

The Complete Works of Artemus Ward, Part 7

Charles Farrar Browne

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PART VII. Miscellaneous.

7.1. THE CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

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

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

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

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

"Sale hoe!"

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

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

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

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

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

"You know Bill Spikes?" said the captin of the Warier.

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

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

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

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

The hosses became docile eventually, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splendor, disregardless of expense, and lovely Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin and other evijences of civillizashun, incloodin a party of bald heded cullered men was playing 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tavern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," said the Captin, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic!" I declined the seductive flood.

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

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yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

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

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

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

(Poekry.)

A.W.

7.2. ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

New York, near Fifth Avenoo Hotel, Org. 31ct.

EDITER OF PLAY BILL.

Dr Sir,—Yrs, into which you ask me to send you sum leadin incidents in my life so you can write my Bogfry for the papers, cum dooly to hand. I hav no doubt that a article onto my life, grammattycally jerked and properly punktooated, would be a addition to the chois literatoor of the day.

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

I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearin as the poor blind man myself. But the infamus cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in the day time to excite simpathy drank freely of spirituous licker unbeknowns to me one day, while under their infloance he led me into the canal. I had to either tear the green bandige from my eyes or be drownded. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

In writin about these things, Mr. Editer, kinder smooth em over. Speak of 'em as eccentricissities of gen'us.

My next ventur would hav bin a success if I hadn't tried to do too much. I got up a series of wax figgers, and among others one of Socrates. I tho't a wax figger of old Sock. would be poplar with eddycated peple, but unfortinitly I put a Brown linen duster and a U.S. Army regulation cap on him, which peple with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was onfortnit in other respecks. At a certin town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble Amos Perkins, who was a Railroad President, and a great person in them parts. But it appeared I had shown the same figger for a Pirut named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created a intense toomult, the audience remarked "shame onto me," other statements of the same similarness. I tried to mollify em. I told 'em that any family possessin children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, I wouldn't charge 'em a cent, but alars! it was of no avail. I was forced to leave, I infer from a article in the

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

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

I will not speak of my once bein in straitend circumstances in a sertin town, and of my endeavorin to accoomulate welth by lettin myself to Sabbath School picnics to sing ballads adapted to the understandins of little children, accompanyin myself on a claironett—which I forgot where I was one day, singing, instid of "Oh, how pleasant to be a little child,"

"Rip slap—set em up again,

Right in the middle of a three-cent pie,"

which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the claironett except makin it howl dismal, broke up the picnic, and children said, in voices choked with sobs and emotions, where was their home and where was their Pa? and I said, Be quiet, dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angrily, "Good heavens forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones, unless it is much desirable for them to expire igminyusly upon to a murderer's gallus!"

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

In your article, Mr. Editer, please tell him what sort of a man I am.

If you see fit to kriticise my Show speak your mind freely. I do not object to kriticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startlin cooriosities, any one of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission.

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

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, "How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!" The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, sayin I was muzzer's bezzy darlin and a sweety 'eety 'ittle ting. It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuf to properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy old darlin now.

I have allers sustained a good moral character. I was never a Railroad director in my life.

Altho' in early life I did not inva'bly confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have been gradoolly growin respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but firmly bel'eve in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudnum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Artemus Ward.

7.3. THE SERENADE.

Things in our town is workin. The canal boat "Lucy Ann" called in here the other day and reported all quiet on the Wabash. The "Lucy Ann" has adopted a new style of Binnakle light, in the shape of a red-headed girl, who sits up over the compass. It works well.

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

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

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

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

"Betsy," said I, pausin in the middle of the room and lettin my eagle eye wander from the manuscrip—"Betsy, on the night of this here serenade, I desires you to appear at the winder dressed in white, and wave a lily-white handkercher. D'ye hear?"

"If I appear," said that remarkable female, "I shall wave a lily-white bucket of bilin hot water, and somebody will be scalded. One bald-headed old fool will get HIS share."

She refer'd to her husband. No doubt about it in my mind. But for fear she might exasperate me I said nothin.

The expected night cum. At nine o'clock 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

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brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evigently under the affluence of the intoxicatin bole. The Band was also drunk. Dr. Schwazey, who was holdin up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced:—

"Feller Citizens,—For this onexpected honor—"

LEADER OF THE BAND.—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git through?"

To this painful and disgustin interruption I paid no attention.

"—for this onexpected honor, I thank you."

LEADER OF THE BAND.—"But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons."

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows:—

"I say, I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells—"

DR. SCHWAZEY.—"So do I!"

A VOICE.—"We all do!"

"—my heart swells—"

A VOICE.—"Three cheers for the swells."

"We live," said I, "in troublous times, but I hope we shall again resume our former proud position, and go on in our glorious career!"

DR. SCHWAZEY.—I'm willin for one to go on in a glorious career! Will you join me, fellow-citizens, in a glorious career? What wages does a man git for a glorious career, when he finds himself?"

"Dr, Schwazey," said I, sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin the meetin."

DR. S.—Have you a banquet spread in the house? I should like a rhunossyross on the half shell, or a hippopotamus on toast, or a horse and wagon roasted whole. Anything that's handy. Don't put yourself out on me account.

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

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

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

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

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sir.

I knew your grandfather well, sir. Sum 16 years ago, while I was amoosin and instructin the intellectual peple of Cape Cod with my justly pop'lar Show, I saw your grandfather. He was then between 96 years of age, but his mind was very clear. He told me I looked like George Washington. He said I had a massiv intellect. Your grandfather was a highly-intelligent man, and I made up my mind then that if I could ever help his family in any way, I'd do so. Your grandfather gave me sum clams and a Testament. He charged me for the clams but threw in the Testament. He was a very fine man.

I therefore rite for you, which insures your respectability at once. It gives you a moral tone at the word go.

I found myself the other night at Niblo's Garding, which is now, by the way, Wheatley's Garding. (I don't know what's bcum of Nib.) I couldn't see much of a garding, however, and it struck me if Mr. Wheatley depended on it as regards raisin things, he'd run short of gardin sass. [N.B.--These remarks is yoomerous. The older I gro, the more I want to goak.]

I walked down the isle in my usual dignified stile, politely tellin the people as I parsed along to keep their seats. "Don't git up for me," I sed. One of the prettiest young men I ever saw in my life showed me into a seat, and I proceeded to while away the spare time by reading Thompson's "Bank Note Reporter" and the comic papers.

The ordinance was large.

I tho't, from a cursiry view, that the Finnigan Brotherhood was well represented.

There was no end of bootiful wimin, and a heap of good clothes. There was a good deal of hair present that belonged on the heds of peple who didn't cum with it—but this is a ticklish subjeck for me. I larfed at my wife's waterfall, which indoosed that superior woman to take it off and heave it at me rather vilently; and as there was about a half bushil of it, it knockt me over, and give me pains in my body which I hain't got over yit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ACK THE 1.--Glendalo by moonlite.

Irishmen with clubs.

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

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

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

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

Irish moosic by the Band.

Mr. McCool goes and gives the money to his foster-sister, Miss Arrah Meelish, who is goin to shortly marry Shaun, the Lamp Post. Mac then alters his mind about goin over to France, and thinks he'll go up--stairs and lie down in the straw. This is in Arrah's cabin. Arrah says it's all right, me darlint, och hone, and shure, and other pop'lar remarks, and Mac goes to his straw.

The wedding of Shaun and Arrah comes off.

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

Great confusion.

Coat is prodoosed from up--stairs.

"Whose coat is this?" sez the Major. "Is it the coat of a young man secreted in this here cabin?"

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

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

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

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"Silence!" sum people said.

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

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

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

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

Curtain falls.

This is a very harty outline of a splendid play. Go and see it— Yours till then,

A. Ward.

7.5. ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE FENIANS.

PRELIMINARY.

