from Thesaurus, ex- Bodleian 140, p. 41

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ARTEMUS WARD

(HIS TRAVELS)

AMONG THE MORMONS.

PART I.—ON THE RAMPAGE.

PART II.—PERLITE LITTERATOOR.

EDITED BY

E. P. HINGSTON,

THE COMPANION AND AGENT OF ARTEMUS WARD WHILST "ON THE RAMPAGE."

LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.
1865.

☞ THE READER WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE THAT

ARTEMUS WARD,

HIS BOOK,

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PART II.

PERLITE LITTERATOOR.

INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

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

* "Artemus Ward, His Book," p. 77.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

So much for the appearance of the city. Now for

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Belinda Marden Pratt is not like most women.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

***

☞ Artemus Ward delivered Lectures before

ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE

ever thought of delivering lectures.

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

From the *Rahway Gazette.*

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

From the *Hoboken Expounder.*

No family should be without him.

From the *Keokuk* (Iowa) *Banner.*

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

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

EDWARD P. HINGSTON.

London, 1865.

PART I.

ON THE RAMPAGE.

I.

ON THE STEAMER.

New York, Oct. 13, 1863.

THE steamer Ariel starts for California at noon.

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

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

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

I should like to be George some more.

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

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

Next Day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

hope Mr. Vanderbilt will reform ere it is too late. Dr. Watts says the vilest sinner may return as long as the gas-meters work well, or words to that effect.

We were so densely crowded on board the Ariel, that I cannot conscientiously say we were altogether happy. And sea-voyages at best are a little stupid. On the whole I should prefer a voyage on the Erie Canal, where there isn't any danger, and where you can carry picturesque scenery along with you—so to speak.

II.

THE ISTHMUS.

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

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

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

Take half of a cotton shirt, that has been worn

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

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

We have a quadrille, in which an English person slips up and jams his massive brow against my stomach. He apologizes, and I say, "all right, my lord." I subsequently ascertained that he superintended the shipping of coals for the British steamers, and owned fighting cocks.

The ball stops suddenly.

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

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

The natives amass wealth by carrying valises, &c., then squander it for liquor. My native comes to me as I sit on the veranda of the Howard House smoking a cigar, and solicits the job of taking my things to the cars next morning. He is intoxicated, and has been fighting, to the palpable detriment of his wearing apparel; for he has only a pair of tattered pantaloons and a very small quantity of shirt left.

We go to bed. Eight of us are assigned to a small den upstairs, with only two lame apologies for beds.

Mosquitoes and even rats annoy us fearfully. One bold rat gnaws at the feet of a young Englishman in the party. This was more than the young Englishman could stand, and rising from his bed he asked us if New Grenada wasn't a Republic? We said it was. "I thought so," he said. "Of course I mean no disrespect to the United States of America in the remark, but I think I prefer a bloated monarchy!" He smiled sadly—then handing his purse and his mother's photograph to another English person, he whispered softly, "If I am eaten up, give them to Me mother—tell her I died like a true Briton, with no faith whatever in the success of a republican form of government!" And then he crept back to bed again.

We start at seven the next morning for Panama.

My native comes bright and early to transport my carpet sack to the railway station. His clothes have suffered still more during the night, for he comes to me now dressed only in a small rag and one boot.

At last we are off. "Adios, Americanos!" the natives cry; to which I pleasantly reply, "*Adous!* and long may it be before you have a chance to Do us again."

The cars are comfortable on the Panama railway, and the country through which we pass is very beautiful. But it will not do to trust it much, because it breeds fevers and other unpleasant disorders, at all seasons of the year. Like a girl we most all have known, the Isthmus is fair but false.

There are mud huts all along the route, and half-naked savages gaze patronizingly upon us from their door-ways. An elderly lady in spectacles appears to be much scandalized by the scant dress of these people, and wants to know why the Select Men don't put a stop to it. From this, and a remark she incidentally makes about her son who has invented a washing machine which will wash, wring, and dry a shirt in ten minutes, I infer that she is from the hills of Old New England, like the Hutchinson family.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

soft moonlight we walked on deck and talked of the land of Pizarro. (You know old Piz. conquered Peru! and although he was not educated at West Point, he had still some military talent.) I feel as though I had lost all my relations, including my grandmother and the cooking stove, when these gay young Señoritas go away.

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

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

III.

MEXICO.

We make Acapulco, a Mexican coast town of some importance, in a few days, and all go ashore.

The pretty peasant girls peddle necklaces made of shells, and oranges, in the streets of Acapulco, on steamer days. They are quite naïve about it. Handing you a necklace, they will say, "Me give you pres-*ent*, Senor," and then retire with a low curtsey. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say, quite sweetly, "You give me pres-*ent*, Senor, of quarter dollar!" which you at once do unless you have a heart of stone.

Acapulco was shelled by the French a year or so before our arrival there, and they effected a landing. But the gay and gallant Mexicans peppered them so persistently and effectually from the mountains near by that they concluded to sell out and leave.

Napoleon has no right in Mexico. Mexico may deserve a licking. That is possible enough. Most people do. But nobody has any right to lick Mexico except the United States. We have a right, I

flatter myself, to lick this entire continent, including ourselves, any time we want to.

The signal gun is fired at 11, and we go off to the steamer in small boats.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

CALIFORNIA.

