

Artemus Ward



His Book and His Travels

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ARTEMUS WARD

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
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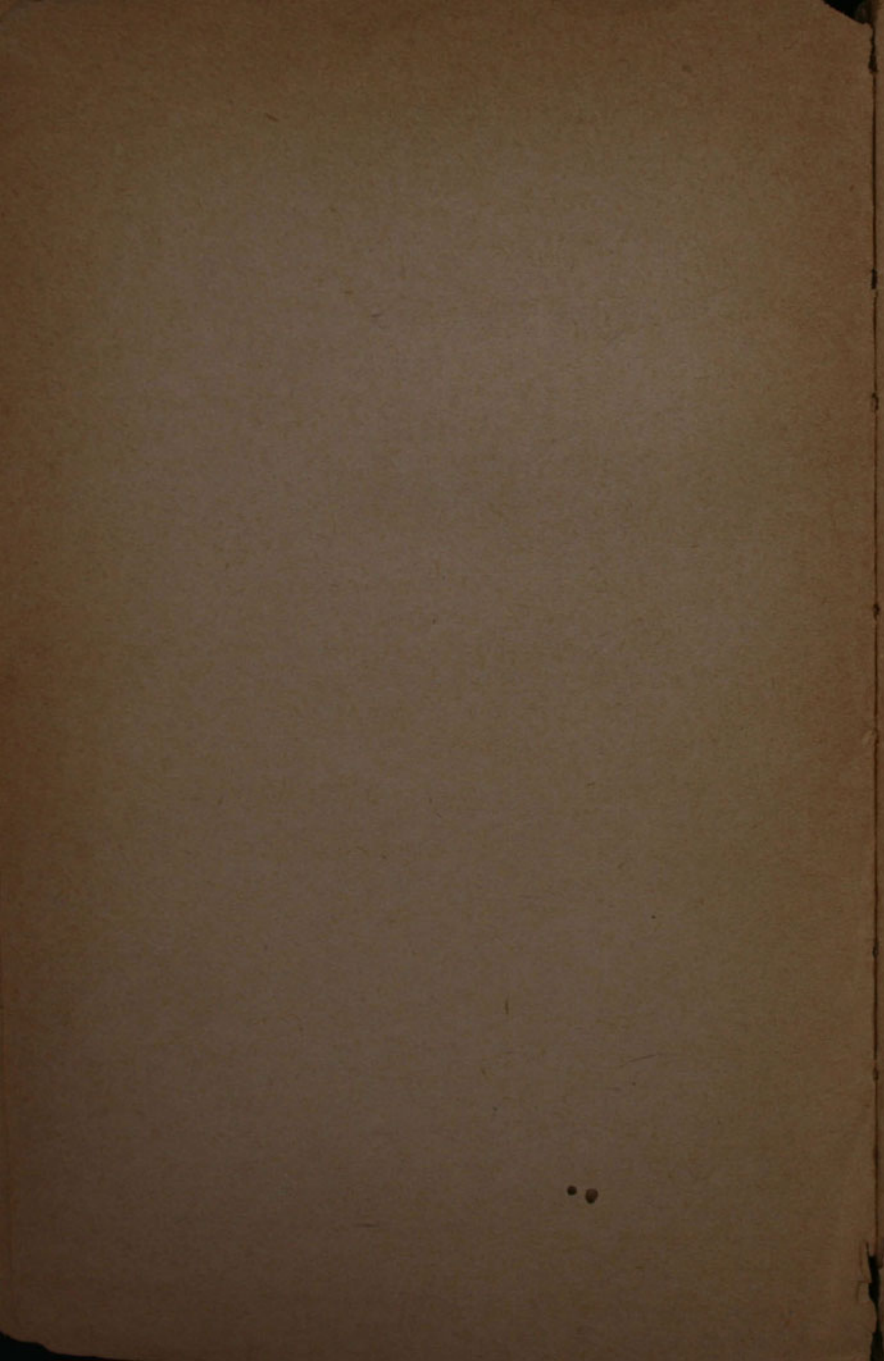
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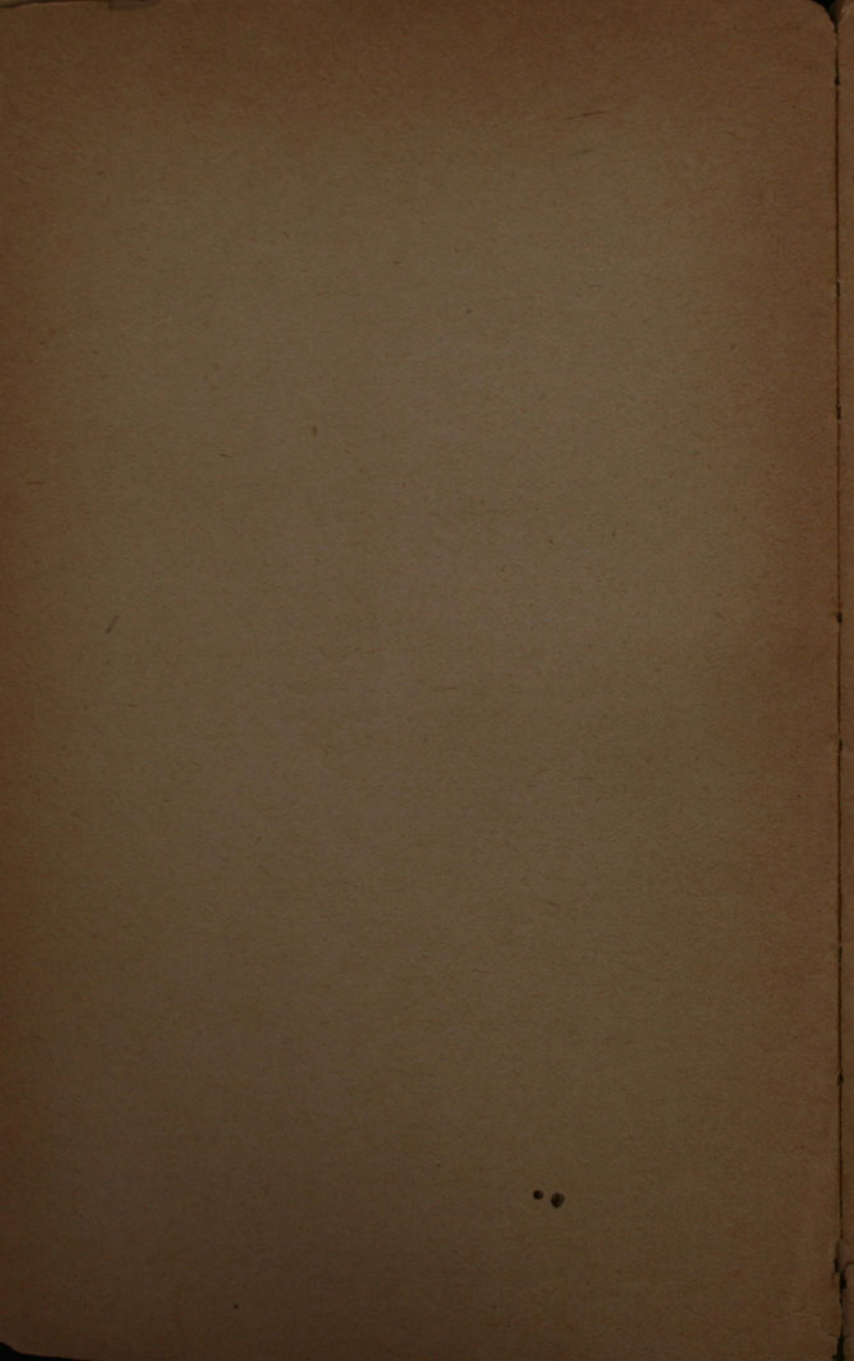
ARTEMUS
WARD 
HIS BOOK
AND HIS
TRAVELS

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE
AND SONS, LIMITED
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL



AT THE DOOR OF THE
TENT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The Show is about to commence. You could not well expect to go in without paying, but you may pay without going in. I can say no fairer than that.



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ARTEMUS WARD.

His Book.

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS.

To the Editor of the ———

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

THE SHAKERS.

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 and sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxysus to skewer your inflooune. 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.

THE SHAKERS.

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

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

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tien a hornet's nest to my hoff boss'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-fac'd, solum lookin' individual, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

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

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and wagg'n 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 that as a *yayer* he had no livin' ekaL. ●●

THE SHAKERS.

He jump't 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 dont think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

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

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

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

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

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

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him to. They 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 on 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 fluttered in the breeze like a Seseshun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Callforny 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 pailfull oi 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 frends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They comenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approvinn 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 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 containners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subject to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very plesant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life your'e leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adeo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all."

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

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

And I resoomed my jerney.

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE AT UTICA.

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

The people gave me a 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 on 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 pussylanerinus cuss here for?" & 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 Utiiky 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 Utiiky. I sood him, and the Joory brawt in a verdick of Arson in the 3rd degree.

CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE IN HONOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

Baldinsville, Injianny, Sep the onct, 18&58.—I was sum-mund home from Cinsinnaty quite suddin by a lettur from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin as how grate things was on the Tappis in that air town in refferunse to sellebratin the 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 specktical which met my gase as I alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpirancy was tied onto the sine post with the follerin words—"Giv us Liberty or Deth." Old Tompkinsis grosery was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpirancy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th centerry—may intestines strife neer mar their

grandjere." 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 Consti-tooshun must be Presarved." The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filld with mottoes amung which I notised the follerin—"Trooth smashed to erth shall rize agin—YOU CAN'T STOP HER." "The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled." "Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time." "Be virtuous & you will be Happy." "Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble—shun the Bole," an the follerin sentimunt written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige. "Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such there has been, may now be forever wipid frum our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a elekckric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!" Squire Smith's house was lited up regardlis of expense. His little sun William Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old 'Squire hissself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his door-step, pintin his sword sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequently he wood take orf his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter Mis Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perkinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteus I, sed I to myself, you air a angil

& nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the 'Squire's oldest sun, drest hisself up as Venus the God of Wars and red the Decleration of Inderpendunse from the left chambir winder. The 'Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She said 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 appreciate 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, and Surs, you wood have split your sides larfin to see the old man jump up and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropishus circumstance all went as merry as a carriage bell, as Lord Byrun sez. Doctor Hutchinsis offiss was likewise lited up and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders. The 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 bisnis, which I've bin into twenty-two (22) yeres and six (6) months.


