with a ring of earth, and who has dust and ashes for her dower.

Stations serve two purposes. At them you change horses or mules, and at them you obtain meals, the latter of which purposes is effected in a manner peculiar to the plains. Coffee without milk, and frequently without sugar, bread baked while you are waiting, and bacon broiled as expeditiously as possible. You know that you are coming to a station long before you see it. So odoriferous is the bacon that you scent it two miles away, and generally you prefer its odour at that distance. Fortified with strong bacon, frozen, weary, and yet jolly—for who could not be so with Artemus?—we arrived at Salt Lake City.

And what is Salt Lake City like? Everybody asks the question. To rightly understand its position it must first be premised that it is situated on the great table-land of the central portion of the North American continent. Every street in it is 4000 feet above the sea-level. The Andes of South America, trending north at the Isthmus, break up into two great chains, which, on the western side of the continent, form first the Cordilleras of Anahuac, in Mexico, and then the Sierra Nevada in California, while on the eastern side they form first the Cordillera of the Sierra Madre, which more northward becomes the Rocky Mountains. Between this V-like expansion is a table-land, on which stands the city of Mexico in a southerly direction, and the city of the Great Salt Lake more to the northward. The Mormon capital occupies the north-eastern extremity of a valley, and that valley is one of the most beautiful

of any on the globe. Surrounded by mountains—the Wasach range to the east and the Oquirrh range to the west, watered by the river Jordan, which flows through it for twenty-five miles, and fertile even to a luxuriance of fertility,—no wonder that the Mormon leaders selected it for their Mecca—their Jerusalem—their Holy City. Dr. Johnson, had he seen it, would have made it the home of Rasselas. Visions of it, so the Mormons tell you, were revealed by Heaven to Mr. Joseph Smith, jun., long before a Mormon inhabited it. Mr. Joseph Smith is said to have related his visions to his disciples; and Brother Snow, actor and “saint,” assured me that he knew the valley the moment he saw it, from the description given by Mr. Smith of his vision. Whether the Mormons came upon it by chance, or whether they received information of its desirable character, they at any rate acted wisely in selecting it for their Tadmor of the Desert. The mountains which environ the valley rise to an altitude of from six to seven thousand feet; shutting it in from the desert without, and rendering it more impregnable than any fortified city. The passes by which it can be entered are few, and admit of easy defence. Mormons guard them, and the Indians beyond are unquestionably the Mormons’ friends—possibly their allies.

An erroneous belief prevails among those not better informed that Salt Lake City is on the borders of the Great Salt Lake. Such is not the case. The lake is eighteen miles away in a gap among the moun-

tains. It is so salt that three barrels of the water are said to yield on evaporation one barrel of pure salt. Nothing animate exists in it except a small insect, which amuses itself by practising saltatory exercises on its surface. As Artemus has elsewhere said, "It is too saline to sail in."

The city itself is built on what geologists term "a bench" of the mountains, and overlooks the valley. Higher up, on another bench to the south-east, is Camp Douglas, where the United States' government keeps about two thousand Californian soldiers to overawe Brigham Young. But the Mormons are all military; and were a collision to come about between them and the American authorities, they would undoubtedly turn out to a man. Whether they have arms enough, is not very well known: I believe they have. The United States sent General A. S. Johnston against them during the administration of President Buchanan. The *fiasco* of the expedition is matter of history; but the oddest result is, that the musket-barrels of that expeditionary army now form the water-pipes of Brigham Young's palace and premises.

No wonder that the Mormon believes in his faith, or at any rate that the poorer and less intelligent of them do. Collected from the uneducated districts of Wales, Lancashire, and the Scottish Highlands—from the shores of Norwegian fiords and the skirts of Swedish pine-forests—they arrive at New York, in most instances without money, and in themselves helpless. These are met by the agents

of the Mormon rulers, escorted through the States and across the Mississippi and Missouri to Florence, in Nebraska. Arrived there, they meet the train of waggons and the great band of guides, which Brigham Young has sent on to convey them across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains to Salt Lake City. Entering at length the Promised Land, they are marched to Emigration Square, and passed under review by Brigham himself and by the elders of the Church. There are those who affirm that during the inspection, if Brigham sees a pretty girl he "makes a note of it," and that, if any one of the bishops or elders effects a like discovery, he acts in a similar manner. Be this as it may, it is the duty of "the Church" to look out for the welfare of the new-comers, and she does so in what she considers to be the best way. No one must starve; no one must be idle; no marriageable maiden must go without a husband, if one, or the twentieth part of one, is to be had. In two years, Hodge, the agricultural labourer, who never earned more than ten shillings per week in his own country, finds himself in the possession of a nice piece of land, a cottage, and a cow, while Mary, from Chowbent, or Maggy, from the Caledonian Canal, discovers herself to be the sixteenth wife of a bishop, whose other fifteen wives call her "sister," allow her to take care of their children, and trust to share with her, when they die, all the privileges of Paradise, derivable from their matrimonial participation in their husband's holiness. Ask Maggy, or Mary,

or Hodge, whether he or she believes in the truth of Mormondom. Is it possible for any one of them to disbelieve, looking at his or her present prosperity, and being taught to regard the cow, the cottage, and the home as "the blessing of the Lord" in reward for faith?

Contentment, industry, prosperity, and happiness, appear to the superficial observer to be the lot of the Mormons. The Canaan in which they dwell veritably "flows with milk and honey." Pasturage is rich, stock is good, fields are fertile, and there is a market for all that can be raised. The inhabitants of the city number about 20,000, but in the territory there cannot be less than 100,000 Mormons. The produce of field and farm not only finds a market among themselves, but among miners in distant gold-fields, and soldiers in remote forts and outposts of the desert. Fruit grows in abundance, the apricot and the peach-tree bloom in every garden; the vine, the maize, and the sorghum plant supply luscious food and exhilarating drink. Every house within the city has one and a-half square acre to stand upon, while those outside the city proper are each surrounded with their eight or ten acres of land. A stream of clear water from the mountains runs through every street, and lines of poplars or clumps of cottonwood, locust, or acacia, lend a grateful shade wherever shade is desirable. The crescent-crowned dome and the minaret for the muezzin are all that are wanted to give Salt Lake City the aspect of the Asiatic Orient.

So much for the appearance of the city. Now for

its inner life. And here I tread on dangerous ground. We English are not very sensitive to the criticisms of foreigners, the Americans are more so, but the Mormons are most so of all. Say one word against their institutions after you have been among them, and they howl at you for your ingratitude and your want of courtesy after receiving hospitality; albeit that the hospitality amounted to no more than you paid for, and you cannot for the life of you discover wherein you have reason to be grateful. Let me give them full credit for their virtues, and say that they had no public bar-room in the city, nor any gaming-house when Artemus and I were there, and that I am ready to believe, as they asserted, that the social evil did not exist among them. But on the *per contra* side of the question let me place polygamy and the most blasphemous burlesque of what the Christian world considers to be religion. In a cemetery at Sharon, Connecticut, is a family lot in which seven graves are arranged in a circle. Six stones commemorate six deceased wives of one gentleman, while the seventh and more elegant slab bears the affecting inscription, "Our husband." Whether the dead man was a Mormon or not I do not know, but if Brigham Young were to die, and his wives were to be arranged around him in similar manner, the circle would require the area of an ordinary cemetery. How many he has I do not know; nor do I believe that anyone not a Mormon is informed. He owns a harem within his palace for those who live with him,

and calls it the "Lion House." The ladies—there may be fifty of them and there may be more—have each a room similarly furnished. No drones being allowed in the hive, all work, and make whatever is required for the use of the family. Besides these inmates of the seraglio, Brigham has a hundred or two others distributed throughout the territory, who are "sealed" to him, and who by virtue of the sealing process hope to share bliss with him hereafter. From what I could learn of the creed of the Mormons it appears to be one of their tenets that an unmarried lady cannot have a future state. The wife goes to Heaven clinging to the skirts of her husband's coat, and just as many as can hitch on he is believed to be able to take there with him. Consequently the man who holds the highest position in the church is the most sought after by young ladies desiring to be sealed. Heber C. Kimball has, I believe, almost as many wives as Brigham Young. Many of the "saints," as they self-righteously call themselves, have from three to ten. Some are content with only two, and there are those who have but one. Among themselves they do not call it polygamy or bigamy; the word for it is "plurality."

To go to a party in Salt Lake City is a very jolly affair. I went to one where there were thirty-three young ladies, and only nine gentlemen. All of the thirty-three were, I believe, unmarried. The female element is very plentiful, owing partly to there being more female immigrants than males, and also owing

to the physiological fact that polygamy produces more offspring of the feminine gender than of the masculine. Amusements, theatrical, musical, and Terpsichorean, are patronised largely by both young and old. A bishop thinks nothing of enacting a part at a theatre. Brigham Young's three best-beloved daughters played publicly the parts of Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia, in the drama of "The Marble Heart." The performances at the play-house are occasionally announced from the pulpit, and the "Apostles' Ball" is attended by every devout saint who can procure a ticket of admission.

Are the Mormon women pretty? Many have asked me the question. Pardon me, Mormon ladies, while I truthfully reply. Some are pretty enough. I regret they are so few; but it is easily to be understood, bearing in mind the sources whence the female population of Mormondom is drawn, that beauty is the exception, not the rule. With intellects only half cultivated, with the natural instincts of woman in abeyance, and the help-mate of man degraded into the position of his servant and his plaything, can it be expected that the mind should give glory to the countenance, or Dante's "*Lampeggiar del' angelico riso*" illumine the face of her whose soul belongs to her husband, not to herself?

"And how do the Mormon ladies like polygamy?" was the next question which everybody asked Artemus Ward and myself on our return home. Whatever their woes are, they keep them to themselves, and do

not disclose them to casual travellers. Some of the more strong-minded among them may consider it to be a commendable institution. Mrs. Belinda M. Pratt, for instance, in a published letter of hers, to a "dear sister," says—

"The polygamic law of God opens to all vigorous, healthy, and virtuous women a door by which they may become honourable wives of virtuous men, and mothers of faithful, virtuous, healthy, and vigorous children. Do not let your prejudices and traditions keep you from believing the Bible, nor from your seat in the kingdom of Heaven among the royal family of polygamists!"

Mrs. Belinda Marden Pratt is not like most women.

"Do you mean to say that you could not love three wives?" was the question addressed to me by a very pretty Mormon lady, whose husband was sealed to two besides herself. "I am sorry for you," she added, "because it shows that grace has never triumphed in you." On inquiry, I found that she was the favourite of her husband, that wife No. 2 was a servant in the house, and that wife No. 1 lived in an outhouse, at the end of the garden, and never came into the parlour of the principal residence.

The best proof of the female population being discontented with their position is furnished by some extracts from sermons preached by Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball, published in the "Deseret News," and quoted by the Honourable John Cradle-

baugh, in his speech against the admission of Utah as a State of the Union. In one of these, Brigham thus addresses his flock :—

“Now for my proposition : it is more particularly for my sisters, *as it is frequently happening that women say—they are unhappy.* Men will say, ‘My wife, though a most excellent woman, has not seen a happy day since I took my first wife;’ ‘No, not a happy day for a year,’ says one, and another has not seen a happy day for five years. It is said that women are tied down and abused ; that they are misused and have not the liberty they ought to have ; that many of them are wading through a perfect flood of tears, because of the conduct of some men, together with their own folly.

“I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them, as well as for all others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters that I am going to give you from this time to the Sixth day of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them—‘Now go your way ; my women with the rest, go your way.’ And my wives have got to do one of two things : either round up their shoulders to bear the afflictions of this world and live their religion, or they may leave ; for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone, rather than have scratching and fighting around me.

“Sisters, I am not joking. I do not throw out my proposition to banter your feelings, to see whether you will leave your husbands, all or any of you. But I do know that there is *no cessation to the everlasting whinings of many of the women in this territory;* and if the women will turn from the commandments of God and continue to de-

spise the order of heaven, I will pray that the curse of the Almighty may be close to their heels, and that it may be following them all the day long. And those that enter into it and are faithful, I will promise that they shall be queens in heaven and rulers to all eternity."—*Deseret News*, Sept. 21, 1856.

Than the above extract no better authority could be adduced for the statement frequently made that the women of Utah are unhappy. In what light they are regarded by the men may be judged from the fact that Heber C. Kimball, the next in office to Brigham, frequently mentions his wives by the endearing appellation of his "cows!"

What will become of this strangely constituted *imperium in imperio* which Mormonism has built up in the heart of the American desert and under the flag of the United States is for the future to make evident. The generality of the Mormon population seem firmly to believe that they are to be the ruling race in America, but whether the leaders and principal men honestly think so is very doubtful. In the event of another *hegira*, rumour points to the Sandwich Islands as the place where Mormonism will yet more fully develope itself.

One fact relative to Salt Lake City deserves to be noticed, as it is very indicative of the present state of intellectual culture among the inhabitants. When Artemus was there, I could not find a book-shop in the whole place. The nearest approaches to one were some very old books at a grocery store near the hotel,


and the store kept by W. W. Phelps, whose name occurs in the following pages. A notice in the window of the latter informed the passer-by that dried apples were taken in exchange for almanacs. Amongst the dust and rubbish inside two or three old books were discernible. Sadly in want of literature, and hunting over the extensive Gentile store of Mr. Walker, who deals in silks, coffee, treacle, muslins, medicines, and cart-wheels, two volumes were discovered for sale: an old volume on "The Art of Shoeing Horses," and "Aurora Leigh," by Mrs. Browning; Mr. Walker asked ten dollars for the shoeing book, three for Mrs. Browning, and offered to throw in a spotted cravat if a purchase were made of both.

Coming along in the coach over the plains from Salt Lake, I was separated for a time from Artemus. In the coach with me were three exceedingly jolly Mormons. One was Mr. John Young, a very intelligent son of Brigham's, another was Bishop Staines, Librarian of the Utah Library, and the third Mr. Hiram Clawson, manager of the theatre and son-in-law to Brigham Young. All three were "saints," and each of them had two or three wives at home in Utah. They were travelling east on various errands, one of which was to purchase dresses and negotiate for gas-works for the theatre. A conversation arose on the subject why it is that the outer world expresses disgust or scorn at Mormon doings. "What cause is there to sneer or to make fun of us?" asked the elder of the party. I remembered that the three had not


long since joined in the chorus of, "Rip! slap! set him up again," the original American version of the modern vulgar ditty of "Slap, bang!" and I replied by asking if they thought that there was nothing ridiculous in a "saint" going to New York to buy a theatrical wardrobe, or in three "saints," one of whom was a bishop, yelling in chorus the wretched nonsense of "Rip, slap." The expression of their countenances told me that they thought me to be absurd, not themselves.

Using the material gleaned by him during his visit to Utah, Artemus Ward has constructed an entertainment very popular at the present moment throughout the United States, and which he promises to bring to England. Here are a few of the recent notes and rules appended to his present programme—

* * *

 Soldiers on the battle-field will be admitted to this Entertainment gratis.

* * *

 The Indians on the Overland Route live on Routes and Herbes. They are an intemperate people. They drink with impunity, or anybody who invites them.

* * *

 Artemus Ward delivered Lectures before

ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE

ever thought of delivering lectures.

*

*

*


*

*

The festivities will be commenced by the pianist, a gen-

tleman who used to board in the same street with Mr. Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballads, "Dear Sister, is there any Pie in the House?" "My gentle Father, have you any Fine Cut about you?" "Mother, is the Battle o'er, and is it Safe for me to Come Home from Canada?" and (by request of many families who haven't heard it) "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Munching!" While the enraptured ear drinks in this Sweet music [we pay our pianist nine dollars a week and "find him"] the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the Panorama. This green baize cost forty cents a yard at Mr. Stewart's store. It was bought in deference to the present popularity of "The Wearing o' the Green." We shall keep up with the times, if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

* * * * *

 Those of the Audience who do not feel offended with Artemus Ward are cordially invited to call upon him, often, at his fine new house in Brooklyn. His house is on the right hand side as you cross the Ferry, and may be easily distinguished from the other houses by its having a Cupola and a Mortgage on it.

* * * * *



MAIN STREET, EAST SIDE.—The Salt Lake House, &c. It is a temperance Hotel. In fact, the Maine Law is rigidly enforced in Utah.

She's the most distressful country that ever yet has bin,
They're imprisonin' men and women there for sellin' of the gin.

* * * * *

THE MORMON THEATRE.—Romeo and Juliet, with ten Juliets.—It is confusing to Romeo, and when Juliet asks—“Wherefore art thou, Romeo?” Romy answers that he don’t know, *scurcely*, whereabout’s he’s gone to.

* * * * *

 An Intermission of five minutes will occur here, so the Lecturer can go across the street to “see a man.” The Pianist, however, will meanwhile practice some new music. 

* * * * *

Following these notes and rules come some burlesque press notices; the places to which the papers are accredited, are the most out-of-the-way and ridiculous little places in the United States. I select some of these *bizarre* critiques:—

* * * * *

From the *Sheyboygan* (Wisconsin) *Bugle of Liberty*.

ARTEMUS WARD.—This great lecturer called on us to-day and ordered quite a lot of Job Printing. We consider him one of the greatest lecturers in this country.

—

From the *Skowhegan* (Maine) *Clarion*.

Although his style is different from Washington Irving’s, we cannot be blind to the fact that Mr. Irving’s style is different from his.

—

From the *Rahway Gazette*.

Not a dry eye in the audience. Many could have borrowed money of him on the spot.

From the *Hoboken Expounder*.

No family should be without him.

From the *Keokuk (Iowa) Banner*.

We don't know when we have been more so.

With regard to Artemus Ward's Entertainment I have only to say, using a novel and poetic phrase, "It must be seen to be believed." It is the manner of the man even more than his matter which attracts large audiences. His singularly sparse form, his comic profile, the prominence of one particular feature of his face, the way he has of saying good things, as if perfectly unconscious of what he is saying, and the habit he has of punctuating his sentences by twiddling a little black cane, are all powerful aids to him as a lecturer. In his exoteric developments he is the most mirthful of men, and those who know him intimately, as I do, know him to be as gentle-hearted as he is genial, as candid as he is cordial, as true as he is talented.

EDWARD P. HINGSTON.



PART I.



ON THE RAMPAGE.



I.

ON THE STEAMER.

New York, Oct. 13, 1863.

THE steamer Ariel starts for California at noon.

Her decks are crowded with excited passengers, who insanely undertake to "look after" their trunks and things; and what with our smashing against each other, and the yells of the porters, and the wails over lost baggage, and the crash of boxes, and the roar of the boilers, we are for the time-being about as unhappy a lot of maniacs as were ever thrown together.

I am one of them. I am rushing round with a glaring eye in search of a box.

Great jam, in which I find a sweet young lady, with golden hair, clinging to me fondly, and saying, "Dear George, farewell!"--Discovers her mistake, and disappears.

I should like to be George some more.

Confusion so great that I seek refuge in a state-room, which contains a single lady of forty-five summers, who says, "Base man!--leave me!" I leave her.

By-and-by we cool down, and become somewhat regulated.

Next Day.

When the gong sounds for breakfast we are fairly out on the sea, which runs roughly, and the Ariel rocks wildly. Many of the passengers are sick, and a young naval officer establishes a reputation as a wit by carrying to one of the invalids a plate of raw salt pork, swimming in cheap molasses. I am not sick; so I roll round the deck in the most cheerful sea-dog manner.

The next day and the next pass by in a serene manner. The waves are smooth now, and we can all eat and sleep. We might have enjoyed ourselves very well, I fancy, if the Ariel, whose capacity was about three hundred and fifty passengers, had not on this occasion carried nearly nine hundred, a hundred at least of whom were children of an unpleasant age. Captain Semmes captured the Ariel once, and it is to be deeply regretted that that thrifty buccaneer hadn't made mincemeat of her, because she is a miserable tub at best, and hasn't much more right to be afloat than a second-hand coffin has. I do not know her proprietor, Mr. C. Vanderbilt; but I know of several excellent mill privileges in the State of Maine, and not one of

them is so thoroughly *Dam'd* as he was all the way from New York to Aspinwall.

I had far rather say a pleasant thing than a harsh one; but it is due to the large number of respectable ladies and gentlemen, who were on board the steamer Ariel with me, that I state here that the accommodations on that steamer were very vile. If I did not so state, my conscience would sting me through life, and I should have horrid dreams like Richard III., Esq.

The proprietor apparently thought we were undergoing transportation for life to some lonely island, and the very waiters who brought us meats that any warden of any penitentiary would blush to offer convicts, seemed to think it was a glaring error our not being in chains.

As a specimen of the liberal manner in which this steamer was managed, I will mention that the purser (a very pleasant person, by the way) was made to unite the positions of purser, baggage-clerk, and doctor; and I one day had a lurking suspicion that he was among the waiters in the dining-cabin, disguised in a white jacket and slipshod pumps.

I have spoken my Piece* about the Ariel, and I

* "*Speak a piece.*"—A common phrase among children in New England, having reference to a school recitation. "Artemus Ward will speak a piece" was the way in which Artemus announced his lectures for many years.

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 Grenada. The President of New Grenada is a Central American named Mosquero. I was told that he derived quite a portion of his income by carrying passengers' valises and things from the steamer to the hotels in Aspinwall. It was an infamous falsehood. Fancy A. Lincoln carrying carpet-bags and things! and indeed I should rather trust him with them than Mosquero, because the former gentleman, as I think some one has before observed, is "honest."

I intrust my bag to a speckled native, who confidentially gives me to understand that he is the only strictly honest person in Aspinwall. The rest, he says, are niggers—which the coloured people of the Isthmus regard as about as scathing a thing as they can say of one another.

I examine the New Grenadian flag, which waves from the chamber-window of a refreshment saloon. It is of simple design. You can make one.

Take half of a cotton shirt, that has been worn

two months, and dip it in molasses of the Day and Martin brand. Then let the flies gambol over it for a few days, and you have it. It is an emblem of Sweet Liberty.

At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz.

We have a quadrille, in which an English person slips up and jams his massive brow against my stomach. He 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 ball stops suddenly.

Great excitement. One of our passengers intoxicated and riotous in the street. Openly and avowedly desires the entire Republic of New Grenada to "come on."

In case they do come on, agrees to make it lively for them. Is quieted down at last, and marched off to prison by a squad of Grenadian troops. Is musical as he passes the hotel, and, smiling sweetly upon the ladies and children on the balcony, expresses a distinct desire to be an Angel, and with the Angels stand. After which he leaps nimbly into the air and imitates the war-cry of the red man.

The natives amass wealth by carrying valises, &c., then squander it for liquor. My native comes to me as I sit on the 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 door-ways. 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.*

* Alluding to a musical family, whose entertainment was once very popular in England.

The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a Revolution. When his feet begin to swell and there are premonitory symptoms of gout, he "revolushes" a spell, and then serenely returns to his cigarette and hammock under the palm trees.

These Central American Republics are queer concerns. I do not of course precisely know what a last year's calf's ideas of immortal glory may be, but probably they are about as lucid as those of a Central American in regard to a republican form of government.

And yet I am told they are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa-Rican, on board the Ariel. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it in his pocket.

At Panama we lose several of our passengers, and among them three Peruvian ladies, who go to Lima, the city of volcanic irruptions and veiled black-eyed beauties.

The Señoritas who leave us at Panama are splendid creatures. They learned* me Spanish, and in the

* This use of the verb *to learn*, uncouth as it sounds to an English ear, is very common in the United States.

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 Señoritas go away.

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

We find the *St. Louis*, the steamer awaiting us at Panama, a cheerful and well-appointed boat, and commanded by Capt. Hudson.



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 naïve about it. Handing you a necklace, they will say, "Me give you *pres-ent*, *Senor*," and then retire with a low curtsy. 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.

In our boat is an inebriated United States official, who flings his spectacles overboard, and sings a flip-pant and absurd song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with his ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do. After which he crumbles, in an incomprehensible manner, into the bottom of the boat, and howls dismally.

We reach Manzanillo, another coast place, twenty four hours after leaving Acapulco. Manzanillo is a little Mexican village, and looked very wretched indeed, sweltering away there on the hot sands. But it is a port of some importance nevertheless, because a great deal of merchandise finds its way to the interior from there. The white and green flag of Mexico floats from a red steam-tug (the navy of Mexico, by the way, consists of two tugs, a disabled raft, and a basswood life-preserver), and the Captain of the Port comes off to us in his small boat, climbs up the side of the *St. Louis*, and folds the healthy form of Captain Hudson to his breast. There is no wharf here, and we have to anchor off the town.

There was a wharf, but the enterprising Mexican peasantry, who subsist by poling merchandise ashore in dug-outs, indignantly tore it up. We take on here

some young Mexicans, from Colima, who are going to California. They are of the better class, and one young man (who was educated in Madrid) speaks English rather better than I write it. Be careful not to admire any article of an educated Mexican's dress, because if you do he will take it right off and give it to you, and sometimes this might be awkward.

I said: "What a beautiful cravat you wear!"

"It is yours!" he exclaimed, quickly unbuckling it; and I could not induce him to take it back again.

I am glad I did not tell his sister, who was with him, and with whom I was lucky enough to get acquainted, what a beautiful white hand she had. She might have given it to me on the spot; and that, as she had soft eyes, a queenly form, and a half million or so in her own right, would have made me feel bad.

Reports reached us here of high-handed robberies by the banditti all along the road to the City of Mexico. They steal clothes as well as coin. A few days since the mail coach entered the city with all the passengers stark-naked! They must have felt mortified.



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

* Alluding to the "to be continued" stories in the "New York Weekly Ledger," a paper of great circulation.

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! Shoo-lah!" 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 Phœnix* was once stationed at Stockton, and put his mother aboard the San Francisco boat one morning with the sparkling remark, "Dear mother, be virtuous and you will be happy!"

Forward to Sacramento—which is the capital of the State, and a very nice old town.

They had a flood here some years ago, during which several blocks of buildings sailed out of town and have never been heard from since. A Chinaman concluded to leave in a wash-tub, and actually set sail in one of those fragile barks. A drowning man hailed him piteously, thus: "Throw me a rope, oh, throw me a rope!" To which the Chinaman excitedly 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 raining 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.

* A celebrated humorist, whose writings were once very popular in the United States.

"I have a little bill against you, sir," he observes.

"A bill—what for?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks?"

"Yes, sir—at my bar, I keep the well-known and highly-respected coffee-house down street."

"But, my dear sir, there is a mistake—I never drank at your bar in my life."

"I know it, sir. That isn't the point. The point is this: I pay out money for good liquors, and it is people's own fault if they don't drink them. There are the liquors—do as you please about drinking them, *but you must pay for them!* Isn't that fair?"

His enormous body (which Puck wouldn't put a girdle round for forty dollars) shook gleefully while I read this eminently original bill.

Years ago Mr. Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company. There was a formidable and well-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 of that amount."

Mr. Blaze seemed touched by this generosity. A tear stood in his eye and his bosom throbbed audibly

"You *will* throw off eight hundred dollars—you *will*?" he at last cried, seizing the President's hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

"I will," returned the President.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Blaze, "I'm a gentleman, *I am*, you bet! And I won't allow no Stage Company to surpass me in politeness. *I'll throw off the other eight hundred dollars, and we'll call it square!* No gratitude, sir—no thanks; it is my duty."

I get back to San Francisco in a few weeks, and am to start home Overland from here.

The distance from Sacramento to Atchison, Kansas, by the Overland stage route, is twenty-two hundred miles, but you can happily accomplish a part of the journey by railroad. The Pacific railroad is completed twelve miles to Folsom,* leaving only two thousand and one hundred and eighty-eight miles to go by stage. This breaks the monotony; but as it is midwinter, and as there are well substantiated reports of overland passengers freezing to death, and of the Piute savages being in one of their sprightly moods when they scalp people, I do not—I may say that I do not leave the capital of California in a light-hearted and joyous manner. But "leaves have their time to fall," and I have my time to leave, which is now.

* Artemus is in error. The distance is and was twenty-two miles.

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 an overturn I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it."

Thus with anecdote did this driver cheer me up.

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 me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a grave-yard. “A feeling of remorse,” he said, “sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for

* Nevada was then a territory. It is now a State of the Union.

† “Dead man for breakfast.”—A common phrase in California by which to designate a murdered man.

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 of anger the desperado revealed his revolver, and said, “Good God ! *Must* I kill a man every time I come to Carson ?” and so saying he fired and killed the individual on the spot. But this was the last murder the bloodthirsty miscreant ever committed, for the aroused citizens pursued him with rifles and shot him down in his own doorway.

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 montè-boards and sweat-cloths,*but they are deserted to-night, the gamblers being evidently of a literary turn of mind.

* Implements of gambling common enough in the far west.

Five years ago there was only a pony-path over the precipitous hills on which now stands the marvellous 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.

Virginia is very wild, but I believe it is now pretty generally believed that a mining city must go through with a certain amount of unadulterated cussedness before it can settle down and behave itself in a conservative and seemly manner. Virginia has grown up in the heart of the richest silver regions in the world, the El Dorado of the hour; and of the immense numbers who are swarming thither not more than half carry their mother's Bible or any settled religion with them. The gambler and the strange woman as naturally seek the new sensational town as ducks take to that element which is so useful for making cocktails and bathing one's feet; and these people make the new town rather warm for awhile. But by-and-by the earnest and honest citizens get tired of this ungodly nonsense and organise a Vigilance Committee, which hangs the more vicious of the pestiferous crowd to a sour apple-tree; and then come good municipal laws, ministers, meeting-houses, and

a tolerably sober police in blue coats with brass buttons. About five thousand able-bodied men are in the mines underground, here; some as far down as five hundred feet. The Gould & Curry Mine employs nine hundred men, and annually turns out about twenty million dollars' worth of "demnition gold and silver," as Mr. Mantalini might express it—though silver chiefly.