Sparkling with genuine fun and bristling with pungent satire, this is an epitome of Artemus Ward's most genial humour and of his keenly sarcastic truth. The doings of the Fenians have hitherto been sufficiently ludicrous to merit the ridicule which Artemus has added to the stock they have liberally provided for themselves. To use the periphrasis of Senator Sumner, they have hitherto been "the muscipular abortion of the parturient mountain," whatever their folly may yet lead them to effect of a more serious nature in time to come. As a curiosity of literature, worthy of being preserved for the amusement of posterity, a leading article on the Fenians, extracted from a New York paper of most extensive circulation, is given below. Such another "leader" as the one here given could not be met with in the press of any land in the world, except in that of the United States.

"THE FENIAN TROUBLES AT AN END—THE HEAD CENTRE VICTORIOUS.

"The unmitigated blackguards and miserable spalpeens who raised the standard of revolt against the brave and gallant O'Mahony are knocked into the most infinitesimal smithereens, and chawed up until there is not as much left of them as remained after the tooth-and-nail conflict of the Kilkenny cats. The blessed and holy St Patrick (may the

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heavens be his bed in glory!) never more thoroughly extinguished the toads, snakes, bedbugs, mosquitoes, and varmint in general, which he drove out of Ould Ireland, than O'Mahony, the gallant Head Centre, squelched, exterminated, crushed out, and extinguished the cantankerous Senators and rebellious disciples of the brotherhood who thought to clutch the evergreen laurels and verdant greenbacks with which a patriotic and confiding people have encircled his brow and lined his wallet. As the blessed St Patrick afore said compelled the varmints to betake themselves to the swamps and morasses, and `chased the frogs into the bogs,' so the redoubtable O'Mahony has compelled the rebellious Fenians to hide their diminished heads and betake themselves to the recesses of oblivion, where their contortions will be watched by the observer of futurity, as the visitors of Blarney Castle are edified by the gambols of the 'comely eels in the verdant mud.' The brave O'Mahony has come forth from the contest like gold from the crucible, or whisky from the still, purified, etherealised, and elevated, while his antagonists have shrunk away like dross or swill, never more to mingle with the Olympian deliberation, and Jove-like councils of the Moffatt Mansion. Instead of participating in these august deliberations, they will go back to their shanties, and there behold the glories they are unworthy to share. As if the O'Mahony bludgeon had not knocked the breath completely out of the revolters, the idolised Stephens, who, like the Roman Curtius, jumped into the gulf of Irish nationality, published a letter and a proclamation which must satisfy the public that the recreants 'kilt intirely,' and may as well give their neighbours a pleasant wake and a decent burial as expect to survive the period of

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their inevitable dissolution. His proclamation comes down on them like a shillaly in Donnybrook; and if it does not ventilate their skulls, it is because those cranial envelopes are as impervious to physical force as to the gentle influence of reason or patriotism. Having demolished the rebellious Senate and their backers, the next thing O'Mahony has to do is to wipe out the bloody Saxon and re-establish the nationality of the Emerald Isle as it existed in the days of Brian Boru. As Queen Victoria is a woman, we do not expect to see her locked up like Jeff. Davis, but she will be allowed to emigrate to New York, and open a boarding-school or a dry-goods store, where she will remain unmolested as long as she behaves herself."

JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, Piccadilly, W. Jan. 30, 1865.

To Home, April 1866.

The Finians conveened in our town the other night, and took steps toord freein Ireland. They met into the Town Hall, and by the kind invite of my naber, Mr. Mulrooney O'Shaughnessy, whose ancestors at least must have Irish blood in their veins, I went over.

You may not be awair, by the way, that I've been a invalid here to home for sev'ril weeks. And it's all owin to my own improodens. Not feelin like eating a full meal when the cars stopt for dinner, in the South, where I lately was, I went into a Resterater and et 20 hard biled eggs. I think they effected my Liver.

My wife says, Po, po. She says I've got a splendid liver for a man of my time of life. I've heard of men's livers gradooally wastin' away till they hadn't none. It's a dreadful thing when a man's liver gives him the shake.

Two years ago comin this May, I had a 'tack of fever-'n-ager, and by the advice of Miss Peasley who continues single and is correspondinly unhappy in the same ratios I consulted a Spiritual mejum—a writin' mejum. I got a letter from a cel'brated Injin chief, who writ me, accordin to the mejum, that he'd been ded two hundred and seventeen (217) years, and liked it. He then said, let the Pale face drink sum yarb tea. I drinkt it, and it really helpt me. I've writ to this talented savige this time thro' the same mejum, but as yet I hain't got any answer. Perhaps he's in a spear where they haint' got any postage stamps.

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

The Town Hall was jam-full of people, mostly Irish citizens, and the enthusiasm was immense. They cheer'd everybody and everything. They cheer'd me.

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"Hurroo for Ward! Hurroo!"

They was all good nabers of mine, and I ansered in a pleasant voice, "All right, boys, all right. Mavoorneen, och hone, aroon, Cooshla macree!"

These Irish remarks bein' received with great applaus, I added, "Mushler! mushler!"

"Good! good!" cried Captain Spingler, who desires the Irish vote for country clerk; "that's fus' rate."

"You see what I'm drivin at, don't you, Cap?" I said.

"Certainly."

"Well," I ansered, "I'm very glad you do, becaus I don't."

This made the Finians larf, and they said, "Walk up onto the speaker's platform sir."

The speeches was red hot agin England, and hir iron heel, and it was resolved to free Ireland at onct. But it was much desirable before freein her that a large quantity of funds should be raised. And, like the gen'rous souls as they was, funs was lib'rally contribooted. Then arose a excitin discussion as to which head center they should send 'em to—O'Mahony or McRoberts. There was grate excitement over this, but it was finally resolved to send half to one and half to 'tother.

Then Mr. Finnigan rose and said, "We have here to-night sum citizens of American birth, whom we should be glad to hear. It would fill our harts with speechless joy to hear from a man whose name towers high in the zoological and wax-figger world—from whose pearly lips—"

Says I, "Go slow, Finny, go slow."

"We wish to hear," continued Mr. Finnigan, moderatin his stile summut, "from our townsman, Mr. Ward."

I beg'd to be declined, but it wan't no use. I rose amid a perfeck uproar of applause.

I said we had convened there in a meetin, as I understood it, or rather in a body, as it were, in reference to Ireland. If I knew my own hart, every one of us there, both grate and small had an impulse flowin in his boosum, "and consequentially," I added, we "will stick to it similar and in accordance therewith, as long as a spark of manhood, or the peple at large. That's the kind of man I be!"

Squire Thaxter interrupted me. The Squire feels the wrongs of Ireland deeply, on accounts of havin onct courted the widder of a Irish gentleman who had lingered in a loathsum dunjin in Dublin, placed there by a English tarvern-keeper, who despotically wanted him to pay for a quantity of chops and beer he had consoom'd. Besides, the Squire wants to be re-elected Justice of the Peace. "Mr. Ward," he said, "you've bin drinkin. You're under the infloo'nce of licker, sir!"

Says I, "Squire, not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in fifteen years.

[Cries of "Oh, here now, that won't do."]

"It is troo," I said. "Not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in all that time. I don't let it pass 'em. I reach for it while it's goin by!" says I. "Squire, harness me sum more!"

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"I beg pardon," said the Squire, "for the remark; you are sober; but what on airth are you drivin at?"

"Yes!" I said, "that's just it. That's what I've bin axin myself during the entire evenin. What is this grate meetin drivin at? What's all the grate Finian meetins drivin at all over the country?"