We reach San Francisco one Sunday afternoon. I am driven to the Occidental Hotel by a kind-hearted hackman, who states that inasmuch as I have come out there to amuse people, he will only charge me five dollars. I pay it in gold, of course, because greenbacks are not current on the Pacific coast.

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

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

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

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

The Chinese play is "continued," like a Ledger* story, from night to night. It commences with the birth of the hero or heroine, which interesting event

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

occurs publicly on the stage; and then follows him or her down to the grave, where it cheerfully ends.

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

The door-keeper again says, "Ki hi-hi ki! Shoolah!" adding, this time however, "Chow-wow." I agree with him in regard to the ki hi and hi ki, but tell him I don't feel altogether certain about the chow-wow.

To Stockton from San Francisco.

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

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

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

They had a flood here some years ago, during which several blocks of buildings sailed out of town and have never been heard from since. A Chinaman concluded to leave in a wash-tub, and actually set sail in one of those fragile barks. A drowning man hailed him piteously, thus: "Throw me a rope, oh, throw me a rope!" To which the Chinaman excitedly cried, "No have got—how can do?" and went on, on with the howling current. He was never seen more; but a few weeks after his tail was found by some Sabbath-school children in the north part of the State.

I go to the mountain towns. The sensational mining days are over, but I find the people jolly and hospitable nevertheless.

At Nevada I am called upon, shortly after my arrival, by an athletic scarlet-faced man, who politely says his name is Blaze.

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

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

"A bill—what for?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks?"

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

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

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

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

Years ago Mr. Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company. There was a formidable and well-organized opposition to the California Stage Company at that time, and Mr. Blaze rendered them such signal service in his capacity of agent that they were very sorry when he tendered his resignation.

"You are some sixteen hundred dollars behind in your accounts, Mr. Blaze," said the President, "but in view of your faithful and efficient services, we shall throw off eight hundred dollars of that amount."

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

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

"I will," returned the President.

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

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

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

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

We ride all day and all night, and ascend and descend some of the most frightful hills I ever saw. We make Johnson's Pass, which is 6752 feet high, about two o'clock in the morning, and go down the great Kingsbury grade with locked wheels. The driver, with whom I sit outside, informs me, as we slowly roll down this fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time, and cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money, "because," he says, "juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with *me*, you bet."

"How is that?" I said.

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

"How is that?" I said.

"Why, you see," he replied, "that corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have an overturn I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it."

Thus with anecdote did this driver cheer me up.

V.

WASHOE.

WE reach Carson City about nine o'clock in the morning. It is the capital of the Silver-producing territory of Nevada.*

They shoot folks here somewhat, and the law is rather partial than otherwise to first-class murderers.

I visit the Territorial Prison, and the Warden points out the prominent convicts to me, thus:

"This man's crime was horse-stealing. He is here for life.

"This man is in for murder. He is here for three years."

But shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast† every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a grave-yard. "A feeling of remorse," he said, "sometimes comes over over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for

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

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

over two weeks! What'll yer poison yourself with?" he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

There used to live near Carson City a notorious desperado, who never visited town without killing somebody. He would call for liquor at some drinking-house, and if anybody declined joining him he would at once commence shooting. But one day he shot a man too many. Going into the St. Nicholas drinking-house, he asked the company present to join him in a North American drink. One individual was rash enough to refuse. With a look of sorrow rather than of anger the desperado revealed his revolver, and said, "Good God! *Must* I kill a man every time I come to Carson?" and so saying he fired and killed the individual on the spot. But this was the last murder the bloodthirsty miscreant ever committed, for the aroused citizens pursued him with rifles and shot him down in his own door-yard.

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

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* Implements of gambling common enough in the far west.

Five years ago there was only a pony-path over the precipitous hills on which now stands the marvellous city of Virginia, with its population of twelve thousand persons, and perhaps more. Virginia, with its stately warehouses and gay shops; its splendid streets, paved with silver ore; its banking houses and faro-banks; its attractive coffee-houses and elegant theatre; its music halls and its three daily newspapers.

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

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

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

I visit several of the adjacent mining towns, but

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

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

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

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

As soon as a mining camp begins to assume the proportions of a city; at about the time the whiskey-vendor draws his cork or the gambler spreads his green cloth, Maguire opens a theatre, and with a hastily organized "Vigilance Committee" of actors commences to execute Shakspeare.

VI.

MR. PEPPER.

My arrival at Virginia City was signalized by the following incident:

I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel than I was called upon by an intoxicated man, who said he was an Editor. Knowing how rare it was for an Editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said:

"What name?"

"Wait!" he said, and went out.

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

In ten minutes he returned, and said:

"Pepper!"

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

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

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

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

VII.

HORACE GREELEY'S RIDE TO PLACERVILLE.

When Mr. Greeley was in California ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fête the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville —distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be fêted at 7 o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, this great man must

be there by 7 to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I *must* be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I *must* be there at 7!"

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we *are* going!"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack, crack! went the whip, and again "that voice" split the air. "Git up! Hi yi! G'long! Yip—yip!"

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an india-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said:

"Do—on't—on't—on't you—u—u think we—e—e—e shall get there by seven if we do—on't—on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head "might have been seen" at the window.

"Sir," he said, "I don't care—care—*air*, if we *don't* get there at seven!"

"I have got my orders!" Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a summerset.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all!"