There are many other mines here and at Gold-Hill (another startling silver city, a mile from here), all of which do nearly as well. The silver is melted down into bricks of the size of common house bricks; then it is loaded into huge wagons, each drawn by eight and twelve mules, and sent off to San Francisco. To a young person fresh from the land of greenbacks this careless manner of carting off solid silver is rather of a startler.* It is related that a young man who came Overland from New Hampshire a few months before my arrival became so excited about it that he fell in a fit, with the name of his Uncle Amos on his lips! The hardy miners supposed he wanted his uncle there to see the great sight, and faint with him. But this was pure conjecture, after all.

I visit several of the adjacent mining towns, but

* In San Francisco I was present when Artemus Ward enjoyed the frolic of actually dancing on a floor paved four inches thick with bricks of gold.

I do not go to Aurora. No, I think not. A lecturer on psychology was killed there the other night by the playful discharge of a horse-pistol in the hands of a degenerate and intoxicated Spaniard. This circumstance, and a rumour that the citizens are *agin* literature, induce me to go back to Virginia.

I had pointed out to me at a Restaurant a man who had killed four men in street broils, and who had that very day cut his own brother's breast open in a dangerous manner with a small supper knife. He was a gentleman, however. I heard him tell some men so. He admitted it himself. And I don't think he would lie about a little thing like that.

The theatre at Virginia will attract the attention of the stranger, because it is an unusually elegant affair of the kind, and would be so regarded anywhere. It was built, of course, by Mr. Thomas Maguire, the Napoleonic manager of the Pacific, and who has built over twenty theatres in his time and will perhaps build as many more, unless somebody stops him—which, by the way, will not be a remarkably easy thing to do.

As soon as a mining camp begins to assume the proportions of a city; at about the time the whiskey-vendor 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 Shakspeare.

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 spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said :

“What name?”

“Wait!” he said, and went out.

I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside.

In ten minutes he returned, and said :

“Pepper!”

Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it ; and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away.

I had often heard of a man being “so drunk that

he didn't know what town he lived in," but here was a man so hideously inebriated that he didn't know what his name was.

I saw him no more, but I heard from him. For he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said I had a *dissipated air!*



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.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fête the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be fêted at 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 have got my orders!” Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

“See here!” shrieked Mr. Greeley, “I don’t care if we don’t get there at all!”

“I’ve got my orders! I work for the Californy Stage Company, *I* do. That’s wot I *work* for. They said, ‘git this man through by seving.’ An’ this man’s goin’ through. You bet! Gerlong. Whoo-ep!”

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley’s bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the

coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

“Stop, you —— maniac !” he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk :

“I’ve got my orders ! *Keep your seat, Horace !*”

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There were a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse 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 : Git him there by seving ! It wants a quarter to seving. Stand out of the way !”

“But, sir,” exclaimed the Committee-man, seizing the off leader by the reins——“Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town ! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir !”

“*I've got my orders !*” screamed Mr. Monk. “My orders don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, ‘git him there by seving !’ Let go them lines ! Clear the way there ! Whoo-ep ! KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE !” and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence grey-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 awhile ; 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.



VIII.

TO REESE RIVER.

I LEAVE Virginia for Great Salt Lake City, viâ 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 wide-spread reputation as a strangler of unpleasant bears in the mountain fastnesses of California, and who is now an eminent Reese River miner.

We ride night and day, passing through the land of the Piute Indians. Reports reach us that fifteen hundred of these savages are on the Rampage, under the command of a red usurper named Buffalo-Jim, who seems to be a sort of Jeff Davis, inasmuch as he and his followers have seceded from the regular Piute organization. The seceding savages have announced that they shall kill and scalp all pale-faces (which makes our faces pale, I reckon) found loose in that section. We find the guard doubled at all the stations where we change horses, and our passengers

nervously examine their pistols and readjust the long glittering knives in their belts. I feel in my pockets to see if the key which unlocks the carpet-bag containing my revolvers is all right—for I had rather brilliantly locked my deadly weapons up in that article, which was strapped with the other baggage to the rack behind. The passengers frown on me for this carelessness, but the kind-hearted Ryder gives me a small double-barrelled gun, with which I narrowly escape murdering my beloved friend 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 plains a few years since, a letter of introduction to him. The great Indian chief read the English person's letter with considerable emotion, and then ordered him to be scalped, and stole his trunks.

Mr. Ryder knows me only as "Mr. Brown," and he refreshes me during the journey by quotations from my books and lectures.

"Never seen Ward?" he said.

"Oh no."

"Ward says he likes little girls, but he likes large girls just as well. Haw, haw, haw! I should like to see the d—— fool!"

He referred to me.

He even woke me up in the middle of the night to tell me one of Ward's jokes.

I lecture at Big Creek.

Big Creek is a straggling, wild little village; and the house in which I had the honour of speaking a piece had no other floor than the bare earth. The roof was of sage-brush. At one end of the building a huge wood fire blazed, which, with half-a-dozen tallow-candles, afforded all the illumination desired.

The lecturer spoke from behind the drinking bar. Behind him long rows of decanters glistened ; above him hung pictures of race-horses and prize-fighters ; and beside him, in his shirt-sleeves and wearing a cheerful smile, stood the bar-keeper. My speeches at the Bar before this had been of an elegant character, perhaps, but quite brief. They never extended beyond "I don't care if I do," "No sugar in mine," and short gems of a like character.

I had a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased, the bar-keeper especially ; for at the close of any "point" that I sought to make, he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist and exclaim, "Good boy from the New England States ! - listen to William W. Shakspeare !"*

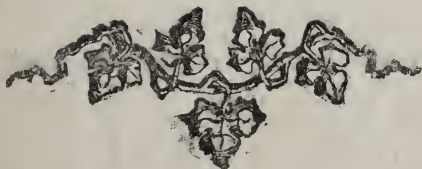
Back to Austin. We lose our way, and hitching our horses to a tree, go in search of some human beings. The night is very dark. We soon stumble upon a camp-fire, and an unpleasantly modulated voice asks us to say our prayers, adding that we are on the point of going to Glory with our boots on. I think perhaps there may be some truth in this, as the mouth of a horse-pistol almost grazes my forehead, while immediately behind the butt of that death-dealing weapon I perceive a large man with black whiskers. Other large men begin to assemble,

* This account of the Big Creek lecture is literally true.

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.

* In California everybody is a colonel, a captain, a judge, or a doctor. Artemus pleasantly chose the last for me.



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 look-out for me.

Under these circumstances I keep in.

The next day is Sunday, and we go to the Tabernacle in the morning. The Tabernacle is located on ——— street, and is a long rakish building of adobe,* capable of seating some twenty-five hundred persons. There is a wide platform and a rather large pulpit at one end of the building, and at the other end is another platform for the choir. A young Irishman of the name of Sloan preaches a sensible sort of discourse, to which a Presbyterian could hardly have objected. Last night this same Mr. Sloan enacted a character in a rollicking Irish farce at the theatre! And he played it well, I was told: not so well, of course, as the great Dan Bryant could; but I fancy he was more at home in the Mormon pulpit than Daniel would have been.

The Mormons, by the way, are pre-eminently an amusement-loving people, and the Elders pray for the success of their theatre with as much earnestness as they pray for anything else. The congregation doesn't startle us. It is known, I fancy, that the heads of the Church are to be absent to-day, and the attendance is slim. There are no ravishingly beautiful women present, and no positively ugly ones. The men are fair to middling. They will never be slain in cold blood for their beauty, nor shut up in jail for their homeliness.

* *Adobe*—i.e. sun-dried brick.

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 in 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 Shakespeare. 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 Califor-

nian, 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 anathematized his kindly eyes. Nurses and watchers, Gentile and Mormon, volunteer their services in hoops, and rare wines are sent to me from all over the city, which, if I can't drink, the venerable and excellent Thomas can, easy.

I lay there in this wild, broiling way for nearly two weeks, when one morning I woke up with my head clear and an immense plaster on my stomach. The plaster had *operated*. I was so raw that I could by no means say to Dr. Williamson, *Well done*, thou good and faithful servant. I wished he had lathered me before he plastered me. I was fearfully weak. I was frightfully thin. With either one of my legs you could have cleaned the stem of a meerschaum pipe. My backbone had the appearance of a clothes-line with a quantity of English walnuts strung upon it. My face was almost gone. My nose was so sharp that I didn't dare stick it into other people's business for fear it would stay there. But by borrowing my agent's overcoat I succeeded in producing a shadow.

I have been looking at Zion all day, and my feet are sore and my legs are weary. I go back to the Salt Lake House and have a talk with landlord

Townsend about the State of Maine. He came from that bleak region, having skinned his infantile eyes in York County. He was at Nauvoo, and was forced to sell out his entire property there for \$50. 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 to Brigham Young, and gone to England to make converts. How impressive he may be as an expounder of the Mormon gospel, I don't know. His beef-steaks and chicken-pies, however, were first-rate. James and I talk about Maine, and cordially agree that so far as pine boards and horse-mackerel are concerned it is equalled by few and excelled by none. There is no place like home, as Clara, the Maid of Milan, very justly observes; and while J. Townsend would be unhappy in Maine, his heart evidently beats back there now and then.

I heard the love of home oddly illustrated in Oregon, one night, in a country bar-room. Some well-dressed men, in a state of strong drink, were boasting of their respective places of nativity.

“I,” said one, “was born in Mississippi, where the sun ever shines and the magnolias bloom all the happy year round.”

“And I,” said another, “was born in Kentucky—Kentucky, the home of impassioned oratory: the

home of Clay: the State of splendid women, of gallant men!"

"And I," said another, "was born in Virginia, the home of Washington: the birthplace of statesmen: the State of chivalric deeds and noble hospitality!"

"And I," said a yellow-haired and sallow-faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short black pipe by the fire during their magnificent conversation—"and I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that?" they said.

"*Skeouhegan, Maine!*" he replied; "kin I sell you a razor strop?"



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 Sir J. Franklin, who went to the Arctic once too much.

“A good thing happened down here the other day,” said a miner from New Hampshire to me. “A man of Boston dressin’ went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn’t any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin’, ‘Where’s them mules?’ Says the driver, ‘Them mules is into the sage-brush. You go catch ’em—that’s wot *you* do.’ Says the man of Boston dressin’, ‘Oh no!’ Says the driver, ‘Oh yes!’ and he took his long coach whip and licked the man of Boston dressin’ till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?”

It didn’t strike me as much of a joke to pay a

hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold fare, and then be horse-whipped by stage-drivers, for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas of humor differ, just as people's ideas differ in regard to shrewdness—which “reminds me of a little story.” Sitting in a New England country store one day, I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers:—

“Say, Bill, wot you done with that air sorrel mare of yourn?”

“Sold her,” said William, with a smile of satisfaction.

“Wot' d you git?”

“Hund'd an' fifty dollars, cash deown!”

“Show! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin' spavin'd critter? Who' d you sell her to?”

“Sold her to mother!”

“Wot?” exclaimed brother No. 1, “did you raily sell that kickin' spavin'd critter to mother? Wall, you *air* a shrewd one!”

A Sensation-Arrival by the Overland Stage of two Missouri girls, who had come unescorted all the way through. They are going to Nevada territory to join their father. They are pretty, but, merciful heavens! how they throw the meat and potatoes down their throats! “This is the first squar' meal we've had since we left Rocky Thompson's,” said the eldest. Then, addressing herself to me, she said—

“Air you the literary man?”

I politely replied that I was one of "them fellers."

"Wall, don't make fun of our clothes in the papers. We air goin' right straight through in these here clothes, *we air!* We ain't goin' to *rag out* till we git to Nevady! Pass them sassiges!"



XII.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG sends word I may see him to-morrow. So I go to bed singing the popular Mormon hymn :

Let the chorus still be sung,
Long live Brother Brigham Young,
And blessed be the vale of Deserét—rét—rét !
And blessed be the vale of Deserét.

At two o'clock the next afternoon Mr. Hiram B. Clawson, Brigham Young's son-in-law and chief business manager, calls for me with the Prophet's private sleigh, and we start for that distinguished person's block.

I am shown into the Prophet's chief office. He comes forward, greets me cordially, and introduces me to several influential Mormons who are present.

Brigham Young is 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 awhile.

The gateway of his block is surmounted by a brass American eagle, and they say ("they say" here means anti-Mormons) that he receives his spiritual despatches through this piece of patriotic poultry. They also say that he receives revelations from a stuffed white calf that is trimmed with red ribbons and kept in an iron box. I don't suppose these things are true. Rumour says that when the

Lion House was ready to be shingled, Brigham received a message from the Lord stating that the carpenters must all take hold and shingle it and not charge a red cent for their services. Such carpenters as refused to shingle would go to hell, and no postponement on account of the weather. They say that Brigham, whenever a train of emigrants arrives in Salt Lake City, orders all the women to march up and down before his block, while he stands on the portico of the Lion House and gobbles up the prettiest ones.

He is an immensely wealthy man. His wealth is variously estimated at from ten to twenty millions of dollars. He owns 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 principal. The Mormons deny this, and say that whatever of their money he does use is for the good of the Church; that he defrays the expenses of emigrants from far over the seas; that he is foremost in all local enterprises tending to develop the resources of the terri-

tory, and that, in short, he is incapable of wrong in any shape.

Nobody seems to know how many wives Brigham Young has. Some set the number as high as eighty, in which case his children must be too numerous to mention. Each wife has a room to herself. These rooms are large and airy, and I suppose they are supplied with all the modern improvements. But never having been invited to visit them I can't speak very definitely about this. When I left the Prophet he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to call again. This was flattering, because if he dislikes a man at the first interview he never sees him again. He made no allusion to the "letter" I had written about his community. Outside guards were pacing up and down before the gateway, but they smiled upon me sweetly. The verandah was crowded with Gentile miners, who seemed to be surprised that I didn't return in a wooden overcoat, with my throat neatly laid open from ear to ear.

I go to the Theatre to-night. The play is Othello. This is a really fine play, and was a favourite of G. Washington, the father of his country. On this stage, as upon all other stages, the good old conventionalities are strictly adhered to. The actors cross each other at oblique angles from L. U. E. to R. I. E., on the slightest provocation. Othello howls, Iago

scowls, and the boys all laugh when Roderigo dies. I stay to see charming Mrs. Irwin (Desdemona) die, which she does very sweetly.

I was an actor once, myself. I supported Edwin Forrest at a theatre in Philadelphia. I played a pantomimic part. I removed the chairs between scenes, and I did it so neatly that Mr. F. said I would make a cabinetmaker if I "applied" myself.

The parquette of the theatre is occupied exclusively by the Mormons, and their wives and children. They wouldn't let a Gentile in there any more than they would a serpent. In the side seats are those of President Young's wives who go to the play, and a large and varied assortment of children. It is an odd sight to see a jovial old Mormon file down the parquette aisle with ten or twenty robust wives at his heels. Yet this spectacle may be witnessed every night the theatre is opened. The dress circle is chiefly occupied by the officers from Camp Douglas* and the Gentile Merchants. The upper circles are filled by the private soldiers and Mormon boys. I feel bound to say that a Mormon audience is quite as appreciative as any other kind of an audience. They prefer comedy to tragedy. Sentimental plays, for obvious reasons,

* The United States military encampment adjoining Salt Lake City.

are unpopular with them. It will be remembered that when C. Melnotte, in the *Lady of Lyons*, comes home from the wars, he folds Pauline to his heaving heart and makes several remarks of an impassioned and slobbering character. One night when the *Lady of Lyons* was produced here, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a *cussed fuss over one woman*. The prices of the theatre are: Parquette, 75 cents; dress circle, \$1; 1st upper circle, 50; 2nd and 3rd upper circles, 25. In an audience of two thousand persons (and there are almost always that number present) probably a thousand will pay in cash, and the other thousand in grain and a variety of articles; all which will command money, however.

Brigham Young usually sits in the middle of the parquette, in a rocking-chair, and with his hat on. He does not escort his wives to the theatre. They go alone. When the play drags he either falls into a tranquil sleep or walks out. He wears in winter time a green wrapper, and his hat is the style introduced into this country by Louis Kossuth, Esq., the liberator of Hungaria. (I invested a dollar in the liberty of Hungaria nearly fifteen years ago.)



XIII.

A PIECE IS SPOKEN.

A PIECE hath its victories no less than war.

“Blessed are the Piece-makers.” That is Scriptura.

The night of the “comic oration” is come, and the speaker is arranging his back hair in the star dressing-room of the theatre. The orchestra is playing selections from the Gentile opera of “Un Ballo in Maschera,” and the house is full. Mr. John F. Caine, the excellent stage manager, has given me an elegant drawing-room scene in which to speak my little piece.

[In Iowa, I once lectured in a theatre, and the heartless manager gave me a Dungeon scene.]

The curtain goes up, and I stand before a Salt Lake of upturned faces.

I can only say that I was never listened to more attentively and kindly in my life than I was by this audience of Mormons.

Among my receipts at the box-office this night were—

20 bushels of wheat.

5 “ “ corn.

4 bushels of potatoes.

2 " " oats.

4 " " salt.

2 hams.

1 live pig (Dr. Hingston chained him in the box-office).

1 wolf-skin.

5 pounds honey in the comb.

16 strings of sausages—2 pounds to the string.

1 cat-skin.

1 churn (two families went in on this; it is an ingenious churn, and fetches butter in five minutes by rapid grinding).

1 set children's under-garments, embroidered.

1 firkin of butter.

1 keg of apple-sauce.

One man undertook to pass a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit) at the box-office, and another presented a German-silver coffin-plate, but the Doctor very justly repulsed them both.



XIV.

THE BALL.

THE Mormons are fond of dancing. Brigham and Heber C. dance. So do Daniel H. Wells, and the other heads of the Church. Balls are opened with prayer, and when they break up a benediction is pronounced.

I am invited to a ball at Social Hall, and am escorted thither by Brothers Stenhouse and Clawson.

Social Hall is a spacious and cheerful room. The motto of "Our Mountain Home" in brilliant ever-green capitals adorns one end of the hall, while at the other a platform is erected for the musicians, behind whom there is room for those who don't dance, to sit and look at the festivities. Brother Stenhouse, at the request of President Young, formally introduces me to company from the platform. There is a splendour of costumery about the dancers I had not expected to see. Quadrilles only are danced. The Mazourka is considered sinful. Even the old-time round waltz is tabooed.

I dance.

The Saints address each other here, as elsewhere, as Brother and Sister. "This way, Sister!" "Where are you going, Brother?" etc. etc. I am called Brother Ward. This pleases me, and I dance with renewed vigour.

The Prophet has some very charming daughters, several of whom are present to-night.

I was told they spoke French and Spanish.

The Prophet is more industrious than graceful as a dancer. He exhibits, however, a spryness of legs quite remarkable in a man at his time of life. I didn't see Heber C. Kimball on the floor. I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors.

The old gentleman is present, however, with a large number of wives. It is said he calls them his "heifers."

"Ain't you goin' to dance with some of my wives?" said a Mormon to me.

These things make a Mormon ball more spicy than a Gentile one.

The supper is sumptuous, and bear and beaver adorn the bill of fare.

I go away at the early hour of two in the morning. The moon is shining brightly on the snow-covered streets. The lamps are out, and the town is still as a graveyard

XV.

PHELPS'S ALMANAC.

THERE is an eccentric Mormon at Salt Lake City of the name of W. W. Phelps. He is from Cortland, State of New York, and has been a Saint for a good many years. It is said he enacts the character of the Devil, with a pea-green tail, in the Mormon initiation ceremonies. He also publishes an Almanac, in which he blends astronomy with short moral essays, and suggestions in regard to the proper management of hens. He also contributes a poem, entitled "The Tombs," to his Almanac for the current year, from which I quote the last verse :

"Choose ye ; to rest with stately grooms ;
Just such a place there is for sleeping ;
Where everything, in common keeping,
Is free from want and worth and weeping ;
There folly's harvest is a reaping,
Down in the grave, among the tombs."

Now, I know that poets and tin-peddlars are "licensed," but why does W. W. P. advise us to sleep in the barn with the ostlers? These are the most dismal Tombs on record, not excepting the Tomb

of the Capulets, the Tombs of New York,* or the Toombs of Georgia.

Under the head of "Old Sayings," Mr. P. publishes the following. There is a modesty about the last "saying" which will be pretty apt to strike the reader :

"The Lord does good and Satan evil, said Moses.
 Sun and Moon, see me conquer, said Joshua.
 Virtue exalts a woman, said David.
 Fools and folly frolic, said Solomon.
 Judgments belong to God, said Isaiah.
 The path of the just is plain, said Jeremiah.
 The soul that sins dies, said Ezekiel.
 The wicked do wicked, said Daniel.
 Ephraim fled and hid, said Hosea.
 The Gentiles war and waste, said Joel.
 The second reign is peace and plenty, said Amos.
 Zion is the house of the Gods, said Obadiah.
 A fish saved me, said Jonah.
 Our Lion will be terrible, said Micah.
 Doctor, cure yourself, said the Saviour.
 Live to live again, said W. W. Phelps."

* The Newgate prison of New York is called *The Tombs*, from being built to resemble an Egyptian mausoleum.



XVI.

HURRAH FOR THE ROAD!

TIME, Wednesday afternoon, February 10. The Overland Stage, Mr. William Glover on the box, stands before the veranda of the Salt Lake House. The genial Nat Stein is arranging the way-bill. Our baggage (the overland passenger is only allowed twenty-five pounds), is being put aboard, and we are shaking hands, at a rate altogether furious, with Mormon and Gentile. Among the former are brothers Stenhouse, Caine, Clawson, and Townsend; and among the latter are Harry Riccard, the big-hearted English mountaineer (though once he wore white kids and swallow-tails in Regent-street, and in his boyhood went to school to Miss Edgeworth, the novelist); the daring explorer Rood, from Wisconsin; the Rev. James McCormick, missionary, who distributes pasteboard tracts among the Bannock miners; and the pleasing child of gore, Capt. D. B. Stover, of the Commissary department.

We go away on wheels, but the deep snow compels us to substitute runners twelve miles out.

There are four passengers of us. We pierce the Wahsatch mountains by Parley's Canon.

A snow storm overtakes us as the night thickens, and the wind shrieks like a brigade of strong-lunged maniacs. Never mind. We are well covered up—our cigars are good—I have on deerskin pantaloons, a deerskin overcoat, a beaver cap and buffalo overshoes; and so, as I tersely observed before, Never mind. Let us laugh the winds to scorn, brave boys! But why is William Glover, driver, lying flat on his back by the roadside, and why am I turning a hand-spring in the road, and why are the horses tearing wildly down the Wahsatch mountains? It is because William Glover has been thrown from his seat, and the horses are running away. I see him fall off, and it occurs to me that I had better get out. In doing so, such is the velocity of the sleigh, I turn a hand-spring.

Far ahead I hear the runners clash with the rocks, and I see Dr. Hingston's lantern (he always *would* have a lantern), bobbing about like the binnacle light of an oyster sloop, very loose in a chopping sea. Therefore I do not laugh the winds to scorn as much as I did, brave boys.

William G. is not hurt, and together we trudge on after the runaways in the hope of overtaking them, which we do some two miles off. They are in a snowbank, and "nobody hurt."

We are soon on the road again, all serene; though I believe the doctor did observe that such a thing could not have occurred under a monarchical form of government.

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

I part with this kind-hearted gentleman, to whose industry and ability the Overland line owes much of its success, with sincere regret; and I hope he will soon get rich enough to transplant his charming wife from the Desert to the "White Settlements."

Forward to Fort Bridger, in an open sleigh. Night clear, cold, and moonlit. Driver Mr. Samuel Smart. Through Echo Canon to Hanging Rock Station. The snow is very deep, there is no path, and we

literally shovel our way to Robert Pollock's station, which we achieve in the Course of Time. Mr. P. gets up and kindles a fire, and a snowy nightcap and a pair of very bright black eyes beam upon us from the bed. That is Mrs. Robert Pollock. The log cabin is a comfortable one. I make coffee in my French coffee-pot, and let loose some of the roast chickens in my basket. (Tired of fried bacon and saleratus bread,—the principal bill of fare at the stations,—we had supplied ourselves with chicken, boiled ham, onions, sausages, sea-bread, canned butter, cheese, honey, &c., &c., an example all Overland traders would do well to follow.) Mrs. Pollock tells me where I can find cream for the coffee, and cups and saucers for the same, and appears so kind, that I regret our stay is so limited that we can't see more of her.

On to Yellow Creek Station. Then Needle Rock—a desolate hut on the Desert, house and barn in one building. The station-keeper is a miserable, toothless wretch with shaggy yellow hair, but says he's going to get married. I think I see him.

To Bear River. A pleasant Mormon named Myers keeps this station, and he gives us a first-rate breakfast. Robert Curtis takes the reins from Mr. Smart here, and we get on to wheels again. Begin to see groups of trees—a new sight to us.

Pass Quaking Asp Springs and Muddy to Fort Bridger. Here are a group of white buildings, built round a plaza, across the middle of which runs a creek. There are a few hundred troops here under the command of Major Gallagher, a gallant officer and a gentleman, well worth knowing. We stay here two days.

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

I remember that one of the numerous reasons urged in favor of General Fremont's election to

* It was, as we afterwards ascertained, 35° below zero.

the Presidency in 1856, was his finding the path across the Rocky Mountains. Credit is certainly due that gallant explorer in this regard; but it occurred to me, as I wrung my frost-bitten hands on that dreadful night, that for me to deliberately go over that path in mid-winter was a sufficient reason for my election to any lunatic asylum, by an overwhelming vote. Dr. Hingston made a similar remark, and wondered if he should ever clink glasses with his friend Lord Palmerston again.

Another sensation. Not comic this time. One of our passengers, a fair-haired German boy, whose sweet ways had quite won us all, sank on the snow, and said—Let me sleep. We knew only too well what that meant, and tried hard to rouse him. It was in vain. Let me sleep, he said. And so in the cold starlight he died. We took him up tenderly from the snow, and bore him to the sleigh that awaited us by the roadside, some two miles away. The new moon was shining now, and the smile on the sweet white face told how painlessly the poor boy had died. No one knew him. He was from the Bannock mines, was ill clad, had no baggage or money, and his fare was paid to Denver. He had said that he was going back to Germany. That was all we knew. So at sunrise the next morning we buried him at the foot of the grand mountains that are snow-covered and icy all the year round, far away from the Fader-

land, where, it may be, some poor mother is crying for her darling who will not come.

We strike the North Platte on the 18th. The fare at the stations is daily improving, and we often have antelope steaks now. They tell us of eggs not far off, and we encourage (by a process not wholly unconnected with bottles) the drivers to keep their mules in motion.

Antelopes by the thousand can be seen racing the plains from the coach-windows.

At Elk Mountain we encounter a religious driver named Edward Whitney, who never swears at the mules. This has made him distinguished all over the plains. This pious driver tried to convert the Doctor, but I am mortified to say that his efforts were not crowned with success. Fort Halleck is a mile from Elk, and here are some troops of the Ohio 11th regiment, under the command of Major Thomas L. Mackey.

On the 20th we reach Rocky Thomas's justly celebrated station at 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. Mr. Thomas is a Baltimore "slosher," he informed me. I don't know what that is, but he is a good fellow, and gave us a breakfast fit for a lord,

Artemus Ward, his Travels.

emperor, czar, count, etc. A better couldn't be found at Delmonico's or Parker's.* He pressed me to linger with him a few days and shoot bears. It was with several pangs that I declined the generous Baltimorean's invitation.

To Virginia Dale. Weather clear and bright. Virginia Dale is a pretty spot, as it ought to be with such a pretty name; but I treated with no little scorn the advice of a hunter I met there, who told me to give up "literatoor," form a matrimonial alliance with some squaws, and "settle down thar."

Bannock on the brain! That is what is the matter now. Wagon-load after wagon-load of emigrants, bound to the new Idaho gold regions, meet us every hour. Canvas-covered and drawn for the most part by fine large mules, they make a pleasant panorama, as they stretch slowly over the plains and uplands. We strike the South Platte Sunday, the 21st, and breakfast at Latham, a station of one-horse proportions. We are now in Colorado ("Pike's Peak"), and we diverge from the main route here and visit the flourishing and beautiful city of Denver. Messrs. Langrish and Dougherty, who have so long and so admirably catered to the amusement-lovers of the Far West, kindly withdraw their dramatic corps for a night, and allow me to use their pretty little theatre.

* Delmonico's is the most fashionable restaurant of New York, and Parker's of Boston.

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.

I had almost forgotten to mention that on the way from Latham to Denver Dr. Hingston and Dr. Seaton (late a highly admired physician and surgeon in Kentucky, and now a prosperous gold-miner) had a learned discussion as to the formation of the membranes of the human stomach, in which they used words that were over a foot long by actual measurement. I never heard such splendid words in my life; but such was their grandiloquent profundity, and their far-reaching lucidity, that I understood rather less about it when they had finished than I did when they commenced.

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

I met Col. Chivington, commander of the District of Colorado, at Latham.

Col. Chivington is a Methodist clergyman, and was once a Presiding Elder. A thoroughly earnest man, an eloquent preacher, a sincere believer in the war, he of course brings to his new position a great deal of enthusiasm. This, with his natural military

tact, makes him an officer of rare ability; and on more occasions than one, he has led his troops against the enemy with resistless skill and gallantry. I take the liberty of calling the President's attention to the fact that this brave man ought to have long ago been a Brigadier-general.

There is, however, a little story about Col. Chivington that I must tell. It involves the use of a little blank profanity, but the story would be spoiled without it; and, as in this case, "nothing was meant by it," no great harm can be done. I rarely stain my pages with even mild profanity. It is wicked in the first place, and not funny in the second. I ask the boon of being occasionally stupid; but I could never see the fun of being impious.

Col. Chivington vanquished the rebels, with his brave Colorado troops, in New Mexico last year, as most people know. At the commencement of the action, which was hotly contested, a shell from the enemy exploded near him, tearing up the ground, and causing Captain Rogers to swear in an awful manner.