AMONG THE SPIRITS.

MY naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret biznis excloosively. A atemt was made to get Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis but the atemt faled. I 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 afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. INGOMER in the Play, to whit—

2 soles with but a single thawt

2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooiced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "here cums the benited man"—"here cums the hory-heded unbeleever"—"here cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

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

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

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. Thay axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to converse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, 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 biznis, William," sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meanin Mr. Bunyan,) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door

Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the peple with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddu 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 said no with one of the most tremenjjs 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 have gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

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

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

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

his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the piece of mind of evry famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the reglar 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.

ON THE WING.

Gents of the Editorial Corpse;—

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

as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, 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 bizness," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.

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

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

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

"I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar into it. That's the way I allers takes 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 cum to a bad end?"

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

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

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

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

They've got a Panick up this way and refoose 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, going up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. WARD.

THE OCTOROON.

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

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

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

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

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

Sez I, "We don't have 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," says I, getting up and lookin under the seet, "whare is she?"

"It's hear—it's everywhares," he sed.

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

projuce it to onct or suffer the konsequences. Several individooouls snickered rite out, while a putty little damsell rite behind me in a pinc gown made the observashun, "He, he."

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

"Wall," replide I, "in regard to perlittercal ellerfunts I don't know as how but what they is as good as enny other kind of ellerfunts. But I maik bold to say thay is all a ornery set & unpleasant to hav 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 ellermunts instid of ellerfunts that he was alludin to, & axed me what was my prinserpuls?

"I haint gut enny," sed I—"not a prinserpul. Ime in the show biznis." The man in black close, I will hear obsarve, seemed to be as fine a man as ever was in the 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, "you don't say so! How long has she bin in that way?"

"Frum her arliest infuncy," sed he.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nubier with Berage trimmins onto it, while her Ise and 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 obsarvation, which I knowd was never used in refined society & I perlitely but emfattercly shovd her hed away.

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

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

Sez I, "not mutch we wont," and I made a powerful effort to get awa from her. "This is plade out," I sed, whereupon she jerkt me back into the seet. "Leggo my coat, you scandaluss female," I roared, when she set up the most unarthly yellin and hollerin you ever heerd. The bassinjers & the gentlemunly konducter rusht to the spot, & I don't think I ever experiunsed sich a rump's in the hull course of my natral dase. The man in black close rusht up to me & sed "How dair yu insult my neece, you horey heded vagabone? You base exhibbiter of low wax figgers—you 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 imme-

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

 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, and 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 issou, 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 editor?*" he axed, evijently on the pint of quickerin.

OBERLIN.

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

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

"Can't, hay?"

"No Sir—it can't."

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

OBERLIN.

ABOUT two years ago I arrove in Oberlin, Ohio. Oberlin is whare the celebrated college is. In fack, Oberlin *is* the college, everything else in that air vicinity resolvin around 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 historian I must menshun 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 college and is used by the stujents to speak peaces and read essays into.

Sez Perfesser Peck, "Mister Ward, I don't know 'bowt 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 bizness 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 angrly pashuns to rise up at the poor annimil's little excentrissities," said the Perfesser.

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

"I do," sed he, sayin which he walked up to the cage and sez he, "let's try moral swashun upon the poor creter." So he put his hand upon the Kangeroo'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 beest." I hosswhiped 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 cullered people of Kanady. I have to contribit librally two the glowrius work, as they kawl it hear. I'm kompelled by the Fackulty to reserve front seets in my show for the cullered peple. At the Boardin House 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 seckind table, and the konsequece 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. Howsoever I don't mind it. I'm gittin along well in a pecunery pint of view. The College has konfired upon me the honery title of T. K., of which I'm suffishuntly proud.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THARE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerd; 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 observe, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a sur-blime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevrul mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affectshunitly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

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

T'was a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffter disturbed the screen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd bin rompin throv the woods, kullin flours & drivin the wood-chuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luviny round her waste.

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

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effect 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 sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks"—

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

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

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

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's, & was made 1 that very nite.

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

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

THE CRISIS.

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

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

Baldinsvillins : Hearto4, as I hav numerously obsarved, I have abstrained from havin any sentinunts or principles, my pollertics, like my religion, bein of a exceedin accomodatatin character. But the fact 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

bily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injooiced to grant it, tho' I don't beleeve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sevrul of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather, and our grate grandfather, and our Aunt in the country. Scacely, & yit numeris persons would have us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & sevrul other public grosscrya, 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 purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I statid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sum-whares quietly by hisself, whare he cood wear red weskits & speckled neckties, & gratterfy his ambishun in varis interestin wase, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

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

Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The black devil Disunion is trooly here, starein us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of another brother? Shall we mix our whisky with each others' blud?

Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths?
Standin here in this here Skoolhouse, upon my nativ shore so
to speak, I anser—Nary!

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

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf. I shall
peg out 1 of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall
stay in the Union. I know not what the supervizers of
Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand
by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsom-
ever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh &
let Palmetter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's
close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country
may go to the devil, but I won't? And next Summer when
I start out on my campane with my Show, wharever I pitch
my little tent, you shall see floatin proudly from the center
pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out,
nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid
thar! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was
—15 cents, children half price.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordinly I squatted.

WAX FIGURES VS. 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 erfote, ime erfote
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 been 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 of wax works, snakes, a paneramy kalled a Grand Movin Diarea of the War in the Crymear, komic songs and the Cangeroo, which larst little cuss continners to 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 infurnal Kangeroo that I'm frade this design 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 paternized by peple of high degree. Sirs, I manetane that this is infernul non-sense. 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 goes round cussin his darters, chawin hay and throwin 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 putting old Mack, her husband, up to slayin Dunkan with a cheeze knife, while neze payin a frendly visit to their house. O its hily morral,

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 gincral principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided peple by showin them my unparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not have lived in vane! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

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

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

" Ah, can it be ? "

" Which ? " sed I.

" Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo ! "

" 15 cents, marm, " I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed :

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

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

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

"Air you a man?"

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

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madame, I istest!"

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

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

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

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted.

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

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

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

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

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

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I address 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 orfsprings resemble me if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizness 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.

SCANDALOUS DOINGS AT PITTSBURGH.

HEAR in the Buzzum of my famerly I am enjoyin myself, at peas with awl mankind and the wimmin 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 they kommensed fur to larf and holler in a boysterious stile. Sez I good peple

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 and 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, marins," 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 sperretool wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seeln 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. They allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um they 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 speshal 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 they abooz hisself individooally. They hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broom-sticks and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsy whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orsprings 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 hevny 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 femalle Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

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

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

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

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femalle, 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 skander-lus femalle, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," said a fat chunky femalle, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

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

"Wiltist thou not tarry here in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

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

THE CENSUS.

THE Sences taker in our town bein taken sick he deppertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to giv me informashun how to perceed, I was consekently compelled to go it blind. Sittin down by the road side I draw 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 heaves ?

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 Boureicault write in a year ?

Is Beans a regler article of diet in your family ?

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

Ar 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 history, 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. Taking the senses requires experiunse, like any other bixniss.

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 allfardist gambler in the country. He was afoot and in his shirt sleeves, and was in a wuss lurther 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.

THE PRESS.

I WANT the editers to cum to my Show free as the flours of May, but I don't want um to ride a free hoss to deth. There is times when Patience seizes to be virtuous. I hev "in my mind's eye, Hurrashio" (cotashun from Hamlick) sum editers in a sertin town which shall be nameless, who air Both sneakin and ornery. They cum in krowds to my Show and then axt me ten sents a 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 world. 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 and things, that I was shaimfully aboozed by a editor in human form. He set my show up steep & kalled me the urbane and gentlemunly manajer, but when I, for the purpuss of showin fair play all around, went to anuther offiss to git my handbills printed, what duz this pussillanermus editer do but change his toon & abooze me like a Injun. He sed my wax wurks was a humbug & called me a horey-heded itinerent vagabone. I thort at fust Ide pollish him orf ar-lar the 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 sum-times 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.

vest and patent leather 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 pruddy 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 understand anything about it they applauded verisimulity. Presently, Old Ed cum out. The play was Othello or More of Venice. Othello was writ by Wm. Shakespear. The scene is laid in Venice. Othello was a likely man & was a gioral in the Venice army. He sloped with Desdemony, a darter of the Hon. Mister Brabantio, who represented one of the back districts in the Venetian legislature. Old Brabantio was as mad as thunder at this & tore round considerable, but finally cooled down, tellin Othello, however, that Desdemony had come it over her Fair, & that he had better look out or she'd come it over him likewise. Mr. and Mrs. Othello git along very comfortable like for a spell. She is sweet-tempered and levin—a nice, sensible female, never goes in for he-female convensions, green cotton undersellers and pickled beets. Othello is a good provider and thinks all the world of his wife. She has a long 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 believe wants to git Othello out of his may government berth, now goes to work & upsets the Othello family in the most outrageous mife. Iago falls in with a brazenless youth named Roderigo & wins all his money at poker. (Iago alters played fool.) He thus got money enuff to carry out his unprincipled scheme. Mike Cassio, a Irishman, is selected as a tool by Iago. Mike was a clever feller & officer in Othello's army. He liked his tods too well, however, & they floored him, as

they have many other promisin young men. Iago injuces 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, pre-tents to be very sorry to see Mike conduct hisself in this way, & undertakes to smooth the thing over to Otheller, who rushes in with a drawn sword & wants to know what's up. Iago cunningly tells his story, & Otheller tells Mike that he thinks a good deal of him but he can't train no more in his regiment. Desdemony sympathises with poor Mike & interceeds for him with Otheller. Iago makes him bleeve she does this because she thinks more of Mike than she does of hisself. Otheller swollers Iago's lyin tail & goes to makin a noosence of hisself ginrally. He worries poor Desdemony terrible by his vile insinuations & finally smothers her to deth with a piller. Mrs. Iago cums in just as Otheller has finished the fowl deed & givs him fits right & left, showin him that he has bin orfully gulled by her miserable 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 and goes orf with a sardonic smile onto his countenance. Otheller tells the peple that he has dun the state sum service & they know it; axes them to do as fair a thing as they can for him under the circumstances, & kills hisself with a fish-knife, which is the most sensible thing he can do. This is a brecf 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 curtain fell, I found my spectacles still mistened with salt-water, which had run from my eyes while poor Desdemony was dyin. Betsy Jane—Betsy Jane! let us pray that our domestic bliss may never be busted up by a Iago!