"My Irish frens, you know me well enuff to know that I didn't come here to disturb this meetin. Nobody but a loafer will disturb any kind of a meetin. And if you'll notice it, them as are up to this sort of thing, allers come to a bad end. There was a young man—I will not mention his name—who disturb'd my show in a certain town, two years ago, by makin remarks disrespectful of my animals, accompanied by a allosan to the front part of my hed, which, as you see, it is Bald—sayin,— says this young man, 'You sandpaper it too much, but you've got a beautiful head of hair in the back of your neck, old man.' This made a few ignent and low-mindid persons larf; but what was the fate of that young man? In less than a month his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford county, Maine! The human mind can pictur no grater misfortun than this.

"No, my Irish frens, I am here as your naber and fren. I know YOU are honest in this Finian matter.

"But let us look at them Head Centers. Let us look at them rip-roarin orators in New York, who've bin tearin round for up'ards a year, swearin Ireland shall be free.

"There's two parties—O'McMahoneys and McO'Roberts. One thinks the best way is to go over to Canady and establish a Irish Republic there, kindly permittin the Canadians to pay the expenses of that sweet Boon; and the other wants to sail direck for Dublin Bay, where young McRoy and his fair young bride went down and was drowned, accordin to a ballad I onct heard. But there's one pint on which both sides agree—that's the Funs. They're willin, them chaps in New York, to receive all the Funs you'll send 'em. You send a puss tonight to Mahony, and another puss to Roberts. Both will receive 'em. You bet. And with other pusses it will be sim'lar.

"I went into Mr. Delmonico's eatin-house the other night, and I saw my fren Mr. Terence McFadden, who is a elekent and enterprisin deputy Centre. He was sittin at a table, eatin a canvas-back duck. Poultry of that kind, as you know, is rather high just now. I think about five dollars per Poult. And a bottle of green seal stood before him.

"How are you, Mr. McFadden?" I said.

"Oh, Mr. Ward! I am miserable—miserable! The wrongs we Irishmen suffers! Oh, Ireland! Will a troo history of your sufferins ever be written? Must we be ever ground under by the iron heel of despotic Briton? But, Mr. Ward, won't you eat suthin?"

"Well,' I said 'if there's another caanvas-back and a spare bottle of that green seal in the house, I wouldn't mind jinin you in bein ground under by Briton's iron heel.'

"Green turtle soup, first?" he said.

"Well, yes. If I'm to share the wrongs of Ireland with you, I don't care if I do have a bowl of soup. Put a bean into it,' I said to the waiter. 'It will remind me of my childhood days, when we had 'em baked in conjunction with pork every Sunday mornin, and then all went up to the village church, and had a refreshin nap in the fam'ly pew.'

"Mr. McFadden, who was sufferin so thurily for Ireland, was of the Mahony wing. I've no doubt that some ekally patriotic member of the Roberts wing was sufferin in the same way over to the Mason-Dory eatin-house.

"They say, feller-citizens, soon you will see a Blow struck for Irish liberty! We hain't seen nothin BUT a Blow, so far—it's bin all blow, and the blowers in New York won't git out of Bellusses as long as our Irish frens in the rooral districks send 'em money.

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"Let the Green float above the red, if that'll make it feel any better, but don't you be the Green. Don't never go into anything till you know whereabouts you're goin to.

"This is a very good country here where you are. You Irish hav enjoyed our boons, held your share in our offices, and you certainly have done your share of our votin. Then why this hulla-balloo about freein Ireland? You do your frens in Ireland a great injoory, too; because they b'lieve you're comin sure enuff, and they fly off the handle and git into jail. My Irish frens, ponder these things a little. 'Zamine 'em closely, and above all find out where the pusses go to."

I sot down. There was no applaws, but they listened to me kindly. They know'd I was honest, however wrong I might be; and they know'd too, that there was no peple on arth whose generosity and gallantry I had a higher respect for than the Irish, excep when they fly off the handle. So, my feller citizens, let me toot my horn.

But Squire Thaxter put his hand onto my hed and said, in a mournful tone of vois, "Mr. Ward, your mind is failin. Your intellect totters! You are only about sixty years of age, yet you will soon be a drivelin dotard, and hav no control over yourself."

"I have no control over my arms now," I replied, drivin my elbows suddenly into the Squire's stomach, which caused that corpulent magistrate to fall vilently off the stage into the fiddlers' box, where he stuck his vener'ble hed into a base drum, and stated "Murder" twice, in a very loud vois.

It was late when I got home. The children and my wife was all abed. But a candle—a candle made from taller of our own raisin—gleamed in Betsy's room; it gleamed for I! All was still. The sweet silver moon was a shinin bright, and the beautiful stars was up to their usual doins! I felt a sentymental mood so gently ore me stealin, and I pawsed before Betsy's window, and sung, in a kind of op'ratic vois, as follers, impromptoo, to wit:

Wake, Bessy, wake,
My sweet galoot!
Rise up, fair lady,
While I touch my lute!

The winder—I regret to say that the winder went up with a vi'lent crash, and a form robed in spotless white exclaimed, "Cum into the house, you old fool. To-morrer you'll be goin round complainin about your liver!"

I sot up a spell by the kitchen fire readin Lewis Napoleon's "Life of Julius Caesar." What a reckless old cuss he was! Yit Lewis picturs him in glowin cullers. Caesar made it lively for the boys in Gaul, didn't he? He slewd one million of citizens, male and female—Gauls and Gaulusses—and then he sold another million of 'em into slavery. He continnered this cheerful stile of thing for sum time, when one day he was 'sassinated in Rome by sum high-toned Roman gen'lmen, led on by Mr. Brutus. When old Bruty inserted his knife into him, Caesar admitted that he was gone up. His funeral was a great success, the house bein crowded to its utmost capacity. Ten minutes after the doors were opened, the Ushers had to put up cards on which was prntd, "Standin Room Only."

I went to bed at last. "And so," I said, "thou hast no ear for sweet melody?"

A silvery snore was my only answer.

BETSY SLEPT.

Artemus Ward.

7.6. ARTEMUS WARD IN WASHINGTON.

[The following paper was contributed by Mr. Browne to "Vanity Fair," the New York "Punch," which terminated its career during the late war. Some of the allusions are, of course, to matters long past; but the old fun and genuine humour of the showman are as enjoyable now as when first written.]

Washington, April 17, 1863.

My wife stood before the lookin-glass, a fussin up her hair.

"What you doin, Betsy?" I inquired.

"Doin up my back hair," she replied.

"Betsy," said I, with a stern air, "Betsy, you're too old to think about such frivolities as back hair."

"Too old? TOO OLD?" she screamed, "too old, you bald-heded idiot! You ain't got hair enuff onto YOUR hed to make a decent wig for a single-brested grasshopper!"

The Rebook was severe, but merited. Hens4th I shall let my wife's back hair alone. You heard me!

My little dawter is growin quite rapid, and begins to scrootinize clothin, with young men inside of it, puthy clost. I obsarve, too, that she twists pieces of paper round her hair at nights, and won't let me put my arms round her any more for fair I'll muss her. "Your mother wasn't 'fraid I'd muss HER when she was your age, my child," sed I one day, with a sly twinkle into my dark bay eye.

"No," replied my little dawter, "she probly liked it."

You ain't going to fool female Young America much. You may gamble on THAT.

But all this, which happened in Baldinsville a week ago, hain't nothin to do with Washington, from whither I now write you, hopin the itermis I hereby sends will be exceptable to the Gin-Cocktail of America—I mean the "Punch" thereof. [A mild wittikism.—A.W.]

Washington, D.C., is the Capital of "our once happy country"—if I may be allowed to koin a frase! The D.C. stands for Desprit Cusses, a numerosity which abounds here, the most of whom persess a Romantic pashun for gratooitous drinks. And in this conjunction I will relate an incident. I notist for several days a large Hearse standin in front of the principal tavern on Pennsylvany Avenoo. "Can you tell me, my fair Castillian," sed I this mornin, to a young Spaniard from Tipperary, who was blackin boots in the washroom—"can you tell me what those Hearse is kept standin out there for?"