"Captain Rogers," said the Colonel, "gentlemen, do not swear on a solemn occasion like this. We may fall, but, falling in a glorious cause, let us die as Christians, not as rowdies, with oaths upon our lips. Captain Rogers, let us ——"

Another shell, a sprightlier one than its prede-

cessor, tears the earth fearfully in the immediate vicinity of Col. Chivington, filling his eyes with dirt, and knocking off his hat.

“Why, G—— d—— their souls to h——,” he roared, “they’ve put my eyes out—as *Captain Rogers would say!*”

But the Colonel’s eyes were not seriously damaged, and he went in. Went in, only to come out victorious.

We reach Julesberg, Colorado, the 1st of March. We are in the country of the Sioux Indians now, and encounter them by the hundred. A Chief offers to sell me his daughter (a fair young Indian maiden) for six dollars and two quarts of whiskey. I decline to trade.

Meals which have hitherto been \$1.00 each, are now 75 cents. Eggs appear on the table occasionally, and we hear of chickens further on. Nine miles from here we enter Nebraska territory. Here is occasionally a fenced farm, and the ranches have bar-rooms. Buffalo skins and buffalo tongues are for sale at most of the stations. We reach South Platte on the 2nd, and Fort Kearney on the 3rd. The 7th Iowa Cavalry are here, under the command of Major Wood. At Cottonwood, a day’s ride back, we had

taken aboard Major O'Brien, commanding the troops there, and a very jovial warrior he is, too.

Meals are now down to 50 cents, and a great deal better than when they were \$1.00

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.

An overland journey in winter is a better thing to have done than to do. In the spring, however, when the grass is green on the great prairies, I fancy one might make the journey a pleasant one, with his own outfit and a few choice friends.



XVII.

VERY MUCH MARRIED.

ARE the Mormon women happy ?

I give it up. I don't know.

It is at Great Salt Lake City as it is in Boston. If I go out to tea at the Wilkinses in Boston, I am pretty sure to find Mr. Wilkins all smiles and sunshine, or Mrs. Wilkins all gentleness and politeness. I am entertained delightfully, and after tea little Miss Wilkins shows me her photograph album, and plays the march from "Faust" on the piano for me. I go away highly pleased with my visit; and yet the Wilkinses may fight like cats and dogs in private. I may no sooner have struck the sidewalk than Mr. W. will be reaching for Mrs. W.'s throat.

Thus it is in the City of the Saints. Apparently, the Mormon women are happy. I saw them at their best, of course—at balls, tea-parties, and the like. They were like other women as far as my observation extended. They were hooped, and furbelowed, and shod, and white-collared, and bejewelled; and like women all over the world, they were softer-eyed and kinder-hearted than men can ever hope to be.

The Mormon girl is reared to believe that the plurality wife system (as it is delicately called here) is strictly right; and in linking her destiny with a man who has twelve wives, she undoubtedly considers she is doing her duty. She loves the man, probably, for I think it is not true, as so many writers have stated, that girls are forced to marry whomsoever "the Church" may dictate. Some parents no doubt advise, connive, threaten, and in aggravated cases, incarcerate here, as some parents have always done elsewhere, and always will do as long as petticoats continue to be an institution.

How these dozen or twenty wives get along without heartburnings and hairpullings, I can't see.

There are instances on record, you know, where a man don't live in a state of uninterrupted bliss with *one* wife. And to say that a man can possess twenty wives without having his special favourite or favourites, is to say that he is an angel in boots—which is something I have never been introduced to. You never saw an angel with a beard, although you may have seen the Bearded Woman.

The Mormon woman is early taught that man, being created in the image of the Saviour, is far more godly than she can ever be, and that for her to seek to 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 has been dead a good many years, he still keeps on marrying women by *proxy*. He "reveals" who shall act as his earthly agent in this matter, and the agent faithfully executes the defunct Prophet's commands.

A few years ago I read about a couple being married by telegraph—the young man was in Cincinnati, and the young woman was in New Hamp-

shire. They did not see each other for a year afterwards. I don't see what fun there is in this sort of thing.

I have somewhere stated that Brigham Young is said to have eighty wives. I hardly think he has so many. Mr. Hyde, the backslider, says in his book, that "Brigham always sleeps by himself, in a little chamber behind his office;" and if he has eighty wives I don't blame him. He must be bewildered. I know very well that if I had eighty wives of my bosom I should be confused, and shouldn't sleep anywhere. I undertook to count their long stockings on the clothes-line in his back yard, one day, and I used up the multiplication table in less than half an hour. It made me dizzy—it did!

In this book I am writing chiefly of what I saw. I saw Plurality at its best, and I give it to you at its best. I have shown the silver lining of this great social Cloud. That back of this silver lining the Cloud must be thick and black, I feel quite sure. But to elaborately denounce, at this late day, a system we all know must be wildly wrong, would be simply to impeach the intelligence of the readers of this book.



XVIII.

THE REVELATION OF JOSEPH SMITH.

I HAVE not troubled the reader with extracts from Mormon documents. The Book of Mormon is ponderous, but gloomy, and at times incoherent; and I will not, by any means, quote from that. But the Revelation of Joseph Smith in regard to the absorbing question of Plurality or Polygamy may be of sufficient interest to reproduce here. The reader has my full consent to form his own opinion of it:—

REVELATION GIVEN TO JOSEPH SMITH, NAUVOO,
JULY 12, 1843.

VERILY, thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Joseph, that inasmuch as you have inquired of my hand to know and understand wherein I, the Lord, justified my servants, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; as also Moses, David, and Solomon, my servants, as touching the principle and doctrine of their having many wives and concubines: Behold! and lo, I am the Lord thy God, and will answer thee as touching

this matter : therefore prepare thy heart to receive and obey the instructions which I am about to give unto you ; for all those who have this law revealed unto them must obey the same ; for behold ! I reveal unto you a new and an everlasting covenant, and if ye abide not that covenant, then are ye damned ; for no one can reject this covenant and be permitted to enter into my glory ; for all who will have a blessing at my hands shall abide the law which was appointed for that blessing, and the conditions thereof, as was instituted from before the foundations of the world ; and as pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, it was instituted for the fulness of my glory ; and he that receiveth a fulness thereof, must and shall abide the law, or he shall be damned, saith the Lord God.

And verily I say unto you, that the conditions of this law are these : All covenants, contracts, bonds, obligations, oaths, vows, performances, connexions, associations, or expectations, that are not made, and entered into, and sealed, by the Holy Spirit of promise, of him who is anointed, both as well for time and for all eternity, and that, too, most holy, by revelation and commandment, through the medium of mine anointed, whom I have appointed on the earth to hold this power (and I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this

power and the keys of this priesthood are conferred), are of no efficacy, virtue, or force in and after the resurrection from the dead; for all contracts that are not made unto this end, have an end when men are dead.

Behold! mine house is a house of order, saith the Lord God, and not a house of confusion. Will I accept of an offering, saith the Lord, that is not made in my name? Or will I receive at your hands that which I have not appointed? And will I appoint unto you, saith the Lord, except it be by law, even as I and my Father ordained unto you, before the world was? I am the Lord thy God, and I give unto you this commandment, that no man shall come unto the Father but by me, or by my word, which is my law, saith the Lord; and everything that is in the world, whether it be ordained of men, by thrones, or principalities, or powers, or things of name, whatsoever they may be, that are not by me, or by my word, saith the Lord, shall be thrown down, and shall not remain after men are dead, neither in nor after the resurrection, saith the Lord your God; for whatsoever things remaineth are by me, and whatsoever things are not by me, shall be shaken and destroyed.

Therefore, if a man marry him a wife in the world, and he marry her not by me, nor by my word, and he covenant with her so long as he is in the world,

and she with him, their covenant and marriage is not of force when they are dead, and when they are out of the world; therefore they are not bound by any law when they are out of the world; therefore, when they are out of the world, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are appointed angels in heaven, which angels are ministering servants, to minister for those who are worthy of a far more, and an exceeding, and an eternal weight of glory; for these angels did not abide my law, therefore they cannot be enlarged, but remain separately, and singly, without exaltation, in their saved condition, to all eternity, and from henceforth are not gods, but are angels of God for ever and ever.

And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife, and make a covenant with her for time and for all eternity, if that covenant is not by me or by my word, which is my law, and is not sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, through him whom I have anointed and appointed unto this power, then it is not valid, neither of force when they are out of the world, because they are not joined by me, saith the Lord, neither by my word; when they are out of the world, it cannot be received there, because the angels and the gods are appointed there, by whom they cannot pass; they cannot, therefore, inherit my glory, for my house is a house of order, saith the Lord God.

And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power and the keys of this priesthood, and it shall be said unto them, Ye shall come forth in the first resurrection; and if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection; and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions, all heights and depths, then shall it be written in the Lamb's Book of Life that he shall commit no murder, whereby to shed innocent blood; and if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant hath put upon them in time and through all eternity; and shall be of full force when they are out of the world, and they shall pass by the angels and the gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory shall be a fulness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever.

Then shall they be gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them.

Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye abide my law, ye cannot attain to this glory; for strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth unto the exaltation and continuation of the lives, and few there be that find it, because ye receive me not in the world, neither do ye know me. But if ye receive me in the world, then shall ye know me, and shall receive your exaltation, that where I am, ye shall be also. This is eternal life, to know the only wise and true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. I am he. Receive ye, therefore, my law. Broad is the gate, and wide the way that leadeth to the death, and many there are that go in thereat, because they receive me not, neither do they abide in my law.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man marry a wife according to my word, and they are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise according to mine appointment, and he or she shall commit any sin or transgression of the new and everlasting covenant whatever, and all manner of blasphemies, and if they commit no murder, wherein they shed innocent blood, yet they shall come forth in the first resurrection, and enter into their exaltation; but they shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be

delivered unto the buffetings of Satan, unto the day of redemption, saith the Lord God.

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, which shall not be forgiven in the world nor out of the world, is in that ye commit murder, wherein ye shed innocent blood, and assent unto my death, after ye have received my new and everlasting covenant, saith the Lord God; and he that abideth not this law can in no wise enter into my glory, but shall be damned, saith the Lord.

I am the Lord thy God, and will give unto thee the law of my holy priesthood, as was ordained by me and my Father before the world was. Abraham received all things, whatsoever he received, by revelation and commandment, by my word, saith the Lord, and hath entered into his exaltation, and sitteth upon his throne.

Abraham received promises concerning his seed, and of the fruit of his loins—from whose loins ye are, viz., my servant Joseph—which were to continue so long as they were in the world; and as touching Abraham and his seed out of the world, they should continue; both in the world and out of the world should they continue as innumerable as the stars; or, if ye were to count the sand upon the sea-shore, ye could not number them. This promise is yours also, because ye are of Abraham, and the promise was made unto Abraham, and by this law

are the continuation of the works of my Father, wherein he glorifieth himself. Go ye, therefore, and do the works of Abraham; enter ye into my law, and ye shall be saved. But if ye enter not into my law, ye cannot receive the promises of my Father, which He made unto Abraham.

God commanded Abraham, and Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham to wife. And why did she do it? Because this was the law, and from Hagar sprang many people. This, therefore, was fulfilling, among other things, the promises. Was Abraham, therefore, under condemnation? Verily, I say unto you, *Nay*; for the Lord commanded it. Abraham was commanded to offer his son Isaac; nevertheless, it was written, Thou shalt not kill. Abraham, however, did not refuse, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness.

Abraham received concubines, and they bare him children, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness, because they were given unto him, and he abode in my law; as Isaac also, and Jacob, did none other things than that which they were commanded; and because they did none other things than that which they were commanded, they have entered into their exaltation, according to the promises, and sit upon thrones; and are not angels, but are gods. David also received many wives and concubines, as also Solomon, and Moses my servant,

as also many others of my servants, from the beginning of creation until this time, and in nothing did they sin, save in those things which they received not of me.

David's wives and concubines were given unto him of me by the hand of Nathan my servant, and others of the prophets who had the keys of this power; and in none of these things did he sin against me, save in the case of Uriah and his wife; and, therefore, he hath fallen from his exaltation, and received his portion; and he shall not inherit them out of the world, for I gave them unto another, saith the Lord.

I am the Lord thy God, and I gave unto thee, my servant Joseph, by appointment, and restore all things; ask what ye will, and it shall be given unto you, according to my word; and as ye have asked concerning adultery, verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man receiveth a wife in the new and everlasting covenant, and if she be with another man, and I have not appointed unto her by the holy anointing, she hath committed adultery, and shall be destroyed. If she be not in the new and everlasting covenant, and she be with another man, she has committed adultery; and if her husband be with another woman, and he was under a vow, he hath broken his vow, and hath committed adultery; and if she hath not committed adultery, but is innocent, and

hath not broken her vow, and she knoweth it, and I reveal it unto you, my servant Joseph, then shall you have power, by the power of my holy priesthood, to take her, and give her unto him that hath not committed adultery, but hath been faithful; for he shall be made ruler over many; for I have conferred upon you the keys and power of the priesthood, wherein I restore all things, and make known unto you all things in due time.

And verily, verily, I say unto you that whatsoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens; and whosoever sins you remit on earth, shall be remitted eternally in the heavens; and whosoever sins you retain on earth, shall be retained in heaven.

And again, verily, I say, whomsoever you bless, I will bless; and whomsoever you curse, I will curse, saith the Lord; for I, the Lord, am thy God.

And again, verily, I say unto you, my servant Joseph, that whatsoever you give on earth, and to whomsoever you give any one on earth, by my word and according to my law, it shall be visited with blessings and not cursings, and with my power, saith the Lord, and shall be without condemnation on earth and in heaven, for I am the Lord thy God, and will be with thee even unto the end of the world, and

through all eternity; for verily I seal upon you your exaltation, and prepare a throne for you in the kingdom of my Father, with Abraham your father. Behold! I have seen your sacrifices, and will forgive all your sins; I have seen your sacrifices, in obedience to that which I have told you; go, therefore, and I make a way for your escape, as I accepted the offering of Abraham of his son Isaac.

Verily, I say unto you, a commandment I give unto mine handmaid, Emma Smith, your wife, whom I have given unto you, that she stay herself, and partake of that which I commanded you to offer unto her; for I did it, saith the Lord, to prove you all, as I did Abraham, and that I might require an offering at your hand by covenant and sacrifice; and let mine handmaid, Emma Smith, receive all those that have been given unto my servant Joseph, and who are virtuous and pure before me; and those who are not pure, and have said they were pure, shall be destroyed, saith the Lord God; for I am the Lord thy God, and ye shall obey my voice; and I give unto my servant Joseph, that he shall be made ruler over many things, for he hath been faithful over a few things, and from henceforth I will strengthen him.

And I command mine handmaid, Emma Smith, to abide and cleave unto my servant Joseph, and to none else. But if she will not abide this commandment, she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord, for I

am the Lord thy God, and will destroy her if she abide not in my law ; but if she will not abide this commandment, then shall my servant Joseph do all things for her, as he hath said ; and I will bless him, and multiply him, and give unto him an hundred-fold in this world, of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, houses and lands, wives and children, and crowns of eternal lives in the eternal worlds. And again, verily I say, let mine handmaid forgive my servant Joseph his trespasses, and then shall she be forgiven her trespasses, wherein she hath trespassed against me ; and I, the Lord thy God, will bless her, and multiply her, and make her heart to rejoice.

And again, I say, let not my servant Joseph put his property out of his hands, lest an enemy come and destroy him—for Satan seeketh to destroy—for I am the Lord thy God, and he is my servant ; and behold ! and lo, I am with him, as I was with Abraham thy father, even unto his exaltation and glory.

Now, as touching the law of the priesthood, there are many things pertaining thereunto. Verily, if a man be called of my Father, as was Aaron, by mine own voice, and by the voice of him that sent me, and I have endowed him with the keys of the power of this priesthood, if he do anything in my name, and according to my law, and by my word, he will not commit sin, and I will justify him. Let no one, therefore, set on my servant Joseph, for I will justify

him ; for he shall do the sacrifice which I require at his hands, for his transgressions, saith the Lord your God.

And again, as pertaining to the law of the priesthood ; if any man espouse a virgin, and desire to espouse another, and the first give her consent ; and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins, and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified ; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him ; for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him, and to none else ; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law, he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him, and they are given unto him ; therefore is he justified. But if one or either of the ten virgins, after she is espoused, shall be with another man, she has committed adultery, and shall be destroyed ; for they are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment, and to fulfil the promise which was given by my Father before the foundation of the world, and for their exaltation in the eternal worlds, that they may bear the souls of men ; for herein is the work of my Father continued, that he may be glorified.

And again, verily, verily, I say unto you, if any man have a wife who holds the keys of this power, and he teaches unto her the law of my priesthood as pertaining to these things, then shall she believe and adm-

nister unto him, or she shall be destroyed, saith the Lord your God; for I will destroy her; for I will magnify my name upon all those who receive and abide in my law. Therefore it shall be lawful in me, if she receive not this law, for him to receive all things whatsoever I, the Lord his God, will give unto him, because she did not believe and administer unto him according to my word; and she then becomes the transgressor, and he is exempt from the law of Sarah, who administered unto Abraham according to the law, when I commanded Abraham to take Hagar to wife. And now, as pertaining to this law, verily, verily, I say unto you, I will reveal more unto you hereafter, therefore let this suffice for the present. Behold! I am Alpha and Omega. AMEN.



PART II.



PERLITE LITTERATOOR.

PART II.

PERLITE LITTERATOOR.

	PAGE
I. A WAR MEETING	97
II. ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY	104
III. THINGS IN NEW YORK	110
IV. IN CANADA	117
V. THE NOBLE RED MAN	123
VI. THE SERENADE	125
VII. A ROMANCE.—WILLIAM BARKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT	129
VIII. A ROMANCE.—THE CONSCRIPT	131
IX. A ROMANCE.—ONLY A MECHANIC	137
X. BOSTON	139
XI. A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVER- SON	147
XII. ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND	155
XIII. ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES	167
XIV. AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN	171
XV. AGRICULTURE	181
XVI. O'BOURCY'S "ARRAH-NA-POGUE"	188



A War Meeting.

I.

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 oïd friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

The *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* is one of Baldinsville's most eminentest institootions. The advertisements are well written, and the deaths and marriages are conducted with signal ability. The editor, Mr. SLINKERS, is a polish'd, skarcastic writer. Folks in these

parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our contemporary says, a hum-bug; 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 bl'ëve 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.

I was fixin' myself up to attend the great war meetin', when my daughter entered with a young man who was evijently from the city, and who wore long hair, and had a wild expression into his eye. In one hand he carried a portfolio, and his other paw claspt a bunch of small brushes. My daughter introduced him as Mr. SWEIBIER, the distinguished landscape painter from Philadelphia.

"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 summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vilently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry officer's sword and things, which it aroused my BETSY, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidently obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for 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 an Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin' from an attack of College in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capeetle?

"DAN SETCHELL,"* I said. "He can do it afternoons. Let him plant his light and airy form onto the Long Bridge, make faces at the hirelin' foe, and they'll skedaddle! Old SETCH can do it!"

"I call the Napoleon of Showmen," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"I call that Napoleonic man, whose life is adorned with so many noble virtues, and whose giant mind lights up this warlike scene—I call him to order."

I will remark, in this connexion, that the editor of the *Bugle* does my job printing.

* A very popular comedian in the United States.

“You,” said Mr. Hinkins, “who live away from the busy haunts of men do not comprehend the magnitude of the crisis. The busy haunts of men is where people comprehend this crisis. We who live in the busy haunts of men—that is to say, we dwell, as it were, in the busy haunts of men.”

“I really trust that the gent'l'man will not fail to say suthin' about the busy haunts of men, before he sits down,” said I.

“I claim the right to express my sentiments here,” said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, “and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Softmore.”*

“You couldn't be *more soft*, my young friend,” I observed, whereupon there was cries of “Order! order!”

“I regret I can't mingle in this strife personally,” said the young man.

“You might inlist as a liberty-pole,”† said I in a silvery whisper.

“But,” he added, “I have a voice, and that voice is for war.” The young man then closed his speech with some strikin' and original remarks in relation to the star-spangled banner. He was followed by the village minister, a very worthy man indeed, but

* A Sophomore at one of the colleges.

† Every town and village in the States has its “liberty-pole,” or flagstaff, on which to hoist the Stars and Stripes.

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”—

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

"Gentl'men," said I, "that's my wife! Go in, old gal!" and I throw'd up my ancient white hat in perfect 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 phrase "well sot up" is used to express the marriage portion of a bride.

II.

ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NEW YORK, NEAR FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,
Org. 31ct.

Editor 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 yooth of Ameriky it would be vallyble as showin how high a pinnykle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvas tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hisself agin the center pole, causin in Rahway N. J. a discriminatin mob to say humbugs would not go down in their village. The ox resoom'd agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearin as the poor blind-man myself. But the infamus cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in

the day time to excite simpathy drank freely of spirituous licker unbeknowns to me one day, & while under their inflooance 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 eccentricissities 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 eddy-cated peple, but unfortinitly I put a Brown linen duster and a U.S. Army regulation cap on him, which peple with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was onfortnit in other respecks. At a certin town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble Amos Perkins, who was a Railroad President, and a great person in them parts. But it appeared I had shown the same figger for a Pirut named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created a intense toomult, & the audience remarked "shame onto me," & other statements of the same similarness. I tried to mollify 'em. I told 'em that any family possessin children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, & I wouldn't charge 'em a cent, but alars! it was of no avail. I was forced to leave, & I infer from a article in the *Advertiser* of that town, in which the

Editer says, "Altho' time has silvered this man's hed with its frosts, he still brazenly wallows in infamy. Still are his snakes stuffed, and his wax works unreliable.* We are glad that he has concluded to never revisit our town, altho,' incredible as it may appear, the fellow really did contemplate so doing last summer; when, still true to the craven instincts of his black heart, he wrote the hireling knaves of the obscure journal across the street to know what they would charge for 400 small bills, to be done on yellow paper! We shall recur to this matter again."

I say, I infer from this article that a prejudiss still exists agin me in that town.

I will not speak of my once bein in straitend circumstances in a sertin town, and of my endeavorin' to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath School picnics, to sing ballads adapted to the understandins of little children, accompanyin myself on a claironett—which I forgot where I was one day, singin 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,†

* Artemus Ward may not be quoted as an authority for the use of the word *reliable*, the proper etymology of which has recently formed matter for criticism.

† As I have mentioned in the Introduction, this popular western song is the original of the London "Slap bang! Here we are again."

which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the claironett except making it howl dismal, broke up the picnic, and children said in voices choked with sobs and emotions where was their home and where was their Pa? and I said be quiet dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angrily, "Good heavens forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones unless it is much desirable for them to expire 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 kriticise my Show speak your mind freely. I do not object to kriticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startlin cooriosities, any one of whom is wuth dubble 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 enuff to properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy o 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 gradooally growin respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but firmly bel'eve in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudnum and lay down in the street of a village that had'nt any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

My temperament is billious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am a early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian. I may add that I am also bald-heded. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldinsville, Indiany. My next door naber is Old Steve Billins. I'll tell you a little story about Old Steve that will make you larf. He jined the Church last Spring, and the minister said, "You must go home now, Brother Billins, and erect a family altar in your own house," whereupon the egrejis old ass went home and built a reg'lar Pulpit in his settin room. He had the jiners in his house over four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with its relentless scythe, is ever busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in, he gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anything more, Mr. Ed'ter.

If you should giv' my portrait in connection with my Bogfry, please have me ingraved in a languishin' attitood, leanin on a marble pillar, leavin my back hair as it is now.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD,



III.

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

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

Them handbils is sculpt* in New York.

& I annoolly repair here to git some more on 'um ;
& , bein' here, I tho't I'd issoo a Address 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 unimpared, 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 contem-pulate. The house in Varick street, † where I used to Board, is bein' torn down. That house, which was rendered memoriable by my livin' into it, is “ parsin’

* “To sculp,” is to engrave on wood or any other substance.

† Artemus Ward lived in Varick-street, Canal-street, New York, while editor of “Vanity Fair;” and the American phrase is “where I board” not “where I lodge.”

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 a 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 word rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after a absence of ten months, & what State do I find the country in? Why I don't know what State I find it in. Suffice it to say, that I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.†

I find sum things that is cheerin', partic'ly the resolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin' furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountins, and

* A well-known printer for showmen in New York.

† It is the custom among the New Yorkers to ridicule the adjoining State of New Jersey.

bombazeen from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jumpt into fabrics of domestic manufactur.

But, says sum folks, if you stop importin' things you stop the revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to smoke their livers as dry as a corn-cob* with Cuby cigars, because 4-sooth if they don't, it will hurt the Revenoo! This talk 'bout the Revenoo is of the bosh, boshy. One thing is tol'bly certin—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is doo the wimin for this patriotic move—and to tell the trooth, the wimin genrally know what they're 'bout. Of all the blessins they're the soothinist. If there'd never bin any wimin, where would my children be to-day?

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a genral and therrer curtainment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin ter'bly extravagant, & onless we paws in our mad career in less than two years the Goddess of Liberty will be seen dodgin' into a Pawn Broker's shop with the other gown done up in a

* "A corncob" is the husk of an ear of Indian corn after the edible portion has been removed.

bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her head-band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly, like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do, if they warnt quite so honest! (Suttle goaketh.)

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

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.

Gentlemen of the Senit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer-complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin' the undersined, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the pop'lar hart right under the Great Public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the Emergency, and cave in the Emergency's head?

Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerable devils—go home!

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district

* "All poppycock!" *Anglicè*, all sound and fury, signifyin nothing.

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

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimin who air goin' to abandin furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywheres, I'll leave public matters and indulge in a little pleasant family-gossip.

My reported captur by the North American savijis of Utah, led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthly things and was a angel playin' on a golden harp. Hents my rival home was onexpected.

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

A nightcap thrustud 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 resum'in' 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 Philadelphly, who was there paintin' some startlin' water-falls and mountins, 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," said the artist, "considerin' what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

"It's a wonder to me," said I to my wife, "that somebody don't secure him with a chain."

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of the *Bugle* greeted me cord-

yully, 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 hellhounds of *The Advertiser* say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly-increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain Editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?”

“That,” says the Editor, “hits him whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicooling his sister, who's got a cock-eye.”

A few days after my return I was shown a young man, who says he'll be Dam if he goes to the war. He was settin' on a barrel, & was indeed a Loathsum objeck.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well, too, tho' his prayer was rather lengthy. The Editor of the *Bugle*, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares, solid nonparil.

I don't think of nothin' more to write about. So, “B'leeve me if all those endearing young charms,” &c., &c.

A. WARD.

IV.

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 contry, 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 Tóronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. VICTORIA, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's 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. 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 eka! 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 pretty scrumptious in their red and green close.

/ Come with me, gentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'ler. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'ler, but everywheres in gin'ral. The city is bilt on a variety of perpendicler hills, each hill bein' a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and arches, and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever get into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd *want* to get in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. JIM WOLFE commanded the latters, and Jo MONT-CALM the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But WOLFE was too many measles for MONT-

* Governor Seymour was at the time this was writter the popular democratic governor of the State of New York.

CALM, and the French was slew'd. WOLFE and MONTCALM was both killed. In arter years a common monyment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named GEORGE DALHOUSIE, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

Durin' the Revolutionary War B. ARNOLD* made his way, through dense woods and thick snows, from Maine to Quebeck, which it was one of the hunkiest things ever done in the military line. It would have been better if B. ARNOLD'S funeral had come off immediately on his arrival there.

On the Plains of Abraham there was onct some tall fitin,' and ever since then there has been a great demand for the bones of the slew'd on that there occassion. But the real ginooine bones was long ago carried off, and now the boys make a hansum thing by cartin' the bones of hosses and sheep out there, and sellin' em to intelligent American towerists. Takin' a perfessional view of this dodge, I must say that it betrays genius of a lorfty character.

It reminded me of an inspired feet of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figure of HENRY WILKINS, the Boy Murderer. HENRY had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle EPHRAM and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this stattoo

* Benedict Arnold, whom Americans always stigmatize as "the traitor Arnold."

was lost somehow, and not sposin' it would make any particler difference I substitooted the full-grown stattoo of one of my distinguished piruts for the Boy Murderer. One night I exhibited to a poor but honest audience in the town of Stoneham, Maine. "This, ladies and gentlemen," said I, pointing my umbrella (that weapon which is indispensable to every troo American) to the stattoo, "this is a life-like wax figger of the notorious HENRY WILKINS, who in the dead of night murdered his Uncle EPHRAM in cold blood. A sad warning to all uncles havin' murderers for nephews. When a mere child this HENRY WILKINS was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song-book. A depraved proceedin'."

"But," says a man in the audience, "when you was here before your wax figure represented HENRY WILKINS as a boy. Now, HENRY was hung, and yet you show him to us now as a full-grown man. How's that?"

"The figger has growd, sir—it has growd," I said.

I was angry. If it had been in these times I think I should have informed agin him as a traitor to his flag, and had him put in Fort Lafayette.

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen

of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as to how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin' over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few star-spangled banners, a eagle, a boon of liberty, etc.

Don't think I've skedaddled. Not at all. I'm coming home in a week.

Let's have the Union restored as it was, if we can; but if we can't, *I'm in favour of the Union as it wasn't.* But the Union anyhow.

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

(Signed)

“A. WARD.”



V.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

THE red man of the forest was form'ly a very respectful person. Justice to the noble aboorygine warrants me in sayin' that of orrignerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time CHRIS. arrove on these shores (I allood to CHRIS. COLUMBUS), the savajis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker,* and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, fano banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press: Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage-stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin' garments she

* "Draw-poker" is a game of cards very commonly played on the Mississippi steamers and elsewhere.