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

THE SHOW BUSINESS AND POPULAR LECTURES.*

I FEEL that the Show Bizniss, which Ive stroven to ornyment, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as thay air kalled, tho in my pinion thay air poplar humbugs. 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 ginerashuns. Peple flock to heer um in krowds. The men go becawz its poplar & the wimin folks go to see what other wimin folks have on. When its over the lecturer goze & ragales 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 noos-

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

paper—price 3 sents—than there is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollers a pop, as the case may be. These same peple, bare in mind, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers & sagashus beests. They say these things is low. Gents, it greeves my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Sheer & yellor leef" (to cote frum my Irish frend Mister McBeth) to see that the Show biznis is pritty much plade out, howsom-ever I shall chance it agane in the Spring.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I PITCHT my tent in a small town in Injianny one day last seeson, and 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 & Wimins Rite's Associashun, and they 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?" said one of the wimin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter, with a blue 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 hense4th & 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 intentions is honorable? I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she never dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin of the yoke of tyrrinny & thinkin & votin for herself?—Doth she never think of these here things?"

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

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

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

"& can't our Sosiety go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil, crooil man!" she cried, and bust into tears.

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

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush!" Where upon they all sprung back with the simultaneous observashun that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark; wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boste. It's onpossible to get along without her. Had there bin no female wimin in the world, I should scarcely be here with my unparaleld 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 an angle when you behave yourself; but when you take off your proper appairel & (mettyforically speaken)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your fire-sides, & with your heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons, seekin whom you may devour someboddy—in short, when you undertake to play the man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends,* I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

WOULD-BE SEA DOGS.

SUM of the captings on the Upper Ohio River put on a heep 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 natured fellers, and when they drink they take a dose big enuff for a grown person.

ON "FORTS."

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

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

That's so!

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

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

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

Spaldin's Fort is to maik Prepared Gloop, 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 bizness & 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 indefalt 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 hoie in my tent and krawld threw. Sez I, "my jentle Sir go out or I shall fall onto you putty hevvy." Sez he, "Wade in, Old wax figgers," whareupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed & knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack & flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze & rung out my drencht garmints I koncluded *fitin* wasn't my Fort. He 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 turned 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 hote, 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 hoss isn't my Fort."

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

PICCOLOMINI.

GENTS—I arroved in Cleveland on Saturday P. M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean biled rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall angured well for the show bisnis, & with cheerful sperrets I jined the enthoosiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he parst the poffession, 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 hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted

down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast aujince 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 they care becaws a site of my Kangaroo 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 sum opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he said, 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 heap for aut I knewd. Then cum Mr. Maccarony agin & Miss Picklehomony herself. They 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. Thare 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 becaws thay ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amuzin cussedness & about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancin 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, wrastle 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 looked strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me he mite have my close, as I shood never want 'em again no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstances whatsoever.]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice gal at hart & you must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv you strong and long—a man who will luv you jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & you can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per sent a month, as he will now, when you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. You ain't a Angel, Maria, & I am glad of it. When I see angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry thay 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 Maccarony, Brignoly, Mullenholler and them other fellers, they can take care of their-selves. 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, meaning the Show Bisnis.

Very Respectively Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

LITTLE PATTI.

THE moosic which Ime most used to is the inspirin strances 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 bevrighe 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 bein long & silky. When she smiles the awjince feels like axing her to doo it sum moor, and to continner doin it 2 a indefinit extent. Her waste is one of the most bootiful wastisis ever seen. When Mister Strackhorse led her out I thawt sum pretty skool gal, who had jest graduatid frum pantalets & wire hoops, was a cumin out to read her fust composishun in public. She cum so bashful like, with her hed bowd down, & made sich a effort to arrange her lips so thayd look pretty, that I wanted to swaller her. She

reminded me of Susan Skinner, who'd never kiss the boys at parin bees till the candles was blow'd out. Miss Patty sung suthin or ruther in a furrin tung. I don't know what the sentimunts was. Fur awt I know she may hav bin denouncin my wax figgers & sagashus wild beests of Pray, & I don't much keer ef she did. When she opened her mowth a army of martingales, bobolinks, kanarys, swallers, mockin birds, etsettery, bust 4th & flew all over the Haul.

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

But Miss Patty orter sing in the English tung. As she kin do so as well as she kin in Italyun why under the Son 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 dōwtless grate,

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

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

MOSES, THE SASSY; OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE.

CHAPTER I.—ELIZY.

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

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his

boots; his hat, which it is a plug, being cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barmiest days, near produced a more hefty cavileer. 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."

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH?

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

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

"I thank the gods!" sed the fair Elizy. "Thou 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 hissself. "You don't say so!"

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

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

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

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

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

That settled the matter.

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

CHAPTER III.—THE PIRUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary. The pirut captin isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The captin 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 bulkhed! I'll take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the captin, "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'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 idge of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leading hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

"Onct agin do I escape deth!" sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

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

He had bin to France and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave bIRTH to a Bunker Hill!! He had some trouble in gittin hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dlenasty 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 chewed 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 perfect, 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 joyous as a flower, garding, my object will have bin accompnished, and more too.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

To my friends of the Editorial Corpse :

I RITE these lines on British sile. I've bin follerin Mrs. Victory's hopeful sun Albert Edward threw Kanady with my onparaleled Show, and tho I haint made much in a peccooney pint of vew, I've lern't 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 to grind Rule Brittany and other airs which is poplar on British Sile. I likewise fixt a wax figger up to represent Sir Edmun Hed the Govner Ginral. The statoot I fixt up is the most versytile wax statoot I ever saw. I've showd it as Wm. Penn, Napoleon Bonypart, Juke of Wellington, the Beneker Boy, Mrs. Cunningham & varis other notid persons, & 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 some paints I hav I kin giv their facis a beneverlent or fiendish look as the case requires. I giv Sir Edmun Hed a beneverlent look, & when sum folks who thawt they was smart sed it didn't look like Sir Edmun Hed anymore than it did anybody else, I sed, "That's the pint. That's the beauty of the Statoot. It looks like Sir Edmun Hed or any other man. You may kall it what you please. Ef it don't look like anybody that ever lived, then it's sertinly a remarkable Statoot & well worth seein. I kall it Sir Edmun Hed. *You* may kall it what you darn please!" [I had 'em thare.]

At larst I've had a interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerble life. I cawt a glimps of him as he sot on the Pizarro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowd myself threw a crowd of wimin, children, sojers & Injins that was

hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near to the Prince when a red faced man in Millingtery close grabd holt of me and axed me whare I was goin all so bold ?

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

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

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

"That's what's the matter with me," I replide.

"But blarst my hize, sir, its onprecedented. It's orful, sir. Nothin' like it hain't happened sins the Gun 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 bargain 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 sen the Old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actooally tomed 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 boss, yule find me a ruth& onkôm-

fortable 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 for the Seventy Onesters. I at fust thawt I'd stay & becum a Marter to British Outraje, as sich a course mit git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my Show, but it occurred to me that ef enny of the Seventy Onesters shood happen to insert a barronet into my stummick it mite be onplesunt, & I was on the pint of runnin orf when the Prince hissself kum up & axed me what the matter was. Sez I, "Albert Edard is that you?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears me 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 bevrige spile in the sellar in the coarse of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time abowt matters and things, and bimeby I axed him how he liked bein Prince as fur as he'd got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sid, "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 othe

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 cood know how I see threw all their moves & understan exactly what they air after, & knowd how I larft at 'em in private, thayd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as thay now do. But you know Mr. Ward I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sumtime ockepy."

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

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

"Mrs. Ward," I sollierquized, 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 i 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^h 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," said 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 bisness & not make noosenses of yourselves." With which observashuns I left 'em.

I shall leeve British sile 4thwith.

OSSAWATOMIE BROWN.