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

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

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

"Stop, you ——— maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk:

"I've got my orders! *Keep your seat, Horace!*"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There were a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

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

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

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

"Mr. Greeley," said the Chairman of the Committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially

welcome you, sir———why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follers: Git him there by seving! It wants a quarter to seving. Stand out of the way!"

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

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

Years hence grey-haired men, who were little boys in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach-roof.

Mr. Monk was on time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for awhile; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a brand-new suit of clothes.

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

VIII.

TO REESE RIVER.

I LEAVE Virginia for Great Salt Lake City, viâ the Reese River Silver Diggings.

There are eight passengers of us inside the coach—which, by the way, isn't a coach, but a Concord covered mud wagon.

Among the passengers is a genial man of the name of Ryder, who has achieved a wide-spread reputation as a strangler of unpleasant bears in the mountain fastnesses of California, and who is now an eminent Reese River miner.

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

nervously examine their pistols and readjust the long glittering knives in their belts. I feel in my pockets to see if the key which unlocks the carpet-bag containing my revolvers is all right—for I had rather brilliantly locked my deadly weapons up in that article, which was strapped with the other baggage to the rack behind. The passengers frown on me for this carelessness, but the kind-hearted Ryder gives me a small double-barrelled gun, with which I narrowly escape murdering my beloved friend Hingston in cold blood. I am not used to guns and things, and in changing the position of this weapon I pulled the trigger rather harder than was necessary.

When this wicked rebellion first broke out I was among the first to stay at home—chiefly because of my utter ignorance of firearms. I should be valuable to the army as a Brigadier-General only so far as the moral influence of my name went.

However, we pass safely through the land of the Piutes, unmolested by Buffalo James. This celebrated savage can read and write, and is quite an orator, like Metamora, or the last of the Wampanoags. He went on to Washington a few years ago and called Mr. Buchanan his Great Father, and the members of the Cabinet his dear Brothers. They gave him a great many blankets, and he returned to his beautiful

hunting grounds and went to killing stage-drivers. He made such a fine impression upon Mr. Buchanan during his sojourn in Washington that that statesman gave a young English tourist, who crossed the plains a few years since, a letter of introduction to him. The great Indian chief read the English person's letter with considerable emotion, and then ordered him to be scalped, and stole his trunks.

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

"Never seen Ward?" he said.

"Oh no."

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

He refered to me.

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

I lecture at Big Creek.

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

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

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

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

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

also with horse-pistols. Dr. Hingston* hastily explains, while I go back to the carriage to say my prayers, where there is more room. The men were miners on a prospecting tour, and as we advanced upon them without sending them word they took us for highway robbers.

I must not forget to say that my brave and kind-hearted friend Ryder of the mail coach, who had so often alluded to "Ward" in our ride from Virginia to Austin, was among my hearers at Big Creek. He had discovered who I was, and informed me that he had debated whether to wollop me or give me some rich silver claims.

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

IX.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

How was I to be greeted by the Mormons? That was rather an exciting question with me. I had been told on the plains that a certain humorous sketch of mine (written some years before) had greatly incensed the Saints, and a copy of the Sacramento *Union* newspaper had a few days before fallen into my hands in which a Salt Lake correspondent quite clearly intimated that my reception at the new Zion might be unpleasantly warm. I ate my dinner moodily and sent out for some cigars. The venerable clerk brought me six. They cost only two dollars. They were procured at a store near by. The Salt Lake House sells neither cigars nor liquors.

I smoke in my room, having no heart to mingle with the people in the office.

Dr. Hingston "thanks God he never wrote against the Mormons," and goes out in search of a brother Englishman. Comes back at night and says there is a prejudice against me. Advises me to keep in. Has heard that the Mormons thirst for my blood and are on the look-out for me.

Under these circumstances I keep in.

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

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

* *Adobe—i.e.* sun-dried brick.

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

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

"I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorer, inhabited by as theavin' & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe."

I had forgotten all about this, and as Elder Stenhouse read it to me "my feelings may be better imagined than described," to use language I think I

have heard before. I pleaded, however, that it was a purely burlesque sketch, and that this strong paragraph should not be interpreted literally at all. The Elder didn't seem to see it in that light, but we parted pleasantly.

X.

THE MOUNTAIN FEVER.

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

That was cheering, I thought. The noble Califor-

nian, Jerome Davis—he of the celebrated ranch—sticks by me like a twin brother, although I fear that in my hot frenzy I more than once anathematized his kindly eyes. Nurses and watchers, Gentile and Mormon, volunteer their services in hoops, and rare wines are sent to me from all over the city, which, if I can't drink, the venerable and excellent Thomas can, easy.

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

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

Townsend about the State of Maine. He came from that bleak region, having skinned his infantile eyes in York County. He was at Nauvoo, and was forced to sell out his entire property there for $50. He has thrived in Utah, however, and is much thought of by the Church. He is an Elder, and preaches occasionally. He has only two wives. I hear lately that he has sold his property for $25,000 to Brigham Young, and gone to England to make converts. How impressive he may be as an expounder of the Mormon gospel, I don't know. His beef-steaks and chicken-pies, however, were first-rate. James and I talk about Maine, and cordially agree that so far as pine boards and horse-mackerel are concerned it is equalled by few and excelled by none. There is no place like home, as Clara, the Maid of Milan, very justly observes; and while J. Townsend would be unhappy in Maine, his heart evidently beats back there now and then.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Where is that?" they said.