"Well, you see our Bar bisness is great. You've no idee of the number of People who drink at our Bar durin a day. You see those Hearse is necessary."

I SAW.

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Standin in front of the tarvuns of Pennsylvany Avenoo is a lot of miserbul wretches,—black, white and ring—strickid, and freckled— with long whips in their hands, who frowns upon you like the vulture upon the turtle—dove the minit you dismerge from hotel. They own yonder four—wheeled startlin curiositys, which were used years and years ago by the fust settlers of Virginy to carry live hogs to market in. The best carriage I saw in the entire collection was used by Pockyhontas, sum two hundred years ago, as a goat—pen. Becumin so used up that it couldn't hold goats, that fair and gentle savage put it up at auction. Subsekently it was used as a hospital for sick calves, then as a hencoop, and finally it was put on wheels and is now doin duty as a hack.

I called on Secretary Welles, of the Navy. You know he is quite a mariner himself, havin once owned a Raft of logs on the Connethycut river. So I put on saler stile and hollered: "Ahoy, shipmet! Tip us yer grapplin irons!"

"Yes, yes!" he sed, nervously, "but mercy on us, don't be so noisy."

"Ay, ay, my heart! But let me sing about how Jack Stokes lost his gal:—

The reason why he couldn't gain her,

Was becoz he's drunken saler!

"That's very good, indeed," said the Secky, "but this is hardly the place to sing songs in, my frend."

"Let me write the songs of a nashun," sed I, "and I don't care a cuss who goes to the legislater! But I ax your pardon—how's things?"

"Comfortable, I thank you. I have here," he added, "a copy of the Middletown "Weekly Clarion" of February the 15, containin a report that there isn't much Union sentiment in South Caroliny, but I hardly credit it."

"Air you well, Mr. Secky," sed I. "Is your liver all right? How's your koff?"

"God bless me!" sed the Secky, risin hastily and glarin wildly at me, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothin partickler. Only it is one of the beauties of a Republican form of gov'ment that a Cabnet offisser can pack up his trunk and go home whenever he's sick. Sure nothin don't ail your liver?" sed I, pokin him putty vilent in the stummick.

I called on Abe. He received me kindly. I handed him my umbreller, and told him I'd have a check for it if he pleased. "That," sed he, "puts me in mind of a little story. There was a man, out in our parts who was so mean that he took his wife's coffin out of the back winder for fear he would rub the paint off the doorway. Wall, about this time there was a man in a adjacent town who had a green cotton umbreller."

"Did it fit him well? Was it custom made? Was he measured for it?"

"Measured for what?" said Abe.

"The umbreller?"

"Wall, as I was sayin," continnered the President, treatin the interruption with apparent comtempt, "this man sed he'd known that there umbreller ever since it was a pyrasol. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes," said I, larfin in a respectful manner, "but what has this man with the umbreller to do with the man who

took his wife's coffin out of the back winder?"

"To be sure," said Abe—"what was it? I must have got two stories mixed together, which puts me in mind of another lit—"

"Never mind, Your Excellency. I called to congratulate you on your career, which has been a honest and a good one—unscared and unmoved by Secesh in front of you and Abbolish at the back of you—each one of which is a little wuss than the other if possible!

"Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty, and vigger merits all praise, but to keep his under-garments on. E. Stanton has appearently only one weakness, which it is, he can't allus keep his under-garments from flyin up over his hed. I mean that he occasionally dances in a peck-measure, and he don't look graceful at it."

I took my departer. "Good-bye, old sweetness!" sed Abe, shakin me cordgully by the hand.

"Adoo, my Prahayrie flower!" I replied, and made my exit. "Twenty-five thousand dollars a year and found," I soliloquized, as I walked down the street, "is putty good wages for a man with a modist appytite, but I reckon that it is wuth it to run the White House."

"What you bowt, sah? What the debble you doin, sah?"

It was the voice of an Afrikin Brother which thus spoke to me. There was a cullud procession before me which was escortin a elderly bald-hedded Afrikin to his home in Bates Alley. This distinguished Afrikin Brother had just returned from Lybery, and in turnin a corner puty suddent I hed stumbled and placed my hed agin his stummick in a rather strengthy manner.

"Do you wish to impede the progress of this procession, sah?"

"Certainly not, by all means! Procesh!"

And they went on.

I'm reconstructing my show. I've bo't a collection of life size wax figgers of our prominent Revolutionary forefathers. I bo't 'em at auction, and got 'em cheap. They stand me about two dollars and fifty cents (2 dols. 50 cents) per Revolutionary forefather.

Ever as always yours,

A. WARD.

7.7. SCENES OUTSIDE THE FAIR GROUNDS.

There is some fun outside the Fair Ground. Any number of mountebanks have pitched their tents there, and are exhibiting all sorts of monstrosities to large and enthusiastic audiences. There are some eloquent men among the showmen. Some of them are Demosthenic. We looked around among them during the last day we honored the Fair with our brilliant presence, and were rather pleased at some things we heard and witnessed.

The man with the fat woman and the little woman and the little man was there.

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"'Ere's a show, now," said he, "worth seeing. 'Ere's a entertainment that improves the morals. P.T. Barnum—you've all hearn o' him. What did he say to me? Sez he to me, sez P.T. Barnum, 'Sir, you have the all-firedest best show travelin!'—and all to be seen for the small sum of fifteen cents!"

The man with the blue hog was there. Says he, "Gentle-MEN, this beast can't turn round in a crockery crate ten feet square, and is of a bright indigo blue. Over five hundred persons have seen this wonderful BEING this mornin, and they said as they come out, 'What can these 'ere things be? Is it alive? Doth it breathe and have a being? Ah yes,' they say, 'it is true, and we have saw a entertainment as we never saw afore. 'Tis nature's [only fifteen cents—'ere's your change, sir] own sublime hand-works'—and walk right in."

The man with the wild mare was there.

"Now, then, my friends, is your time to see the gerrartist queeriosity in the livin' world—a wild mare without no hair— captered on the roarin wild prahayries of the far distant West by sixteen Injuns. Don't fail to see this gerrate exhibition. Only fifteen cents. Don't go hum without seein the State Fair, an' you won't see the State Fair without you see my show. Gerrartist exhibition in the known world, an' all for the small sum of fifteen cents."

Two gentlemen connected with the press here walked up and asked the showman, in a still small voice, if he extended the usual courtesies to editors. He said he did, and requested them to go in. While they were in some sly dog told him their names. When they came out the showman pretended to talk with them, though he didn't say a word. They were evidently in a hurry.

"There, gentleMEN, what do you think them gentlemen say? They air editors—editors, gentleMEN—Mr. ---, of the Cleveland ---, and Mr. ---, of the Detroit ---, and they say it is the gerrartist show they ever seed in their born days!"

[Nothing but the tip ends of the editors' coat-tails could be seen when the showman concluded this speech.]

A smart-looking chap was doing a brisk business with a gambling contrivance. Seeing two policemen approach, he rapidly and ingeniously covered the dice up, mounted his table, and shouted:

"'Ere's the only great show on the grounds! The highly trained and performing Mud Turtle with nine heads and seventeen tails, captured in a well-fortified hencoop, after a desperate struggle, in the lowlands of the Wabash!"

The facetious wretch escaped.

A grave, ministerial-looking and elderly man in a white choker had a gift-enterprise concern. "My friends," he solemnly said, "you will observe that this jewellery is elegant indeed, but I can afford to give it away, as I have a twin brother seven years older than I am, in New York City, who steals it a great deal faster than I can give it away. No blanks, my friends—all prizes—and only fifty cents a chance. I don't make anything myself, my friends—all I get goes to aid a sick woman—my aunt in the country, gentlemen—and besides I like to see folks enjoy themselves!"

The old scamp said all this with a perfectly grave countenance.