I DON'T pertend to be a cricket & 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 Virginy with a few duzen loonatics which he had pickt up sumwhares, mercy only nose wheu. 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 darnce. Then Ossywattermy and his 3 suns leave fur Kansis. Old Mrs. Ossywattermy tells 'em thay air goin on a long jurny & Blesses 'em to slow fiddlin. Thay go to Kansis. What upon arth they go to Kansis fur when thay was so nice & comfortable down there to North Elby is more'n I know. The suns air next seen in Kansis at a tarvern. Mister Blane, a sinister lookin man with his Belt full of knives & hoss pistils, axes one of the Browns to take a drink. Brown refusis, which is the fust instance on record whar a Brown deklined such a invite. Mister Blane, who is a dark bearded feroshus lookin person, then axis him whether he's fur or furnenst Slavery. Yung Brown sez he's agin it, whareupon Mister Blane, who is the most sinisterest lookin man I ever saw, sez Har, har, har ! (that bein his stile of larfin wildly) & ups & sticks a knife into yung Brown. Anuther Brown rushes up and sez, "you has killed me Ber-ruther !" Moosic by the Band & Seen changes. The stuck yung Brown enters supported by his two brothers. Bimeby he falls down, sez he sees his Mother, & dies. Moosic by the Band. I lookt but couldn't see any mother. Next Seen reveels Old Brown's cabin. He's readin a book. He sez freedum must extend its Area & rubs his hands like he was pleased about it. His suns come in. One of 'em goes out & cums in ded, havin bin shot while out by a Border Ruffin. The ded yung Brown sez he sees his mother and tumbles down. The Border Ruffins then surround the cabin & set it a fire. The Browns giv themselves 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 nees & 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.

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 haard, individooally. I'm very happy. My house is

full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realitys, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returnd from the Summer Campane with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the early part of this munth. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immejitly commenst 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 hee'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 enthoosiastic throng of my feller sitterszens, who hurrard for Old Ward at the top of their voices. I found the house chock full of peple. Thare was Mis Square Baxter and her three grown up darters, lawyer Perkinses wife, Taberthy Rpley, young Eben Parsuns, Deakun Simmuns folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor Jordin, etsettery, etsettery. Mis Ward was in the west room, which jines the kitchin. Mis Square Baxter was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchin fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of

flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

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

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

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

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

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

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" saying 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 Docter Jordin, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

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

"A perfect 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 skoolmaster.

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

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

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

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conspicuus 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," said Jane Maria Peasley who is the crossest old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

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

Sez she, "No, I aint."

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

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin hour of nite, when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old Bill Shakespire aptlee obsarves in his dramy of John Sheppard, esq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

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

Whereas, two Eppisodes has happined up to the undersined's house, which is Twins; and 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 there was a konflagration goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot, but kindly refraned frum squirtin.

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

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

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emo-shuns 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 wollupin my Kangeroo, which sagashus little cuss seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screechins and kickins up; Mis. Hirum Doolittle, who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time, when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the Peasleys, Parsunses and Watsunses fur there meny ax of kindness.

Trooly yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

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

(Monday 2 P. M.) Got under wa. Hosses not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd

start. Started at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Sailor frase.) Sevral passenjers on bored. Parst threw deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, and other 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 allowing me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid,

"Sale hoe!"

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

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

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

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

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

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the Warier.

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

"Wall," continued the capting of the Kicking 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 driv@ his rifle at

him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?" axed the captin of the 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 culleded men who was playing 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," sed the captin, shoving 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 flooid.

(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 the grosery. He was brought back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their birthis, 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," said the captin, risin hissself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoodiced agin that grosery for some time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passengers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

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

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

(Poecry.)

A. W.

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 versiffusly in the streets at

nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriges to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & erth—so to speak—until I got orfice, which if I didn't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Administration with all my might 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 wuss insult I ever received was when sertain 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 orfulest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been captin of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jib-poop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!" [N. B. This is gинуine mariner lang-widge. 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 eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me say so—if not, say so, & I'm orf like like a jug handle."

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir."

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

"Wall," sez I, "ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" where-upon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wanted furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and adrest me as "The Prayrie 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 secklnd 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

ta. The house, door-yard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney, and slid down into the parler where Old Abe was endevertin to keep the hungry pack of orifice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire-place he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make any 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, upshot 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 skool-master!"

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

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

"Virtoo," sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat-collar, "virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin' this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continnered, warmin up considerable, "can't you giv Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death! Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin' sope—stuff sassengers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'origenial and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin on 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut bizness—*write for the Ledger*—saw off your legs and go round giving concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbils—anything for a honest living, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. 'Stand not upon the order of your goin,' but go to onct! 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 of as tho Satun hissself was arter them with a red hot

pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

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

"By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin' ile upon the troubled watur, North and South. By pursooin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!"

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

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

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

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 allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hosspitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me. They was altogeth'er too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum, viz:—to giv the 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 heared a heap of talk about Seceshon and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower) shouldn't never be noggerated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let

it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would seccoor me the infloonz and pertectiun of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red-faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had comenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a millingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threwhout 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 anoyed me for I was Bizzy makin change.

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

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," 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 some 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 confiscated, & 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 in-dividooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I axed them if that was generally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomry in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patriits, 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 amooment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwing stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshers confistigated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confis-ticated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in my cages, letting 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 ginerall conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed, "I forgive you for

bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin 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 some vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confisticate 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 Cabbage. 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, hows- ever and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me 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 enthoo- siastic in confisticatin my show.

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

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air frenedly to the South, I know. Even now we hav

many frens in the North, who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought certin parties among 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 gentleharted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egrejus mutton-hed of herself!"

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

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvill Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm 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 respectfully,

A. WARD,

THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE.

I HAD a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my troubles. I come pesky near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, fur 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" would'nt be enriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, 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 wallerable life was the scaliest, rickyttest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed directly, 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 am a Dissoluter. I'm in favour of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobead, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favour of the war?"

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

"War to the knife!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't original with me. Them words was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded. His mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to have 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 young gal, with a red musketer bar on the back side of her head, 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 stillnes 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, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His last words was: 'My perfesernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

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

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

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

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard

feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by 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 around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin & by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhaustid and didn't care about gettin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I concludod I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

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

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventers of a startlin kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffyist

to say I got across Mason & Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the 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 stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

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

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

DELIVERED JULY 4TH, AT WEATHERSFIELD, CONNECTICUT,
1859.

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjince. I was 96 minits passin a 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 a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurcelly 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 nothing about no ded languages and am a little shaky on livin ones. There, 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 wus spilt in courtin and marryin that hily respectable female the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injianny is celebrated for unhitchin marrid peple with neatness and dispatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters don't give her no shoes or stockins, but the band of stars upon her hed must continner to shine undim'd, forever. I'me for the Union as she air, and whithered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I hav sed! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjince that considerin the large number of putty gals present I was more fraid of a DAWTER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky from the time when the Mayflowers 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 Kolonia. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their feller critters to the treadmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no dis-kount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolushun. We neen'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-hearted, 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 pressure principle. They git on to the fust poplar hobby-hoss whitch it trots along, not caring 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 their-selves 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 Obliv-yun, 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 angl in a 3 kornerd hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My friends, we can't all be Washington's, but we km all be patrits & 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 whitch the Opposishun will be sartin to git up fur perlitical effek on the eve of electshun. To the poles ! and when you git there vote jest as you darn please. This is a privilege we all persess, and it is 1 of the booties of this grate and free land.

I see mutch to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar air abowt as snug bilt peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injianny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzom 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 enter-prise, gumpshun &c., but your favorit Bevrige I disgust. I allude to New England Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injianny, which eats threw stone jugs & will turn the stummuck of the most shiftless Hog. I seldom seek consolashun in the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down some of your Rum. The fust glas^s 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 knocht 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 lickers. 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 & you'll be happy!

THE WAR FEVER IN BALDINSVILLE.

AS soon as I'd recooperated my physikil system, I went over into the village. The peasantry was glad to see me. The skoolmaster sed it was cheerin to see that gigantic intelleck among 'em onct more. That's what he called me. I like the skoolmaster, and allers sends 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 plan^o 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 had flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse. "Esto perpetua!" he added. "And sine qua non also!" sed I, sternly, wishing to make a impression onto the villagers. "Requiescat in pace!" sed the 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 rebe's 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 eppyilits, I detarmined

to have my company composed exclsosively 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 ginger bread?

Do you know a eppylyt from a piece of chalk?

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

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

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 are sarcusstical.

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

"Know you, you old fool? Of course I do."

I saw at once she did.

I started for the meetin house, and I'm afraid I tried to walk too strate, for I cum very near fallin over backards ; and in attemptin to recover myself, my sword got mixed up with my legs, and I fell in among a choice collection of young ladies, who was standin near the church door a-seein the sojer boys come up. My cockt hat fell off, and 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 Peaseley," sed I, gittin up and dustin myself, "you must be more careful with them store teeth of your'n or you'll have to gum it agin!"

Methinks I had her.

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

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

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

"Let him fly my child!" 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, orriggerated, I spose I skurcelly 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 particky excel in is restin muskits. We can rest muskits with anybody.

J

INTERVIEW WITH PRINCE NAPOLEON. 107

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
our coat-tales to the foe.

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

“Ever of thee,”

A WARD

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.

NOTWITHSTANDIN I haint writ much for the papers of late,
nobody needn't flatter theirselves that the undersined is ded.
On the contry, “I still live,” which words was spoken by
Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line
whigs of Boston will admit *that*. Webster is ded now, how-
sever, and his mantle has probly fallen into the hands of sum
dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways no-
body pears to be goin round wearin it to any perticler extent,
now days. The rigiment of whom I was kurnel, finerly con-
cluded they was better adapted as Home Gards, which
accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls
is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a
American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly
advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run, a
short time ago. It was well dun. I spoke to my wife 'bout
it at the time. My wife sed it was well dun.

It havin there4 bin detarmined to perfect Baldinsville at
all hazzuds, and as there was no apprehensions of any imme-
jit 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 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. It's becawz he can't help it. But why he should woluntarily go and live in Washinton, is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

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

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

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

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

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washinton hotels is very reasonable in their charges.

[N.B.—This is Sarkassum.]

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

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

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

"Sound as a cuss!" I answerd.