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 bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, specially the Sioxes of Minnesoty, who desERVE to be murdered in the first degree, and if POPE† will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em *himself*, I reckon they will be.

* At the time of writing, Artemus Ward was editor of this periodical. It is long defunct.

† General Pope, after his failure in Virginia, was sent to fight the Indians in the North-West.

VI.

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 Philadelphly. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphly to believe it would be a good idea to have white windcr-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 ingrammaticisms and payin' particler attention to the punktoation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a manly effort, but, alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchin speakin' my piece over so as to be entirely 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 pre-

cisely 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 rhynossyross on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that’s handy. Don’t put yourself out on my account.

At this pint the Band begun to make hidyous noises with their brass horns, and an exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn’t to be some wittles afore the concern broke up? I didn’t exactly know what to do, and was just on the pint of doin’ it, when a upper winder suddenly opened and a stream of hot water was bro’t to bear on the disorderly crowd, who took the hint and retired at once.

When I am taken by surprise with another serenade, I shall, among other arrangements, have a respectful company on hand. So no more from me to-day. When this you see, remember me.



VII.

A ROMANCE.—WILLIAM BARKER, THE YOUNG
PATRIOT.

I.

“No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter’s hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position.”

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine-looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

“What! *you* here again?” angrily cried the old man.

“Ay, old man,” proudly exclaimed William Barker, “I am here, your daughter’s equal and yours?”

The old man’s lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting violently

upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of greenbacks, William Barker cried—

“See! Look on this wealth. And I’ve tenfold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the —— with beef——”

“Yes, yes!” eagerly exclaimed the old man.

“——— and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find———”

“I see! I see!” cried the old man. “And good beef they make, too.”

“They do! they do! and the profits are immense.”

“I should say so!”

“And now, sir, I claim your daughter’s fair hand!”

“Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?”

“To the core!” cried William Barker.

“And,” continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, “are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?”

“I am, I am!”

“Then, boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! and whatever our lot in life may be, *let us all support the Government!*”*

* Aimed as this arrow (the whole chapter) was against the Shoddyites in the days of Shoddy, the reader can understand how the shaft went home.

VIII.

A ROMANCE.—THE CONSCRIPT.

[Which may bother the reader a little, unless he is familiar with the music of the day.]

CHAPTER I.

PHILANDER REED struggled with spool-thread* and tape in a dry-goods store at Ogdensburgh, on the St. Lawrence River, State of New York. He Rallied Round the Flag, Boys,† and *Hailed* Columbia every time she passed that way. One day a regiment returning from the war Came Marching Along, bringing An Intelligent Contraband with them, who left the South about the time Babylon was a-Fallin', and when it was apparent to all well-ordered minds that the Kingdom was Coming, accompanied by the Day of Jubiloo. Philander left his spool thread and tape, rushed into the street, and by his Long-Tail Blue, said, "Let me kiss him for his Mother." Then, with patriotic jocularity, he inquired, "How is your High

* It is a *spool* of cotton, not a *reel*, in the States.

† Nearly all the phrases in this sketch are titles of American songs popular during the war.

Daddy in the Morning?" to which Pomp of Cudjo's Cave replied, "That poor Old Slave has gone to rest, we ne'er shall see him more! But U. S. G. is the man for me, or Any Other Man." Then he Walked Round.

"And your Master," said Philander, "where is he?"

"Massa's in the cold, cold ground—at least I hope so!" said the gay contraband.

"March on, March on! all hearts rejoice!" cried the Colonel, who was mounted on a Bob-tailed nag—on which, in times of Peace, my soul, O Peace! he had betted his money.

"Yaw," said a German Bold Sojer Boy, "we don't-fights-mit-Segel as much as we did."

The regiment marched on, and Philander betook himself to his mother's Cottage near the Banks of that Lone River, and rehearsed the stirring speech he was to make that night at a war meeting.

"It's just before the battle, Mother," he said, "and I want to say something that will encourage Grant."

CHAPTER II.—MABEL.

MABEL TUCKER was an orphan. Her father, Dan Tucker, was run over one day by a train of cars, though he needn't have been, for the kind-hearted engineer told him to Git Out of the Way.

Mabel early manifested a marked inclination for the millinery business, and at the time we introduce her to our readers she was Chief Engineer of a Millinery Shop and Boss of a Sewing Machine.

Philander Reed loved Mabel Tucker, and Ever of her was Fondly Dreaming; and she used to say, "Will you love me Then as Now?" to which he would answer that he would, and *without* the written consent of his parents.

She sat in the parlour of the Cot where she was Born, one Summer's eve, with pensive thought, when Somebody came Knocking at the Door. It was Philander. Fond Embrace and things. Thrilling emotions. P. very pale, and shaky on the legs. Also, sweaty.

"Where hast thou been?" she said. "Hast been gathering shells from youth to age, and then leaving them like a che-eild? Why this tremors? Why these Sadfulness?"

"Mabeyuel!" he cried, "Mabeyuel! They've Drafted me into the Army!"

An Orderly Seargeant now appears and says, "Come, Philander, let's be a marching;" and he tore her from his embrace (P's), and marched the conscript to the Examining Surgeon's office.

Mabel fainted in two places. It was worse than Brothers Fainting at the Door.

CHAPTER III.—THE CONSCRIPT.

PHILANDER REED hadn't three hundred dollars, being a dead-broken Reed, so he must either become one of the noble Band who are Coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more, or skedaddle across the St. Lawrence River to the Canada Line. As his opinions had recently undergone a radical change, he chose the latter course, and was soon Afloat, afloat, on the swift-rolling tide. "Row, brothers, row," he cried, "the stream runs fast, the Seargeant is near, and the 'Zamination's past, and I'm a able-bodied man."

Landing, he at once imprinted a conservative kiss on the Canada Line, and feelingly asked himself, "Who will care for Mother now? But I propose to stick it out on this Line, if it takes all Summer."

CHAPTER IV.—THE MEETING.

It was evening, *it* was. The Star of the Evening, Beautiful Star, shone brilliantly, adorning the sky with those *Neutral* tints which have characterized all British skies ever since this War broke out.

Philander sat on the Canada Line, playing with his Yardstick, and perhaps about to take the measure of an unmade piece of calico; when Mabel, with a wild

cry of joy, sprang from a small boat to his side. The meeting was too much. They divided a good square faint between them this time. At last Philander found his utterance, and said, "Do they think of me at Home, do they ever think of me?"

"No," she replied, "but they do at the recruiting office."

"Ha! 'tis well."

"Nay, dearest," Mabel pleaded, "come home and go to the war like a man! I will take your place in the Dry Goods store. True, a musket is a little heavier than a yardstick, but isn't it a rather more manly weapon?"

"I don't see it," was Philander's reply; "besides, this war isn't conducted accordin' to the Constitution and Union. When it is—when it is, Mabeyuel, I will return and enlist as a Convalescent!"

"Then, sir," she said, with much American disgust in her countenance, "then, sir, farewell!"

"Farewell!" he said, "and When this Cruel War is Over, pray that we may meet again!"

"Nary!" cried Mabel, her eyes flashing warm fire,—"nary! None but the Brave deserve the Sanitary Fair! A man who will desert his country in its hour of trial would drop Faro checks* into the Contribution Box on Sunday. I hain't Got time to tarry—I hain't

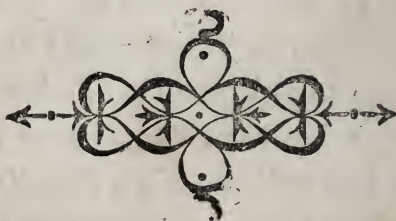
* The pieces of ivory used by gamblers in playing the game of faro.

got time to stay!—but here's a gift at parting: a White Feather: wear it into your hat!" and She was Gone from his gaze, like a beautiful dream.

Stung with remorse and mosquitoes, this miserable young man, in a fit of frenzy, unsheathed his glittering dry-goods scissors, cut off four yards (good measure) of the Canada Line, and hanged himself on a Willow Tree. *Requiescat in Tape*. His stick drifted to My Country 'tis of thee! and may be seen, in connexion 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.



IX.

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 said, “the foreman will wonder at my absence.”

“The *foreman*?” asked Isabel, in a tone of surprise.

“Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work.”

“Foreman—shop—*work*! What! do you work?”

“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.



X.

BOSTON.

A. W. TO HIS WIFE.*

DEAR BETSY—I write you this from Boston, “the Modern Atkins,” as it is denomyunated, altho’ I skurcely know what those air. I’ll giv you a kursoory view of this city. I’ll klassify the paragrafs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washington correspongents:

COPPS’ HILL.

The winder of my room commands a exileratin view of Copps’ Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berrid. There is men even now who worship Cotten, and there is wimin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He’s bin ded too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets

* Though Artemus addresses this “to his wife,” he was a bachelor when I parted from him four months ago, and, I believe, is so still. This note is for the benefit of the ladies.

drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitturly because he haint got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, *he is.*

BUNKER HILL.

Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1776 a thrillin' dramy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination"* played star parts.

MR. FANUEL.

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall† is still into full blarst. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin' the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their bisness, Major-generally speakin', and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'bly as in the old time.

THE COMMON.

It is here, as ushil; and the low cuss who called

* Mr. William Warren, the comedian, is the uncle of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the actor, now in this country. He was travellin' with a theatrical combination at the time of this article being written.

† Faneuil Hall, Boston, wherein the first revolutionary speeches were made. The Bostonians delight in calling it the "Cradle of Liberty."

it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins', is a onhappy Outcast in Naponait.

THE LEGISLATUR.

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but sum of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevalin' stile, or ten years behind it—jest as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1,000 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 Col-

* The great organ in the Music Hall is the latest "lion" of Boston.

† Alluding to the extreme popularity of this drinking-saloon among the students of Harvard College.

lege in Maine. He writes that he's a Bowdoin Arab & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Grate American humourist? Alars I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin' Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 Summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment, "knock 'em," but the old man was allus a little given to slang). He put his withered han' tremblinly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin' down his venerable chin, but it might hav' been tobacker jooce. He chaw'd.

LITERATOOR.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, Betsy, is a reg'lar visitor to our westun home. I like it because it has got sense

It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the *Atlantic*, Betsy, understand their bisness. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin.

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT.

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. “& this,” I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, “this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!”

“Wall,” the man said, “it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, t'aint worth a dam. But hav' you seen the Grate Orgin?”

THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES.

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and, smilin' in a seductiv' manner,

I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't *I* remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I 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 intrist took place on the cars excep' a coloured 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*.

WILD GAME.

Altho' fur from the prahayries, there is abundans of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover and Props.*

COMMON SKOOLS.

A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old pardner, has a little son who has only

* The game of "props," played with cowrie shells, is, I believe, peculiar to the city of Boston.

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 Revere House is one of the best family hotels in Boston.

the Twins grieves me sorely. When I sent 'em that Toy Engine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a 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 Business rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husban ,

ARTEMUS WARD



XI.

A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

THE morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

“Dearest ones,” he said, “I am singularly sad at

heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your—and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?”

“Our own,” they lovingly chimed, “we will!”

“And so farewell!” cried Reginald. “Come to my arms, my own!” he said, “that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away.”

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the

off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal—snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard, with the remark, "Dear Mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son—my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

CHAPTER II.

FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

THE mules were never found.

Reginald's 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 perpetuates a sob on my handkercher!" said Nelly.

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the Die, but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in *our* pockets, and *no* mistake! Excuse those real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelin's."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Dont blame us!"

CHAPTER III.

DUST TO DUST.

THE funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty a-breast, which

rendered that-part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

* * * * *

That night the twenty wives, with heavy hearts sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would never more linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches never, never more !

* * * * *

In another house, not many leagues from the House of Mourning, a gray-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without sigerfyin', in any respect, where them mules went to!"

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIED AGAIN.

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although

for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" inquired the Mormon.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried, "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

" ' Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one! ' "

They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however

many there may be of a young widow woman, or rather does it not show that whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.



XII.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.

Richmond, Va., May—18 & 65.

OLONZO WARD.

AFORE I comments this letter from the late rebel capitol I desire to cimply say that I hav seen a low and skurrilus noat in the papers from a certin purson who singes hissself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther.* I did *once* hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recugnise him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betray'd his sex on account of his boots & his Beard fallin' off his face, thus rooinin' my prospecks

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

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 ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him, I perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND.

The old man finds hissself 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 intervoc 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'

* Celebrated as the hotel occupied by the Confederate authorities during the late war.

hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin' my umbrella to a bald-heded man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr. Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a cullud purson, and said,—

"Show the gen'lman to the cowyard, and giv' him cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I said. "Perhaps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin' in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Wall, no, not 'zackly; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's rye meal was——"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Spotsy, "don't bother me," and he shuv'd my umbrella onto the floor. Obsarvin' to him not to be so keerless with that wepin, I accompanid the African to my lodgins.

"My brother," I sed, "air you aware that you've bin 'mancipated? Do you realise how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show'd to the 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 scoundrel who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin', and my throat feels a little husky this mornin.

Gin'ral Hulleck offers me the hospitality of the city, givin' me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox 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 infloentoocial citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! we've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borrer'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

Sed another (a man of standin and formerly a bitter rebuel), "Let us at once stop this effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he added, "you air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just 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 sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduck has been. Her captur in female apparel confooses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't have

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 coloured man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others, leaves the Confedrit Army in a ruther shattered state. That army now consists of Kirby Smith, four mules, and a Bass drum, and is movin rapidly to'rds Taxis.

A PROUD AND HAWTY SUTHENER.

Feelin' a little peckish, I went into a eatin' house to-day, and encountered a young man with long black nair 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 purpuss of gloatin' over a fallen peple. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—*never, never!*"

"Hav' suthin' to eat!" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed, furcely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'l you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenous. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin' crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread-tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little to'ards me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum peple at the North who air not wholly loathsum beasts?"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav' now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-bluded scoundril. Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crooil war is over, and you're lickt! It's rather necessary for sumbody to lick in a good square, lively fite, an' in this 'ere case it happens to be the United States of America. You fit splendid, but we was too many for you. Then make the best of it, & let us all give in and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren'. Fur from it. I'm a old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misten'd with suthin' very like tears. I'n

thinkin' of the sea of good rich blud that has been spilt on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin' of our widders and orfuns North, and of your'n in the South. I kin cry for both. B'leeve me, my young fren', I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginnny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a vener'ble sinner like me kin say anythin', God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear."

I riz up to go, & takin' my yung Southern fren' kindly by the hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern fellers is probly my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin' it! It's over now. Let us all jine in and make a country on this continent that shall giv' all Europe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they look at us! Adoo, addoo!"

And as I am through, I'll likewise say adoo to you, jentle reader, merely remarkin' that the Star-Spangled Banner is wavin' round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slight cold.

ARTEMUS WARD.



XIII.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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

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

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

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

I'm fraid I can't write goaks when I sit about it. Oh no, I guess not!

Yes, sir, we've got a war, and the troo Patrit has to make sacrificses, you bet.

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifics 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-bodid 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 caus'd 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.

* The "Dry Tortugas" are off the coast of Florida. Many political prisoners were banished to them during the war.

I think most of the conscripts in this place will go. A few will go to Canady, stoppin on their way at Concord, N. H., where I understan there is a Muslum of Harts.

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, 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 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 particlarly, and says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played *Hamlet*. There wasn't any orchestra, and wishin' to expire to slow moosic, he died playin' on a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans, & such is the world!

Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizniss!

But to return to our subjeck. With our resunt grate triumphs on the Mississippi, the Father of Waters (and them is waters no Father need feel 'shamed of—twig the wittikism?), and the cheerin' look of things in other places, I reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what upon airth do the people of Concord, N. H., want a Muslum of Harts for? Hain't you got the State House now? & what more do you want?

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My object in now addressin' you is to giv you sum advice, friend Wales, about managin your wife, a bizness I've had over thirty years experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in connexion tharewith. 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 had 'em or not. We was both very much frustrated. 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 too. You can get half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr.

Mason Dory's* for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in.

As I sed, I manige my wife without any partieler trouble. When I fust comenst trainin' her I instituted a series of experiments, and them as didn't work I abandin'g'd. You'd better do similer. Your wife may object to gittin' up and bildin' the fire in the mornin', but if you commence with her at once you may be able to overkum this prejooidis. I regret to obsarve that I didn't commence arly enuff. I wouldn't have you s'pose I was ever kicked out of bed. Not at all. I simply say, in regard to bildin' fires,† that I didn't commence arly enuff. It was a ruther cold mornin' when I fust proposed the idee to Betsy. It wasn't well received, and I found myself layin' on the floor putty suddent. I thought I git up and bild the fire myself.

Of course now you're marrid you can eat onions. I allus did, and if I know my own hart, I allus will. My daughter, who is goin' on 17, and is frisky, says they's disgustin. And speakin of my daughter reminds me that quite a number of young men have suddenly discovered that I'm a very entertainin' old feller, and they visit us frekently, especially on Sunday evenins. One young chap—a

* The "Maison Dorée," a fashionable New York restaurant.

† The phrase in America is "to build a fire," not as with us "to light" one.

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'tman likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortnilly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ' reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a draw-bridge away orf in the east part of the State, havin' sent my daughter to bed at half-past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understan' he says I go round swindlin' the Public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continuerd 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 snaptd the whip putty lively, and,

in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need re-organizin'! I have cum, Betsy," I continued — crackin' the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

* * * * *

I dream'd that night that sumbody had laid a hosswhip over me sev'ril conseckootiv times; and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of anythin' since, and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand I shall let it out.

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-stun! 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, particerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

It's best to give a woman consid'ble lee-way. But not too much. A naber of mine, Mr. Roofus Minkins, was once very sick with the fever, but his wife moved his bed into the door-yard while she was cleanin' house. I told Roofus this wasn't the thing, 'specially as it was rainin' vi'lently; but he said he wanted to give his wife "a little lee-way." That

was 2 mutch. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, "it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared." It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could; but I was a putty wet-nuss, I tell you.

There's varis ways of managin' a wife, friend Wales, but the best and only safe way is to let her do jist about as she wants to. I 'dopted that there plan sum time ago, and it works like a charm.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wales, and good luck to you both! And as years roll by, and accidents begins to happen to you—among which I hope there'll be Twins—you will agree with me that family joys air the only ones a man can bet on with any certainty of winnin'.

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a pecoonery pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of a year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understan' my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respects to St. Gorge & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy."

A. WARD.



XIV.

AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

IT isn't everyone who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now. In the language of the duke who went round with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever garished a melodrama, although I have not as yet danced on my village green, as the melo-dramatic 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. Greely, 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 those rooms, that no matter how warm it might be, a breeze had a way of blowing into them, and that they were, withal, quite countryfied; but I am bound to say, Mrs. Gloverson, that there was nothing about them that ever reminded me, in the remotest degree, of daisies or new-mown hay. Thus, with sarcasm, do I smash the deceptive Gloverson.

Why stay in New York when I had a village green? I gave it up, the same as I would an intricate conundrum—and, in short, I am here.

Do I miss the glare and crash of the imperial thoroughfare? the milkman, the fiery, untamed omnibus horses, the soda fountains, Central Park, and those things? Yes, I do; and I can go on missing 'em for quite a spell, and enjoy it.

The village from which I write to you is small. It does not contain over forty houses, all told; but

they are milk-white, with the greenest of blinds, and for the most part are shaded with beautiful elms and willows. To the right of us is a mountain—to the left a lake. The village nestles between. Of course it does. I never read a novel in my life in which the villages didn't nestle. Villages invariably nestle. It is a kind of way they have.

We are away from the cars. The iron-horse, as my little sister aptly remarks in her composition *On Nature*, is never heard to shriek in our midst; and on the whole I am glad of it.

The villagers are kindly people. They are rather incoherent on the subject of the war, but not more so, perhaps, than are people elsewhere. One citizen, who used to sustain a good character, subscribed for the *Weekly New York Herald*, a few months since, and went to studying the military maps in that well-known journal for the fireside. I need not inform you that his intellect now totters, and he has mortgaged his farm. In a literary point of view we are rather bloodthirsty. A pamphlet edition of the life of a cheerful being, who slaughtered his wife and child, and then finished himself, is having an extensive sale just now.

We know little of Honoré de Balzac, and perhaps care less for Victor Hugo. M. Claés's grand search for the Absolute doesn't thrill us in the least; and Jean Valjean, gloomily picking his way through the

sewers of Paris, with the spoony young man of the name of Marius upon his back, awakens no interest in our breasts. I say Jean Valjean picked his way gloomily, and I repeat it. No man, under those circumstances, could have skipped gaily. But this literary business, as the gentleman who married his colored chambermaid aptly observed, "is simply a matter of taste."

The store—I must not forget the store. It is an object of great interest to me. I usually encounter there, on sunny afternoons, an old Revolutionary soldier. You may possibly have read about "Another Revolutionary Soldier gone," but this is one who hasn't gone, and, moreover, one who doesn't manifest the slightest intention of going. He distinctly remembers Washington, of course; they all do; but what I wish to call special attention to, is the fact that this Revolutionary soldier is one hundred years old, that his eyes are so good that he can read fine print without spectacles—he never used them by the way—and his mind is perfectly clear. He is a little shaky in one of his legs, but otherwise he is as active as most men of forty-five, and his general health is excellent. He uses no tobacco, but for the last twenty years he has drunk one glass of liquor every day—no more, no less. He says he must have his tod. I had begun to have lurking suspicions about this Revolutionary soldier business, but here is an

original Jacobs.* But because a man can drink a glass of liquor a day, and live to be a hundred years old, my young readers must not infer that by drinking two glasses of liquor a day a man can live to be two hundred. "Which I meanter say, it doesn't foller," as Joseph Gargery might observe.

This store, in which may constantly be found calico, and nails, and fish, and tobacco in kegs, and snuff in bladders, is a venerable establishment. As long ago as 1814 it was an institution. The county troops, on their way to the defence of Portland, then menaced by British ships-of-war, were drawn up in front of this very store, and treated at the town's expense. Citizens will tell you how the clergyman refused to pray for the troops, because he considered the war an unholy one; and how a somewhat eccentric person, of dissolute habits, volunteered his services, stating that he once had an uncle who was a deacon, and he thought he could make a tolerable prayer, although it was rather out of his line; and how he prayed so long and absurdly that the Colonel ordered him under arrest, but that even while soldiers stood over him with gleaming bayonets, the reckless being sang a preposterous song about his grandmother's

* "The Original Jacobs" is the sign of a large cheap jewellery store in New York.

spotted calf, with its Ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do; after which he howled dismally.

And speaking of the store, reminds me of a little story. The author of "several successful comedies" has been among us, and the store was anxious to know who the stranger was. And therefore the store asked him.

"What do you follow, sir?" respectfully inquired the tradesman.

"I occasionally write for the stage, sir."

"Oh!" returned the tradesman, in a confused manner.

"He means," said an honest villager, with a desire to help the puzzled tradesman out, "he means that he writes the handbills for the stage drivers!"

I believe that story is new, although perhaps it is not of an uproariously mirthful character; but one hears stories at the store that are old enough, goodness knows—stories which no doubt diverted Methuselah in the sunny days of his giddy and thoughtless boyhood.

There is an exciting scene at the store occasionally. Yesterday an athletic peasant, in a state of beer, smashed in a counter and emptied two tubs of butter on the floor. His father—a white-haired old man, who was a little boy when the Revolutionary war closed, but who doesn't remember Washington *much*, came round in the evening and

settled for the damages. "My son," he said, "has considerable originality." I will mention that this same son once told me that he could lick me with one arm tied behind him, and I was so thoroughly satisfied he could, that I told him he needn't mind going for a rope.

Sometimes I go a-visiting to a farm-house, on which occasions the parlour is opened. The windows have been close-shut ever since the last visitor was there, and there is a dingy smell that I struggle as calmly as possible with, until I am led to the banquet of steaming hot biscuit and custard pie. If they would only let me sit in the dear old-fashioned kitchen, or on the door-stone—if they knew how dismally the new black furniture looked—but never mind, I am not a reformer. No, I should rather think not.

Gloomy enough, this living on a farm, you perhaps say, in which case you are wrong. I can't exactly say that I pant to be an agriculturist, but I do know that in the main it is an independent, calmly happy sort of life. I can see how the prosperous farmer can go joyously a-field with the rise of the sun, and how his heart may swell with pride over bounteous harvests and sleek oxen. And it must be rather jolly for him on winter evenings to sit before the bright kitchen fire and watch his rosy boys and girls as they study out the charades in the weekly paper, and gradually find

out why my first is something that grows in a garden, and my second is a fish.

On the green hillside over yonder, there is a quivering of snowy drapery, and bright hair is flashing in the morning sunlight. It is recess, and the Seminary girls are running in the tall grass.

A goodly seminary to look at outside, certainly, although I am pained to learn, as I do on unprejudiced authority, that Mrs. Higgins, the Principal, is a tyrant, who seeks to crush the girls and trample upon them; but my sorrow is somewhat assuaged by learning that Skimmerhorn, the pianist, is perfectly splendid.

Looking at these girls reminds me that I, too, was once young—and where are the friends of my youth? I have found one of 'em, certainly. I saw him ride in the circus the other day on a bareback horse, and even now his name stares at me from yonder board-fence, in green, and blue, and red, and yellow letters. Dashington, the youth with whom I used to read the able orations of Cicero, and who, as a declaimer on exhibition days, used to wipe the rest of us boys pretty handsomely out—well, Dashington is identified with the halibut and cod interest—drives a fish-cart, in fact, from a certain town on the coast, back into the interior. Hubertson, the utterly stupid boy—the lunkhead, who never had his lesson—he's about the ablest lawyer a sister State can boast. Mills

is a newspaper man, now editing a Major-General down South.

Singlinson, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed and who was real good, and who was never rude—he is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor, and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his bread and butter with the beggar-man, is a failing merchant, and makes money by it. Tom Slink, who used to smoke short-sixes and get acquainted with the little circus boys, is popularly supposed to be the proprietor of a cheap gaming establishment in Boston, where the beautiful but uncertain prop is nightly tossed. Be sure, the Army is represented by many of the friends of my youth, the most of whom have given a good account of themselves. But Chalmerson hasn't done much. No, Chalmerson is rather of a failure. He plays on the guitar and sings love songs. Not that he is a bad man. A kinder-hearted creature never lived, and they say he hasn't yet got over crying for his curly-haired sister who died ever so long ago. But he knows nothing about business, politics, the world, and those things. He is dull at trade—indeed, it is a common remark that "everybody cheats Chalmerson." He came to the party the other evening, and brought his guitar. They wouldn't have him for a tenor in the opera,

certainly, for he is shaky in his upper notes ; but if his simple melodies didn't gush straight from the heart, why were my trained eyes wet ? And although some of the girls giggled, and some of the men seemed to pity him, I could not help fancying that poor Chalmerson was nearer heaven than any of us all !



XV.

AGRICULTURE.

THE Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited the author of this volume to address them on the occasion of their next annual Fair, he wrote the President of that Society as follows:

New York, June 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR:—

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society.

I feel flattered, and think I will come.

Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturalist will be acceptable; and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write to you through the Press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye, and oats; but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbours told me so at first, and as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "lecturing."

These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep-raising.

I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out onto the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gaily o'er the hill-side. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, "We must have some shepherd dogs."

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said—

“We must, Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago!”

I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follett, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-coloured, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and shapely-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

“Turn them in, Eli,” I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed:

“Waal! *did* you ever?”

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the greensward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't a swelling of

the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their life stories. Thus ended their interesting tails:

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist, I was not a success.

Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass.

To me the new-mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold* sings about it, in beautiful verse, down in Jersey every summer, so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of these men know the price of a ton of hay to-day. But new-mown hay is really a fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow, myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

* Under the *nom de plume* of MacArone this young author has achieved much celebrity in the United States.

Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then in a low firm voice he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter'ble gashes in the other or not! But you, John —you are young."

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

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

There was some reason mingled with this white-haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He in-

herited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag, and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"

"Oh no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say, "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it!"

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown!

I peered cautiously through the kitchen-blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he *do-soed*. She also said she would get right up and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins is troubled more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krows bein put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nother in. Old Bisbee who was frade youd cut his sons leggs of Ses you bet go and stan up in feild

yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will
keep way. this made Boys in store larf. no More
terday from

“Yours

“respectful

“ELI PERKINS,

“his letter.”

My friend Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, thinks if I “keep on” I will get in the Poor House in about two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay County want me, I will come.

Truly Yours,

CHARLES F. BROWNE.



XVI.

O'BOURCY'S "ARRAH-NA-POGUE."

You axe me, sir, to sling sum ink for your paper in regards to the new Irish dramy at Niblo's Garding.* I will do it, sir.

I knew your grandfather well, sir. Sum 16 years ago, while I was amoosin' and instructin' the intellectooal peple of Cape Cod with my justly pop'lar Show, I saw your grandfather. He was then between 96 years of age, but his mind was very clear. He told me I looked like George Washington. He sed I had a massiv intellect. Your grandfather was a highly intelligent man, and I made up my mind then that if I could ever help his family in any way, I'd do so. Your grandfather gave me sum clams and a Testament. He charged me for the clams, but threw in the Testament. He was a 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 becum of Nib.) I couldn't see much of a garding, however, and it struck me if Mr. Wheatley depended on it as regards raisin' things he'd run short of gardin' sass. [N.B.—These remarks is yoomerous. The older I gro' the more I want to goak.]

I walked down the ile in my usual dignified stile, politely tellin' the people as I parsed along to keep

* A popular theatre in New York.

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 readin' 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 peple who didn't cum with it—but this is a ticklish subjeck for me. I larfed at my wife's water-fall, which indoosed that superior woman to take it off and heave it at me rather vilently, and as there was about a half bushil of it, it knockt me over, and giv me pains in my body which I hain't got over-yit.