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

XI.

"I AM HERE."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Wot' d you git?"

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

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

"Sold her to mother!"

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

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

"Air you the literary man?"

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

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

XII.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

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

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

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

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

Brigham Young is 62 years old, of medium height, and with sandy hair and whiskers. An active, iron man, with a clear sharp eye. A man of consummate shrewdness—of great executive ability. He was born in the State of Vermont, and so by the

way was Heber C. Kimball, who will wear the Mormon Belt when Brigham leaves the ring.

Brigham Young is a man of great natural ability. If you ask me, How pious is he? I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up. Personally he treated me with marked kindness throughout my sojourn in Utah.

His power in Utah is quite as absolute as that of any living sovereign, yet he uses it with such consummate shrewdness that his people are passionately devoted to him.

He was an Elder at the first formal Mormon "stake" in this country, at Kirtland, Ohio, and went to Nauvoo with Joseph Smith. That distinguished Mormon handed his mantle and the Prophet business over to Brigham when he died at Nauvoo.

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

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

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

He is an immensely wealthy man. His wealth is variously estimated at from ten to twenty millions of dollars. He owns saw mills, grist mills, woollen factories, brass and iron foundries, farms, brick-yards, &c., and superintends them all in person. A man in Utah individually owns what he grows and makes, with the exception of a one-tenth part: that must go to the Church; and Brigham Young, as the first President, is the Church's treasurer. Gentiles of course say that he abuses this blind confidence of his people, and speculates with their money, and absorbs the interest if he doesn't the principal. The Mormons deny this, and say that whatever of their money he does use is for the good of the Church; that he defrays the expenses of emigrants from far over the seas; that he is foremost in all local enterprises tending to develope the resources of the terri-

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

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

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

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

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

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

* The United States military encampment adjoining Salt Lake City.

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

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

XIII.

A PIECE IS SPOKEN.

A PIECE hath its victories no less than war.

"Blessed are the Piece-makers." That is Scripture.

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

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

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

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

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

20 bushels of wheat.

5 " " corn.

4 bushels of potatoes.
2 " " oats.
4 " " salt.
2 hams.
1 live pig (Dr. Hingston chained him in the box-office).
1 wolf-skin.
5 pounds honey in the comb.
16 strings of sausages—2 pounds to the string.
1 cat-skin.
1 churn (two families went in on this; it is an ingenious churn, and fetches butter in five minutes by rapid grinding).
1 set children's under-garments, embroidered.
1 firkin of butter.
1 keg of apple-sauce.

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

XIV.

THE BALL.

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

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

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

I dance.

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

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

I was told they spoke French and Spanish.

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

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

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

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

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

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

XV.

PHELPS'S ALMANAC.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PART II.

—

PERLITE LITTERATOOR.

I.

A WAR MEETING.

OUR complaint just now is war meetin's. They've bin havin' 'em bad in varis parts of our cheerful Republic, and nat'rally we caught 'em here in Baldinsville. They broke out all over us. They're better attended than the Eclipse was.

I remember how people poured into our town last Spring to see the Eclipse. They labored into a impression that they couldn't see it to home, and so they cum up to our place. I cleared a very handsome amount of money by exhibitin' the Eclipse to 'em, in an open-top tent. But the crowds is bigger now. Posey County is aroused. I may say, indeed, that the pra-hay-ories of Injianny is on fire.

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

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

parts will not soon forgit how he used up the *Eagle of Freedom*, a family journal published at Snootville near here. The controversy was about a plank road. "The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but *our* aunt isn't bald-heded, and *we* haven't got a one-eyed sister Sal! Wonder if the Editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?" This used up the *Eagle of Freedom* feller, because his aunt's head does present a skinn'd appearance, and his sister SARAH is very much one-eyed. For a genteel home thrust, Mr. SLINKERS has few ekals. He is a man of great pluck likewise. He has a fierce nostril, and I bl'eve upon my soul, that if it wasn't absolootly necessary for him to remain here and announce in his paper, from week to week, that "our Gov'ment is about to take vig'rous measures to put down the rebellion"—I b'lieve, upon my soul, this illustris man would enlist as a Brigadier Gin'ral, and git his Bounty.

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

"He is a artist, papa. Here is one of his masterpieces—a young mother gazin' admirin'ly upon her

first-born," and my daughter showed me a really pretty picter, done in ile. "Is it not beautiful, papa? He throws so much soul into his work."

"Does he? does he?" said I—"well, I reckon I'd better hire him to whitewash our fence. It needs it. What will you charge, sir," I continued, "to throw some soul into my fence?"

My daughter went out of the room in very short meeter, takin' the artist with her, and, from the emphatical manner in which the door slam'd, I concluded she was summut disgusted at my remarks. She closed the door, I may say, in *italics*. I went into the closet and larfed all alone by myself for over half an hour. I larfed so vi'lently that the preserve jars rattled like a cavalry officer's sword and things, which it aroused my BETSY, who came and opened the door pretty suddent. She seized me by the few lonely hairs that still linger sadly upon my bare-footed hed, and dragged me out of the closet, incidently obsarving that she didn't exactly see why she should be compelled, at her advanced stage of life, to open a assylum for sooperanooated idiots.

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

But to return to the war meetin'. It was largely attended. The Editor of the *Bugle* arose and got up and said the fact could no longer be disguised that

we were involved in a war. "Human gore," said he, "is flowin'. All able-bodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field."