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

"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perfoom her bed-room 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 entensiv 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 Bony-part 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 subseklently died at St. Heleny! There's where the gratest military man this world ever projuded pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn titely round him (see picter-books), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army!' Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

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

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

"Since you air so sollicitous 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 exploria expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd hav put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who when they got hold of a good thing knew enuff to keep

it, and who wouldn't hav seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slungshot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid 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 imbarck 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 sumptuously of late—his stummic becum foul, and he's takin a slite emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk 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 contemptoos manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered,

"can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

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

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

Yours Muchly,

WARD, (ARTEMUS.)

I.

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 give the Elephant Tobacker, becoz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet upon to you and kill you fatally Ded. Some folks thinks the Elephant is the most noblest Annymile in the world, but as for Me giv Me the American Egil and the Stars & Stripes. Alexander Pottles his Peace.

II.

A POEM BY THE SAME.

SOME VERSES SUGESTID BY 2 OF MY UNCLES.

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.

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 coupè. I saw her but a moment—perhaps only an instant—but she took me captive then and there, forevermore.

Forevermore!

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

III.

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

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

She came down the graveled walk to meet me, on this beautiful midsummer night—came to me in pure white, her golden hair in splendid disorder—strangely beautiful, yet in tears!

She told me her fresh grievances.

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

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

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

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

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

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

}

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

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

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

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

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

Ah me!

Oh dear!

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. Skuller that we do not need the blankets she so kindly sent to us, as we bunk at the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan. What our brave lads stand most in need of now, is Fruit Cake and Waffles. Do not weep for me.

HENRY ADOLPHUS.

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 dont 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 redhot 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 thrown to the dogs—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 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, s^hpoons and sich like, I could have plundered

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 d'vil *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 !"

ARTEMUS WARD.

His Travels.

L

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 came up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin' the Eclipse to 'em, in an open-top tent. But the crowds is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

Our big meetin' came off the other night, and our old friend of the *Bugle* was elected Cheerman.

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

writer. Folks in these parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville, near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-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 b'lieve, 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 Philadelphly.

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—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 vi'lently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry offisser's sword and things, which it aroused my Betsy, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidentally obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open an assylum for sooperanoated idiots.

My wife is one of the best wimin on this continent, altho' she isn't always gentle as a lamb, with mint sauce. No, not always.

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

A voice—"Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?"

"I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus H²kins, who is sufferin' from an attack of College

in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capectle?

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

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

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

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

"I really trust that the gent'lman 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 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. 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 speechifyng, which don't 'mound to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, and go to

fitin' ; otherwise you can stay to 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 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 elses,

A. WARD.

II.

THE DRAFT IN BALDINSVILLE.

IF I'm drafted I shall *resign*.

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

I meanter-say, I shall hav to resign if I'm drafted everywheres I've bin inrold. I must now, furrinstuns, be inrold in upards of 200 different towns. If I'd kept on travelin' I should hav eventooaly become a Brigade, in which case I could have held a meetin' and elected myself Brigadeerginial quite unanimiss. I hadn't no idea there vas so many

of me before. But, serisly, I concluded to stop exhibitin', and made tracks for Baldinsville.

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

She reads the *Ledger*.

"Tip us yer bunch of fives, old faker!" said Artemus, Jr. He reads the *Clipper*.

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

My son Orgustus was playin' onto a float.

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

It'll cost some postage-stamps to raise this fam'ly, and yet it 'ud go hard with the old man to lose any lamb of the flock.

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

for bein' here at all. The happy marrid man dies in good stile at home, surrounded by his weeping wife and children. The old bachelor don't die at all—he sort of rots away, like a pollywog's tail.

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

"What's them? Is it calvary?"

"That," said the landlord, 'is the stage. Sixteen able-bodied citizens has lately bo't the stage line 'tween here and Scotsburg. That's them. They're stage-drivers. Stage-drivers is exempt!"

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

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

"And the passengers?"

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

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

"I can't go," he sed, shakin' his hed in a wise way. "Ordinarly I should delight to wade in gore, but my bleedin' country bids me stay at home. It is imperatively necessary that I remain here for the purpuss of announcin' from week to week, that *our Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*"

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

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

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

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

"Jes' so."

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

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

"Well," said he, "I hain't eat anything since last week. I eat beans now *because* I eat beans *then*. I never mix my vittles!"

"It's quite proper you should eat a little suthin' once in a while," I said. "It's a good idee to occasionally instruct the stummick that it mustn't depend excloosively on licker for its sustainance."

"A blessin'," he cried; "a blessin' onto the hed of the man what inwented beans. A blessin' onto his hed!"

"Which his name is Gilson! He's a first family of Bostin," said I.

This is a speciment of how things was goin' in my place of residence.

A few was true blue. The schoolmaster was among 'em. He greeted me warmly. He said I was welkim to those shores. He said I had a massiv mind. It was gratifyin', he said, to see that great intelleck stalkin' in their midst onct more. I have before had occasion to notice this school-

master. He is evidently a young man of far more than ord'nary talents.

The schoolmaster proposed we should git up a mass meetin'. The meetin' was largely attended. We held it in the open air, round a roarin' bonfire.

The schoolmaster was the first orator. He's pretty good on the speak. He also writes well, his composition bein' seldom marred by ingrammaticisms. He said this inactivity surprised him. "What do you expect will come of this kind of doin's? *Nihil fit*—"

"Hooray for Nihil!" I interrupted. "Fellow-citizens, let's giv three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit!"

The schoolmaster turned a little red, but repeated—"*Nihil fit*."

"Exactly," I said. "*Nihil fit*. He wasn't a strategy feller."

"Our venerable friend," said the schoolmaster, smilin' pleasantly, "isn't posted in Virgil."

"No, I don't know him. But if he's a able-bodied man he must stand his little draft."

The schoolmaster wound up in eloquent style, and the subscriber took the stand.

I said the crisis had not only cum itself, but it had brought all its relations. It has cum, I said, with a evident intention of makin' us a good long visit. It's goin' to take off its things and stop with us. My wife says so too. This is a good war. For those who like this war, it's just such a kind of war as they like. I'll bet ye. My wife says so too. If the Federal army succeeds in takin' Washington, and they seem to be advancin' that way pretty often, I shall say it is strategy, and Washington will be safe. And that noble banner, as it were—that banner, as it were—will be a emblem, or rather, I should say, that noble banner—as if

were. My wife says so too. [I got a little mixed up here, but they didn't notice it. Keep mum.] Feller citizens, it will be a proud day for this Republic when Washington is safe. My wife says so too.

The editor of the *Bugle-Horn of Liberty* here arose and said: "I do not wish to interrupt the gentleman, but a important despatch has just bin received at the telegraph office here. I will read it. It is as follows: *Gov'ment is about to take vigorous measures to put down the rebellion!*" [Loud applause.]

That, said I, is cheering. That's soothing. And Washington will be safe. [Sensation.] Philadelphia is safe. Gen. Patterson's in Philadelphia. But my heart bleeds partic'ly for Washington. My wife says so too.

There's money enough. No trouble about *money*. They've got a lot of first-class bank-note engravers at Washington (which place, I regret to say, is by no means safe) who turn out two or three cords of money a day—good money, too. Goes well. These bank-note engravers make good wages. I expect they lay up property. They are full of Union sentiment. There is considerable Union sentiment in Virginy, more specially among the honest farmers of the Shenandoah valley. My wife says so too.

Then it isn't money we want. But we do want *men*, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung-shots, and stabbin' her with stolen knives! We must lick 'em quick. We must introduce a large number of first-class funerals among the people of the South. Betsy says so too.

This war hain't been too well managed. We all know that. What then? We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes

down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who *caused* the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't "reason" the matter with the foe. When, in the broad glare of the noonday sun, a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut-stand, do we "reason" with him? I guess not. And why "reason" with those other Southern people who are tryin' to kick over the Republic? Betsy, my wife, says so too.

The meetin' broke up with enthusiasm. We shan't draft in Baldinsville if we can help it.

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 hanbills, which not only air gems of art in theirselves, but they troothfully sit forth the attractions of my show—a show, let me here obsarve, that contains many livin' wild animils, every one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

Them hanbills is sculpt in New York.

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

&, bein' here, I tho't I'd issoo a 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 unimpaired, but I've got to git some new clothes.

Many changes has taken place, even durin' my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contempulate. The house in Varick-street, where I used to Board, is bein' torn

down. That house, which was rendered memorable by my livin' into it, is "parsin' away! parsin' away!" But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin' on continerly. In the New World it is war—in the Old World Empires is totterin' & Dysentaries is crumblin'. These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Duane Street, sculps my hanbills, & he's a artist. He studid in Rome—State of New York.

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

But I have time to look 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 wimin of America to stop wearin' furrin goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountins, and bombazeen from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jumpt into fabrics of domestic manufactur.

But, says sum folks, if you stop importin' things you stop the revenoo. That's all right. We can stand it if the Revenoo can. On the same principle young men should continer to get drunk on French brandy and to smoke their livers as dry as a 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 thurrer curtainment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin' ter'bly extravagant, and 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 dune up in a 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 wont 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—sombody 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 mizerable devils—go home!

At a special Congressional 'lection in my distrikt 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 knockt 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 Philadelphy, 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 hospitable voice.

"Glad to see you."

"He is an artist, father," said my child.

"A whichist?"

"An artist. A painter."

"And glazier?" I asked. "Air you a painter and glazier, sir?"

My daughter and wife was mad, but I couldn't help it, I felt in a comical mood.

"It is a wonder to me, Sir," said the artist, "considering 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 cordially, and showed me the follerin' article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street :

"We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hell-hounds of the *Advertiser* say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly-increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a gold one?"