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

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

Very industrious peple are the actors at Barnum's. They play all day and in the evenin' likewise. I meet 'm every mornin', at 5 o'clock, going to their work with their tin dinner-pails. It's a sublime site. Many of 'em sleep on the premises.

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

I understand there is a large number of O'gen'lmen of this city who can rite better plays than O'Bourcy does, but somehow they don't seem to do it. When they do, I'll take a Box of them.

As I remarked to the Boy who squirted peppersass

through a tin dinner-horn at my trained Bear (which it caused that ferocious animal to kick up his legs and howl dismal, which fond mothers fell into swoons and children cride to go home because fearin' the Bear would leave his jungle and tear them from limb to limb), and then excoosed himself (this Boy did) by sayin' he had done so while labourin' under a attack of Moral Insanity—as I sed to that thrifty yooth, “I allus incurridge geenyus, whenever I see it.”

It's the same with Dan Bryant. I am informed there are better Irish actors than he is, but somehow I'm allus out of town when they act. & so is other folks, which is what's the matter.

ACK THE 1.—Glendalo by moonlite.

Irishmen with clubs.

This is in 1798, the year of your birth, Mr. Editor.

It appears a patriotic person named McCool has bin raisin a insurrection in the mountin districks, and is now goin' to leave the land of his nativity for a tower in France. Previsly to doin so he picks the pockit of Mr. Michael Feeny, a gov'ment detectiv', which pleases the gallery very much indeed, and they joyfully remark “hi, hi.”

He meets also at this time a young woman who luvs him dearer than life, and who is, of course, related to the gov'ment; and jus' as the gov'ment goes agin him she goes for him. This is nat'ral, but not grateful. She sez, “And can it be so? Ar, tell me it is not so thusly as this thusness wouldst seem!” or words to that effect.

He sez it isn't any other way, and they go off.

Irish moosic by the Band.

Mr. McCool goes and gives the money to his foster-sister, Miss Arrah Meelish, who is goin' to shortly marry Shaun, the Lamp Post. Mac then alters his mind about goin' over to France, and thinks he'll go

up-stairs and lie down in the straw. This is in Arrah's cabin. Arrah says it's all right, me darlint, och hone, and shure, and other pop'lar remarks, and Mac goes to his straw.

The weddin' of Shaun and Arrah comes off.

Great excitement. Immense demonstration on the part of the peasantry. Barn-door jigs, and rebelyus song by McHouse, called "The Drinkin' of the Gin." Ha, what is this? Soldiers cum in. Moosic by the band. "Arrah," sez the Major, "you have those money." She sez, "Oh, no, I guess not." He sez, "Oh, yes, I guess you have." "It is my own," sez she, and exhibits it. "It is mine," says Mr. Feeny, and identifies it.

Great confusion

Coat is prodoosed from up-stairs.

"Whose coat is this?" sez the Major.

"Is it the coat of a young man secreted in this here cabin? Now this is rough on Shaun."

His wife accoosed of theft, the circumstances bein' very much agin her, and also accoosed of havin' a hansum young man hid in her house. But does this bold young Hibernian forsake her? Not much, he don't. But he takes it all on himself, sez he is the guilty wretch, and is marcht off to prison.

This is a new idee. It is gin'rally the wife who suffers, in the play, for her husband; but here's a noble young feller who shuts both his eyes to the apparent sinfulness of his new young wife, and takes her right square to his bosom. It was bootiful to me, who love my wife, and believe in her, and would put on my meetin' clothes and go to the gallus for her cheerfully, ruther than believe she was capable of taking anybody's money but mine. My marrid friends, listen to me: If you treat your wives as tho' they were perfect gentlemen—if you show 'em that you have

entire confidence in them—believe me, they will be true to you, most always.

I was so pleased with this conduct of Shaun that I hollered out, “Good boy! Come and see me!”

“Silence!” sum people sed.

“Put him out!” said a sweet-scented young man, with all his new clothes on, and in company with a splendid waterfall, “put this old fellow out!”

“My young friend,” said I, in a loud voice, “whose store do you sell tape in? I might want to buy a yard before I go hum.”

Shaun is tried by a Military Commission. Col. O’Grady, although a member of the Commission, shows he sympathises with Shaun and twits Feeny, the Gov’mnt witness, with being a knock-kneed thief, &c. &c. Mr. Stanton’s grandfather was Sec’y of War in Ireland at that time, so this was entirely proper.

Shaun is convicted and goes to jail. Hears Arrah singin’ outside. Wants to see her a good deal. A lucky thought strikes him; he opens the window and gets out. Struggles with ivy and things on the outside of the jail, and finally reaches her just as Mr. Feeny is about to dash a large wooden stone onto his head. He throws Mr. F. into the river. Pardon arrives. Fond embraces. Tears of joy and kisses a la Pogue. Everybody much happy.

Curtain falls.

This is a very hasty outline of a splendid play. Go and see it.

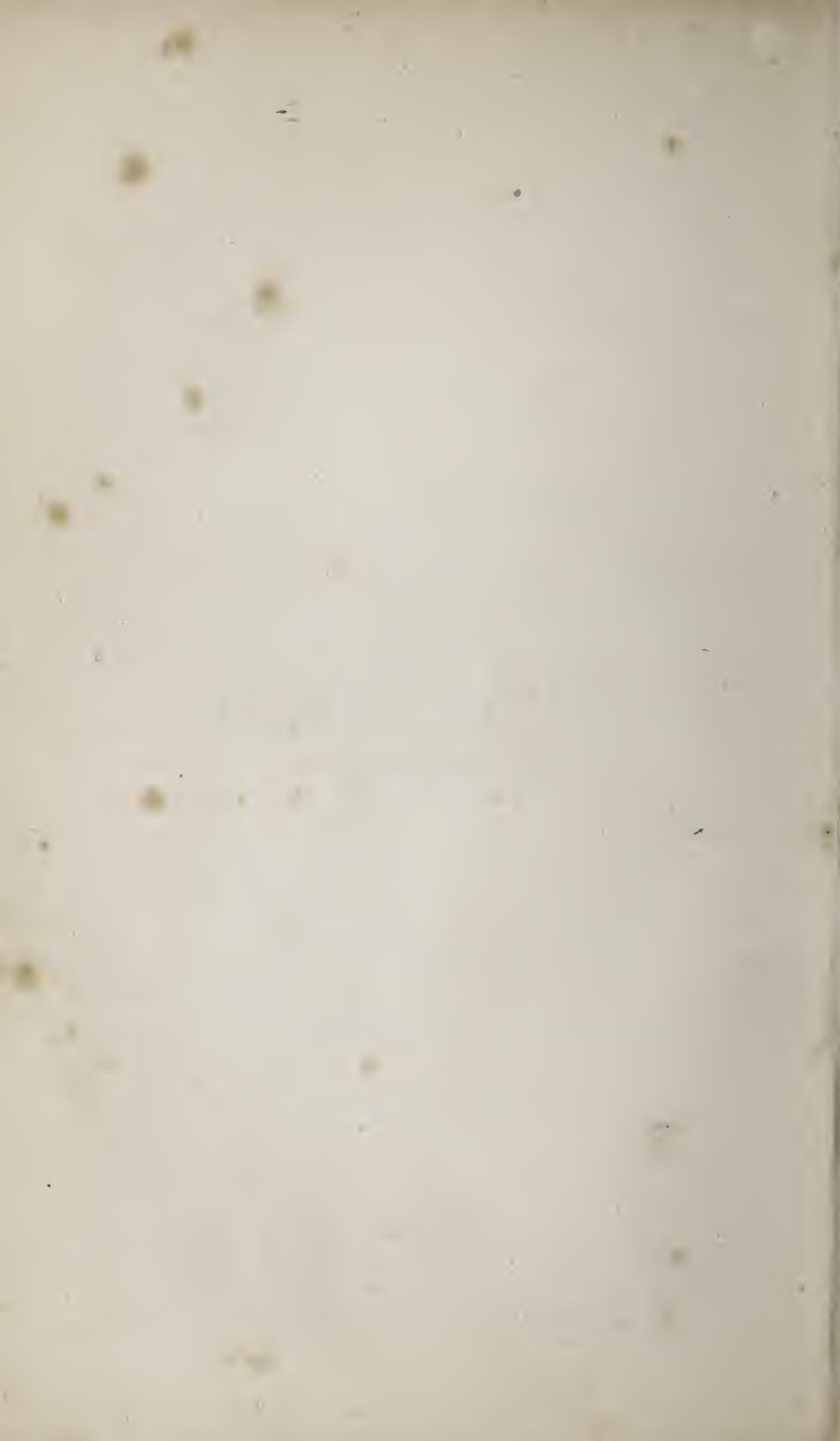
Yours, till then,

A. WARD.

THE END.

ARTEMUS WARD:

“HIS BOOK.”



ARTEMUS WARD.



I.

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE —

SIR—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal) wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile.

Artemus Ward.

Also git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwiviality, & the life an Sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin about my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxys to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them 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.

II.

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 disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swamp't 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. Tien a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individooal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

“ Mr. Shaker,” sed I, “ you see before you a Babe

Artemus Ward.

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 bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

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

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

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

“Yay!”

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

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

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

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

“Yay.”

“The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?”

“Yay.”

“It's kinder singler,” sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, “that so fair a made as thou never got hitched to some likely feller.”

[N.B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

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

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

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

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

“I'm fraid of men!” she sed.

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

“Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbands. 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 commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

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

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother Uriah?"

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

"He has retired."

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

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

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

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear.

When we broke up, sez I, "my pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

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

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

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

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

“You must excuus Brother Uriah,” sed the female ;
“he’s subjeck to fits and hain’t got no command over
hisself when he’s into ’em.”

“Sartinly,” sez I, “I’ve bin took that way myself
frequent.”

“You’re a man of sin !” sed the Elder.

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

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

“Nay,” they sed, and I nay’d.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they
was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean
biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as
a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as
glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits
and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery
companies, the mails on one side of the room and the
females on tother. They commenst clappin their
hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder
slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved
it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in par-
ticler, 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 approvins 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.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan

she 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 axeltree 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 friends, 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 on-principled 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.

III.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sez he, "That's all very well fur you to say ; but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrot can't show hisself 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 krawt in a vop dick of Arson in the 3d degree,

IV.

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 verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with tailer kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurd—"Giv s Liberty

Artemus Ward.

or Deth." Old Tompkinsis groserly was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mersbine 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 wurdz, 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 Parliumt, 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 electric 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." Boo'eus 1, sed I to myself, you air a angil & nothin shor'er. 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 festivities. 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 commemerate." 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 olu man jump up and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropishus circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byron 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 Baldinsville 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 a year—liberal reducshuns to clubs." In short the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar befour in my born days. Ile not attemp to describe the seens of that grate night. Wurds wood fale me ef I shood try to do it. I shall stop here a few periods and enjoy my "Oatem cum dig the tates," as our skool master obsarves, in the buzzum of my famerly, & shall then resume the show bizniss, which Ive bin into twenty-wo (22) yeres and six (6) months.

AMONG THE SPIRITS.

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

2 soles with but a siegie thawl

2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooed me to attend a Sperretocall 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 unbeliever"—"hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

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

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

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to con-

Among the Spirits.

varse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show bizniss, was sober, I should like to converse with him a few periods.

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

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

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replide.

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

"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 said old Bun (meanin Mr. Bunyan) stirred up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. Thay was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

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

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

I then called fur my farther.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show 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 climitt 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 Con-stitooshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleazes, and them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just so soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves f 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
perfessional 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.

VL

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 pro-

perty! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the people in the cars. "Is it to stay at home & darn stockings, & be the ser-lave of a domineerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which the eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

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

At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & 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 i. 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 b4 him he’ll come to a bad end?”

“He’s cum to a waxed end already. He’s learnin the shoe makin bizniss,” I replide. “I guess we can both 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 bizniss 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 refocze to

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

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. WARD.

VII.

THE OCTOROON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No," sez I, getting up and 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 con-tinnered, as I resoomed my seet, "that I kan't see nothin of no krisis myself." I felt sumwhat alarmed, & arose & in a stentowrian voice obsarved that if any lady or gentleman in that there kar had a krisis con-sealed about their persons, they'd better projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individuouls snickered rite out, while a putty little damsell rite behind me in a pine 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 round. They air powerful hevvy eaters & take up a right smart chans of room, & besides thay air as ugly and revenjeful as a Cusscaroarus Injun, with 13 inches of corn whisky in his stummick." The man in black close seemed to be as fine a man as ever

was in the world. He smilt & sed praps I was rite, tho it was ellermunst 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 world.

"But," sez he, "you hav feelins into you? You simpathize 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 world 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 infunicy," sed he.

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

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

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

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

I was konsiderbul riled at this. Sez I, "My gentle Sir Ime a nonresistanter as a ginral thing, & don't want to git up no rows with nobuddy, but I kin nevertheless kave in enny man's hed that calls me a obtoos," with which remarks I kommenst fur to null orf my extry garmints. "Cum on," sez I—"Time ! hear's the Beniki Boy fur ye !" & I darnced round like a poppit. He riz up in his seet & axed my pardin—sed it was all a mistake—that I was a good man, etsettery, and sow 4th, & we fixt it all up pleasant. I must say the man in black close scamed to be as fine a man as ever lived in the wurld. He sed a Octoroon was the 8th of a negrow. He likewise statid that the female he was travelin with was formurly a slave in Mississippy ; 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 break-in down her konstitushun. He sed he knowed the minit he gazed onto my klassic & beneverlunt face that I'd donate librully & axed me to go over & see her, which I accordinly did. I sot down beside her and, sed "yure Sarvant, Marm ! How do yer git along ?"

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

"So I larn. Yure rather more Roon than Octo, I take it," said I ; fur I never seed a puttier gal in the hull endoorin time of my life. She had on a More

Antic Barsk & a Poplin Nubier with Berage trimmins onto it, while her Ise & kurls was enuff to make a man jump into a mill pond without biddin his relashuns good by. I pittid the Octoroon from the inmost recusses of my hart & hawled out 50 dollars ker slap, & 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 obsarvashun, which I knowd was never used in refined society & I perlitely but emfattercly shovd her hed away.

Sez I, "Marm, I'm trooly sirprized."

Sez she, "git out. Yure the nicist old man I've seen yit: Give us anuther 50!" Had a seleck assortment of the most tremenjious thunderbolts descended down onto me I couldn't hav bin more takin aback. I jumt up, but she ceased my coat tales & in a wild voise cride, "No, Ile never desart you—let us fii 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 you insult my neece, you horey"

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

VIII.

EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR.

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

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

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

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

“Can't, hay?”

“No Sir—it can't.”

“Becauz,” sez I, lookin him full in the face with a

Eagle eye "*it goes so darned slow it can't pars anybody!*" Methinks I had him thar. It's the slowest Rale Road in the West. With a mortified air, he told me to git out of his offiss. I pittid him and went.

IX.

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 bizness. I'm into the Show bizniss. Yit as a faithful historan I must men-shun the fack that on rainy dase white peple 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 coliege 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 & Ameriky is my nashun'; I'm allers the same, tho' humble is my station, and I've bin in the show bizniss goin on 22 years. The pint is, can I hav your Hall by payin a fair price? You air full of sentiments. That's your lay, while I'm a exhibiter of startlin curiosities. What d'ye say?"

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

Sez I, "Tain't nothin shorter."

So I opened in Kolonial Hall, which was crowded every nite with stujents, &c. Perfesser Finny gazed for hours at my Kangaroo, but when that sagashus but onprincipled little cuss set up one of his onarthly yellins and I proceeded to hosswhip him, the Perfesser objected.

"Suffer not your angry pashuns to rise up at the poor annimil's little excentrissities," said the Perfesser.

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

"I do," sed he, sayin which he walked up to the sage and sez he, "let's try moral swashun upon the poor creeter." So he put his hand upon the Kangaroo's hed and sed, "poor little feller—poor little feller—your master is very crooil, isn't he, my untootered frend," when the Kangaroo, with a terrific yell, grabd the Perfesser by the hand and cum very near chawin it orf. It was amoozin to see the Perfesser jump up and scream with pane. Sez I, "That's one of the poor little feller's excentrissities!"

Sez he, "Mister Ward, that's a dangerous quadruped. He's totally depraved. I will retire and do my lasserated hand up in a rag, and meanwhile I request you to meat out summery and severe punishment to the vishus beast." I hosswhipt the little cuss for upwards 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 seats in my show for the cultured peple. At the Boardin House

Oberlin.

the cullered 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 seekind table, and the konsequeunce is I've devowered so much hash that my inards is in a hily mixt up condishun. Fish bones hav maid their appearance all over my boddy and pertater peelins air a springin up through my hair. Howsever I don't mind it. I'm gettin along well in a pecunery pint of view. The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T. K., of which I'm suffishuntly proud.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THERE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n ; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring ; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds ; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period ; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same 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 could'nt sile 'em, affecshunitly 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 an old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn floor.

T'was a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the screen 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. Well 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 luviuly round her waste.

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

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

"You're a sheep!"

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

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

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed 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 yur’re drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I’M IN !”

I considered that air enuff for all practical purusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson’s & was made l 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 handsom Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in

grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky-- the most amoozin little cuss ever introjued to a discriminatin public.

XI.

THE CRISIS.

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

ON returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injanny, resuntly, my feller sitters 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 havin any sentimunts or principles, my pollerties, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disguised that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to accept your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammertory individooals who assisted in projucing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scacely. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for sevrul weeks, & Goodness nose

how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned 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 new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't have 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 ex-sentric Ethiopian, 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 dowl 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 ~~ther~~ What Is Its along

with you. Don't think we can't spair your interestin picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the gratest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally have 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 Sitterzens, 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 isr'ly 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 man of VANITY FAIR: Extry charg fur this larst remark. It's a goak.—A. W.]

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

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

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

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

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer and Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not

Artemus Ward.

what the supervizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsomever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my kampane with my Show, 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.

XII.

WAX FIGURES VS. SHAKSPEARE.

ONTO THE WING,
—1859.

MR. EDITOR;

I take my Pen in hand to inform yu that I'm in good helth and trust these few lines will find yu injoyin the same blessins. I 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 troothfully say I ever ronged him or eny of his folks. I'm travelin with a tent, which is better nor hirin hauls. My show konsists of a serious ot wax works, snakes, a paneramy kalled 'a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, komic songs and the Kangeroo, which larst little cuss

continners to konduct hissself in the most outrajus stile. I started out with the idear of makin my show a grate Moral Entertainment, but I'm kompeled to sware so much at that air infernul 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 peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernul nonsense. I manetane that wax figgers is more elevatin than awl the plays ever wroten. Take Shakespeer for instunse. Peple think heze grate things, but I kontend heze quite the reverse to the kontrary. What sort of sense is thare to King Leer who goze round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throin straw at folks, and larfin like a silly old koot and makin a ass of hissself ginerally? Thare's Mrs. Mackbeth—sheze a nise kind of woomon to have round aint she, a puttin old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkan with a cheeze knife, while heze payin a frendly visit to their house. O its lily morral, I spoze, when she larfs wildly and sez, "gin me the daggurs—Ile let his bowels out," or wurds to that effeek—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 can go orf and kill sum more peple. If he isent a fit spesserman for the gallers then I shoood like to know whare you find um. Thare's Iargo who is more ornery nor pizun. See how shamful he treated that hily respecterble injun gentlemun, Mister Otheller, makin him for to beleeve his wife was two thick with Casheo. Obsarve how Iargo got Casheo drunk as a biled owl on corn whisky in order to karry out his sneekin desines. See how he wurks Mister Otheller's feelins up so that he goze and makes poor Desdemony swaller a piller which cawses her deth. But I must stop. At sum futur time I shall con-tinner my remarks on the dramer in which I shall show the varst supeeriority of wax figgers and snakes over theater plays, in a intellectooal pint of view.

Very Respectively Yures,

A, WABD, T. K.

XIII.

AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.*

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

* 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.

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

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

“Air you a man?”

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

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

“Madam, I istest!”

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

“You air mine, O you air mine!”

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

“You air my Affinerty!”

“What upon arth is that?” I shouted.

“Dost thou not know?”

“No, I dostent!”

“Listin man, & I’ll tell ye!” sed the strange female ; “for years I have 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 comenst for to holler “shame!” “beast!” etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: “You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this

retchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orsprings 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 idees! You wimin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile. I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

XIV.

SCANDALOUS DOINGS AT PITTSBURGH.

HEAR in the Buzzum of my famerly I am enjoyin myself, at peas with awl mankind and the wimin folks likewise. I go down to the village ockashunly and take a little old Rye fur the stummuck's sake, but I avoyd spiritus lickers as a ginral thing. No man evir seen me intossikated but onct, and that air happind in Pittsburg. A parsel of ornery cusses in that luvly sity bustid inter the hawl durin the nite and aboosed my wax works shaimful. I didnt obsarve the outrajus transacshuns until the next evening when the peple begun for to kongregate. Suddinly thay kommensed fur to larf and holler in a boysterious stile. Sez I good peple what's up? Sez thay them's grate wax wurks, isn't they, old man? I immejitly looked up ter whare the wax works was, and my blud biles as I think of the site which then met my Gase. I hope two be dodrabbertid if them afoursed raskals hadent gone and put a old kaved in hat onter George Washington's hed and shuded a short black klay pipe inter his mouth. His

noze thay had painted red and his trowsis legs thay had shuvd inside his butes. My wax figger of Napoēon Boneypart was likewise mawltreatid. His sword wus danglin tween his legs, his cockd hat was drawn klean down over his ize, and he was plased in a stoopin posishun lookin zactly as tho he was as drunk as a biled owl. Ginral Tayler was a standin on his hed, and Wingfield Skott's koat tales ware pind over his hed and his trowsis ware kompleetly torn orf from hissself. My wax works representin the Lord's Last Supper was likewise aboozed. Three of the Postles ware under the table, and two of um had on old tarpawlin hats and raggid pee jackits and ware smokin pipes. Judus Iskarriot had on a cocked hat and was appeerently drinkin, as a Bottle of whisky sot befour him. This ere specktercal was too much fur me. I klosed the show and then drowndid my sorrers in the flowin Bole.

XV.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

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

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the

officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figger 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 Latterday 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 marrid.”

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

He sed “middlin,” and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck and 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 shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax : It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, there is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats 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 theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hissself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Oc-cashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes 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 hev y 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 Ward’s Show without payin nothin !” thay showtid.

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

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

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

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

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

“Not ef I know it, you won’t,” sez I. “Awa

you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

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

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollars 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 name.]

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

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernul non-cents. 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.

XVI.

THE CENSUS.

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

Wat's your age ?

Whar was you born ?

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

How many children hav you, and do they sufficiently resemble you as to proclood the possibility of their belongin to any of your nabers ?

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

Hav you a twin brother several years older than yourself ?

How many parents hav you ?

Do you read Watt's Hims regler ?

Do you use boughten tobacker ?

Wat's your fitin wate ?

Air you trubeld with biles ?

How does your meresham culler ?

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

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

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

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

Is Beans a regler article of diet in your family?

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

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

Was you ever at Niagry Falls?

Was you ever in the Penitentiary?

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

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

XVII.

AN HONEST LIVING.

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

"Whither goist thow, sweet nimp?" sez I, in a play-actin tone.

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

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

XVIII.

THE PRESS.

I WANT the editers to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. 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 wurld. I put up to their extorshuns until thay'd bled me so I was a meer shadder, and left in disgust.

It was in a surtin town in Virginny, the Muther of Presidents & things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editor in human form. He set my Show up steep & kalled me the urbane & gentlemunly manajer, but when I, fur the purpuss of showin fair piay aïl

around, went to another office to get my handbills printed, what d'uz this pussillanermus editer do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He sed my wax wurks was a humbug & called me a horey-headed itinerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar Beneki Boy, but on reflectin that he cood pollish me much wuss in his paper, I giv it up. & I wood here take occashun to advise peple when thay run agin, as thay sumtimes will, these miserable papers, to not pay no attenshun to um. Abuv all, don't assault a editer of this kind. It only gives him a notorosity, which is jest what he wants, & don't do you no more good than it wood to jump into enny other mud puddle. Editers are generally fine men, but there must be black sheep in every flock.

XIX.

EDWIN FORREST AS OTHELLO.

DURIN a recent visit to New York the undersined went to see Edwin Forrest. As I'm into the moral show bizness myself, I ginrally go to Barnum's moral Museum, where only moral peple air admitted, partickly on Wednesday arternoons. But this time I thot I'd go & see Ed. Ed has bin actin out on the stage for many years. There is varis 'pinions about his actin, Englishmen ginrally bleevin that he his far superior to Mister Macready; but on one pint al' agree, & that is that Ed draws like a six ox team. Ed was actin at Niblo's Garding, which looks considerable more like a parster than a garding, but let that pars. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles & commenced peroosin the evenin's bill. The awjince was all-fired large & the boxes was full of the elitty of New York. Sevral opery glasses was leveled at me by Gothum's fairest darters, but I didn't let on as tho I noticed it, tho mebbly I did take out my

sixteen-dollar silver watch & brandish it round more than was necessary. But the best of us has our weaknesses & if a man has gewelry let him show it. As I was peroosin the bill a grave young man who sot near me, axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny? "He's immense in that," sed the young man. "He also does a fair champion jig," the young man continnerd, "but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny." Sez I, "Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if vou was my sun?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, "I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon & the *korps should be ready!* You're too smart to live on this yearth." He didn't try any more of his capers on me. But another pussylanermuss individooul, in a red vest & patent lether boots, told me his name was Bill Astor & axed me to lend him 50 cents till early in the mornin. I told him I'd probly send it round to him before he retired to his virtuous couch, but if I didn't he might look for it next fall, as soon as I cut my corn. The Orchestry was now fiddling with all their might, & as the peple didn't understan anything about it they applaudid versifrussly. Presently Old Ed cum out. The play was Otheller or More of Veniss. Otheller was writ by Win. Shakspeer. The scene is laid in Veniss. Otheller was a likely man & was a ginral in the Veniss army. He eloped with Desdemony, a darter of the

Hon. Mister Brabantio, who represented one of the back districks in the Veneshun legislater. Old Brabantio was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin Otheller, howsever, that Desdemony had come it over her Par, & that he had better look out or she'd come it over him likewise. Mr. & Mrs. Otheller git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and luvin—a nice, sensible female, never goin in for he-female conventions, green cotton umbrellers and pickled beats. Otheller is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a lazy time of it, the hired girl doin all the cookin and washin. Desdemony, in fact, don't hav to git the water to wash her own hands with. But a low cuss named Iago, who I bleeve wants to git Otheller out of his snug government birth, now goes to work & upsets the Otheller family in the most outrajus stile. Iago falls in with a braneless youth named Roderigo & wins all his money at poker. (Iago allers played foul.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his onprincipled skeem. Mike Cassio, a Irishman, is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was a clever feller & orficer in Otheller's army. He liked his tods too well, howsever, & they floored him, as they have many other promisin young men. Iago induces Mike to drink with him, Iago slyly throwin his whisky 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 sympathises with poor Mike & interceeds for him with Otheller. Iago mages 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 noosense 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 and givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has been 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 sen-

Edwin Forrest as Othello.

sible thing he can do. This is a brief 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!

THE SHOW BUSINESS AND POPULAR LECTURES.

I FEEL that the Show Bizniss, which Ive stroven to ornymment, 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. Thay cram theirselves with hi soundin frazis, frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of black close & cum out to lectur at 50 dollers a pop. Thay aint over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensooin sixteen ginera-shuns. 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 tecturer goze & ragales hisself 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 kangaroo has of the sevunth speer of hevun. There's

moore infurmashun to be gut out of a well conductid noospaper—price 3 sents—than thare is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollers a pop, as the kase may be. These same peple, bare in mind, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers & sagashus beests. Thay say these things is low. Gents, it greeves 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.

XXI.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I PITCHT my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a deppytashun of ladies came up & sed they wos members of the Bunkumville Female Moral Reformin & Wimin's Rite's 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," said 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, Ive a wife to hum.”

“Yes,” cried the female, “& she’s a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin of the yoke of tyrrinny & thinkin & votiu for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?”

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

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

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

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

“Not if I know it,” sed I.

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

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

“Let her gush!” roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; “let her gush!” Where

upon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observashun that I was a Beest.

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

XXII.

WOULD-BE SEA DOGS.

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

XXIII.

ON "FORTS."

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

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

That's so !

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

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

Cyrus Field's Fort is to lay a sub-machine tellegraf

under the boundin billers of the Oshun, and then hev it Bust.

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

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

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

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

Twict I've endeverd to do things which thay wasn't my Fort. The fust time was when I undertuk to 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 hev." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garmints I koncluded fitin wasn't my Fort. Ile now rize the kurtin upon Seen 2nd: It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole. But in a sertin town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever & died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, & I thowt I'd hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthin. Konsequents was I histid in so much I dident zackly know whare bowts I was. I turnd my livin wild beests of Pray loose into the streets and spilt all my wax wurks. I then

Bet I cood play hoss. So I hitched myself to a Kanawl bote, there bein two other hosses hitcht on also, one behind and anuther ahead of me. The driver hollerd for us to git up, and we did. But the hosses bein onused to sich a arrangemunt begun to kick & squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kickt vilently in the 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 h ss 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.

XXIV.

PICCOLOMINI.

GENTS—I arrived in Cleveland on Saturday P.M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean biled rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show biznis, & with cheerful sperrets I jined the enthoosiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he parst the perfession, and he said not much he didn't, whereupon I bawt a preserved seat in the pit, & obsarving to Mr. Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust hissself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast aujience Scacely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance. "& this ere," sed I Bitturly, "is Fame! What sigerfy my wax figgers and livin wild beasts (which have no ekals) to these peple? What do thay care becawz a site of my Kangeroo is worth

dubble the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmlis as the new born babe—all of which is strictly troo—?” I should have gone on ralein at Fortin and things sum more, but jest then Signer Maccarony cum out and sung a hairey from some opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn’t understand nothin abowt what he sed, and so they applawdid him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out and sung another hairey. He appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Luv song I suppose, tho he may have been cussin the aujince all into a heep for aut I knewd. Then cum Mr. Maccarony agin & Miss Picklehomony herself. Thay sang a Doit together.