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

"I am identified, young man, with an Arkymedian leaver which moves the world," said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail: "I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!" And with this brilliant bust of elekance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin' from an attack of College in a naberin' place. Mr. Hinkins said Washington was not safe. Who can save our national capeetle?

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

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

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

* A very popular comedian in the United States.

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

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

"I claim the right to express my sentiments here," said Mr. Hinkins, in a slightly indignant tone, "and I shall brook no interruption, if I am a Soft-more."*

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

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

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

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

* A Sophomore at one of the colleges.

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

whose sermons have a tendency to make people sleep pretty industriously.

"I am willin' to inlist for one," he said.

"What's your weight, parson?" I asked.

"A hundred and sixty pounds," he said.

"Well, you can inlist as a hundred and sixty pounds of morphine, your dooty bein' to stand in the hospitals arter a battle, and preach while the surgical operations is bein' performed! Think how much you'd save the Gov'ment in morphine."

He didn't seem to see it; but he made a good speech, and the editor of the *Bugle* rose to read the resolutions, commencin' as follers:—

"*Resolved,* That we view with anxiety the fact that there is now a war goin' on, and

"*Resolved,* That we believe Stonewall JACKSON sympathizes with the secession movement, and that we hope the nine-months' men"—

At this point he was interrupted by the sounds of silvery footsteps on the stairs, and a party of wimin, carryin' guns and led by BETSY JANE, who brandish'd a loud and rattlin' umbereller, burst into the room.

"Here," cried I, "are some nine-months' wimin!"

"Mrs. WARD," said the editor of the *Bugle*—"Mrs. WARD, and ladies, what means this extr'ord'n'ry demonstration?"

"It means," said that remarkable female, "that you men air makin' fools of yourselves. You air

willin' to talk and urge others to go to the wars, but you don't go to the wars yourselves. War meetin's is very nice in their way, but they don't keep Stonewall JACKSON from comin' over to Maryland and helpin' himself to the fattest beef critters. What we want is more cider and less talk. We want you able-bodied men to stop speechifying, which don't 'mount to the wiggle of a sick cat's tail, and go to fi'tin'; otherwise you can stay at home and take keer of the children, while we wimin will go to the wars!"

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

"Is this roll-book to be filled up with the names of men or wimin?" she cried.

"With men—with men!" and our quoty was made up that very night.

There is a great deal of gas about these war meetin's. A war meetin', in fact, without gas, would be suthin' like the play of HAMLET with the part of OTHELLO omitted.

Still believin' that the Goddess of Liberty is about as well sot up* with as any young lady in distress could expect to be, I am

Yours more'n anybody else's,

A. WARD.

* The phrase "well sot up" is used to express the marriage portion of a bride.

II.

ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

NEW YORK, NEAR FIFTH AVENOO HOTEL,
Org. 31*ct.*

Editer of Play Bill.

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

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

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

the day time to excite simpathy drank freely of spiritoous licker unbeknowns to me one day, & while under their inflooance he led me into the canal. I had to either tear the green bandige from my eyes or be drownded. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

In writin about these things, Mr. Editer, kinder smooth 'em over. Speak of 'em as eccentrissities 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 *Advertiser* of that town, in which the

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

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

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

> Rip slap—set 'em up again,
> Right in the middle of a three-cent pie,†

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, "How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!" The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, sayin I was muzzer's bezzy darlin and a

sweety 'eety ittle ting. It was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuff to properly appreciate it. I'm a healthy 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 gradooally growin respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but firmly bel'eve in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudnum and lay down in the street of a village that had'nt any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

III.

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

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

Them handbils is sculpt* in New York.

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

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

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

Many changes has taken place, even durin' my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contempulate. The house in Varick street,† where I used to Board, is bein' torn down. That house, which was rendered memoriable by my livin' into it, is "parsin'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I venture to say that if you sarch the earth all over with a ten-hoss power mikriscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock* gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

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

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

At a special Congressional 'lection in my district

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

the other day I delib'ritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our National Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

Them who think that a cane made from the timbers of the house I once boarded in is essenshal to their happiness, should not delay about sendin' the money right on for one.

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

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

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

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

"Who is it?"

"It is a Man!" I answered, in a gruff vois.

"I don't b'lieve it!" she sed.

"Then come down and search me," I replied.

Then resumin' my nat'ral voice, I said, "It is

your own A. W., Betsy! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!"

"Oh," she said, "it's you, is it? I thought I smelt something."

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin' I found that my family were entertainin' a artist from Philadelphy, who was there paintin' some startlin' water-falls and mountins, and I morin suspected he had a hankerin' for my oldest dauter.

"Mr. Skimmerhorn, father," sed my dauter.

"Glad to see you, sir!" I replied in a hospittle vois. "Glad to see you."

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

"A whichist?"

"An artist. A painter."

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

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

"It is a wonder to me, sir," said the artist, "considerin' what a wide-spread reputation you have, that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you."

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

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

yully, and showed me the follerin' article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:—

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

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

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

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

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

A. WARD.

IV.

IN CANADA.

I'M at present existin' under a monikal form of Gov'ment. In other words I'm travellin' among the crowned heds of Canady. They ai'n't pretty bad people. On the cont'ry, they air exceedin' good people.