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

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

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good

old man preached well, too, tho' his prayer was ruther lengthy. The Editor of the *Bugle*, who was with me, 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 from of Gov'ment. In other words I'm travelin' among the crowned heds of Canady. They ai'n't pretty bad people. On the contr'y, they air exceedin' good people.

Troo, they air deprived of many blessins. They don't enjoy, for instans, the priceless boon of a war. They haven't any American Egil to onchain, and they hain't got a Fourth of July to their backs.

Altho' this is a monikal form of Gov'ment, I am onable to perceeve much moniky. I tried to git a piece in Toronto, but failed to succeed.

Mrs. Victoria, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mightier. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our politicians, some of em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

The present Gov'ner Gin'ral of Canady is Lord Monk. I saw him review some volunteers at Montreal. He was

accompanied by some other lords and dukes and generals and those sort of things. He rode a little bay horse, and his close wasn't any better than mine. You'll always notiss, by the way, that the higher up in the world a man is, the less good harness he puts on. Hence Gin'ral Halleck walks the streets in plain citizen's dress, while the second lieutenant of a volunteer regiment piles all the brass things he can find onto his back, and drags a forty-pound sword after him.

Monk has been in the lord bisniss some time, and I understand it pays, tho' I don't know what a lord's wages is. The wages of sin is death and postage-stamps. But this has nothing to do with Monk.

One of Lord Monk's daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin', Miss Monk. Mrs. Ward will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no 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 slighest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pooty scrumptious in their red and green close.

Come with me, jentle reader, to Quebeck. Quebeck was surveyed and laid out by a gentleman who had been afflicted with the delirium tremens from childhood, and hence his idees of things was a little irreg'ler. The streets don't lead anywheres in partic'ler, but everywheres in git'ral. The

city is bilt on a variety of perpendicular hills, each hill bein' a trifle wuss nor t'other one. Quebeck is full of stone walls, and arches, and citadels and things. It is said no foe could ever git into Quebeck, and I guess they couldn't. And I don't see what they'd *want* to git in there for.

Quebeck has seen lively times in a warlike way. The French and Britishers had a set-to there in 1759. Jim Wolfe commanded the latters, and Jo. Montcalm the formers. Both were hunky boys, and fit nobly. But Wolfe was too many measles for Montcalm, and the French was slew'd. Wolfe and Montcalm was both killed. In arter years a common monymment was erected by the gen'rous people of Quebeck, aided by a bully Earl named George Dalhousie, to these noble fellows. That was well done.

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

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

It reminded me of a inspired fect of my own. I used to exhibit a wax figger of Henry Wilkins, the Boy Murderer. Henry had, in a moment of inadvertence, killed his Uncle Ephram and walked off with the old man's money. Well, this statto^o 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 weapön 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 Heary Wilkins was compelled to go to the Sunday-school. He carried no Sunday-school book. The teacher told him to go home and bring one. He went and returned with a comic song-book. A depraved proceedin'."

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

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

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

I say adoo to Quebeck with regret. It is old fogyish, but chock full of interest. Young gentlemen of a romantic turn of mind, who air botherin' their heads as to how they can spend their father's money, had better see Quebeck.

Altogether I like Canady. Good people and lots of pretty girls. I wouldn't mind comin' over here to live in the capacity of a Duke, provided a vacancy occurs, and provided further I could be allowed a few 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 favor of the Union as it wasn't.* But the Union, anyhow.

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

(Signed,) "A. WARD."

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 orriggernerly he was a majestic cuss.

At the time Chris. arrove on these shores (I allood to Chris. Columbus), the savajis was virtuous and happy. They were innocent of secession, rum, draw-poker, and sinfulness gin'rally. They didn't discuss the slavery question as a custom. They had no Congress, fero banks, delirium tremens, or Associated Press. Their habits was consequently good. Late suppers, dyspepsy, gas companies, thieves, ward politicians, pretty waiter-girls, and other metropolitan refinements, were unknown among them. No savage in good standing would take postage-stamps. You couldn't have bo't a coon skin with a barrel of 'em. The female Aboorygine never died of consumption, because she didn't tie her waist up in whalebone things; but in loose and flowin' garments she bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us when Chris. sot his foot onto these 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the 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 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 desarve 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.

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 gal who sits up over the compass. It works well.

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to Philadelphy. Before he left I took his lily-white hand in mine. I suggested to him that if he could induce the citizens of Philadelphy to believe it would be a good idea to have white winder-shutters on their houses and white door-stones, he might make a fortin. "It's a novelty," I added,

"and may startle 'em at fust, but they may concludo to adopt it."

As several of our public men are constantly being surprised with serenades, I concluded I'd be surprised in the same way, so I made arrangements accordin'. I asked the Brass Band how much they'd take to take me entirely by surprise with a serenade. They said they'd overwhelm me with a unexpected honor for seven dollars, which I excepted.

I wrote out my impromptoo speech severil days beforehand, bein' very careful to expunge all ingramatticisms and payin' particler attention to the punktoation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a many effort, but, alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitcin speakin' my piece over so as to be entirely perfect. My bloomin' young daughter, Sarah Ann, bothered me summut by singin', "Why do summer roses fade?"

"Because," said I, arter hearin' her sing it about fourteen times, "because it is their biz! Let 'em fade."

"Betsy," said I, pausin' in the middle of the room, and lettin' my eagle eye wander from the manuscript; "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-heded 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 9 o'clock precisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of 'Ward! Ward!' I stept out onto the portico. A brief

glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evigently under the affluence of the intoxicatin' bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holdin' up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so much so that it 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 honour 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^h house? I

should like a rhynossyross on the half shelf, 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 a exceedingly ragged boy wanted to know if there wasn't to be some wittles afore the concern brokr 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 you see this, 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 favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am, I am!"

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

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

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

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

An Orderly Scargeant 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 skeddadle 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 yard-stick, but isn't it a rather more manly weapon?"

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

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

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

"Nary!" cried Mabel, her eyes flashing warm fire—"nary! None but the Brave deserve the Sanitary Fair! A man who will desert his country in its hour of trial would drop Faro checks into the Contribution Box on Sunday. I hain't Got time to tarry—I hain't got time to stay!—but here's a gift at parting:—a White Feather: wear it 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 kedaddlers 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!" said he, with a flashing nostril. "And hogs-heads."

"Then go!" she said, in a tone of disdain—"go *away*!"

"Ha!" he cried, "you spurn me then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so! though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle," he added, and nothing could exceed his looks at

this moment—"when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast 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 Washinton cor-respondents:

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 Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their

harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin ded too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitturly because he haint got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, *he* is.

BUNKER HILL.

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

MR. FANUEL.

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

THE COMMON.

It is here, as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with sum Bildins', is a onhappy Outcast in Naponisit.

THE LEGISLATUR.

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but sum of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevailin' stile. or ten

years behind it—jest as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 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 College in Maine. He writes that he is a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Grate American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin' Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 Summers had flow'd over my 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 have 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, smillin' 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 in'trist took place on the cars excep' a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

WILD GAME.

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

COMMON SKOOLS.

A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old pardner, has a little son who has only bin to skool two months, and yet he exhibertid his father's performin' Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay partic'lar 'tention to Spelin' in these Skools, because if a man can't Spel wel he's of no 'kount.

SUMMIN' UP.

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr. Reveer, whose tavern I stop at, informed me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. But settin' the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one

of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Unlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to hav' bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and continnered applaus' for Boston !

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

Kiss the children for me. What you tell me 'bout the Twins grieves me sorely. When I sent 'em that Toy Engine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what 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 Blisness rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husban',

ARTEMUS WARD.

XL

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 hankercher!" 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 dooryard 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. "Don't blame us!"

CHAPTER III.—DUST TO DUST.

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy

thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty a-breast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

● ● ● ● ●

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

● ● ● ● ●

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

CHAPTER IV.—MARRIED AGAIN.

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

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. 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 rebil capitol I desire to cimply say that I hav seen a low and skdrrilus noat

in the papers from a certin purson who sings hisself Olonzo Ward, & sez he is my berruther. I did *once* hav a berruther of that name, but I do not recugnise him now. To me he is wuss than ded! I took him from collige sum 16 years ago, and gave him a good situation as the Bearded Woman in my Show. How did he repay me for this kindness? He basely undertook (one day while in a Backynalian mood on rum & right in sight of the aujience in the tent) to stand upon his hed, whareby he betray'd his sex on account of his boots & his Beard fallin' off his face, thus rooinin' my prospecks in that town, & likewise incurrin' the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was 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 hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin' bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never know'd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolootion War. My father once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin' to pay him in the Fall; but Lafy said "he couldn't see it in those lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immejutly on my 'rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House, and callin' to my assistans a young man from our town who writes a good runnin' hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin' my umbrella to a 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 ryemeal of my uncle Levi all one winter. My uncle Levi's ryemeal 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 dreams, 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 scoundrul who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin', and my throat feels a little husky this mornin'.

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

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a small-pox ambulance.

UNION SENTIMENT.

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and infloentooial citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why I we've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borry'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of terrs.

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 dough-nut 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 refleck 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 fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't hav' drawd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The surrender of R. Lee, J. Johnston, and others, leaves the Confederit 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.

Feelln' a little peckish, I went into a eatin' house to-day, and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did wear looked onhealthy. He frowned on me, and sed, kinder scornful, "So, Sir—you come here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," said I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw!" he sed sneerily, "I mean you air in this city for the purpuss of gloatin' over a fallen peple. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—*never, never!*"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I don't gioat over your misfortins, my young fren'. Fur from it. I'm a old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misten'd with suthin' very like tears. I'm thinkin' of the sea of good rich Blud that has been spilt on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin' of our widders and orfuns North, and of your'n in the South. I kin cry for both. B'leeve me, my young fren', I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle dust by a fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a vener'ble sinner like me kin say anythin', God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear."