Now you know, gents, that I don’t admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony’s stile. I like her gate. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more bootiful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown or side to place her hed agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men’s buzzums & other wimin mad becawz thay ain’t Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amuzin cussedness & about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancing champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shood like to have little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injianny, whare she cood run in the tall grass, wrestle with the

boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat-tales, set all the fellers crazy after her, & holler & kick up, & go it just as much as she wanted to ! But I diegress. Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delighted with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the aujience, sendin a broadside of sassy smiles in among em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swaller myself ; but when, in the next song, she look strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me he mite hav my close, as I shood never want 'em again no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstances whatsomever.]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice gal at hart & you must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv you strong and long—a man who will luv you jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & you can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per sent a month, as he will now, when you are young

& charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Dont' marry a snob, Maria. You ain't a Angel, Maria, & I am glad of it. When I see angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry they hain't got wings so they can kin quietly fly off where thay will be appreshiated. You air a woman, & a mity good one too. As for Mac-carony, Brignoly, Mullenholler and them other fellers, they can take care of theirselves. Old Mac. kin make a comfortable livin choppin cord wood if his voice ever givs out, and Amodio looks as tho he mite succeed in conductin sum quiet toll gate, whare the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

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

Very Respectively Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

XXV.

LITTLE PATTI

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

Miss Patty is small for her size, but as the man sed about his wife, O Lord! She is well bilt & her complexion is what might be called a Broonetty. Her ize is a dark bay, the lashes being long & silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, & to continner doin it 2 a indefnit extent. Her waste is one of the most bootiful wastisis ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduatid frum pantalets & wire hoops, was a cumin out to

read her fust composishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or ruther in a furrin tung. I don't know what the sentimunts was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of Pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened ~~her~~ mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

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

But Miss Patty orter sing in the Inglish tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun why under the Son dont she do it? What cents is thare in singin wurdz nobody dont understan when wurdz we do understan is jest as handy? Why peple will versifferusly applawd furrin langwidge is a mistery. It reminds me of a man I onct knew. He sed he knockt the bottum out of his pork Barril, & the pork fell out, but the Brine dident moove a inch. It stade in the Barril. He sed this was a Mistery, but it wasn't misterior than is this thing I'm speekin of.

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

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

XXVI.

MOSES, THE SASSY, OR THE DISGUISED DUKE.

CHAP. I.—ELIZY.

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

with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims : “Methinks I see a voice !”

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots ; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease in its barmiest days near projuced a more hefty cavi-leer. Gazin upon him admirinly 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.”

CHAP. 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, and 7 ears (which he chawed off), and severa^l half and quarter sections of noses. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, she said :—“How hast ^{the} battle gonest ? Tell me !”

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

"I thank the gods!" sed the fair Elizy. "Thou 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," sed Moses.

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

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

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

That settled the matter.

"I have 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.

CHAP. 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 peple 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 foreed and obsarves :

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

"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 ded body !" screamed the unfortnit man. "But don't print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ye !"

"People !" 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.

CHAP. 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 hissself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernest him, but he finally conkered. Elizy knowd him right off as one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountain squirt.

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

XXVII.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

TO MY FRIENDS OF THE EDITORIAL CORPSE :

I rite these lines on British sile. I've bin follerin Mrs. Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a pecoonery pint of vew, I've learnt sumthin new, over hear on British Sile, whare they bleeve in Saint Gorge and the Dragoon. Previs to cumin over hear I tawt my organist how to grind Rule Brittanny and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir 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, & 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

case requires. I giv Sir Edmun Hed a benevolent 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 sertainly a remarkable Statoot & well worth seein. I kall it Sir Edmun Hed. You may kall it what you darn please!" [I had 'em thare.]

At larst I've had an interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerble life. I cawt a glimps of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & 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 Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Magisty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good helth, and was passin by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indigent cirprise:

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

"That's what's the matter with me," I replide.

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

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

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

"Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

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

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

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

“To speak plain, Mister Ward,” he sed, “I don’t much like it. I’m sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I would rather go through the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, & not be made a Show of to be garped at by everybody. When the *peple* cheer me I feel pleased, fur I know they meen it, but if these one-horse offishuls could know how I see threw all their moves & understan exackly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at ’em in private, thayd stof 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 doctors 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 ginerall thing, I must say I like the cut of your Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin! Be just & be Jenerus, espeshully to showmen, who hav allers bin aboozed sins the dase of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizniss, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be beleaved Noah’s colleckshun of livin wild beests beet ennything ever seen sins, tho

Artemus Ward.

I make bold to dovt 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 and 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 keerin a tinker's cuss what meetin house you sleep in Sundays. Go home and mind yure bisniss & not make noosenses of yourselves. With which observashuns I left 'em.

I shall leeve British sile 4thwith.

XXVIII.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN.

I DON'T pertend to be a cricket and 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 Virginnny with a few duzzen loonatics which he had pickt up sumwhares, mercy only nose when. He didn't cum it, as the sekel showed. This play was jerkt by a admirer of Old Ossywattermy.

First akt opens at North Elby, Old Brown's humsted. There's a weddin at the house. Amely, Old Brown's darter, marrys sumbody, and they all whirl in the Messy darnee. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 suns leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs. Ossywattermy tells 'em thay air goin ou a long jurny & Blesses 'em to slow fiddlin. Thay go to Kansis. What upon arth thay go to Kansis fur when thay was so nice & com-

fortable down there to North Elby, is more'n I know. The suns air next seen in Kansis at a tarvern. Mister Blane, a sinister lookin man with his Belt full of knives and hoss pistils, axes one of the Browns to take a drink. Brown refusis, which is the fust instance on record whar a Brown deklined sich a invite. Mister Blane, who is a dark bearded feroshus lookin person, then axis him whether he's fur or fernenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, whareupon Mister Blane, who is the most sinisterest lookin man I ever saw, sez Har, har, har! (that bein his stile of larfin wildly) & ups & sticks a knife into yung Brown. Another Brown rushes up & sez, "you has killed me Ber-ruther!" Moosic by the Band and 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 free dum must extend its Area & rubs his hands like he was pleased abowt it. His suns come in. One of 'em goes out & cums in ded, havin bin shot whille out by a Border Ruffin. The ded yung Brown sez he sees his mother and tumbles down. The Border Ruffins then surround the cabin & set it a fire. The Browns giv theirselves up for gone coons, when the hired gal diskivers a trap door to the cabin & thay go down threw it & cum up threw the bulkhed. Their 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 opend the winder and got out. To resoom—Old Brown rushes down to the foot-lites, gits down on his knees & swares he'll hav revenge. The battle of Ossawattermy takes place. Old Brown kills Mister Blane, the sinister individooal aforesed. Mister Blane makes a able & elerquent speech, sez he don't see his mother *much*, and dies like a son of a gentleman, rapt up in the Star Spangled Banner. Moosic by the Band. Four or five other Border ruffins air killed but thay don't say nothin abowt seein their mothers. From Kansis to Harper's Ferry. Pictur of a Arsenal is represented. Sojers cum & fire at it. Old Brown cums out & permits hissself to be shot. He is tride by two soops in milingtery close, and sentenced to be hung on the gallus. Tabloo—Old Brown on a platform, pintin upards, the staige lited up with red fire. Goddiss of Liberty also on platform, pintin upards. A dutchman in the orkestry warbles on a base drum. Curtin falls. Moosic by the Band.

XXIX.

JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD

DEAR SIRS :—

I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate bliss, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm reguvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futur them boys which sez to me "go up, old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard, individocally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sum-times 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 muntth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly comenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavern tostin my shins

agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but Bill Stokes, who sez, sez he, "Old Ward, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "William, how so?"

Sez he, "Bust my gizzud, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if he'd kill hisself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin whitch I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the 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 seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Dr. Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," said I, "2 eppisodes, waying about 18 pounds jintly."

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

"E pluribus unum, in proprietor persony," sed I,

thinking I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did, if I wasn't a skool-master.

"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 its all rite."

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

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

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

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

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

Sez she, "No, I aint."

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

She left.

We sot there talkin and larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolu-

shuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

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

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

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

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

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

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns towards the follerin individooouls, to whit namelee—Mis. Square Baxter, who Jenerusly refoozed to take a sent for a bottle of camfire ; lawyer Perkinses wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes ; the Editer of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who nobly assisted me in wollupin my Kangeroo, which

sagashus little cuss seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screechins & kickins up ; Mis. Hiram Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house ; & the Peasleys, Parsunses & Watsunses fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

XXX.

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 happend 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 sud-dent, causing the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.) Sevral pas-senjers on bored. Parst threw deliteful country. Honist 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.

“Bent 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 chambermaid! What’s up in Terry Hawt?”

“You know Bill Spikes?” sed 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 Marier. “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 youthink of that ?" axed the captin of the Marier, as he parst a long black bottle over to our captin.

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

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

The hosses became dosile eventually, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splendor, disregardless of expense, and lovely Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin and other evijences of civillizashun, incloodin a party of bald heded cullered men who war 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," sed the Captin, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic!" I declined the seductive flood.

(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 groser. 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, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misgided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

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

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round

bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite.
Them was happy days when peple 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.

XXXI.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I HAV no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignar^t 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 jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & arth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the bisniss. I'm in a far more respectful bisniss nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wus insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I,

“My frends, dostest think I’d stoop to that there?” They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn’t to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been capting 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 maine-suls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jib-poop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!” [N. B. This is ginuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I’ve seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, “Send in yer petition by & by. I can’t possibly look at it now. Indeed I can’t. It’s onpossible, sir!”

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

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

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

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

-
Artemus Ward.

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

“Wall,” sez I, “ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare’ll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!” 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 perfectly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and addrest me as “The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West!” Thinks I *you* want a offiss putty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was “a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundliss West.”

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

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

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

shed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old Abe was endevertin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire-place he 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 dockyment!"

"Good God!" cride Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skize—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endevertin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President elect & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire-place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't morn'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and 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 keeful how you make my bread basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?" sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. "Them's the kind of papers I'll giv you! Them's the papers *you* want!"

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

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin' this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where 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 con-tinnered, 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 pedlin 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 'original and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizniss—*write for the Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for a honest livin, but

don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin,' but go to onct! If in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin' it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!" You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run orf as though Satun hissself was 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 devoicd of politics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North and 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 scacely think they'd sculp you ; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us ! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well ! A. Linkin, adoo !”

He shook me cordyully by the hand—we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each 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.

XXXII.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

You hav perhaps wondered whareabouts 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 alow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hossipitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two muck of me. They was altogetther too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Lofliest desires

which can swell the human Buzzum, viz :—to giv the people 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 heard 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 seccor me the infloonz and pertectiun of all the fust families. Alas! I was dis-pinted. State arter State seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of redfaced 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 threiwout 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 hisself by screamin, let him went ! ” The men annoyed me for I was Bizzy makin change.

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

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

“ We air cum—”

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

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

“ Nary hist ! ” Those was my reply.

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

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

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I axed them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomery in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patriots, who commenst hollerin "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amosment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massive brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily 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 git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed, "I forgive you

for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has been 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 bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confistigate him much.

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

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 confisticatin my show.

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

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

“J. Davis, there’s your great mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frens, 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 egregious mutton-hed of herself!"

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

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvill Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm 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 yeller covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well.

Yours respectively,

A. WARD.

XXXIII.

THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE.

I HAD a narrer escape 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'r 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 conspicyusly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be 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-plain on

a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, coting from a Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable 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 waller-able life was the scaliest, rickytiest lookin lot of con-sarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

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

"You're in favor of the war?"

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

"War to the knive!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't origgernal with me. Them words was rit by Shakspere, 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 secoorly as in her own housen, and didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with 'ary snore!

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

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a

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

"And who be you?"

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

This was satisfactry and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbread!" I sed. She thankt me muchly and tript galy away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm 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 our heads together for a few minits, danced round a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin & by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhaustid and didn't care about gittin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

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

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tails. 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 Boo-zum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason and 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 emashed 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 stie 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 Perpetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

XXXIV.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

DELIVERED JULY 4TH, AT WEATHERFIELD,
CONNECTICUT, 1859.

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjince. I was 96 minits passin a given pint. I have revised the orashun, and added sum things which makes it approsser 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. Too much good blud was spilt in courting and marryin that hily respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unhitchin marrid peple with neatness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters dont give her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars upon her hed must continner to shine undim'd, 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 sun-stroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more fraid of a

DAWTER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed
o amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky frum the time when the May-flowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymmuth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our kareer has bin 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 nuse-papers, "peas to their ashis." Thare was no dis-kount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We needn't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washington was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-heded, warm-harted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters—A. W.] They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. They git on to the fust poplar 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 eventoooually, if not sooner. When they see the multitood goin it blind they go Pel Mel with it, instid of exertin theirselves to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumfuntly on its shoulders will soon diskiver its error and cast them into the hoss pond of Oblivyun, without the slitest hesitashun. Washington never slopt over. That wasn't George's stile. He luv'd his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kornerd hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My frends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patrits and behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of 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 leest once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the Poles. See two it that your naber is there. See that the kripples air provided with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all

day. Bewair of the infamous lise witch the Opposishun will be sartin to git up fur perlitical effek on the eve of eleckshun. To the Poles! and when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persess, and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

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

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

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprise, gumpshun &c., but your favorit Bevridge 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 fire brand 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 Englan'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, peple of Wethersfield. Be virtuous & vou'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 he could lick the Crisis in a fair stand-up fight, if he wouldn't draw a knife on him. So it went—sum was for war, and sum was for peace. The skoolmaster,

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

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

rank as Brigadeer-Ginral. The follerin was among the varis questions which I put to recroots :

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

Do you know a epylit from a piece of chalk ?

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

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

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

How air you now ?

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

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

“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 into a loud larf. She exercised her mouth so vilently that her new false teeth fell out onto the ground.

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

Methinks I had her.

I'd bin to work hard all the week, and I felt rather snoozy. I'm 'fraid I did git half asleep, for on hearin the minister ask, "Why was man made to mourn?" I sed, "I giv it up," havin a vague idee that it was a condrum. It was a onfortnit remark, for the whole meetin house lookt at me with mingled surprise and indignation. I was about risin to a pint of order, when it suddēny 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!" said I, a-bucklin on my armer, "I must forth to my Biz."

We air progressin pretty well with our drill. As all air commandin offissers, there ain't no jelusy; and as we air all exceedin smart, it t'aint worth while to try to outstrip each other. The idee of a company composed excloosively of Commanders-in-Chiefs, orrigernated, 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 coat-tales to the foe.

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

"Ever of thee,"

A. WARD.

XXXVI.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

NOTWITHSTANDIN I haint writ much for the papers of late, nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded. On the contry, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston will admit *that*. Webster is ded now, 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 Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It havin there4 bin detarmined to pectect 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 observe 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. Its becawz he can't help it. But why he should woluntarily go and live in Washinton, is entirely 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 a man for breathin in this equinomikal tarvun?" sed I.

Interview with the Prince Napoleon.

"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 hartly."

"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 perlutely replide, givin me to understan that the Emperor was behavin well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble higness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart.

He is cunnin, he is long-heded, he is deep—he is grate. But onless he is *good* he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life !”

“Air you a preacher, sir ?” he inquired, slitley 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 subsekently died at St. Heleny ! There's where the gratest milingitary man this world ever projuced pegged

out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walking up and down the dreary beach in milingitary cloak drawn titely round him (see picter-books), but so it was. ‘Hed of the Army!’ Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don’t I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!”

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

“Alexander the Grate was punkins,” I continnered, “but Napoleon was punkinser! Alic. wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drowndid his sorrers in the flowin bole and the 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 rail-

road 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 to home. Chris. ment well, but he put his foot in it when he saled for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at larst I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gits older, and would like to imbark in the show bizniss, 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 sump-tuously of late—his stummie becum foul, and he's takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strik a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of

corner-lots in the West, I bid him farewell, and went away.

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

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

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

Yours Muchly,

WARD, (ARTEMUS.)



MISCELLANEOUS.

MARION :

A ROMANCE OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

I.

—, *Friday*, —, 1860.

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

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

I am a moral Frenchman.

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

II.

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

I loved her at first sight—devotedly, madly.

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

Forevermore !

I followed her, after that, wherever she went. At length she came to notice, to smile upon me. My

motto was *en avant*! That is a French word. I got it out of the back part of Worcester's Dictionary.

III.

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

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

She came down the gravelled walk to meet me, on this beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances.

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

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

She is a good cook. The 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.

THE END.

TOUCHING LETTER FROM A GORY MEMBER OF THE HOME GUARD.

—, BROADWAY,
Dec. 10, '61.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:

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

HENRY ADOLPHUS.

EAST SIDE THEATRICALS.

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

Poor Jack Scott is gone, and Jo. Kirby dies no more on the East Side. They've got the blood and things over there, but alas! they're deficient in lungs. The tragedians in the Bowery and Chatham street of to-day don't start the shingles on the roof as their predecessors, now cold and stiff in death, used to when they threw themselves upon their knees at the footlights and roared a red-hot curse after the lord who had carried Susan away, swearing to never

more eat nor drink until the lord's vile heart was torn from his body, and ther-rown to the dorgs—rattling their knives against the tin lamps and glaring upon the third tier most fearfully the while.

Glancing at the spot where it is said Senator Benjamin used to vend second-hand clothes, and regretting that he had not continued in that comparatively honorable vocation instead of sinking to his present position;—wondering if Jo. Kirby would ever consent, if he were alive, to die wrapped up in a Secession flag!—gazing admiringly upon the unostentatious sign-board which is suspended in front of the Hon. Izzy Lazarus's tavern;—glancing, wondering and gazing thus, I enter the Old Chatham theatre. The pit is full, but people fight shy of the boxes.

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

A robber appears. The idea of a robber in times like these, is rather absurd. The most adroit robber would eke out a miserable subsistence if he attempted to follow his profession now-a-days. I should prefer to publish a daily paper in Chelsea. Nevertheless, here is a robber. He has been playing poker with his “dupe,” but singularly enough the dupe has won

all the money. This displeases the robber, and it occurs to him that he will kill the dupe. He accordingly sticks him. The dupe staggers, falls, says "Dearest Eliza!" and dies. Cries of "Hi! hi! hi!" in the pit, while a gentleman with a weed on his hat, in the boxes, states that the price of green smelts is five cents a quart. This announcement is not favorably received by the pit, several members of which come back at the weeded individual with some advice in regard to liquidating a long-standing account for beans and other refreshments at an adjacent restaurant.

The robber is seized with remorse, and says the money which he has taken from the dupe's pockets, "scorches" him. Robber seeks refuge in a miser's drawing-room, where he stays for "seven days." There is a long chest, full of money and diamonds in the room. The chest is unlocked, but misers very frequently go off and leave long chests full of money unlocked in their drawing rooms, for seven days; and this robber was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of this particular miser's absence. By-and-by the miser returns, when the robber quietly kills him and chucks him in the chest. "Sleep with your gold, old man!" says the bold robber, as he melodramatically retreats—retreats to a cellar, where the servant girl resides. Finds that she was formerly his gal, when he resided in the rural districts, and regrets having killed so many persons, for if so be he hadn't, he might marry her and settle down, whereas now he can't do it, as he says he is "unhappy." But he gives her a ring—a ring he had stolen from the dupe—and flies. Presently the dupe, who has come to life in a singular but eminently theatrical manner, is brought into the cellar. He discovers the ring upon the servant girl's finger—servant girl states that she is innocent, and the dupe, with the remark that he

Miscellaneous.

sees his mother, dies, this time positively without reserve. Servant girl is taken to Newgate, whither goes the robber and gains admission by informing the turnkey that he is her uncle. Throws off his disguise and like a robber bold and gay, says he is the guilty party and will save the servant girl. He drinks a vial of poison, says he sees *his* mother, and dies to slow fiddling. Servant girl throws herself upon him wildly, and the virtuous young party in a short-tailed coat comes in and assists in the tableau. Robber tells the servant girl to take the party in the short-tailed coat and be happy—repeats that he sees his mother (they always do), and dies again. Cries of “Hi! hi! hi!” and the weeded gentleman reiterates the price of green smelts.

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

SOLILOQUY OF A LOW THIEF.

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

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

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

sant as the new-born babe, and a great many people would wink very pleasant, and say, "Well, Griggina understands what *he's 'bout*, HE does!"

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

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

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

Oh that I had been liberally eddycated!

JIM GRIGGINS

SING-SING, 1860.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

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

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

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

People poured into the village from all over the county. Never had W—— experienced such a jam. Never had there been such an onslaught upon gingerbread carts. Never had New England rum (for this was before Neal Dow’s day) flowed so freely. And W——’s fair daughters, who mounted the house-tops to see the surrender, had never looked fairer. The old folks came, too, and among them were several war-

scarred heroes, who had fought gallantly at Monmouth and Yorktown. These brave sons of '76 took no part in the demonstration, but an 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 Wolf 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 cut suddenly short by Washington, who driving the spurs into his horse, playfully attempted to run over the commander of the British forces. He was not permitted to do this, for his aids, seeing his unfortunate condition, seized the horse by the bridle, straightened Washington up in his

saddle, and requested Cornwallis to proceed with his remarks.

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

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

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

The Americans, at first mortified and indignant at the conduct of their chief, now began to 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 white-washed their heads, but they are very jolly still. On town meeting days the old ‘Squire always

rides down to the village. In the hind part of his venerable yellow 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 then they laugh and jocosely punch each other in the ribs.

THE WIFE.

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

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

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

Gazing for the last time upon the clay-cold features of her departed husband, this young widow—beautiful even in her grief, so ethereal to look upon, and yet so firm—looking for the last time upon the dear, familiar face, now cold and still in death—Oh, looking for the last, last time—she rapidly put on her bonnet, and thus addressed the sobbing gentlemen who were to act as pall-bearers :—

“ You pall-bearers, just go into the buttery, and get some rum, and we’ll start this man right along !”

A JUVENILE COMPOSITION.

ON THE ELEPHANT.

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



A POEM BY THE SAME.

SOME VERSES SUGGESTED BY 2 OF MY UNCLEA.

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

THE END.

LONDON : *Warwick House, Dorset Buildings,
Salisbury Square, E.C.*

SELECTED LIST OF
WARD, LOCK & CO.'S
NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS

FOR FAMILY READING AND REFERENCE.

*Mostly in attractive cloth gilt bindings, with Illustrations, forming
admirable Presentation Volumes for School Prizes, &c.*

BOOKS AT THREE-AND-SIXPENCE.

The Home Treasure Library.

Handsomely printed and bound, with Coloured Plates and other Illustrations,
crown 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. each.

1. **Shiloh ; or, Without and Within.** By Mrs. W. M. L. JAY.
With Four Coloured Illustrations.
2. **The Prince of the House of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
With Three Coloured Illustrations.
3. **Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.** Four Coloured Illustrations.
4. **Miss Edgeworth's Popular Tales.** Four Coloured Illustrations.
5. **The Throne of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. Illustrated.
6. **The Pillar of Fire.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. Illustrated.
7. **Anna Lee : The Maiden, Wife, and Mother.** By T. S. ARTHUR.
8. **The Wide, Wide World.** By ELIZABETH WETHERELL,
Author of "Melbourne House." Four Coloured Illustrations.
9. **Queechy.** By the same. Four Coloured Illustrations.
10. **Melbourne House.** By the same. Four Coloured Illustrations.
11. **Sceptres and Crowns, and The Flag of Truce.** By the
Author of "Queechy," &c. Three Coloured Illustrations.
12. **The Fairchild Family.** Mrs. SHERWOOD. Coloured Illustrations.
13. **Stepping Heavenward, and Aunt Jane's Hero.** By Mrs. E.
PRENTISS. Four Coloured Illustrations.
14. **Mabel Vaughan.** By the Author of "The Lamplighter." Three
Coloured Illustrations.
15. **Dunallan.** By GRACE KENNEDY. Three Coloured Illustrations.
16. **Father Clement.** By the same. Three Coloured Illustrations.
17. **Holden with the Cords.** By the Author of "Shiloh."
Coloured Illustrations.
18. **Uncle Tom's Cabin.** By Mrs. H. BEECHER STOWE. With a
Sketch of the Life of the Rev. JOSIAH HENSON, generally known as
"Uncle Tom." With Three Coloured Plates and many Illustrations.
19. **Barriers Burned Away.** By Rev. E. P. ROE. With Three
Coloured Illustrations.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

Popular Poetical and Standard Books.

BOOKS AT THREE-AND-SIXPENCE—*continued.*

Moxon's Popular Poets.

Edited by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

Crown 8vo, with Eight Illustrations, in elegant cloth gilt, gilt edges, or in New Binding, with imitation porcelain centre-piece, 3s. 6d. each.

- | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|---------------|---------------------|
| 1. BYRON. | 6. MOORE. | 11. TUPPER. | 16. HUMOROUS. |
| 2. LONGFELLOW. | 7. HOOD(1stSer) | 12. MILTON. | 17. AMERICAN. |
| 3. WORDSWORTH. | 8. KEATS. | 13. CAMPBELL. | 18. MRS. HEMANS. |
| 4. SCOTT. | 9. COLERIDGR. | 14. POPE. | 19. THOMSON. |
| 5. SHELLEY. | 10. BURNS. | 15. COWPER. | 21. HOOD(2ndSeries) |

Beeton's Every Day Handbooks.

Crown 8vo, half-bound, cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

1. Beeton's Every Day Cookery and Housekeeping Book. Comprising Instructions for Mistresses and Servants, and a Collection of Practical Recipes. With 104 Coloured Plates, showing the Modern Mode of sending Dishes to Table.
2. Beeton's Dictionary of Every Day Gardening. A Popular Encyclopædia of the Theory and Practice of Horticulture. With Coloured Plates, made after original Water-Colour Drawings, copied from Nature.
3. The Manners of Polite Society; or, Etiquette for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families.

The World Library of Standard Books.

Including many of the acknowledged Masterpieces of Historical and Critical Literature, made more accessible than hitherto to the general reader by publication at a moderate rate.

Crown 8vo, cloth, half-bound, or cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. each.

2. Hallam's Europe during the Middle Ages. By HENRY HALLAM, Author of "Constitutional History of England."
5. Smith's Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By ADAM SMITH, LL.D., F.R.A.S.
8. Hume's Essays, Literary, Moral, and Political. By DAVID HUME, the Historian. 558 pages.
9. Montaigne's Essays. Containing all the Essays of MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE, the Seigneur de MONTAIGNE. Translated by CHARLES COTTON, Esq. 684 pages.
11. Aikin's (Lucy) Court and Times of Queen Elizabeth.
12. Burke's (Edmund) Choice Pieces. Speech on the Law Libel—Reflections on Revolution in France—On the Sublime and Beautiful—Abridgment of English History.
16. Locke on Toleration. 400 pages.
23. Macaulay: Reviews, Essays, and Poems.
24. Sydney Smith's Essays: Social and Political.
25. Lord Bacon: The Proficiency and Advancement of Learning—the New Atlantis, Historical Sketches, with his Essays, Civil and Moral.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

BOOKS AT THREE-AND-SIXPENCE—*continued.*

The Boys' Favourite Library.

Post 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. each, Illustrated.

1. **The Wonders of the World, in Earth, Sea, and Sky.** As related to his Young Friends by UNCLE JOHN.
2. **Fifty Celebrated Men; Their Lives and Trials, and the Deeds that made them Famous.** Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings.
3. **The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner.** By DANIEL DEFOE. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Embellished with a great number of Engravings on Wood.
4. **The History of Sandford and Merton.** By THOMAS DAY. Illustrated with 100 Engravings by the Brothers DALZIEL.
5. **A Boy's Life Aboard Ship, as it is Told by Himself.** Full of Adventure and Daring Deeds.
6. **Life in a Whaler; or, Perils and Adventures in the Tropical Seas.** By SAILOR CHARLEY.
7. **Great Inventors: The Sources of their Usefulness, and the Results of their Efforts.** Embellished with numerous Engravings.
8. **Household Stories.** Collected by the Brothers GRIMM. To which is added "The Caravan," an Eastern Tale, by WILLIAM HAUFF. Profusely Illust. with Wood Engravings from Designs by Eminent Artists.
9. **The Marvels of Nature; or, Outlines of Creation.** By ELISHA NOYCE. With 400 Engravings by the Brothers DALZIEL.
10. **The Boy's Book of Industrial Information.** By ELISHA NOYCE. With 365 Engravings by the Brothers DALZIEL.
11. **Famous Boys, and How they Became Famous Men.** By the Author of "Clever Boys." Numerous Engravings. New Edition.
12. **The Triumphs of Perseverance and Enterprise.** By THOMAS COOPER. Fully Illustrated. New Edition.
13. **Edgar's Crusades and Crusaders.** With numerous Illustrations. New Edition.
14. **The Merchant's Clerk; or, Mark Wilton.** A Book for Young Men. By the Rev. C. B. TAYLER, M.A.
15. **Sailor Hero; or, The Frigate and the Lugger.** By Captain F. C. ARMSTRONG. With Illustrations.
16. **Cruise of the Daring: A Tale of the Sea.** By Captain F. C. ARMSTRONG. With Illustrations.
17. **Pyrotechny; or, The Art of Making Fireworks at little Cost, and with complete Safety and Cleanliness.** With 124 Illustrations of Forms and Diagrams for Manufacture and Exhibition.
18. **Mont Blanc, A Boy's Ascent of.** By ALBERT SMITH. Illustrated. With Memoir of the Author by EDMUND YATES.
19. **Poe's Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humour.** By EDGAR ALLAN POE.
21. **Boy's Book of Modern Travel and Adventure.** Illustrated.
22. **The Young Marooners.** By F. R. GOULDING. Illustrated.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

Gift Books for Young People.