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

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

Mrs. VICTORIA, who is Queen of England, and has all the luxuries of the markets, incloodin' game in its season, don't bother herself much about Canady, but lets her do 'bout as she's mighter. She, however, gin'rally keeps her supplied with a lord, who's called a Gov'ner Gin'ral. Sometimes the politicians of Canady make it lively for this lord—for Canady has politicians, and I expect they don't differ from our

politicians, some of em bein' gifted and talented liars, no doubt.

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

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

One of Lord MONK'S daughters rode with him on the field. She has golden hair, a kind good face, and wore a red hat. I should be very happy to have her pay me and my family a visit at Baldinsville. Come and bring your knittin', Miss MONK. Mrs. WARD will do the fair thing by you. She makes the best slap-jacks in America. As a slap-jackist, she has no ekal. She wears the Belt.

What the review was all about, I don't know. I haven't a gigantic intelleck, which can grasp great

questions at onct. I am not a WEBSTER or a SEYMOUR.* I am not a WASHINGTON or a OLD ABE. Fur from it. I am not as gifted a man as HENRY WARD BEECHER. Even the congregation of Plymouth Meetin'-House in Brooklyn will admit that. Yes, I should think so. But while I don't have the slitest idee as to what the review was fur, I will state that the sojers looked pretty scrumptious in their red and green close.

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

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

* Governor Seymour was at the time this was written the popular democratic governor of the State of Nsw York.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Signed) "A. WARD."

V.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

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

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

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

bounded, with naked feet, over hills and plains like the wild and frisky antelope. It was a onlucky moment for us when CHRIS. sot his foot onto these 'ere shores. It would have been better for us of the present day if the injins had given him a warm meal and sent him home ore the ragin' billers. For the savages owned the country, and COLUMBUS was a fillibuster. CORTEZ, PIZARRO, and WALKER were one-horse fillibusters—COLUMBUS was a four-horse team fillibuster, and a large yaller dog under the waggin. I say, in view of the mess we are makin' of things, it would have been better for us if COLUMBUS had staid to home. It would have been better for the show bisniss. The circulation of VANITY FAIR* would be larger, and the proprietors would all have boozum pins! Yes, sir, and perhaps a ten-pin alley.

By which I don't wish to be understood as intimatin' that the scalpin' wretches who are in the injin bisniss at the present day are of any account, or calculated to make home happy, specially the Sioxes of Minnesoty, who desarve to be murdered in the first degree, and if POPE† will only stay in St. Paul and not go near 'em *himself*, I reckon they will be.

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

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

VI.

THE SERENADE.

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

The artist I spoke about in my larst has returned to 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' particler attention to the punktooation. It was, if I may say it without egitism, a manly effort, but, alars! I never delivered it, as the sekel will show you. I paced up and down the kitchin speakin' my piece over so as to be entirely perfeck. My bloomin' young daughter, SARAH ANN, bothered me summut by singin', "Why do summer roses fade?"

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

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

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

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

The expected night cum. At nine o'clock pre-

cisely there was sounds of footsteps in the yard, and the Band struck up a lively air, which when they did finish it, there was cries of "WARD! WARD!" I stept out onto the portico. A brief glance showed me that the assemblage was summut mixed. There was a great many ragged boys, and there was quite a number of grown-up persons evigently under the affluence of the intoxicatin' bole. The Band was also drunk. DR. SCHWAZEY, who was holdin' up a post, seemed to be partic'ly drunk—so much so that it had got into his spectacles, which were staggerin' wildly over his nose. But I was in for it, and I commenced:

"Feller Citizens: For this onexpected honor——"

Leader of the Band.—Will you give us our money now, or wait till you git through?

To this painful and disgustin' interruption I paid no attention.

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

Leader of the Band.—But you said you'd give us seven dollars if we'd play two choons.

Again I didn't notice him, but resumed as follows: "I say I thank you warmly. When I look at this crowd of true Americans, my heart swells——"

Dr. Schwazey.—So do I!

A voice.—We all do!

"——my heart swells——"

A voice.—Three cheers for the swells.

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

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

"DR. SCHWAZEY," said I sternly, "you are drunk. You're disturbin' the meetin'."

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

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

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

VII.

A ROMANCE.—WILLIAM BARKER, THE YOUNG PATRIOT.

I.

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

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

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

II.

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

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

"Ay, old man," proudly exclaimed William Barker, "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours?"

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

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

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

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

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

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

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so!"

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand!"

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

"To the core!" cried William Barker.

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

"I am, I am!"

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

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

VIII.

A ROMANCE.—THE CONSCRIPT.

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

CHAPTER I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter II.—Mabel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter III.—The Conscript.

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

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

Chapter IV.—The Meeting.

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

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

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

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

"Ha! 'tis well."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Canadians won't have any line pretty soon. The skedaddlers will steal it. Then the Canadians won't know whether they're in the United States or not, in which case they may be drafted.

Mabel married a Brigadier-General, and is happy.

IX.

A ROMANCE.—ONLY A MECHANIC.

In a sumptuously furnished parlor in Fifth Avenue, New York, sat a proud and haughty belle. Her name was Isabel Sawtelle. Her father was a millionaire, and his ships, richly laden, ploughed many a sea.

By the side of Isabel Sawtelle sat a young man with a clear, beautiful eye, and a massive brow.

"I must go," he said, "the foreman will wonder at my absence."