The man with the "wonderful calf with five legs and a huming head," and "the philosophical lung-tester," were there. Then there was the Flying Circus and any number of other ingenious contrivances to relieve young ladies and gentlemen from the rural districts of their spare change.

A young man was bitterly bewailing the loss of his watch, which had been cut from his pocket by some thief.

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"You ain't smart," said a middle-aged individual in a dingy Kossuth hat with a feather in it, and who had a very you-can't-fool-me look. "I've been to the State Fair before, I want yer to understan, and knows my bizness aboard a propeller. Here's MY money," he exultingly cried, slapping his pantaloons' pocket.

About half an hour after this we saw this smart individual rushing frantically around after a policeman. Somebody had adroitly relieved him of HIS money. In his search for a policeman he encountered the young man who wasn't smart.

"Haw, haw, haw," violently laughed the latter; "by G—, I thought you was smart—I thought you'd been to the State Fair before."

The smart man looked sad for a moment, but a knowing smile soon crossed his face, and drawing the young man who wasn't smart confidentially toward him, said—

"There wasn't only fifteen cents in coppers in my pocket—my MONEY is in my boot—they can't fool me—I'VE BEEN TO THE STATE FAIR BEFORE!!"

7.8. 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 confidingly 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 buttry and get some rum, and we'll start this man right along!"

7.9. A JUVENILE COMPOSITION.

ON THE ELEPHANT.

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

7.10. A POEM BY THE SAME.

SOME VERSES SUGGESTED BY 2 OF MY UNCLES.

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

7.11. EAST SIDE THEATRICALS.

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

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

Glancing at the spot where it is said Senator Benjamin used to vend second-hand clothes, and regretting that he had not continued in that comparatively 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 signboard which is suspended in front of the Hon. Izzy Lazarus's tavern--glancing, wondering, and gazing thus, I enter the old Chatham theatre. The pit is full, but people fight shy of the boxes.

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

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"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 has 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.

7.12. SOLILOQUY OF A LOW THIEF.

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

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

I shall always blame my parients for not eddycatin' me. Had I been liberally eddycated I could, with my brilliant native talents, have bin a big thief—I b'leeve they call 'em defaulters. Instead of confinin' myself to priggin' clothes, watches, spoons, and sich like, I could have plundered princely sums—thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars—and that old humbug, the Law, wouldn't have harmed a hair of my head! For, you see, I should be smart enough to get elected State Treasurer, or have something to do with Banks or Railroads, and perhaps a little of both. Then, you see, I could ride in my carriage, live in a big house with a free stun frunt, drive

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a fast team, and drink as much gin and sugar as I wanted. A investigation might be made, and some of the noospapers might come down on me heavy, but what the d-----I would I care about that, havin' previously taken precious good care of the stolen money? Besides, my "party" would swear stout that I was as innersunt as the new-born babe, and a great many people would wink very pleasant, and say, "Well, Griggins understands what HE'S 'bout, HE does.!"

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

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

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

Oh that I had been liberally eddycated!

Jim Griggins.

Sing--Sing 1860.

7.13. THE NEGRO QUESTION.

I was sitting in the bar, quietly smokin a frugal pipe, when two middle-aged and stern-looking females and a young and pretty female suddenly entered the room. They were accompanied by two umberellers and a negro gentleman.

"Do you feel for the down-trodden?" said one of the females, a thin-faced and sharp-voiced person in green spectacles.

"Do I feel for it?" ansered the lan'lord, in a puzzled voice—" do I feel for it?"

"Yes; for the oppressed, the benighted?"

"Inasmuch as to which?" said the lan'lord.

"You see this man?" said the female, pintin her umbreller at the negro gentleman.

"Yes, marm, I see him."

"Yes!" said the female, raisin her voice to a exceedin high pitch, "you see him, and he's your brother!"

"No, I'm darned if he is!" said the lan'lord, hastily retreating to his beer-casks.

"And yours!" shouted the excited female, addressing me. "He is also your brother!"

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"No, I think not, marm," I pleasantly replied. "The nearest we come to that color in our family was the case of my brother John. He had the janders for sev'ral years, but they finally left him. I am happy to state that, at the present time, he hasn't a solitary jander."

"Look at this man!" screamed the female.

I looked at him. He was an able-bodied, well-dressed, comfortable-looking negro. He looked as though he might heave three or four good meals a day into him without a murmur.

"Look a that down-trodden man!" cried the female.

"Who trod on him?" I inquired.

"Villains! despots!"

"Well," said the lan'lord, "why don't you go to the willins about it? Why do you come here tellin us niggers is our brothers, and brandishin your umbrellers round us like a lot of lunytics? You're wuss than the sperrit-rappers!"

"Have you," said middle-aged female No. 2, who was a quieter sort of person, "have you no sentiment--no poetry in your soul--no love for the beautiful? Dost never go into the green fields to cull the beautiful flowers?"

"I not only never dost," said the landlord, in an angry voice, "but I'll bet you five pound you can't bring a man as dares say I durst."

"The little birds," continued the female, "dost not love to gaze onto them?"

"I would I were a bird, that I might fly to thou!" I humorously sung, casting a sweet glance at the pretty young woman.

"Don't you look in that way at my dawter!" said female No. 1., in a violent voice; "you're old enough to be her father."

"'Twas an innocent look, dear madam," I softly said. "You behold in me an emblem of innocence and purity. In fact, I start for Rome by the first train to-morrow to sit as a model to a celebrated artist who is about to sculp a statue to be called Sweet Innocence. Do you s'pose a sculper would send for me for that purpose onless he knowd I was overflowing with innocency? Don't make a error about me."

"It is my opinyn," said the leading female, "that you're a scoffer and a wretch! Your mind is in a wusser beclouded state than the poor nergoes' we are seeking to aid. You are a proper in the dark cellar of sin. O sinful man!"

'There is a sparkling fount

Come, O come, and drink.'

No! you will not come and drink."

"Yes, he will," said the landlord, "if you'll treat. Jest try him."

"As for you," said the enraged female to the landlord, "you're a degraded bein, too low and vulgar to talk to."

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"This is the sparklin fount for me, dear sister!" cried the lan'lord, drawin and drinkin a mug of beer. Having uttered which goak, he gave a low rumblin larf, and relapsed into silence.

"My colored fren," I said to the negro, kindly, "what is it all about?"

He said they was trying to raise money to send missionaries to the Southern States in America to preach to the vast numbers of negroes recently made free there. He said they were without the gospel. They were without tracts.

I said, "My fren," this is a seris matter. I admire you for trying to help the race to which you belong, and far be it from me to say anything again carrying the gospel among the blacks of the South. Let them go to them by all means. But I happen to individually know that there are some thousands of liberated blacks in the South who are starvin. I don't blame anybody for this, but it is a very sad fact. Some are really too ill to work, some can't get work to do, and others are too foolish to see any necessity for workin. I was down there last winter and I observed that this class had plenty of preachin for their souls, but skurce any vittles for their stummux. Now, if it is proposed to send flour and bacon along with the gospel, the idea is really an excellent one. If, on t'other hand, it is proposed to send preachin alone, all I can say is that it's a hard case for the niggers. If you expect a colored person to get deeply interested in a tract when his stummuck is empty, you expect too much."

I gave the negro as much as I could afford, and the kind-hearted lan'lord did the same. I said:

"Farewell, my colored fren, I wish you well, certainly. You are now as free as the eagle. Be like him and soar. But don't attempt to convert a Ethiopian person while his stummuck yearns for vittles. And you, ladies—I hope you are ready to help the poor and unfortunate at home, as you seem to help the poor and unfortunate abroad."

When they had gone, the lan'lord said, "Come into the garden, Ward." And we went and culled some carrots for dinner.