BOOKS AT THREE-AND-SIXPENCE—continued.

Jules Verne's Stories.

Crown 8vo, elegant cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. each. **DOUBLE VOLUMES.**

1. **The Adventures of Captain Hatteras.** Containing The English at the North Pole, and The Ice Desert. With Six Coloured Pictures.
2. **Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.** First and Second Series, complete. With Six Coloured Pictures.
3. **The Wonderful Travels.** Containing A Journey into the Interior of the Earth, and Five Weeks in a Balloon. With Six Coloured Pictures.
4. **The Moon Voyage.** Containing From the Earth to the Moon, and Round the Moon. With Five Coloured Pictures.

Beeton's Erckmann-Chatrion Library: Illustrated, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. each. For List see "Books at 2s. 6d."

Andersen's Popular Tales for Children. With many full-page and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Andersen's Stories for the Young. With many full-page and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The Animal Picture Book for Kind Little People. With large Coloured Pictures. Folio, cloth, plain, 3s. 6d.

Aunt Fanny's Nursery Tales and Rhymes. With full-page Illustrations printed in Colours. 4to, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Aunt Fanny's Pretty Picture Book. With full-page Illustrations printed in Colours. 4to, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The Book of Animals. With Nine Coloured Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR (printed by LEIGHTON Brothers) and other Engravings. Folio, cloth plain, 3s. 6d.

Ann and Jane Taylor's Poetry for Children. Containing the Original Poems, Hymns for Infant Minds, and Rhymes for the Nursery. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Sacred Stories for Sunday Hours; or, Scripture Narratives from the Old Testament. With Coloured Pictures. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

The Children's Forget-me-Not. A Book of Pictures and Stories for the Young. Royal 4to, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Webster's Universal Pronouncing and Defining Dictionary of the English Language. Condensed from NOAH WEBSTER'S Large Work, with numerous Synonyms, carefully discriminated by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D.D., Professor in Yale College. To which are added, WALKER'S Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scriptural Proper Names, a Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, Phrases and Quotations from the Ancient and Modern Languages, Abbreviations used in Writing, Printing, &c. 664 pages. Demy 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By WILLIAM MATHEWS. Series I. and II., complete. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Beeton's Public Speaker. Containing the Remarkable Speeches of the World's Greatest Orators. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

Entertaining Presentation Volumes.

BOOKS AT TWO-AND-SIXPENCE—*continued.*

Beeton's Erckmann-Chatrion Library.

Handsomely bound in cloth gilt, plain edges, 2s. 6d. Those volumes marked thus (*) are beautifully Illustrated.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| *1. Madame Therese. | *12. The Polish Jew. |
| 2. The Conscript. | 13. Master Daniel Rock. |
| 3. The Great Invasion of France. | 14. War. |
| 4. The Blockade. | *15. Year One of the Republic, 1793. |
| *5. The States-General, 1789. | *16. Citizen Buonaparte, 1794—1815. |
| *6. The Country in Danger, 1792. | *17. Confessions of a Clarionet Player. |
| 7. Waterloo. | *18. The Campaign in Kabylia. |
| *8. The Illustrious Dr. Matheus. | *19. The Man Wolf. |
| *9. Stories of the Rhine. | *20. The Wild Huntsman. |
| *10. Friend Fritz. | |
| *11. The Alsacian Schoolmaster. | |

Beeton's Library of Humour.

Post 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d. each.

1. The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress. By MARK TWAIN.
2. Bret Harte. Complete Tales.
3. Out of the Hurly-Burly. By MAX ADELER. With 400 humorous Illustrations by A. B. FROST.
4. Artemus Ward: His Book, and Among the Mormons.
5. Hood's Whims and Oddities. Illustrated.
7. Lowell's Biglow Papers and Saxe's Poems.
8. Back Log Studies, and My Summer in a Garden. By C. D. WARNER.
9. Riddles and Charades.
10. American Drolleries. Containing The Jumping Frog and Screamers. By MARK TWAIN.
11. Artemus Ward's Letters to Punch, and Mark Twain's Practical Jokes.
12. Funny Stories, and Humorous Poems. By MARK TWAIN and O. W. HOLMES.
13. Josh Billings' Sayings, and Major Jack Downing.
18. Elbow Room. By the Author of "Out of the Hurly-Burly." Humorously Illustrated by A. B. FROST.
19. Helen's Babies, and Other People's Children. By JOHN HABBERTON. With 16 full-page Illustrations.
20. Grown Up Babies, and Other People. By JOHN HABBERTON. Illustrated.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

Good Tone Books.

BOOKS AT TWO-AND-SIXPENCE—*continued.*

The Good Tone Library.

Post 8vo, elegantly bound, cloth gilt, price 2s. 6d. each.

1. **The Prince of the House of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. New Edition, with Coloured Frontispiece.
2. **The Wide, Wide World.** By Miss WETHERELL, Author of "Queechy," &c. New Edition, Coloured Frontispiece.
3. **Queechy.** By Miss WETHERELL, Author of "The Wide, Wide World." New Edition. Coloured Frontispiece.
4. **Melbourne House.** By Miss WETHERELL, Author of "Queechy," &c. New Edition. With Coloured Frontispiece.

The Children's Forget-me-Not. A Book of Pictures and Stories for the Young. Royal 4to, boards, handsome floral design, 2s. 6d.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come. With a Memoir of the Author by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. 100 page and other Illustrations by THOMAS DALZIEL, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Cloth, bevelled boards, gilt, 2s. 6d.

Christian Year (The). Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By JOHN KEBLE.

Webster's Improved Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. Condensed and Adapted to English Orthography and Usage, with Additions from various Accredited Sources, by CHARLES ROBSON. To which are added, Accentuated Lists of Scriptural, Classical, and Geographical Proper Names. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Webster's Dictionary of Quotations: A Book of Ready Reference to all the Familiar Words and Phrases in the English Language. With a copious Index. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

The Good Shepherd: or, The Story of Jesus and His Apostles, for the Young. With Coloured Pictures. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

Charles Lamb's Elia and Eliana. New Edition, with Portraits. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Language and Poetry of Flowers. With a Complete Vocabulary, Quotations, Meanings, Flower Language, and a Collection of Poems illustrating the Nature, Beauty, Sentiments, Teachings, and Associations of the Floral World, &c. Coloured Pictures and other Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, red edges, 2s. 6d.

Ward, Lock, & Co.'s 2s. 6d. Novels.

In neat cloth gilt binding, 2s. 6d. each.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. The Scottish Chiefs. By Miss JANE PORTER. | 6. Margaret. By SYLVESTER JUDD. |
| 2. Never Again. By W. S. MAYO. | 7. Evelina. By Madame D'ARBLAY. |
| 3. Margaret Catchpole. By Rev. R. COBBOLD. | 8. Gambler's Wife. By Mrs. GREY. |
| 4. The Improvisatore. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. | 9. Kiddle-a-Wink; or, The Three Guests. By the Author of "Olive Varcoe," &c. |
| 5. Arthur Bonnicastle. By J. G. HOLLAND. | 10. The Berber. By W. S. MAYO. |
| | 11. Barriers Burnt Away. By Rev. E. P. ROE. |

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

Books of High Tone.

BOOKS AT TWO SHILLINGS—*continued.*

The Lily Series.

Handsomely bound in new and elegant binding, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 2s.

THE design of this Series is to include no books except such as are peculiarly adapted by their high tone, pure taste, and thorough principle to be read by those persons, young and old, who look upon books as upon their friends—only worthy to be received into the Family Circle for their good qualities and excellent characters. So many volumes now issue from the press low in tone and lax in morality that it is especially incumbent on all who would avoid the taint of such hurtful matter to select carefully the books they would themselves read or introduce to their households. In view of this design, no author whose name is not a guarantee of the real worth and purity of his or her work, or whose book has not been subjected to a rigid examination, will be admitted into "THE LILY SERIES."

1. A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life. By the Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," &c.
2. The Gayworthys: A Story of Threads and Thrums. By Ditto.
3. Faith Gartney's Girlhood. By Ditto.
4. The Gates Ajar; or, Our Loved Ones in Heaven. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
5. Little Women. By the Author of "Good Wives," &c.
6. Good Wives. By the Author of "Little Women," &c.
7. Alone. By MARION HARLAND, Author of "The Hidden Path."
8. I've Been Thinking. By the Author of "Looking Round," &c.
9. Ida May. By MARY LANGDON.
10. The Lamplighter. By Miss CUMMING.
11. Stepping Heavenward. By the Author of "Aunt Jane's Hero."
12. Gypsy Breynton. By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."
13. Aunt Jane's Hero. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
14. The Wide, Wide World. By Miss WETHERELL.
15. Queechy. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
16. Looking Round. By the Author of "I've Been Thinking."
17. Fabrics: A Story of To-Day.
18. Our Village: Tales. By Miss MITFORD.
19. The Winter Fire. By ROSE PORTER.
20. The Flower of the Family. By Mrs. E. PRENTISS.
21. Mercy Gliddon's Work. By the Author of "The Gates Ajar."
22. Patience Strong's Outings. By Mrs. WHITNEY.
23. Something to Do. By the Author of "Little Women," &c.
24. Gertrude's Trial. By MARY JEFFERIS.
25. The Hidden Path. By the Author of "Alone."
26. Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
27. Fireside and Camp Stories. By Author of "Little Women," &c.
28. The Shady Side. By a Pastor's Wife.
29. The Sunny Side. By H. TRUSTA.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

Pure Taste and Thorough Principle.

BOOKS AT TWO SHILLINGS—*continued.*

30. **What Katy Did.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
31. **Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio.** By FANNY FERN.
32. **Shadows and Sunbeams.** By FANNY FERN.
33. **What Katy Did at School.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE.
34. **Shiloh; or, Without and Within.** By W. M. L. JAY.
35. **The Percys.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward," &c.
36. **Gypsy's Sowing and Reaping.** By E. STUART PHELPS.
37. **Gypsy's Cousin Joy.** By Author of "Mercy Gliddon's Work."
38. **Gypsy's Year at the Golden Crescent.** By E. S. PHELPS.
39. **Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.**
40. **Miss Edgeworth's Popular Tales.**
41. **The Prince of the House of David.** By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
42. **Anna Lee.** By T. S. ARTHUR.
43. **The Throne of David.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
44. **The Pillar of Fire.** By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM.
45. **Prudence Palfrey.** By T. B. ALDRICH.
46. **A Peep at Number Five.** By H. TRUSTA.
47. **Marjorie's Quest.** By JEANNIE T. GOULD.
48. **Our Village: Country Pictures.** By Miss MITFORD.
49. **Woman Our Angel.** Sequel to "Looking Round."
50. **How Marjory Helped.** By M. CARROLL.
51. **Mabel Vaughan.** By the Author of "The Lamplighter."
52. **Melbourne House.** By Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
53. **Father Clement.** By GRACE KENNEDY.
54. **Dunallan.** By GRACE KENNEDY.
55. **From Jest to Earnest.** By Rev. E. P. ROE.
56. **Jessamine.** By MARION HARLAND.
57. **Miss Gilbert's Career.** By J. G. HOLLAND.
58. **The Old Helmet.** By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
(Complete for the first time at One Shilling.)
59. **Forging their Own Chains.**
60. **Daisy.** Sequel to "Melbourne House."
61. **Our Helen.** By SOPHIE MAY.
62. **That Lass o' Lowrie's.** By F. H. BURNETT.
63. **The Years that are Told.** By the Author of "The Winter Fire."
64. **Near to Nature's Heart.** By Rev. E. P. ROE.
65. **Esther Douglas, and other Stories.** By MARY BASKIN.
66. **A Knight of the Nineteenth Century.** By Rev. E. P. ROE.

The *Christian World* says:—"Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co., are doing good service by supplying in their 'Lily Series' such first-class works of fiction at so cheap a rate."

"We cordially recommend the whole series."—*Christian Age.*

"There is a pure, healthy tone pervading all the literature embraced in this series. The stories can safely be entrusted to the youngest."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

BOOKS AT TWO SHILLINGS—continued.

The Friendly Counsel Series.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s.; those marked thus (*) extra cloth gilt, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

- *1. Timothy Titcomb's Letters addressed to Young People, Single and Married.
- *2. Beecher's (Henry Ward) Lectures to Young Men.
- *3. Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. First Series.
- *4. Cobbett's Advice to Young Men, and incidentally to Young Women.
5. Christians in Council. Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
6. How to Make a Living. By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.
7. The Art of Prolonging Life. Translated from the celebrated work by HUFELAND.
- *8. Foster's Decision of Character, and other Essays. With Life of the Author.
- *9. Getting On in the World. Second Series. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D.
- *10. How to Excel in Business; or, The Clerk's Instructor. By JAMES MASON.
- *11. Todd's Student's Manual.

The Rose Library.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 2s.

1. The Autobiography of a £5 Note. By Mrs. J. B. WEBB.
2. Zenon, the Roman Martyr. By the Rev. R. COBBOLD, Author of "Margaret Catchpole."
3. The Pilgrims of New England. By Mrs. J. B. WEBB.
4. Mary Ann Wellington. By the Author of "Margaret Catchpole."
5. The History of the Fairchild Family. By Mrs. SHERWOOD.
6. Sceptres and Crowns. By Author of "The Wide, Wide World."
7. Nidworth, and his Three Magic Wands. By E. PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
8. Freston Tower. A Tale of the Times of Cardinal Wolsey. By the Rev. R. COBBOLD, Author of "Margaret Catchpole."
9. The Mysterious Marriage; or, Sir Edward Graham. By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. (Sequel to "Holiday House.")
10. Jane Bouverie, and How She became an Old Maid. By Ditto.
11. Modern Flirtations; or, A Month at Harrowgate. By Ditto.
12. The Star and the Cloud. By A. S. ROE.
13. Nellie of Truro. A Tale from Life.
14. The Nun. By Mrs. SHERWOOD

Stirring Stories and High-class Fiction.

BOOKS AT TWO SHILLINGS—*continued.*

The Youth's Library of Wonders & Adventures

Including JULES VERNE'S Startling Stories, with Coloured Plates, cloth gilt, 2s.

1. A Journey into the Interior of the Earth. By JULES VERNE.
2. The English at the North Pole. By JULES VERNE.
3. The Ice Desert. By JULES VERNE.
4. Five Weeks in a Balloon. By JULES VERNE.
5. The Mysterious Document. By JULES VERNE.
6. On the Track. By JULES VERNE.
7. Among the Cannibals. By JULES VERNE.
8. Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. By JULES VERNE.
Part I.
9. ——— Part II.
10. Two Years Before the Mast. By R. H. DANA.
11. From the Earth to the Moon. By JULES VERNE.
12. Round the Moon. By JULES VERNE.
13. History of Sandford and Merton. By THOMAS DAY.
14. Baron Munchausen (The Life, Travels, and Extraordinary Adventures of). By the Last of his Family.

The Country House Library.

OF FICTION, TRAVEL, ESSAY, BIOGRAPHY, &c.

BY STANDARD LIVING AUTHORS. COPYRIGHT EDITIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s.

1. The Mad Willoughbys, and other Tales. By Mrs. LYNN LINTON, Author of "Patricia Kembal," &c.
2. False Beasts and True. By FRANCIS POWER COBBE.
3. The Blossoming of an Aloe. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY, Author of "Out of Court," &c.
4. Country House Essays. By JOHN LATOUCHE, Author of "Travels in Portugal," &c.
5. No Sign, and other Tales. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY, Author of "The Blossoming of an Aloe."
6. Grace Tolmar: By JOHN DANGERFIELD.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

Ward and Lock's Useful Series.

BOOKS AT ONE-AND-SIXPENCE.

- The Lily Series.** Sixty-six Books. In new cloth gilt binding, plain edges. For List *see* Books at 2s.
- The Rose Library.** Fourteen Books. In cloth gilt binding, plain edges. For List *see* Books at 2s.
- The Good Aim Series.** Twenty-five Books. In cloth gilt, bevelled boards, gilt edges. For List *see* Books at 1s.
- Beeton's Englishwoman's Cookery Book.** 255th Thousand. By Mrs. ISABELLA BEETON. Being a collection of Economical Recipes, taken from her "Household Management." The Best Shilling Cookery. New Edition. Illustrated by a large number of appropriate and useful Engravings. With 4 Coloured Plates, post 8vo, half bound, cloth, 1s. 6d.
- Beeton's Gardening Book.** Containing full and Practical Instructions concerning Garden Operations, the Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden, Pests of the Month, and a Monthly Calendar of work to be done in the Garden. With 4 Coloured Plates. Post 8vo, half bound, cloth, 1s. 6d.
- The Christian Year.** Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By JOHN KEBLE. Small fcap. 8vo, cloth, gilt back and sides, red burnished edges, 1s. 6d.
- NOW READY, NEW VOLUME, Edited by the Author of "Buy your Own Cherries."
- Kirton's Standard Temperance Reciter.** An entirely New Volume of Readings and Recitations, for Band of Hope Meetings, Good Templar Gatherings, and General Reading. Containing many Original Pieces by the Editor, J. W. KIRTON, Author of "Buy your Own Cherries." Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.
- Also, shortly will be published, uniform with the above.*
- Kirton's Standard Band of Hope Reciter.**

BOOKS AT ONE SHILLING.

- Beeton's Pictorial Speller.** The Cheapest Illustrated Spelling Book published. 196 pp. 430 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth plain, 1s.
- Webster's Pocket Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language.** Condensed from the Original by NOAH WEBSTER. With accentuated Vocabularies of Classical, Scriptural, and Modern Geographical Names. Revised by WM. G. WEBSTER, son of Noah Webster. Royal 16mo, cloth, 1s.
- Webster's Shilling Bookkeeping,** in Single and Double Entry. Post 8vo, cloth plain, 1s.
- The Language of Flowers.** With numerous Engravings, and a Coloured Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s.
- The Poetry of Flowers.** An entirely New Selection of appropriate Poems, carefully edited. With Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s.
- The Christian Year.** Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the Year. By JOHN KEBLE. Small fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, plain edges, 1s.
- The Children's Picture Annual: The Story of a United Family,** with their Travels and Adventures at Home and Abroad. By MERCIE SUNSHINE. With numerous Illustrations. Imperial 16mo, picture boards, 1s.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

National Reference Books.

BOOKS AT ONE SHILLING—*continued.*

S. O. Beeton's National Reference Books,

FOR THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The Cheapest and Best Reference Books in the World.

Each Volume complete in itself, and containing from 512 to 590 Columns.

Price 1s. in strong cloth binding.

Beeton's British Gazetteer: A Topographical and Historical Guide to the United Kingdom. Compiled from the Latest and Best Authorities. It gives the most Recent Improvements in Cities and Towns; states all the Railway Stations in the Three Kingdoms, the nearest Post Towns and Money Order Offices.

Beeton's British Biography: From the Earliest Times to the Accession of George III.

Beeton's Modern Men and Women: A British Biography from the Accession of George III. to the Present Time.

Beeton's Bible Dictionary. A Cyclopædia of the Geography, Biography, Narratives, and Truths of Scripture.

Beeton's Classical Dictionary: A Cyclopædia of Greek and Roman Biography, Geography, Mythology, and Antiquities.

Beeton's Medical Dictionary. A Safe Guide for every Family, defining with perfect plainness the Symptoms and Treatment of all Ailments, Illnesses, and Diseases. 592 columns.

Beeton's Date Book. A British Chronology from the Earliest Records to the Present Day.

Beeton's Dictionary of Commerce. A Book of Reference. Containing an Account of the Natural Productions and Manufactures dealt with in the Commercial World; Explanations of the principal Terms used in, and modes of transacting Business at Home and Abroad.

Beeton's Modern European Celebrities. A Biography of Continental Men and Women of Note who have lived during the last Hundred Years, or are now living.

Price 1s., cloth, containing 208 pages, 477 Recipes, and Formulæ for Mistresses and Servants.

MRS. BEETON'S ENGLISHWOMAN'S COOKERY BOOK.

Comprising Recipes in all branches of Cookery, and accurate Descriptions of Quantities, Times, Costs, Seasons, for the various Dishes.

*** The capital Coloured Plates render the Eighteenpenny Edition of THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S COOKERY BOOK absolutely unapproachable in point of excellence and cheapness. There are infinitely more Recipes in this volume than in any other Cheap Cookery Book, their accuracy is beyond question, and the addition of these Coloured Plates removes all possibility of successful rivalry which may be attempted by imitative and meretricious displays.*

Price 1s., cloth, containing 252 pages.

BEETON'S GARDENING BOOK: Containing such full and Practical Information as will enable the Amateur to manage his own Garden. Amply Illustrated.

BEETON'S READY RECKONER. A Business and Family Arithmetic. With all kinds of New Tables, and a variety of carefully digested Information, never before collected. Cloth, 1s.

Published by Ward, Lock, and Co.

WARD, LOCK, & Co.'s

LIST OF

JUVENILE BOOKS

AND
ILLUSTRATED
VOLUMES



FOR
REWARDS
AND
PRESENTS.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. Complete Edition. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: With Fourteen Coloured Pictures, and nearly 100 full-page and other Engravings, and Life of the Author. In One handsome Volume, demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

ANDERSEN'S POPULAR TALES for CHILDREN. With many full-page and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; with Coloured Plates, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

ANDERSEN'S STORIES FOR THE YOUNG. With many full-page and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; with Coloured Plates, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

HANS ANDERSEN'S STORY BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. With Coloured Plates and many other Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 1s. each.

1. THE CHRISTMAS TREE.
2. THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.
3. THE WILLOW TREE.
4. THE SILENT BOOK.
5. THE LITTLE MERMAID.
6. THE SILVER SHILLING.

7. THE SNOW QUEEN.
8. THE ICE MAIDEN.
9. LITTLE ADA'S FLOWERS.
10. LITTLE TUK.
11. WHAT THE MOON SAW.

ICE WORLD ADVENTURES ; or, Voyages and Travels in the Arctic Regions. By JAMES MASON. With 37 full-page Plates on toned paper, Map of the Arctic Regions, and numerous Engravings in the text. Crown 8vo, 500 pp., cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 5s.

THE BACKWOODSMAN; or, Life on the Indian Frontier.
Edited by Sir C. LASCELLES WRAXALL, Bart. With many full-page and other Engravings. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

THE BOY'S HANDY BOOK OF GAMES, SPORTS, PASTIMES, AND AMUSEMENTS. A Complete Cyclopædia of Boyish Recreative Pursuits of every Description. 348 pages, with Hundreds of Illustrations. Crown 8vo, extra cloth, gilt side and edges, 5s.

THE BOY'S OWN SEA STORIES. Being the Adventures of a Sailor in the Navy, the Merchant Service, and on a Whaling Cruise. Narrated by HIMSELF. With full-page Engravings, on toned paper. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, 5s.

THE BOY'S HANDY BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY. Edited by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. Illustrated with Sixteen Coloured Plates, and about 100 full-page Engravings by W. HARVEY and others. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, gilt edges, 5s.

LION HUNTING, AND SPORTING LIFE IN ALGERIA. By JULES GERARD, the Lion Killer. To which is added, Adventures and Exploits of Famous Hunters and Travellers in India, Africa, and America. With Coloured Frontispiece, and many full-page and other Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ and other artists. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt edges, price 5s.

BEETON'S BOY'S PRIZE LIBRARY.

No better Library could be chosen for the selection of Prizes for Young Gentlemen, Birthday Gifts, or Anniversary Rewards.

Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s. ; gilt edges, 6s.

1. **BEETON'S FACT, FICTION, HISTORY, AND ADVENTURE, &c.** 1,110 pages, with 33 page Engravings and many Woodcuts.
2. **BEETON'S HISTORICAL ROMANCES, DARING DEEDS, AND ANIMAL STORIES.** 1,104 pages, with 34 full-page Engravings and 255 Woodcuts.
3. **BEETON'S BRAVE TALES, BOLD BALLADS, AND TRAVELS BY LAND AND SEA.** 1,088 pages, with 38 full-page Engravings and 320 Woodcuts.
4. **BEETON'S TALES OF CHIVALRY, SCHOOL STORIES, MECHANICS AT HOME, AND EXPLOITS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.** 888 pages, with 26 full-page Engravings on toned paper, and 255 Woodcuts.
5. **BEETON'S HERO SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AND EXPLORERS.** 890 pages, with 36 full-page Engravings and 157 Woodcuts.
6. **BEETON'S FAMOUS VOYAGES, BRIGAND ADVENTURES, TALES OF THE BATTLE FIELD, &c.** 1,054 pages, with 38 Plates and 156 Woodcuts.

Books for Boys.

BEETON'S BOY'S PRIZE LIBRARY—*continued.*

7. **BEETON'S VICTORIOUS ENGLISH SEA STORIES, TALES OF ENTERPRISE AND SCHOOL LIFE.** 1,050 pages, with 46 full-page Plates and 150 Woodcuts.
-

BEETON'S BOY'S OWN LIBRARY.

Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, price 5s. each; gilt edges, 6s.

1. **STORIES OF THE WARS.** By JOHN TILLOTSON. Coloured Pictures and many other Illustrations.
2. **A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE BARONS' WARS; or, How I Won my Spurs.** By J. G. EDGAR. Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations.
3. **CESSY AND POICTIERS.** By J. G. EDGAR. Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations.
4. **RUNNYMEDE AND LINCOLN FAIR.** By J. G. EDGAR. Coloured Frontispiece and many full-page Engravings on toned paper.
5. **WILD SPORTS OF THE WORLD.** By J. GREENWOOD. Eight Coloured Plates and many Woodcut Illustrations.
6. **CURIOSITIES OF SAVAGE LIFE.** By J. GREENWOOD. With many Illustrations.
7. **HUBERT ELLIS: A Story of King Richard the Second's Days.** By F. DAVENANT. Coloured Frontispiece, full-page and other Illustrations.
8. **DON QUIXOTE.** With nearly 700 Illustrations.
9. **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.** Coloured Frontispiece and upwards of 300 Illustrations.
10. **ROBINSON CRUSOE.** With Memoir of the Author, Coloured and other Plates, and many Woodcuts.
11. **SILAS THE CONJURER: His Travels and Perils.** By J. GREENWOOD. Many Illustrations.
12. **SAVAGE HABITS and CUSTOMS.** By J. GREENWOOD. With many Illustrations.
13. **REUBEN DAVIDGER.** By J. GREENWOOD. With many Illustrations.
14. **BRAVE BRITISH SOLDIERS AND THE VICTORIA CROSS.** Full-page Engravings and other Illustrations.
15. **ZOOLOGICAL RECREATIONS.** By W. J. BRODERIP, F.R.S. Coloured Frontispiece and many Illustrations.
16. **WILD ANIMALS IN FREEDOM AND CAPTIVITY.** Coloured Frontispiece and 120 Illustrations.

**THE YOUTH'S LIBRARY OF WONDERS AND
ADVENTURE.**

Including JULES VERNE'S STARTLING STORIES, with Coloured Plates.
Picture wrapper, 1s. each; or cloth gilt, 2s.

1. **A JOURNEY INTO THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.** By JULES VERNE. With Three Coloured Plates.
2. **THE ENGLISH AT THE NORTH POLE.** By JULES VERNE. Ditto.
3. **THE ICE DESERT.** By JULES VERNE. Ditto.
4. **FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON.** By JULES VERNE. Ditto.
5. **THE MYSTERIOUS DOCUMENT.** By JULES VERNE. Ditto.
6. **ON THE TRACK.** By JULES VERNE. Ditto.
7. **AMONG THE CANNIBALS.** By JULES VERNE. Ditto.
8. **TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.** By JULES VERNE. Part I. Ditto.
9. ——— Part II. Ditto.
10. **TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.** By R. H. DANA.
11. **FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON.** By JULES VERNE. With Three Coloured Plates.
12. **ROUND THE MOON.** By JULES VERNE. With Two Coloured Plates.
13. **HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON.** By THOMAS DAY. With Eight Page Engravings.
14. **BARON MUNCHAUSEN.** (His Life, Travels, and Extraordinary Adventures.) By the Last of his Family.

JULES VERNE'S WORKS—DOUBLE VOLUMES.

Crown 8vo, picture boards, price 2s. ; handsome cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

1. **ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HATTERAS.** Containing *The English at the North Pole*, and *The Ice Desert*. With Six Coloured Pictures.
2. **TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.** First and Second Series, complete. With Six Coloured Pictures.
3. **THE WONDERFUL TRAVELS.** Containing *A Journey into the Interior of the Earth*, and *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. With Six Coloured Pictures.
4. **THE MOON VOYAGE.** Containing *From the Earth to the Moon*, and *Round the Moon*. With Five Coloured Pictures.



THE "LITTLE PET" SERIES

Picture boards, 2s. ; cloth, 2s. 6d.

1. **OUR LITTLE PET'S OWN PICTURE BOOK.**
With 160 Illustrations.
2. **NEW COMICAL NURSERY RHYMES AND STORIES TO MAKE LITTLE CHILDREN LAUGH.** Numerous Illustrations.
3. **PRETTY LITTLE LESSONS FOR PRETTY LITTLE CHILDREN.** With 250 Illustrations.
4. **EASY TALES AND PLEASANT STORIES FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.** With upwards of 200 Illustrations.
5. **BIBLE SKETCHES FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS,** adapted for Juvenile reading. With about 80 Illustrations.
6. **SACRED READINGS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.** Selected from the Old Testament. With about 60 Engravings.
8. **THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF PICTURES, TALES, AND POETRY.** Numerous Illustrations.

Ward, Lock, & Co.'s Juvenile Books.