I ris up to go, & takin' my yung Southern fren' kindly by

the hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern tellers 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, adoo!"

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 slite 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 nootrol position!

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

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

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrificiss my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the rebelyin krusht. And if wuss comes 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 caud 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 was resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogus if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

We hain't got any daily paper in our town, but we've got a female sewin' circle, which ansers the same purpuss, and we wasn't long in suspents as to who was drafted.

One young man who was drawd claimed to be exemp because he was the only son of a widow'd mother who supported him. A few able-bodid dead men was drafted, but whether their heirs will have to pay 3 hundrid dollars a peace for 'em is a question for Whitin', who 'pears to be tinkerin' up this draft bizniss right smart. I hope he makes good wages.

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

You see I'm sassy, friend Wales, hittin' all sides; but no

offense is ment. You know I ain't a politician, and never was. I vote for Mr. Union—that's the only candidate I've got. I claim, howsever, to have a well-balanced mind; tho' my idees of a well-balanced mind differs from the idees of a partner I once had, whose name it was Billson. Billson and me orjanized a strollin' dramatic company, & we played the Drunkard, or the Falling Saved, with a real drunkard. The play didn't take particularly, and says Billson to me, Let's giv 'em some immoral dramy. We had a large troop onto our hands, consistin' of eight tragedians and a bass drum, but I says, No, Billson; and then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public rekires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont. The miser'ble man once played Hamlet. There wasn't any orchestry, and wishin' to expire to slow moosic, he died playin' on a claironett himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans, & such is the world! Alars! alars! how onthankful we air to that Providence which kindly allows us to live and borrow money, and fail and do bizniss!

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

But all this is furrin to the purpuss of this note, arter all. My objeck in now addressin' you is to giv you sum advice,

friend Wales, about managin' your wife, a bizness I've had over thirty years experience in.

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in 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 enjoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can git half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr. Mason Dory's for six dollars, and biled pertaters throw'd in.

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

don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin' the proceedins of our State Legislater. The old genTman 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 lickor concealed about my person. I had somehow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' some cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and, in a very loud voice, I said, "Betsy, you need reorganizin'! I have cum, Betsy," I continued—crackin' the whip over the bed—"I have cum to reorganize you! Ha-ave you per-ayed to-night?"

* * * * *

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

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toomstun! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't 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 giv his wife "a little lee-way." That was z mutch. I told Mrs. Minkins that her Roofus would die if he staid out there into the rain much longer; when she said, "it shan't be my fault if he dies unprepared," at the same time tossin' him his mother's Bible. It was orful! I stood by, however, and nussed him as well's I could, but I was a putty wet-nuss, I tell you.

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

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

It may interest you to know that I'm prosperin' in a peccoony pint of view. I make 'bout as much in the course of 1

year as a Cab'net offisser does, & I understan' my bizniss a good deal better than sum of 'em do.

Respecks to St. Gorge & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy."

A. WARD.

AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

It isn't every one who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now. In the language of the duke who went round with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever garnished a melodrama, although I have not as yet danced on my village green, as the 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. Greeley, particularly, and that he had never boarded in the private family where I enjoy the comforts of a home, I tendered them my watch, and begged they would distribute it judiciously among the laboring classes, as I had seen the rioters styled in certain public prints.

Why should I loiter feverishly in Broadway, stabbing the hissing hot air with the splendid gold-headed cane that was presented to me by the citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, as a slight testimonial of their esteem? Why broil in my rooms? You said to me, Mrs. Gloverson, when I took possession of

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. Claé'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 Jacoba. 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 follor," as Joseph Gargery might observe.

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

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

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

"I occasionally write for the stage, sir."

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

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

I believe that story is new, although perhaps it is not

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

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

charades in the weekly paper, and gradually find out why my first is something that grows in a garden, and my second is a fish.

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

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

Looking at these girls reminds me that I, too, was once young—and where are the friends of my youth? I have found one of 'em, certainly. I saw him ride in the circus the other day on a bare-back 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, and is just now editing a Major-General down South.

Singlinson, the sweet-voiced boy, whose face was always washed and who was real good, and who was never rude—*he* is in the penitentiary for putting his uncle's autograph to a financial document. Hawkins, the clergyman's son, is an actor, and Williamson, the good little boy who divided his

occasion of their next annual Fair, he wrote the President of that Society as follows :

NEW YORK, *June 12, 1865.*

DEAR SIR,

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

I feel flattered, and think I will come.

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

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

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

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

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

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

Two years ago I tried sheep-raising.

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

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced 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-colored, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and shapely-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

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

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

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed :

"Waal ! *did* you ever?"

I certainly never had.

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

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

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

I was going to mow, myself.

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

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of 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-voed*. She also said she would get right up

and go away, and as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins is troubled no more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krows bein put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nother in. Old Bisbee who was frade youd cut his sons leggs of Ses you bet go and stand up in feeld yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will keep way. this made Boys in store larf. no More terday from

"Yours

"respectful

"ELI PERKINS,

"his letter."

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

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

Truly Yours,

CHARLES F. BROWNE

TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK.

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 became somewhat regulated.

Next day.

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

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

I had far rather say a pleasant thing than a harsh one ; but it is due to the large number of respectable ladies and gentlemen who were on board the steamer Ariel with me that I state here that the accommodations on that steamer were very *vill*. If I did not so state, my conscience would

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

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

I examine the New Grenadian flag, which waves from the chamber-window of 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 whispers 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.

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

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

And yet I am told they are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa-Rican, on board the

Ariel. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it in his pocket.

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

The Señoritas who leave us at Panama are splendid creatures. They learned me Spanish, and in the soft moonlight we walked on deck and talked of the land of Pizarro. (You know old Piz. conquered Peru! and although he was not educated 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 flippant and absurd song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with his *ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do*. After which he crumbles, in an incomprehensible manner, into the bottom of the boat, and howls dismally.

We reach Manzanillo, another coast place, twenty-four hours after leaving Acapulco. Manzanillo is a little Mexican village, and looked very wretched indeed, sweltering away there on the hot sands. But it is a port of some importance, nevertheless, because a great deal of merchandise finds its way to the interior from there. The white and green flag of Mexico floats from a red steam-tug (the navy of Mexico, by the way, consists of two tugs, a disabled raft, and a basswood

life-preserver) and the Captain of the Port comes off to us in his small boat, climbs up the side of the St. Louis, and folds the healthy form of Captain Hudson to his breast. There is no wharf here, and we have to anchor off the town.

There was a wharf, but the enterprising Mexican peasantry, who subsist by poling merchandise ashore in dug-outs, indignantly tore it up. We take on here some young Mexicans, from Colima, who are going to California. They are of the better class, and one young man (who was educated in Madrid) speaks English rather better than I write it. Be careful not to admire any article of an educated Mexican's dress, because if you do he will take it right off and give it to you, and sometimes this might be awkward.

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

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

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

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

IV.

CALIFORNIA.

WE reach San Francisco one Sunday afternoon. I am driven to the Occidental Hotel by a kind-hearted hackman,

who states that inasmuch as I have come out there to amuse people, he will only charge me five dollars. I pay it in gold, of course, because greenbacks are not current on the Pacific coast.

Many of the citizens of San Francisco remember the Sabbath day to keep it jolly; and the theatres, the circus, the minstrels, and the music-halls are all in full blast to-night.

I "compromise" and go to the Chinese theatre, thinking perhaps there can be no great harm in listening to worldly sentiments when expressed in a language I don't understand.

The Chinaman at the door takes my ticket with the remark, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!"

And I tell him that on the whole I think he is right.

The Chinese play is "continued," like a Ledger story, from night to night. It commences with the birth of the hero or heroine, which interesting event occurs publicly on the stage; and then follows him or her down to the grave, where it cheerfully ends.

Sometimes a Chinese play lasts six months. The play I am speaking of had been going on for about two months. The heroine had grown up into womanhood, and was on the point, as I inferred, of being married to a young Chinaman in spangled pantaloons and a long black tail. The bride's father comes in with his arms full of tea chests, and bestows them, with his blessing, upon the happy couple. As this play is to run four months longer, however, and as my time is limited, I go away at the close of the second act, while the orchestra is performing an overture on gongs and one-stringed fiddles.

The door-keeper again says, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!" adding, this time however, "Chow-wow." I agree with him

in regard to the *ki hi* and *hi ki*, but tell him I don't feel altogether certain about the *chow-wow*.

To Stockton from San Francisco.

Stockton is a beautiful town, that has ceased to think of becoming a very large place, and has quietly settled down into a state of serene prosperity. I have my boots repaired here by an artist who informs me that he studied in the penitentiary; and I visit the lunatic asylum, where I encounter a vivacious maniac who invites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros.

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

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

They had a flood here some years ago, during which several blocks of buildings sailed out of town and 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 mining days are over, but I find the people jolly and hospitable nevertheless.

At Nevada I am called upon, shortly after my arrival, by

an athletic scarlet-faced man, who politely says his name is Blaze.

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

"A bill—what for?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks?"

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

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

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

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

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

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 6,752 feet high, about two o'clock in the morning, and go down the great Kingsbury grade with locked wheels. The driver, with whom I sit outside, informs me, as we slowly roll down this fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time, and cost the California stage company a great deal of money; "because," he says, "juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to

recover. But it will never be so agin, not with *me*, you bet."

"How is that?" I said.

It was frightfully dark. It was snowing withal, and notwithstanding the brakes were kept hard down, the coach slewed wildly, often fairly touching the brink of the black precipice.

"How is that?" I said.

"Why, you see," he replied, "that corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have a over-turn 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 visited 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 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 door-yard.