7.14. ARTEMUS WARD ON HEALTH.

[The following fragment from the pen of Artemus Ward was written in the last days of his illness, and was found amongst the loose papers on the table beside his bed. It contains the last written jests of the dying jester, and is illustrative of that strong spirit of humor which even extreme exhaustion and the near approach of death itself could not wholly destroy.

There is an anecdote related of Thomas Hood to the effect that when he was just upon the point of dying, his friend, Mr. F.O. WARD, visited him, and, to amuse him, related some of his adventures in the low parts of the metropolis in his capacity as a sanitary commissioner. "Pray desist," said Hood; "your anecdote gives me the back-slum-bago." The proximity of death could no more deprive poor Artemus of his power to jest than it could Thomas Hood. When nothing else was left him to joke upon, when he could no longer seek fun in the city streets, or visit the Tower of London and call it "a sweet boon," his own shattered self suggested a theme for jesting. He commenced this paper "On Health." The purport of it, I believe, was to ridicule doctors generally; for Artemus was bitterly sarcastic on his medical attendants, and he had some good reasons for being so. A few weeks before he died, a German physician examined his throat with a laryngoscope, and told him that nothing was the matter with him except a slight inflammation of the larynx. Another physician told him that he had heart disease, and a third assured him that he merely required his throat to be sponged two or three times a day, and take a preparation of tortoise shell for medicine, to perfectly recover! Every doctor made a different diagnosis, and each had a different specific. One alone of the many physicians to whom Artemus applied seemed to be fully aware that the poor patient was dying of consumption in its most formidable form. Not merely phthisis, but a cessation of functions and a wasting away of the organs most concerned in the vital processes. Artemus saw how much the doctors were at fault, and used to smile at them with a sadly scornful smile as they left the sick room. "I must

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write a paper," said he, "about health and doctors." The few paragraphs which follow are, I believe, all that he wrote on the subject. Whether the matter became too serious to him for further jesting, or whether his hand became too weak to hold the pen, I cannot say. The article terminates as abruptly as did the life of its gentle, kind, ill-fated author.

E.P.H.]

Ontil quite recent, I've bin a helthy individooal. I'm near 60, and yit I've got a muskle into my arms which don't make my fists resemble the tread of a canary bird when they fly out and hit a man.

Only a few weeks ago I was exhibitin in East Skowhegan, in a b'ildin which had form'ly bin ockepeyied by a pugylist—one of them fellers which hits from the shoulder, and teaches the manly art of self defens. And he cum and said he was goin in free, in consekence of previ'sly ockepeyin sed b'ildin, with a large yeller dog. I sed, "To be sure, sir, but not with those yeller dogs." He sed, "Oh, yes." I sed, "Oh, no." He sed, "Do you want to be ground to powder?" I sed, "Yes, I do, if there is a powder-grindist handy." When he struck me a disgustin blow in my left eye, which caused that concern to at once close for repairs; but he didn't hurt me any more. I went for him. I went for him energet'cally. His parents live near by, and I will simply state that 15 minits after I'd gone for him, his mother, seein the prostrate form of her son approachin the house on to a shutter carrid by four men, run out doors, keerfully looked him over, and sed, "My son, you've been foolin round a thrashin masheen. You went in at the end where they put the grain in, come out with the straw, and then got up in the thingumajig and let the hosses tred on you, didn't you, my son?"

You can judge by this what a disagreeable person I am when I'm angry.

But to resoom about helth. I cum of a helthy fam'ly.

The Wards has allus been noted for helthiness.

The fust of my ancestors that I know anything about was Abijah Ward and his wife, Abygil Ward who came over with the Pilgrims in the "Mayflower." Most of the Pilgrims was sick on the passige, but my ancestor wasn't. Even when the tempist raged and the billers howled, he sold another Pilgrim a kag of apple sass. The Pilgrim who bo't it was angry when he found that under a few layers of sass the rest was sawdust, and my ancestor sed he wouldn't have b'leeved such wickedness could exist, when he ascertained that the bill sed Pilgrim gave him was onto a broken bank, and wasn't wuth the price of a glass of new gin. It will be thus seen that my fust ancestor had a commercial mind.

My ancestors has all bin helthy people, tho' their pursoots in life has been vari's.

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7.15. A FRAGMENT.

[Among the papers, letters and miscellanea left on the table of poor Ward was found the fragment which follows. Diligent search failed to discover any beginning or end to it. The probability is that it consists of part of a paper intended to describe a comic trip round England. To write a comic itinerary of an English tour was one of the author's favorite ideas; and another favorite one was to travel on the Continent and compile a comic "Murray's Guide." No interest attaches to this mere scrap other than that it exemplifies what the writer would have attempted had his life been longer.]

* * * * *

At North Berwick there was a maniacal stampede toward the little house by the railside, where they sell such immense quantities of sponge-cake, which is very sweet and very yellow, but which lies rather more heavily on the stomach than raw turnips, as I ascertained one day from actual experience. This is not stated because I have any spite against this little house by the railside. Their mince-pies are nobly made, and their apple-pies are unsurpassed. Some years ago there used to be a very pretty girl at this house, and one day, while I was struggling rapidly with a piece of mince-pie, I was so unfortunate as to wink slightly at her. The rash act was discovered by a yellow-haired party, who stated that she was to be his wife ere long, and that he "expected" he could lick any party who winked at her. A cursory examination of his frame convinced me that he could lick me with disgustin ease, so I told him it was a complaint of the eyes. "They are both so," I added, "and they have been so from infancy's hour. See here!" And I commenced winking in a frightful manner. I escaped, but it was inconvenient for me for some time afterwards, because whenever I passed over the road I naturally visited the refreshment house, and was compelled to wink in a manner which took away the appetites of other travellers, and one day caused a very old lady to state, with her mouth full of sponge-cake, that she had cripples and drunkards in her family, but thanks to the heavens above, no idiots without any control over their eyes, looking sternly at me as she spoke.

That was years ago. Besides, the wink was a pure accident. I trust that my unblemished character—but I will not detain you further with this sad affair.

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There have been several editions of the Works of Artemus Ward. The Following appeared in THE COMPLETE WORKS OF ARTEMUS WARD, A New Impression; Chatto Windus, London 1922

Additional short pieces by A. Ward.

7.16. BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WIVES.

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

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

"But how many wives has he?"

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

— Yures abstractid,

WARTEMUS DARD.

7.17. A. WARD'S FIRST UMBRELLA.

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

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

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

I'd un—hook'd frum Betsy Jain fur a spell—(canfidenshal, leastways, I hadn't commenced cortin up to her rite down in earnest then)—and kum evenin I went over to the Widder Blakes. I'd the umbrellar along, and opun'd it outside the door—pretendin I couldn't klose it like, so that the dawter could hev a good Luke at my property. But it wuz no use; the new Brellar didn't take, and Sally sed she thort I "needn't cum agin !"

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

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

7.18. AN AFFECTING POEM.

"POOR Jonathan Snow

Away did go

All on the ragen mane,

With other males,

All for to ketch wales,

nere come back agen.

The wind bloo high,

The billers tost,

All hands were lost,

And he was one,

A spritely lad,

Nigh 21."

7.19. MORMON BILL OF FARE

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S HOUSES.

BRIGHAM'S Wives live in these houses. They live well at Brigham's,

the following being the usual

7.18. AN AFFECTING POEM.

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BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS, ETC.

Matrimonial Stews (with pretty Pickles).

FISH.

Salt Lake Gudgeon.

ROAST.

Brigham's Lambs (Sauce piquante).

Minced Heart (Mormon style).

BROILED.

Domestic Broils (Family style)

ENTREES.

Little Deers.

COLD.

Raw Dog (a la Injun).

Tongue (lots of it).

VEGETABLES.

Cabbage-head, Some Pumpkins,

DESSERT.