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

"Yes, the foreman of the shop where I work."

"Foreman—shop—*work!* What! do *you* work?"

"Aye, Miss Sawtelle! I am a cooper!" and his eyes flashed with honest pride.

"What's that?" she asked; "it is something about barrels, isn't it!"

"It is!" he said, with a flashing nostril. "And hogsheads."

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

"Ha!" he cried, "you spurn me then, because I am a mechanic. Well, be it so! though the time will come, Isabel Sawtelle," he added, and nothing could *exceed* his looks at this moment—"when you will bitterly remember the cooper you now so cruelly cast off! *Farewell!*"

Years rolled on. Isabel Sawtelle married a miserable aristocrat, who recently died of delirium tremens. Her father failed, and is now a raving maniac, and wants to bite little children. All her brothers (except one) were sent to the penitentiary for burglary, and her mother peddles clams that are stolen for her by little George, her only son that has his freedom. Isabel's sister, Bianca, rides an immoral spotted horse in the circus, *her* husband having long since been hanged for murdering his own uncle on his mother's side. Thus we see that it is always best to marry a mechanic.

X.

BOSTON.

A. W. TO HIS WIFE.*

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

COPPS' HILL.

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

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

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

BUNKER HILL.

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

MR. FANUEL.

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

THE COMMON.

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

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

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

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

THE LEGISLATUR.

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but sum of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevalin' stile, or ten years behind it—jest as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American peple of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin?*

HARVARD COLLEGE.

This celebrated institootion of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School street,† and has poopils from all over the country.

I had a letter, yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin Col-

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

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

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

LITERATOOR.

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

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

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT.

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

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

THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES.

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

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

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclood you ain't *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forget that it is sum time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin' of further int'rist took place on the cars excep' a coloured gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in South Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

WILD GAME.

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

COMMON SKOOLS.

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

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

bin to skool two months, and yet he exhibertid his father's performin' Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay partic'lar 'tention to Spelin' in these Skools, because if a man can't Spel wel he's of no 'kount.

SUMMIN' UP.

I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr. Reveer, whose tavern* I stop at, informed me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire; any clear day. But settin' the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there), Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Onlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to hav' bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and continnered applaus' for Boston!

DOMESTIC MATTERS.

Kiss the children for me. What you tell me 'bout

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

the Twins greeves me sorely. When I sent 'em that Toy Enjine I had not contempyulated that they would so fur forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a prematoor leanin' tords cussedness that alarms me. I send to Amelia Ann, our oldest dawter, sum new music, viz.:—"I am lonely sints My Mother-in-law Died"; "Dear Mother, What tho' the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is withered now?" &c. These song writers, by the way, air doin' the Mother Bisiness rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husban',

ARTEMUS WARD

XI.

A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THE MORMON'S DEPARTURE.

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

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

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

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at

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

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

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

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

But he had not gone far when the trace of the

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

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

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

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

Chapter II.

FUNERAL TRAPPINGS.

THE mules were never found.

Reginald's heart-broken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she indiscreetly sent a boy to Bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at *me*, with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at *me!*"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No, you *won't*," said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's *my* business to strew!"

"You shan't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I ain't on the Strew, much, but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral;

and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetuates a sob on my handkercher!" said Nelly.

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

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

Chapter III.

DUST TO DUST.

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

rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

* * * * *

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

* * * * *

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

Chapter IV.

MARRIED AGAIN.

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

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

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

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

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

"It is," said Susan.

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

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

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

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

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

They were united, they were!

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

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

XII.

ARTEMUS WARD IN RICHMOND.

Richmond, Va., May—18 & 65.

OLONZO WARD.

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

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

in that town, & likewise incurrin' the seris displeasure of the Press, which sed boldly I was triflin' with the feelin's of a intelligent public. I know no such man as Olonzo Ward. I do not ever wish his name breathed in my presents. I do not recognise him. I perfectly disgust him.

RICHMOND.

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

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

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

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

Immejutly on my 'rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House,* and callin' to my assistans a young man from our town who writes a good runnin'

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

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

He called a cullud purson, and said,—

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

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

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

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

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

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

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show'd to the cowyard and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison.

Tho' I should hav' slept comf'ble enuff if the bed-clothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin' the night by a scoundrel who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin', and my throat feels a little husky this mornin.

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

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

UNION SENTIMENT.

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

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

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

I told him no, but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where

he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin' me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Said another, "There's bin a tremenduous Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a dagerretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people."

JEFF. DAVIS.

Jeff. Davis is not pop'lar here. She is regarded as a Southern sympathiser. & yit I'm told he was kind to his Parents. She ran away from 'em many years ago, and has never bin back. This was showin' 'em a good deal of consideration when we reflect what his conduck has been. Her captur in female apparel confooses me in regard to his sex, & you see I speak of him as a her as frekent as otherwise, & I guess he feels so hisself.

R. LEE.

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

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

drawd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the coloured man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for negro minstrels.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

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

A PROUD AND HAWTY SUTHENER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARTEMUS WARD.

XIII.

ARTEMUS WARD TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have alreddy given two cousins to the war, & I stand reddy to sacrifiss my wife's brother ruther 'n not see the rebelvin krusht. And if wuss cums to

wuss I'll shed ev'ry drop of blud my able-bodid relations has got to prosekoot the war. I think sumbody oughter be prosekooted, & it may as well be the war as any body else. When I git a goakin fit onto me it's no use to try ter stop me.