I lecture in the theatre at Carson, which opens out of a drinking and gambling house. On each side of the door where my ticket-taker stands there are montè-boards and sweat-cloths, but they are deserted to-night, the gamblers being evidently of a literary turn of mind.

Five years ago there was only a pony-path over the precipitous hills on which now stands the marvellous city of 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 organize 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 and 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 I do not go to Aurora. No, I think not. A lecturer on psychology was killed there the other night by the playful discharge of a horse-pistol in the hands of a degenerate and intoxicated Spaniard. This circumstance, and a rumour that the citizens are *agin* literature, induce me to go back to Virginia.

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

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

As soon as a mining camp begins to assume the proportions of a city; at about the time the whisky-vender draws his cork or the gambler spreads his green cloth, Maguire

opens a theatre, and with a hastily-organized "Vigilance Committee" of actors, commences to execute 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 by.

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 was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the outskirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"*He was, a few miles back!*" said Mr. Monk; "yes," he added, after looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coach-roof—"yes, I can see him! He is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the Chairman of the Committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir—— why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follers: Git him there by seving! It wants a quarter to sevitz. 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 in time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for awhile; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a bran-new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

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. Report reaches 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 fire-arms. 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

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

There are some good voices in the choir to-day, but the orchestral accompaniment is unusually slight. Sometimes they introduce a full brass and string band in Church. Brigham Young says the devil has monopolised the good music long enough, and it is high time the Lord had a portion of it. Therefore trombones are tooted on Sundays in Utah as well as on other days; and there are some splendid musicians there. The orchestra in Brigham Young's theatre is quite equal to any in Broadway. There is a youth in Salt Lake City (I forget his name) who plays the cornet like a North American angel.

Mr. Stenhouse relieves me of any anxiety I had felt in regard to having my swan-like throat cut by the Danites, but thinks my wholesale denunciation of a people I had never seen was rather hasty. The following is the paragraph to which the Saints objected. It occurs in an "Artemus Ward" paper on Brigham Young, written some years ago:

"I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Ger-

morer, inhabited by as theavin' & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe."

I had forgotten all about this, and as Elder Stenhouse read it to me "my feelings may be better imagined than described," to use language I think I have heard before. I pleaded, however, that it was a purely burlesque sketch, and that this strong paragraph should not be interpreted literally at all. The Elder didn't seem to see it in that light, but we parted pleasantly.

X.

THE MOUNTAIN FEVER.

I GO back to my hotel and go to bed, and I do not get up again for two weary weeks. I have the mountain fever (so called in Utah, though it closely resembles the old-style typhus), and my case is pronounced dangerous. I don't regard it so. I don't, in fact, regard anything. I am all right, *myself*. My poor Hingston shakes his head sadly, and Dr. Williamson, from Camp Douglas, pours all kinds of bitter stuff down my throat. I drink his health in a dose of the cheerful beverage known as jalap, and thresh the sheets with my hot hands. I address large assemblages, who have somehow got into my room, and I charge Dr. Williamson with the murder of Luce, and Mr. Irwin, the actor, with the murder of Shakspeare. I have a lucid spell now and then, in one of which James Townsend, the landlord, enters. He whispers, but I hear what he says far too distinctly: "This man can have anything and everything he wants; but I'm no hand for a sick room. *I never could see anybody die.*"

That was cheering, I thought. The noble Californian,

Jerome Davis—he of the celebrated ranch—sticks by me like a twin brother, although I fear that in my hot frenzy I more than once 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 here 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?"

XL

"I AM HERE."

THERE is no mistake about that, and there is a good prospect of my staying here for some time to come. The snow is deep on the ground, and more is falling.

The Doctor looks glum, and speaks of his ill-starred countryman, Sir J. Franklin, who went to the Arctic once too much.

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

It didn't strike me as much of a joke to pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold fare, and then be horse-whipped by stage-drivers, for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas of humour differ, just as people's ideas differ in regard to shrewdness—which "reminds me of a little story." Sitting in a New England country store one day I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers:

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

"Sold her," said William, with a smile of satisfaction.

"Wot 'd you git?"

"Hund'd an' fifty dollars, cash deown!"

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

"Sold her to mother!"

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

A Sensation-Arrival by the Overland Stage of two Missouri gals, who have 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 though 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 Kiriland, Ohio, and went to Nauvoo with Joseph Smith. That distinguished Mormon handed his mantle and the Prophet business over to Brigham when he died at Nauvoo.

Smith did a more flourishing business in the Prophet line than B. Y. does. Smith used to have his little Revelation almost every day—sometimes two before dinner. B. Y. only takes one once in a while.

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

things are true. Rumour says that when the Lion Horse 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 territory, and that, in short, he is incapable of wrong in any shape.

Nobody seems to know how many wives Brigham Young has. Some set the number as high as eighty, in which case his children must be too numerous to mention. Each wife has a room to herself. These rooms are large and airy, and I suppose they are supplied with all the modern improvements. But never having been invited to visit them I can't speak very definitely about this. When I left the Prophet,

he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to call again. This was flattering, because if he dislikes a man at the first interview he never sees him again. He made no allusion to the "letter" I had written about his community. Outside guards were pacing up and down before the gateway, but they smiled upon me sweetly. The veranda was crowded with Gentile miners, who seemed to be surprised that I didn't return in a wooden overcoat, with my throat neatly laid open from ear to ear.

I go to the Theatre to-night. The play is Othello. This is a really fine play, and was a favorite 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. L. 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 cabinet-maker if I "applied" myself.

The parquette of the theatre is occupied exclusively by the Mormons and their wives, and children. They wouldn't let a Gentile in there any more than they would a serpent.

In the side seats are those of President Young's wives who go to the play, and a large and varied assortment of children. It is an odd sight to see a jovial old Mormon file down the parquette aisle with ten or twenty robust wives at his heels. Yet this spectacle may be witnessed every night the theatre is opened. The dress circle is chiefly occupied by the officers from Camp Douglas and the Gentile Merchants. The upper circles are filled by the private soldiers and Mormon boys. I feel bound to say that a Mormon audience is quite as appreciative as any other kind of an audience. They prefer comedy to tragedy. Sentimental plays, for obvious reasons, are unpopular with them. It will be remembered that when C. Melnotte, in the *Lady of Lyons*, comes home from the wars, he folds Pauline to his heaving heart and makes several remarks of an impassioned and slobbering character. One night when the *Lady of Lyons* was produced here, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a *cussed fuss over one woman*. The prices of the theatre are: Parquette, 75 cents; dress circle, \$1; 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 Scripture.

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

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

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

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

Among my receipts at the box-office this night were—
20 bushels of wheat.

5 " " corn.
4 " " potatoes.
2 " " oats.
4 " " salt.
2 hams.

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

1 wolf-skin.

5 pounds honey in the comb.

16 strings of sausages—2 pounds to the string.

1 cat-skin.

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

1 set children's under-garments, embroidered.

1 firkin of butter.

1 keg of apple-sauce.

One man undertook to pass a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit) at the box-office, and another 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 evergreen capitals adorns one end of the hall, while at the other a platform is erected for the musicians, behind whom there is room for those who don't dance, to sit and look at the festivities. Brother Stenhouse, at the request of President Young, formally introduces me to company from the platform. There is a splendour of costumery about the dancers I had not expected to see. Quadrilles only are danced. The Mazourka is considered sinful. Even the old-time round waltz is tabooed. ♣

I dance.

The Saints address each other here, as elsewhere, as Brother and Sister. "This way, Sister:" "Where are you going, Brother?" 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 gentlemen 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

Dr. Hingston made a similar remark, and wondered if he should ever clink glasses with his friend Lord Palmerston again.

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

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

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

At Elk Mountain we encounter a religious driver named Edward Witney, 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, 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 pang that I declined the generous Baltimorean's invitation.

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

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

ment-lovers of the Far West, kindly withdraw their dramatic corps for a night, and allow me to use their pretty little theatre.

We go to the Mountains from Denver, visiting the celebrated gold-mining towns 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 Capt. Rogers to swear in an awful manner.

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

Another shell, a sprightlier one than its predecessor, tears the earth fearfully in the immediate vicinity of Col. Chivington, filling his eyes with dirt, and knocking off his hat.

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

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

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

Meals which have hitherto been \$1.00 each are now 75 cents. Eggs appear on the table occasionally, and we hear

some parents have always done elsewhere, and always will do as long as petticoats continue to be an institution.

How these dozen or twenty wives get along without heart-burnings and hair-pullings, I can't see.

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

The Mormon woman is early taught that man, being created in the image of the Saviour, is far more godly than she can ever be, and that for her to seek to monopolize his affections is a species of rank sin. So she shares his affections with five or six or twenty other women, as the case may be.

A man must be amply able to support a number of wives before he can take them. Hence, perhaps, it is that so many old chaps in Utah have young and blooming wives in their seraglios, and so many young men have only one.

I had a man pointed out to me who married an entire family. He had originally intended to marry Jane, but Jane did not want to leave her widowed mother. The other three sisters were not in the matrimonial market for the same reason; so this gallant man married the whole crowd, including the girl's grandmother, who had lost all her teeth, and had to be fed with a spoon. The family were in indigent circumstances, and they could not but congratulate themselves on securing a wealthy husband. It seemed to affect the grandmother deeply, for the first words she said on reaching her new home, were: "Now, thank God! I shall have my gruel reg'lar!"

The name of Joseph Smith is worshipped in Utah ; and "they say" that although he has been dead a good many years, he still keeps on marrying women by *proxy*. He "reveals" who shall act as his earthly agent in this matter, and the agent faithfully executes the defunct Prophet's commands.

A few years ago I read about a couple being married by telegraph—the young man was in Cincinnati, and the young woman was in New Hampshire. They did not see each other for a year afterwards. I don't see what fun there is in this sort of thing.

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

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.

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 not 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

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