Apples of Discord, a great many Pairs;

Mormon Sweet-Hearts, Jumbles,

7.20. "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

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

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

"Low, the poor Injin! hoose untootered mind
Clothes him in frunt--Butt leaves him bare behind!"

However, let that parse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr Ward statid that he would not give a fillosoffical lectoor--nor an astronomical lectoor--nor--did he say what kind of lectoor he would give. The subjec was, however, the "Babes in the Wood." He has had the Babes in

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the Wood sum time. Mr. Ward is not rich—but is doin— as well as could be expected.

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

The structoor of the lectoor was as they sa in architectoor of the compost like ordoor; first a stratter of this, then a stratter of that; that is to sa—kinder mixed, you know. It was on the aneckdotale plan, and speakin of aneckdotes reminds me of a little story—it is wun of Mr Ward's, by the way; it will bare repetition— it lass, so far, stood it very well. It is of a young made, hoose name it was Mehitabull—some of it, at least—enuff—for the present porpussus—and of a nobil and galyunt lovyier, which his naim it was John Jones. This young man was a patrut, tho oppoged to coershun. The enrolin officer going his rounds was beheld by this young man wile yit he was afar off, the site was not a welcum wun to John, and it propelled him to seek proteekshun of his plited wun, in hoose hous he was at that critical moment. Time was preshus. What was too be dun? The enemy was now neer at hand. "Git under my hoops," sez Mehitabull. The heroick youth obade.

After a pause the offisser hentered the manshun.

"Is thare any men in this 'ere hous?" sez he.

"Not as I nose—on," replied the damsell.

"Then," sez the offisser, "I gess I'll stop awhile myself."

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

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

"You air in favor of the Proclamashun!" red the offisser.

"Yis, and of ventilation."

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

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

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

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

7.21. MR. WARD ATTENDS A GRAFFICK (SOIREE.)

[Shortly after the publication in this country of "Artemus Ward His Book," I received from a friend the following article, purporting to have been written by Mr. W. during a stay in Bristol. The sketch appeared in the "Bristol Record,"* and upon writing to the editor for further information concerning it, I received from that gentleman such a cautious reply as confirmed a previous suspicion that "the showman" had not visited the great western city, and that the article was either a concoction in Mr. Ward's style, or one of the papers of Josh Billings, an imitator

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of Mr. W., slightly altered to suit the locality of its republication. Whether these conjectures are correct or not, the article is here given for the English reader's criticism, and, although not equal in humour to A. Ward's more successful pieces, certain pleasantries of expression and droll extravagances observable in it will, at least, repay perusal.]

Prefixed to the article in the Record was the following:—"A letter has just been shown to us, of which we subjoin a portion, from which it will appear that Mr. — (we suppress the name for obvious reasons) is not the only illustrious American who is sojourning at present at Clifton. Artemus Ward has retired for the present from his professional duties, in consequence of the rough treatment which he lately received in the Southern States. His admirers have sent him to England to recruit, and he was last week at Clifton, and dined with Mr. —. We are violating no literary confidence in mentioning the above, as Mr. Ward is combining business with pleasure, and his letters will appear in the New York Tribune, to which journal he has temporarily attached himself as special European correspondent.—Ed. B. R.

WALL, we had a just sittled down to our wine, when sez the Squire soddenlick, "Mr. W., would you like to go to a Graffick?"

"What's a Graffick?" sed I.

"A Pictur—shew," sed he, "with a swoiree between, and all the fashionables of this interestin location there."

"Don't care if I duz," sed I, "perwided u go the Ticket."

"Sertingly," sed he. "Mr. Ward, you are my guest for the evening."

So we put on our go—to-meetings, and yaller kid—skins, and sot off. There was a purty tidy fixin of shrubs and statooary as we went in (but nuthin ekal to the Bowery Saloon, New York!), and stairs up and stairs down, and gals in opera clokes ascendin and D—scendin.

First we go up into a big room with a blaze o' lite and a crowd of cumpany. The Squire whispers to me, and sez he'll pint out the lokial celebrities. At the end of the room is a great pictur, representin a stout femail on a tarnation dark back—ground. The critters scrowded up to it, and looked on in hor. Presently I feels the Squire nudging me.

"Do you see that individooal," sed he, "with Hyacinthian curls, and his eye in a fine frenzy rollin! That's the great art critic, who lays down the lor for Bristol and ets vicinity."

So I pushed up cloas, and sed I to the creteck, "Wall, Mister, what dew think of that air piece of canvas staining?"

At first he Ide me loftily, and made no reply. At last he spoak (with grate deliberashun). "Not yet have I mastered the pictur. I'm a studyin of the onperfectly—seen vizionimies behind. Them guards is a phernomenon. The soul of the painter has projected itself through the august glooms."

"Don't see it," sez I. "Them shadders want glazin—and the middletints is no whur. Guess if Hiram Applesquash (our 'domestic decorator' to hum) had pertrayed them guards, he would hev slicked off their Uniforms as bright as a New England tulip."

The creteck regarded me With Contemptuous indignashun.

"Hullo!" sed I next, "whose been and stolen a signboard, and stuck it up in this refined society?"

"To what do you defer?" sez he, still very fridgid.

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"To that corpulent figgur," sez I, "in military fixins."

"That, sair," sez he, with severity, "is a portrait of his Majesty the King of Denmark, lately disEased."

"A portraickt of his cloze, you mean," sez I. "Is that sprorling pictur a work of art? (N.B.—This I sed sarcasticul.) Hiram A. touched off a new Sign for the Tavern at Baldinsville jest before I saled, and his 'President's Head' would bete this by a long chalk any day." With that I scowled at the Creteck, and left him looking considerable smawl pertaters.

Arter this we went down into the Cole-hole, wich they had cleaned out for the night and white-washed. Here I own was buties of natur. I always had a liken for water-colar paintin, and sometimes take a sketcht in that way myself. Me and Squire tried to get a good look, but was engulphed in an oshun of hot galls, who kinder steamed again. The gas, close over our heads, nigh made our brains bile over, so sez I, "Let's make tracks out of this, Squire. It ain't civet (Schakspar) here. This parfume of humanity is horrid unhandsome."

"Let's have a cup of corfy," says he, "to repare exhorsted natur."

"A sherry cobbler would be more to the purpose," says I, "but if they hev none of them coolin drinks at art sworricks, here goes for the Moky." (N.B.—This I sed ironical. Korfy at sworricks is usually burnt beans.)

So we med our way into another room, with 2 bar-counters, and a crowd of people pushin and drivin to get forrerd. They knocked and elbered me about till I felt my dander riz. "Come on, Squire," sez I, setting my arms a kimber; "take care, my old coons, of your tendur Korns and Bunyans. Look out for your ribs, for I've crooked my elbers," and forrerd I goes with Squire follerin' in my wake. Bimeby a woman's long skirt gets between my legs, and I spins round and goes kerslash into the stumuck of a fat old gentleman, who was just blowin his third cup. He med a spaired his breath though! kerslap I goes into his wastecote, and kesouse goes his coffy over his shoulders onto hed and neck of a bony old made with a bird of Pardice in her artificial locks.

"Beg your pardon, marm," sez I, as soon as I could speak.

She looked imprekashuns, and turned away ortily, mopping herself down with a laced nose-rag.

The Old gentleman was more choleric. "Cuss your clumsiness," says he, "can't you come to a graffick without punching your ugly hed Into other people's stumucks?"

"I didn't go for to do it," sez I, "and jest put the Sadll on the right hoss, mister," I continerred. "If this femail behind didn't carry so much slack foresail, she wuddn't hev entangled my spars and careened me over."

Arter this I would try no more of their all-fired corfy. Squire— had had enough of the Sworrick, so we made tracks for the Ho-tell.