You hearn about the draft, friend Wales, no doubt. It caus'd sum squirmin', but it was fairly conducted, I think, for it hit all classes. It is troo that Wendill Phillips, who is a American citizen of African scent, 'scaped, but so did Vallandiggum, who is Conservativ, and who wus resuntly sent South, tho' he would have bin sent to the Dry Tortoogus* if Abe had 'sposed for a minit that the Tortoogusses would keep him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You had a good weddin. The papers hav a good deal to say about "vikins" in connexion tharewith. Not knowings what that air and so I frankly tells you, my noble lord dook of the throne, I can't zackly say whether we had 'em or not. We was both very much flustrated. But I never injoyed myself better in my life.

Dowtless, your supper was ahead of our'n. As regards eatin' uses Baldinsville was allers shaky. But you can git a good meal in New York, & cheap too. You can get half a mackril at Delmonico's or Mr.

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

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

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

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

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

lawyer by habit—don't cum as much as he did. My wife's father lives with us. His intelleck totters a little, and he saves the papers containin' the proceedins of our State Legislater. The old gen'l'man likes to read out loud, and he reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely, which makes his voice clear; but as he onfortnilly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow. Wall, whenever this lawyer made his appearance I would set the old man a-readin the Legislativ' reports. I kept the young lawyer up one night till 12 o'clock, listenin to a lot of acts in regard to a draw-bridge away orf in the east part of the State, havin' sent my daughter to bed at half-past 8. He hasn't bin there since, and I understan' he says I go round swindlin' the Public.

I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once. I shall never attempt agin. I'd bin to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continuerd drinkin' their healths until my own became affected. Consekens was, I presented myself at Betsy's bedside late at night with consid'ble licker concealed about my person. I had sumhow got perseshun of a hosswhip on my way home, and rememberin' sum cranky observations of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapt the whip putty lively, and,

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

* * * * *

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

My wife is 52 years old, and has allus sustaned a good character. She's a good cook. Her mother lived to a vener'ble age, and died while in the act of frying slap-jacks for the County Commissioners. And may no rood hand pluk a flour from her toom-stun! We hain't got any picter of the old lady, because she'd never stand for her ambrotipe, and therefore I can't giv her likeness to the world through the meejum of the illusterated papers; but as she wasn't a brigadier-gin'ral, particerly, I don't s'pose they'd publish it, any how.

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

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

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

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

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

Respecks to St. Gorge & the Dragon.

"Ever be happy."

A. WARD.

XIV.

AFFAIRS ROUND THE VILLAGE GREEN.

It isn't everyone who has a village green to write about. I have one, although I have not seen much of it for some years past. I am back again, now. In the language of the duke who went round with a motto about him, "I am here!" and I fancy I am about as happy a peasant of the vale as ever garnished a melodrama, although I have not as yet danced on my village green, as the melo-dramatic peasant usually does on his. It was the case when Rosina Meadows left home.

The time rolls by serenely now—so serenely that I don't care what time it is, which is fortunate, because my watch is at present in the hands of those "men of New York who are called rioters." We met by chance, the usual way—certainly not by appointment—and I brought the interview to a close with all possible despatch. Assuring them that I wasn't Mr. Greely, particularly, and that he had never boarded in the private family where I enjoy

the comforts of a home, I tendered them my watch, and begged they would distribute it judiciously among the laboring classes, as I had seen the rioters styled in certain public prints.

Why should I loiter feverishly in Broadway, stabbing the hissing hot air with the splendid gold-headed cane that was presented to me by the citizens of Waukegan, Illinois, as a slight testimonial of their esteem? Why broil in my rooms? You said to me, Mrs. Gloverson, when I took possession of those rooms, that no matter how warm it might be, a breeze had a way of blowing into them, and that they were, withal, quite countryfied; but I am bound to say, Mrs. Gloverson, that there was nothing about them that ever reminded me, in the remotest degree, of daisies or new-mown hay. Thus, with sarcasm, do I smash the deceptive Gloverson.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I occasionally write for the stage, sir."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XV.

AGRICULTURE.

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

New York, June 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR:—

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

I feel flattered, and think I will come.

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

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

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

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

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

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

Two years ago I tried sheep-raising.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We led them proudly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

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

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

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed:

"Waal! *did* you ever?"

I certainly never had.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We cut some grass.

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

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

I was going to mow, myself.

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

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown!

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

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

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

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

"Yours

"respeeful

"ELI PERKINS,

"his letter."

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

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

Truly Yours,

CHARLES F. BROWNE.

XVI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

* A popular theatre in New York.

their seats. "Don't git up for me," I sed. One of the prettiest young men I ever saw in my life showed me into a seat, and I proceeded to while away the spare time by readin' Thompson's *Bank Note Reporter* and the comic papers.

The ordinance was large.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As I remarked to the Boy who squirted peppersass

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

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

ACK THE 1.—Glendalo by moonlite.

Irishmen with clubs.

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

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

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

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

Irish moosic by the Band.

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

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

The weddin' of Shaun and Arrah comes off.

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

Great confusion.

Coat is prodoosed from up-stairs.

"Whose coat is this?" sez the Major.

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

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

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

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

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

"Silence!" sum people sed.

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

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

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

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

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

Yours, till then,

A. WARD.

THE END.