THE "LITTLE PET" SERIES—*continued.*

9. FAVOURITE NURSERY RHYMES FOR NURSERY FAVOURITES. With about 200 Illustrations.
 10. MERRY RHYMES AND STORIES FOR MERRY LITTLE LEARNERS. With about 90 Illustrations.
 11. LITTLE FANNY'S NURSERY PICTURE BOOK. Super-royal 16mo, numerous Coloured Illustrations.
-

ANN AND JANE TAYLOR'S POETRY FOR CHILDREN. Containing the Original Poems, Hymns for Infant Minds, and Rhymes for the Nursery. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, 3s. 6*d.*

THE CHILD'S POPULAR FAIRY TALES, TOLD FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME. By H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With 16 Coloured Pictures and 276 other Illustrations engraved by DALZIEL Brothers, from designs by eminent Artists. Imperial 16mo, 420 pp., large type, cloth extra, gilt edges, 5s.

OUR NURSERY STORY BOOK. With 230 Pictures by H. K. BROWNE, J. ABSOLON, J. A. PASQUIER, W. HARVEY, T. B. DALZIEL, W. M'CONNELL, and HARRISON WEIR, engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 5s.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH. Comprising One Hundred and Two Lessons in Words and Phrases, French and English, line for line. With Reading Book of Simple Stories in French, for the use of Children of both sexes, from Six to Twelve years old. Appropriately Illustrated with Designs, which, of themselves, form Models for Drawing. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 5s.

THE CHILDREN'S FORGET-ME-NOT. A Book of Pictures and Stories for the Young. Containing Stories of the Months, Tales about Animals, Seaside Ditties, &c., with upwards of 100 large Engravings. Royal 4to, in beautiful floral wrapper, 2s. 6*d.*; handsome cloth gilt, 3s. 6*d.*

BIBLE STEPS FOR LITTLE PILGRIMS; or, Scripture Stories for Little Folks. With 16 Coloured Illustrations and 130 Engravings. 350 pages, large type, imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 5s.

SACRED STORIES FOR SUNDAY HOURS; or, Scripture Narratives from the Old Testament. With 9 Coloured and 85 plain Illustrations. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6*d.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD; or, The Story of Jesus and His Apostles, for the Young. With Coloured and other Illustrations. Imperial 16mo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6*d.*



WARD & LOCK'S "GOOD-AIM BOOKS."

Cloth gilt, One Shilling each.
Cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, 1s. 6d.

The feature of this series of Books is to encourage in childhood a spirit of love, gentleness, and cheerfulness, while affording amusement and interest.

1. **THE ORIGINAL POEMS FOR CHILDREN.**
By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. With Coloured Frontispiece.
2. **THE BASKET OF FLOWERS;** or, Piety and Truth Triumphant. With Coloured Frontispiece.
3. **ELLEN'S IDOL.** By the Author of "Tiny." Illustrated.
5. **SERMONS ON THE WALL.** By JOHN TILLOTSON. Illustrated.
6. **GOLDY AND GOLDY'S FRIENDS.** By MARY DENSEL. Illustrated.
7. **THE ONE THING NEEDFUL ;** or, Ethel's Pearls. Illustrated.
8. **I DON'T KNOW HOW** By E. STUART PHELPS. Illustrated.

Ward, Lock, & Co.'s Juvenile Books.

"GOOD AIM BOOKS"—*continued.*

9. **SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF CHILDREN.** By the Rev. J. B. SMITH. Illustrated.
10. **TINY.** By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. With Coloured and other Illustrations.
11. **TINY'S SUNDAY NIGHTS.** By E. STUART PHELPS. With Coloured and other Illustrations.
12. **THE ORPHAN BOY ;** or, From Peasant to Prince.
13. **TOM, TOM, THE PRINTER'S SON.** A Boy's Story, Related by Himself. Illustrated.
14. **ONLY A DANDELION.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With Coloured and other Illustrations.
15. **FOLLOW ME.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." Illustrated.
16. **NEW YEAR'S BARGAIN.** By SUSAN COOLIDGE. Illustrated.
17. **IN THE BEGINNING ;** or, From Eden to Canaan. Illustrated.
18. **CONQUERORS AND CAPTIVES ;** or, From David to Daniel. Illustrated.
19. **THE STAR OF PROMISE ;** or, From Bethlehem to Calvary. Illustrated.
20. **THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS.** By Mrs. TRIMMER. With Coloured Frontispiece.
21. **HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.** By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. Illustrated.
22. **RHYMES FOR THE NURSERY.** By ANN and JANE TAYLOR. Illustrated.
23. **LITTLE SUSY'S SIX BIRTHDAYS.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With many Illustrations.
24. **LITTLE SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With Coloured Frontispiece, and other Illustrations.
25. **LITTLE SUSY'S SIX SERVANTS.** By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward." With Coloured Frontispiece, and other Illustrations.
26. **ON'Y A PENNY ;** or, One of the Least of These. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." With many Illustrations.



THE GOOD GIFT LIBRARY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

There are no books more suitable for children than these. Of a high moral tone, combined with most interesting tales and poetry, they not only set forth the advantages of being "good," but they impart a reverence and love for the Creator and His works, while their cheapness brings them within the reach of all.

Pott 8vo, cloth gilt, Illustrated, price 6d. each.

1. **LITTLE SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.** First Series. By the Author of "Stepping Heavenward."
2. **LITTLE SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.** Second Series. By ditto.
3. **LITTLE SUSY'S BIRTHDAYS.** First Series. By ditto.
4. **LITTLE SUSY'S BIRTHDAYS.** Second Series. By ditto.
5. **LITTLE SUSY'S TEACHERS.** First Series. By ditto.
6. **LITTLE SUSY'S TEACHERS.** Second Series. By ditto.
7. **ORIGINAL POEMS.** First Series. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR.
8. **ORIGINAL POEMS.** Second Series. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR.
9. **ORIGINAL POEMS.** Third Series. By ANN and JANE TAYLOR.
10. **WATTS' DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.**



New and Handsome Series of Juvenile Books.

THE PLAY-HOUR PICTURE BOOKS.

Large 4to, splendidly printed in Colours, entirely new and handsome binding, cloth gilt extra, 5s. each.

1. **NURSERY RHYMES, A B C BOOK.** With 58 Coloured and 47 Plain Illustrations.
2. **LITTLE FOLKS' BEAUTY PICTURES.** With many Coloured Illustrations.
3. **LITTLE TOT'S PLEASURE BOOK.** With 42 Coloured Illustrations (many full-page).
4. **CHILD'S OWN PICTURE BOOK OF ANIMALS.** With 34 Coloured Illustrations (22 full-page) and 56 Engravings.
5. **THE NURSERY FRIEND.** With 24 full-page Coloured Illustrations.

AUNT FANNY'S NURSERY TALES AND RHYMES. With full-page Illustrations, printed in Colours. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. ; or mounted on linen, 5s.

Picture Present Books.



AUNT FANNY'S PICTURE PRESENT BOOK.

With many Illustrations, printed in Colours. Cloth gilt, 5s.

AUNT FANNY'S PRETTY PICTURE BOOK. With

Illustrations printed in Colours. Cloth, 3s. 6d. ; or mounted, 5s.

**CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF BIRDS,
BEASTS, AND FISHES.** With 16 Coloured Plates by HARRISON
WEIR, and 200 Engravings in the Text. Folio, picture boards, 5s.

**CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF SCRIPTURE PIC-
TURES, OLD TESTAMENT.** With over 100 Illustrations, boards, 5s.

**CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF SCRIPTURE PIC-
TURES, NEW TESTAMENT.** With over 100 Illustrations, boards, 5s.

THE CHILD'S FAMOUS PICTURE BOOK. With
400 Pictures. The Cheapest Picture Book ever published. Cloth, 3s.

**THE ANIMAL PICTURE BOOK FOR KIND
LITTLE PEOPLE.** With large Coloured Pictures. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF ANIMALS. With 9 Coloured Illustra-
tions by HARRISON WEIR, and many Engravings. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS AND THEIR HABITS.
With descriptive Text by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D., and 12 large
double-page Coloured Illustrations. Boards, 6s. ; cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

WILD ANIMALS AND THEIR HOMES. With
descriptive Text by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D., and 12 large double-
page Coloured Illustrations. Boards, 6s. ; cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.



WARWICK HOUSE TOY BOOKS.

Carefully Edited, and handsomely Printed in Colours.

In handsome wrapper, price 1s. each. Those marked thus * can also be had mounted on strong linen, at 2s.

1. **DOMESTIC ANIMALS.** With 8 full-page Coloured Plates, and other Illustrations.
2. **HOME AND FIELD ANIMALS.** With 8 full-page Coloured Plates, and other Illustrations.
- *3. **NURSERY SONGS AND BALLADS.** With Coloured Illustrations.
- *7. **ADVENTURES WITH ANIMALS.** With 12 Coloured Pictures.
- *8. **THE PICTURE ROBINSON CRUSOE.** 21 Coloured Pictures.
- *9. **THE CHILDREN'S HOUSEHOLD PETS.** With 22 Coloured and many other Illustrations.
- *10. **THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE ALPHABET.** 20 Coloured Pictures.
- *12. **THE NAUGHTY PUPPIES.** With Coloured Illustrations.
- *13. **THE A B C OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS.** With 24 Coloured Illustrations.

Children's Toy Books.

WARWICK HOUSE TOY BOOKS—*continued.*

- *14. **THE ABC OF PRETTY COUNTRY SCENES.**
With 24 Coloured Illustrations.
- *15. **THE NURSERY PICTURE GALLERY AND
CHILD'S OWN PICTURE COLOUR BOOK.** With 6 Coloured
Plates, and Outlines for copying same.
- *16. **MASTER MOUSIE'S SUPPER PARTY:** Show-
ing how when Puss is away the Mice will play. 6 Coloured Plates.
- *17. **AMUSING MAZES;** a Set of Puzzle Pictures,
Printed in Colours.
- *18. **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.** With splendid
Coloured Pictures.
- *19. **LITTLE ALFRED'S VISIT TO WOMB-
WELL'S MENAGERIE.** Coloured Pictures of the Menagerie
and the various Animals.
- *24. **PUSS IN BOOTS.** With Coloured Illustrations.
- *25. **THE DISCONTENTED BOY.** With Coloured
Illustrations.
- *26. **MAMMA'S NEW PICTURE ALPHABET.** With
splendid Coloured Plates.
- *27. **ABC OF HEROES.** 6 large Coloured Pictures.
- *28. **HOLIDAY ALPHABET.** 6 large Coloured Pictures.
- *29. **THE ALPHABET OF ANIMAL LIFE.** With
large Coloured Pictures.
- *30. **THE FAIRY WELL;** or, The Little Brother and
Sister. With Coloured Illustrations.
- *31. **MISS MOUSIE'S WEDDING AND BALL.**
With 6 large Coloured Pictures.
- 32. **THE NURSERY ARTIST;** or, The Little Picture
Maker. 1st Series. With 6 large Coloured Pictures with figures
round the sides, ready for cutting out and pasting down.
- 33. **THE NURSERY ARTIST.** 2nd Series.
- 34. **THE NURSERY ARTIST.** 3rd Series.
- 35. **THE NURSERY ARTIST.** 4th Series.
- *38. **FAVOURITE ANIMALS AND THEIR USES.**
With 6 large Coloured Illustrations.
- *39. **THE THREE FRIENDS OF MAN.** With 6 large
Coloured Illustrations.
- *40. **ALPHABET OF FAVOURITE ANIMALS.**
With 6 large Coloured Illustrations.
- *41. **ABC OF NURSERY RHYMES.** 6 large Coloured
Illustrations.
- *42. **COCK ROBIN.** New Edition, with 6 splendid
Coloured Illustrations.

WARWICK HOUSE TOY BOOKS—*continued.*

- *43. **THE PUSSY CATS' HUNTING PARTY.** Beautifully printed in Colours.
- *44. **PRETTY PETS AND HAPPY PLAYMATES.** Beautifully printed in Colours.
- *45. **HOPPETY FROGS AND NIBBLEDY MICE.** Beautifully printed in Colours.

AUNT FANNY'S SERIES OF SIXPENNY TOY BOOKS.

Beautifully printed in Colours, 4to, coloured wrapper, 6d.; or mounted, 1s.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1. The Two Puppies. | 13. The Book of Animals. |
| 2. The Cunning Fox. | 14. Three Little Kittens. |
| 3. The Boys and the Giant. | 16. Little Miss Tottie's Travels. |
| 4. Dick Do-little, the Idle Sparrow. | 17. Little Miss Tottie's Chimney Corner Stories. |
| 5. Alphabet of Animals. | 18. Little Miss Tottie and her Friends. |
| 6. Aunt Fanny's A B C. | 19. Alphabet of Games. |
| 7. Cock Robin. | 20. Alphabet of Toys. |
| 8. Nursery Rhymes Alphabet. | 21. Poppy and Totty. |
| 9. Aunt Fanny's Nursery Rhymes. | 22. Little Tommy and his Pets. |
| 10. Naughty Chickens. | |
| 11. Punch and Judy. | |
| 12. Old Mother Hubbard. | |

WARD, LOCK, & CO.'S SIXPENNY COLOURED INDESTRUCTIBLE BOOKS. Mounted on linen, 6d. each:—

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Easy A B C Book. | 3. Easy Words and Pretty Pictures. |
| 2. Large Letter A B C. | 4. Easy Nursery Rhymes. |

GRACIE GOODCHILD'S PRETTY PICTURE BOOKS. Handsomely printed in Colours. Coloured wrapper, 3d. each:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. The Pretty Picture Alphabet. | 3. The Pretty Picture Primer. |
| 2. The Pretty Picture A B C. | 4. Pretty Picture Nursery Rhymes. |

AUNT AFFABLE'S TWOPENNY SERIES OF PRETTY PLAY BOOKS. Royal 8vo, plain Illustrations, price 2d. each; Coloured, price 3d. each:—

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. The A B C Book. | 3. Death and Burial of Cock Robin. |
| 2. A B C of Objects. | 4. Child's Picture Book of Animals. |

THE CHILD'S PICTURE BIBLE STORIES.

Royal 8vo, 2d. each; or Coloured, 3d.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Life and Teachings of our Lord Jesus. | 4. Story of the Mighty Men of Israel. |
| 2. The Creation to the Deluge. | 5. The History of David. |
| 3. History of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. | 6. The Apostles and our Saviour's Teaching. |

BEETON'S PENNY CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

1. Beeton's Pictorial A B C Book. 28 pages. 94 Illustrations.
2. Beeton's Pictorial Spelling Book. 24 pages. 43 Illustrations.
3. Beeton's Pictorial Primer. 24 pages. 78 Illustrations.
4. Beeton's Pictorial Reader. 24 pages. 21 Illustrations.
5. Beeton's Pictorial History of England. 28 pages. 46 Illustrations.
6. Beeton's Pictorial Bible History. 28 pages. 39 Illustrations.

MAX ADELER'S WORKS.

In Picture Boards, price 2s. each ; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

OUT OF THE HURLY BURLY; OR, LIFE IN AN ODD CORNER.

With Four Hundred Humorous Illustrations by ARTHUR B. FROST.

From THE FIGARO :—"The book is a gem, and its author a wit of the first water."

From THE LEEDS MERCURY :—"The book is one of the most genuinely humorous books we have ever met with. . . The work is a genuine success, and will be welcomed by thousands who seek in vain for anything at which to laugh in the so-called comic English productions."

ELBOW ROOM. A Novel without a Plot.

Profusely and Humorously Illustrated by ARTHUR B. FROST.

From THE MORNING ADVERTISER :—"Those who want genuine entertainment cannot do better than provide themselves with this 'novel without a plot.'"

From THE SPORTING GAZETTE :—"Those who take it up in the expectation of making their sides split will not be disappointed."

From THE BOSTON GUARDIAN :—"We have read it with very great pleasure—some of its chapters indeed two or three times over, and roared with laughter every time."

RANDOM SHOTS.

Profusely and Humorously Illustrated by ARTHUR B. FROST.

"'Random Shots' will certainly hit the mark of British appreciation. The book contains all the humour and quaintness of its predecessors. The sketches, notably the story of the descent into the Tannhauser, being among the best bits of really comic writing that have been published for many a day."

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & Co., WARWICK HOUSE,
SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

Ward, Lock, & Co.'s Humorous Books.

In Picture Wrapper, One Shilling each.

*** There is but little call to laud the men who have written the books catalogued below. They have done good work—work that needs no bush; and mankind is under obligations to them for a large sum-total of enjoyment. It will be a long day before we, in England, forget the names of Thomas Hood and Douglas Jerrold; and from America we hail, as exponents of genuine and special humour, Artemus Ward, J. R. Lowell, Bret Harte, Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, and John Habberton, all of whose writings will be found included in the following list—a various and entertaining company of genial jesters and merry penmen.*

2. **Artemus Ward: His Book.**
3. **Riddles.** Illustrated.
4. **Burlesques.** Illustrated.
5. **Charades.** Illustrated.
6. **Biglow Papers.** By J. R. Lowell.
7. **Saxe's Poems.**
8. **Joe Miller's Jest Book.**
9. **Connubial Bliss.** By Doughty.
16. **Pusley; or, My Summer in a Garden.** By Chas. Dudley Warner.
17. **Back-Log Studies.** C. D. Warner.
18. **Sandy Bar.** By Bret Harte.
19. **Roaring Camp.** By Bret Harte.
20. **Heathen Chinee.** By Bret Harte.
21. **Wit & Humour.** Thomas Hood.
22. **Whims.** By Thomas Hood.
23. **Oddities.** By Thomas Hood.
24. **Innocents Abroad.** Mark Twain.
25. **The New Pilgrim's Progress.** By Mark Twain.
26. **Jokes and Wit.** Douglas Jerrold.
29. **Jumping Frog.** By Mark Twain.
30. **Letters to Punch.** By Artemus Ward.
31. **Artemus Ward among the Mormons.**
32. **Naughty Jemima.** Illustrated.
33. **Eye Openers.** By Mark Twain.
34. **Practical Jokes.** By Mark Twain.
35. **Screamers.** By Mark Twain.
36. **Awful Crammers.** By Titus A. Brick.
37. **Babies and Ladders,** by Emanuel Kink, and Artemus Ward among the Fenians.
38. **Holmes' Wit and Humour.**
39. **Josh Billings: His sayings.**
40. **Danbury Newsmen.** By J. M. Bailey.
41. **Mystery of Mr. E. Drood.** By Orpheus C. Kerr.
42. **Shaving Them.** Titus A. Brick.
43. **Mr. Brown on the Goings-on of Mrs. Brown.**
44. **Sensation Novels.** Bret Harte.
45. **Little Breeches.**
46. **Mr. Sprouts: His Opinions.**
48. **Ramsbottom Papers.** T. Hook.
49. **Major Jack Downing.**
50. **The Pagan Child, and other Sketches.** By Bret Harte.
51. **Helen's Babies.** By John Habberton.
52. **The Barton Experiment.** Author of "Helen's Babies."
53. **The Mississippi Pilot.** By Mark Twain.
54. **Jericho Road.** Author of "Helen's Babies."
55. **Some Other Babies, very like Helen's, only more so.**
56. **Story of a Honeymoon.** Ross.
57. **That Dreadful Boy Trotty.** By E. Stuart Phelps.
58. **Hans Breitmann's Ballads.** By J. G. Leland.
59. **Other People's Children.** Sequel to and by the Author of "Helen's Babies." Illustrated.
60. **Cent per Cent.** By Blanchard Jerrold.
61. **That Husband of Mine.**
62. **Two Men of Sandy Bar.** Bret Harte.
63. **Grown up Babies.** Illustrated By the Author of "Helen's Babies."
64. **Other People.** Illustrated. By the Author of "Helen's Babies."
65. **Folks in Danbury.** By J. M. Bailey.
66. **My Wife's Relations.** By H. Friedland.
67. **My Mother-in-Law.**
68. **Babbleton's Baby.**
69. **Scripture Club of Valle Rest.** Author of "Helen's Babies"
70. **That Girl of Mine.**
71. **Bessie's Six Lovers.**

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & CO., WARWICK HOUSE, DORSET BUILDING SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

PRICE ONE SHILLING PER VOLUME,
Or, in New and Handsome Cloth Binding, price 1/6 each.

SYLVIA'S HOME-HELP SERIES OF USEFUL HANDBOOKS FOR LADIES.

1. How to Dress Well on a Shilling a Day.

By SYLVIA. Containing full Instructions on the Art of Dressing Well and Economically, Lessons in Home Dressmaking and Millinery, &c. With which is presented a large and valuable Sheet of Diagrams for Cutting-out Dress Bodies in three sizes, and Fifty Diagrams of Children's Clothing.

"There are scores of practical hints in this work which are not likely to be known to everyone, but the adoption of which would make a little money go a long way."—*Nonconformist*.

2. Art Needlework.

A Guide to Embroidery in Crewels, Silks, Appliqué, &c., with Instructions as to Stitches, and Explanatory Diagrams; containing also a Short History of the Art of Needlework, and a LARGE SHEET OF DESIGNS IN CREWEL WORK.

"The author has produced a book which is at once interesting and instructive, and it ought to be very acceptable to those ladies who have a care for the excellence of the work they put their hands to."—*Bath Chronicle*.

3. Hostess and Guest.

A Guide to the Etiquette of Dinners, Suppers, and Luncheons, the Precedence of Guests, &c.

"Evidently written by some one who is thoroughly *au fait* in the subject. . . Many an inexperienced entertainer will be glad of the suggestions offered. The book throughout bears the stamp of good breeding, and of a conscientious desire to instruct the ignorant aright on matters of social decorum."—*Court Circular*.

4. Babies, and How to take Care of Them.

Containing full and practical Information on the Training of "Baby," Daily Routine, Artificial Feeding, Dressing Babies, Cleanliness, Children's Clothing, Bedding and Bedrooms, Vaccination, Teething, Little Ailments, and the beginning of big ones, Useful Children, Playthings, &c.

"Every woman, old or young, gentle or simple, ought to know something about the proper treatment of babies."

5. Dress, Health, and Beauty.

Containing Practical Suggestions for the Improvement of Modern Dress, considered from an Artistic and a Sanitary point of View.

"Replete with practical suggestions for the improvement of the modern style of apparel, which from a sanitary point of view, make it a valuable shilling's worth."—*Queen*.

6. The House and its Furniture.

A Book of Plain Directions as to Choosing a Site, Buying, Building, Draining, Heating, Lighting, Ventilating, and completely Furnishing from Basement to Attic.

This work is compiled from practical knowledge and actual experience, and will be found a safe guide not only for all just commencing housekeeping, but for those who have long had homes of their own. THE HOUSE AND ITS FURNITURE is profusely Illustrated, and great pains have been taken to render its information clear and accurate.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK & Co.,

WARWICK HOUSE, DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

WARD & LOCK'S

(Late SHAW'S.)

Shilling Illustrated Guide Books.

Ornamental Covers, Coloured Illustrations,
Numerous Wood Engravings, and New
Route Maps,

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

Every endeavour has been made by painstaking re-editing, to render these Guides worthy of the reputation of the series. The **NUMEROUS COLOURED AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS**, representing the chief public buildings in the towns described, and the "bits" of scenery most attractive to the Tourist, are features of the series which will be appreciated by the public. The **LOCAL MAPS** are drawn from the Ordnance Survey; and the books are thoroughly revised to the present date by editors who have visited each place and tested the practicability of the routes recommended and the accuracy of the descriptive matter. The **INFORMATION** respecting New Buildings, Railway Works, and other matters affecting the convenience and comfort of travellers is corrected up to the latest moment, each alteration being carefully noted.

ENGLAND.

BUXTON, MATLOCK, AND THE PEAK
DISTRICT.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

LEAMINGTON, WARWICK, KENIL-
WORTH AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

LIEEDS AND ITS VICINITY.

NOTTINGHAM AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BRIGHTON AND ITS VICINITY.

SCARBOROUGH, WHITEBY, BRIDLING-
TON QUAY, FILEY, &c.

LONDON.

ENVIRONS OF LONDON.

LIVERPOOL AND ITS ENVIRONS.

CHELTHENHAM, GLOUCESTER, TEWKES-
BURY, &c.

SCOTLAND.

ABBOTSFORD, MELROSE, AND THE
LAND OF SCOTT.

INVERNESS & ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD,
WITH EXCURSIONS TO SKYE, &c.

GLASGOW AND

OBAN, STAFFA, IONA, &c.

TROSACHS, LOCH LOMOND, CENTRAL
HIGHLANDS, &c.

EDINBURGH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE CLYDE.

IRELAND.

CONNEMARA (WESTERN HIGHLANDS):
GALWAY TO SLIGO.

KILLARNEY AND CORK.

LIMERICK, THE SHANNON, &c.

LISDOONVARNA SPAS & SOME OTHER
IRISH WATERING PLACES.

DUBLIN AND WICKLOW.

LONDON :

WARD LOCK, AND CO.,

Warwick House, Dorset Buildings, Salisbury Square.

THE
STANDARD COOKERY BOOKS

Which far surpass all others, and of which the aggregate sale has exceeded ONE MILLION COPIES.

The recognized merits of Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Books render unnecessary any declaration of their daily usefulness and general applicability.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIRST THOUSAND.

Post 8vo, half-bound, 7s. 6d. ; cloth gilt, gilt edges, 8s. 6d. ; half-calf, 10s. 6d.

Mrs. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

7s. 6d. Comprising every kind of Practical Information on Domestic Economy and Modern Cookery. Illustrated with Coloured Plates and Six Hundred Engravings. Containing nearly 3,000 Recipes and Instructions—Duties of the Mistress—Duties of the House-keeper—Arrangement and Economy of the Kitchen—Directions for Carving—The Rearing, Management, and Diseases of Infancy and Childhood—The Doctor—Legal Memoranda—Domestic Servants, &c. Added to each Recipe is the Time the Cooking will occupy, the period at which it is Seasonable, its Average Cost, and the Number of Persons for whom it is sufficient. There are also 250 Bills of Fare for Dinners, Ball Suppers, Breakfasts, Luncheons, &c., &c.

"A volume which will be, for many years to come, a treasure to be made much of in every English household, and which is a compilation that deserves to have our very best word with every English matron, young or old. It is an Encyclopædia of family matters, which will not often be referred to in vain, and the easy arrangement of which will at once win the hearts of all its female consulters. Mrs. Beeton has earned for herself, by this volume, a household reputation and a name."—STANDARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

Mrs. BEETON'S EVERY-DAY COOKERY AND HOUSE-

3s. 6d. **KEEPING BOOK.** Comprising Instructions for Mistresses and Servants, and a Collection of over 1,500 Practical Recipes. With Hundreds of Engravings, and 104 Coloured Plates, showing the Modern Mode of sending Dishes to Table.

Sixty-ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.; cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.:

Mrs. BEETON'S ALL ABOUT COOKERY. A Collection

2s. 6d. of Practical Recipes arranged in Alphabetical Order, and fully Illustrated. Containing also Bills of Fare, Things in Season, and Plain Family Dinners for each Month in the Year, Instructions in Carving, Average Cost, &c.

Two Hundred and Eightieth Thousand, strongly bound in cloth, price 1s.; with Coloured Plates, 1s. 6d.

1s. 6d. **Mrs. BEETON'S ENGLISH WOMAN'S**
Coloured Plates. **COOKERY BOOK.** Comprising Recipes in all Branches of Cookery, and accurate Descriptions of Quantities, Times, Costs, and Seasons, for the various Dishes. Amply Illustrated.
1s.
Without Coloured Plates.

Post free for Three-Halfpence. 310th Thousand.

BEETON'S PENNY COOKERY BOOK. Being useful

1d. Recipes for Good Breakfasts, Dinners, and Suppers, at a cost varying from Tenpence to Two Shillings a Day for Six Persons.

London: WARD, LOCK & CO., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

BEETON'S STANDARD GARDENING BOOKS.

Gardening, properly managed, is a source of income to thousands, and of healthful recreation to other thousands. Besides the gratification it affords, the inexhaustible field it opens up for observation and experiment, commends its interesting practice to every one possessed of a real English home.

Uniform with Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management." With beautifully Coloured Plates of Flowers. Price 7s. 6d.; half calf, 10s. 6d.

BEETON'S BOOK OF GARDEN MANAGEMENT. Embracing all kinds of Information connected with Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Garden Cultivation, Orchid Houses, Bees, &c., &c. Illustrated with Coloured Plates of surpassing beauty, and numerous Cuts.

7s. 6d.

The directions in BEETON'S GARDEN MANAGEMENT are conceived in a practical manner, and are, throughout the work, so simply given that none can fail to understand them.

The Coloured Plates will show more than a hundred different kinds of plants and flowers, and assist in the identification of any doubtful specimen.

460 pages, with Coloured Plates and Engravings in the Text, price 3s. 6d.

3s. 6d.

BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF EVERYDAY GARDENING, Constituting a Popular Cyclopædia of the Theory and Practice of Horticulture. Embellished with Coloured Plates, made after Original Water-Colour Drawings copied from Nature.

2s. 6d.

ALL ABOUT GARDENING. Being a Dictionary of Practical Gardening. Handsomely bound in Cloth, 2s. 6d. Specially adapted to the capabilities and requirements of the Kitchen and Flower Garden at the present day.

1s. 6d.

Coloured Plates.

1s. 0d.

Without Coloured Plates.

BEETON'S GARDENING BOOK. Containing full and Practical Instructions concerning Garden Operations, the Flower Garden, the Fruit Garden, the Kitchen Garden, Pests of the Month, with a Monthly Calendar of work to be done in the Garden throughout the year.

Cloth, 1s. Also with Coloured Plates, price 1s. 6d.

Post free for Three-halfpence.

1d.

BEETON'S PENNY GARDENING BOOK. Being a Monthly Calendar of work to be done in the Flower, Fruit, and Kitchen Garden, together with plain directions for growing all useful Vegetables and most Flowers suited to adorn the Gardens and Homes of Cottagers.

Published by **WARD, LOCK, AND CO.,** Warwick House, Dorset Buildings, Salisbury Square.