"Bring-up a quart of brandy," sez the Squire, "and a bilin o' lemons and sugar. Mr. W.," sez he, "there's not much of me left. Let's liquor up! Let's have a smoke and a cocktail." So we mixes, and had an entertaining discorse on polite literatoor. "Dod-rabbit the sworrick," says Squire. "Say no more about it. I was a fool, Mr Ward, to prefare it to your amusin an inshstructive conversashun."

After a while we got cheerful and sung "ale Columby" (it's a fine voice the Squire has for a doo-et). Respect for the soshul Borde makes me now cave in and klose my commoonication. Squire — is a grate filantherpist, but he's not grate at stowing away his lick-er. I tuk him to bed after the 3d tumbler, that the cuss of a british Waiter might not see one of us free enlightened citizens onable to walk strate. He said it was a wet night, and demanded his umbrella. Likewise he wouldn't hev his boots off, for fere of catchin cold. I put the candle in the wash-basan

that the critter mightn't set hisself on fire, and left him in bed with his umbrella up, singing "Ale columby."

Arter that I went down and finished the mahogany. (Brandy and water, the ruddy appearance of which indicates that very little of the latter has been used in its composition. Spanish is the stronger, and Honduras the milder mixture.)

A. WARD.

7.22. A. WARD AMONG THE MORMONS.--REPORTED BY HIMSELF--OR SOMEBODY ELSE.

(The following rough report of Artemus Ward's Lecture in California Appeared in the "San Francisco Era," during the lecturer's visit to that city. It has been thought worthy of preservation in the form of a supplementary paper to the present little volume.

FELLER--CITIZENS AND FELLER--CITIZENESSES,--I feel truly glad to see you here to--night, more especially those who have paid, although I am too polite to say how many are here who have not paid, but who take a base advantage of the good--nature of my friend and manager, Hingston, bothering him to give them free tickets, gratis, and also for nothing; and my former friend and manager, Rosenberg, assures me that the best way to prevent a person from enjoying any entertainment is to admit them without the equivalent spondulics. What a man gets for nothing he don't care for.

Talking of free tickets, my first lecture was a wonderful success-- house so full that everybody who could pay turned from the doors. It happened thus:

Walking about Salt Lake City on the morning before the lecture, I met Elder Kimball. Well, I most imprudently gave him a family ticket. That ticket filled the house, and left about a dozen of the young Kimballs howling in the cold. After that I limited my family tickets to "Admit Elder Jones, ten wives, and thirty children."

You may perhaps be astonished that I, a rather fascinating bachelor, escaped from Salt Lake City without the loss of my innocence. Well I will confess, confidentially, that was only by the skin of my teeth, and thanks to the virtuous lecturing of my friend Hingston, whose British prejudices amainst Bigamy, Trigamy, and Brighamy, saying nothing of Ninnygavigamy, could not be overcome.

My narrowest escape was this:

About six hours before I arrived an elder died. I think his name was Smith. You may have heard that name before; but it isn't the Smith you know--it is quite another Smith. Well, this defunct elder left a small assortment of wives behind him--I think there were seventeen--of all ages, from seventeen to seventy. This miscellaneous gathering included three grandmothers, a fact which lent a venerable sanctity to the affair. I received an invitation--I went--and was introduced to the whole seventeen widows at once. Sam Weller or Dr. Shelton Mackenzie--I forget which--says, "One widow is dangerous;" but, perhaps, there is safety in a multitude of them. All I know is, that they made the tenderest appeals to me, as a man and a brother; but I threw myself upon their mercy--I told them I was far away from my parents and my Sainted Maria, and that I was a good young man; and finally, I begged to know if their intentions were honourable?

One said:

"Young man, dash not the cup of happiness from your life!"

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I said:

"I have no objection to a cup, but I cannot stand an entire hogshhead!"

They grew more and more tender—two put their arms around me and pinioned me, while the other fifteen drew large shears from their pockets, and, under pretence of getting a lock of hair for each, they left me as bare as a goose-egg. Indians couldn't have scalped me closer. I made Samson-like my escape from these Delilahs by stratagem. I assured them that I was sickening for the measles, which, like love, is always the more fatal the later it comes in life. I also told them that my friend Hingston was a much better looking man than I was; also that he was an Englishman, and that, according to that nation's creed, every Englishman is equal to five Americans and five hundred Frenchmen: consequently there would be some to spare of him. This happy thought saved me. I was let off upon solemnly promising to deliver Hingston into their arms, bound, Laocoon-like, by the serpent spells of their charms, or, like Regulus, potted and preserved in a barrel of fingernails, for their especial scratching.

Hingston, little dreaming of the sale I had made of him, went on the pretended errand of conveying to these seventeen beauties a farewell bouquet. Poor fellow! that is the last I ever saw of him—he was never heard of again.

The gentleman who acts as my manager is somebody else. I must ask the indulgence of the audience for twenty minutes, while I drop a few tears to his memory. (Here Artemus holds his head over a barrel, and the distinct dripping of a copious shower is heard.)

As I feel a little better, I will recommence my lecture—I don't mean to defend Mormonism—indeed, I have no hesitation in affirming, and I affirm it boldly, and I would repeat the observation to my own wife's face, if I had one, but as I haven't one, I'll say it boldly to every other man's wife, that I don't think it wise to marry more than one wife at a time, without it is done to oblige the ladies, and then it should be done sparingly, and not oftener than three times a day, for the marriage ceremony isn't lightly to be repeated. But I want to tell you what Brigham Young observed to me.

"Artemus, my boy," said he, "you don't know how often a man marries against his will. Let me recite one case out of a hundred that has happened to myself. About three months ago a family arrived here—they were from Hoboken—everybody knows how beautiful the Jersey girls are—with the exception of applejack, they are the nicest things Jersey produces. Well, this family consisted of four daughters, a mother and two grandmothers, one with teeth, the other without. I took a fancy to the youngest of the girls, and proposed. After considerable reflection she said: 'I can't think of marrying you without you marry my three sisters as well.'

"After some considerable hesitation I agreed, and went to the girl's mother for her consent: 'No objection to your marrying my four girls, but you'll have to take me as well.' After a little reflection, I consented, and went to the two grandmothers for their consent:—'No objection,' said the old dames in a breath, 'but you'll have to marry us as well. We cannot think of separating the family.' After a little cosy hesitation on my part, I finally agreed to swallow the two old venerable antiquities as a sort of sauce to the other five."

Under these circumstances, who can wonder at Brigham Young being the most highly married man in the Republic? In a word, he is too much married—indeed, if I were he, I should say two hundred and too much married.

As I see my esteemed friend Joe Whitton, of Niblo's Garden, sitting right before me, I will give him an anecdote which he will appreciate. There is considerable barter in Salt Lake City—horses and cows are good for hundred-dollar greenbacks, while pigs, dogs, cats, babies, and pickaxes are the fractional currency. I dare say my friend Joe Whitton would be as much astonished as I was after my first lecture. Seeing a splendid house I naturally began to reckon my spondulics. Full of this Pactolean vision, I went into my treasurer's room.

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"Now, Hingston, my boy, let us see what the proceeds are! We shall soon make a fortune at this rate."

Hingston with the solemnity of a cashier, then read the proceeds of the lecture:

"Three cows, one with horns, and two without, but not a stumptail; fourteen pigs, alive and grunting; seventeen hams, sugar cured; three babies in arms, two of them cutting their teeth, and the other sickening with the chicken-coop, or some such disease." There were no end of old hats, ladies' hoops, corsets, and another article of clothing, generally stolen from the husband. There was also a secondhand coffin, three barrels of turnips, and a peck of coals; there was likewise a footless pair of stockings without the legs, and a pair of embroidered gaiters, a little worn. If I could find the legs belonging to them—well, I won't say what I'd do now—but leave all ladies in that pleasing state of expectation which is true happiness. Ladies and gentlemen, my lecture is done—if you refuse to leave the hall, you'll be forcibly ejected.