

ARTEMUS TO LINCOLN.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

He Pays a Visit to the President Elect at Springfield, Ill., and Loads Him Up with Chunks of Homely Wisdom—The Crowd of Office Seekers.

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VIII.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



HAV no politics. Nary a one. I'm not in the business. If I was, I spose I should holler versiferously in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellin of coal ole and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriages to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamms lise of the enemy, got up jest bet election for perlitical effect.

When all was over and my candycate was elected, I should move heving & ertth—so to speak—until I got office, which if I didn't git a office I should turn round and aboose the Administration with all my mite and maine. But I'm not in the business. I'm in a far more respectable bismis nor what pollertics is. I wouldn't git two cents to be a Congresser. The wuss insult I ever received was when sartin citizens of Baldinville axed me to run for the Legislator. Sez I, "My friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that there?" They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most ortfullest tones, & they knowd I wasn't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to ont.

There's, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Ole Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parlor, surrounded by a perfect swarm of office seekers. Knowin he had been captin of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippi I thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I, "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-sails, reef hum the fore-castle & throw yer jibpoop over-board. Shiver my timbers, my hearty!" [N. B. This is genuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.] Old Abe looked up quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed, I can't. It's impossible, sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?" sez I.

"A office-seeker, to be sure," sez he. "Wall, sir," sez I, "you's never more mistaken in your life. You han't gut a office I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I'm the father of Twins, and they look like me—both of them. I cum to pay a friendly visit to the President elect of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so—if not, say so, & I'm off like a jug handle."

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

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

"Wall," sez I, "ef you fellers repose in that there Buzzum there'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!" whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of office seekers arrove & cum pillin into the parlor. Sum wanted post offices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He hadn't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another tremenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfectly overflowed with office seekers, all clammerus for a immedjit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and address me as "The Prayrie Flower of the West!" Thinks I you want a office pretty bad. Another man with a gold heded cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundless West."

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

Sez he, "a patrit is abov them things, sir!"

"There's a putty big crop of patrits this season, aint there, Squire?" sez I, when another crowd of office seekers pored in. The house, door yard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when another crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michigan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parlor where Old Abe was endeavoring to keep the hungry pack of office seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The patrit beached the fireplace he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: "Don't make any pintment at the Spunkville postoffice till you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockymment!"

"Good God!" cried Old Abe, "they cum upon me from the skies—down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the earth!" He hadn't more'n got them words out of his delikt mouth before two fat office seekers from Wisconsin, in endeavor to crawl atween his legs for the purpos of applyin for the tollgate-ship at Milwawky, upstot the President elect, and he would hev gone sprawlin into the fire place if I hadn't caught him in these arms. But I hadn't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vidently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptuous form onto the floor. "Mr. Linkin," shouted the infatocated being, "my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the schoolmaster!"

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

"But I worlt hard for the ticket; I tolled nite and day! The patrit should be rewarded!"

"'Virtoo," sez I, holdin' the infatocated man by the coat collar, "'virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!" He did look at me, and qualed bet my gaze. "The fact is," I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, "there is scarcely a offis for every ile lamp carid round durin' this campane. I wish there was. I wish there was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where epidemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?" I continued, warmin up considerable, "can't you give Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrit most to death? Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the side! Go to peddlin tiuware—go to choppin wood—go to bilin sope—stuff sangers—black boots—git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart—go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers—becum 'original and only' Campbell Minstrels—go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite—imbark in the peanut business—write for the Ledger—saw off your legs and go round givin concerts, with tuchin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills—anything for an honest living, but don't come round here drivin' Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. Stand not upon the order of your goin', but go to ont! Ef in five minits from this time," sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch and brandishin it before their eyes, "Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits among you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!"

You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run orf as the Saturn himself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

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

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

"How 'bout my Cabinut, Mister Ward?" sez Abe.

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

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

THE SHOW BUSINESS AND LECTURES.

I feel that the Show Bizness, which I've stroven to ornymnt, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lecturs, as thay air kalled, tho in my pinion thay air poplar humbugs. Individooals, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin biznis. They cram theirselves with hi-soundin frazzis, frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of black close and cum out to lectur at 50 dollars a pop. They aint over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff to make suffumnt kitties to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensocin sixteen ginerashuns. Peple flock to heer um in krowds. The men go becawz they poplar, & the wimin folks go to see what other wimin folks have on.

When its over the lecturer goze & ragales hisselt with oysters and sich, while the people say "What a charmin lecturer that air was," etictery etictery, when 9 out of 10 of um don't have no moore idee of what the lecturer sed than my kangaroo has of the seventh spear of hevum. There's moore infurmaschun to be got out of a well conducted noospaper—price 3 cents—than there is out of ten poplar lectures at 25 or 50 dollars a pop, as the case may be. These same people, here in mind, stick up their noses at moral wax figgers & sagashun boosters.

They say these things is low. Gents, it grooves my hart in my old age, when I'm in "the Show & Yeller" (to cite from my Irish friend, Mister Malboth) to see that the Show Bizness is pretty much plaid out; howsomewer I shall chance it again in the Spring.

COLUMBUS CRITICISED.

ANOTHER VIEW OF AMERICA'S DISCOVERER BY A. P. DUNLOP.

A Few Plain Words About His Treatment of the Carib Race—Ingratitude Par Excellence—Bartering Slaves for Privileges—Ferdinand and Isabella Take the Bait—A Race Exterminated.

There is one fact worthy of note in the coming four hundredth year celebration of the discovery of the American continent, namely, that not one single specimen of the race Columbus discovered will be on hand to defend himself, writes A. P. Dunlop in the *Saturday Review*. Not alone has the Carib been wiped from the face of the earth, but the oldest inhabitants of the West Indian Islands have not seen a half breed even of that race, nor do any of them remember having been told that they existed in the time of their fathers or grandfathers. Columbus writes of these people as the best he had ever seen, and says they received him with overwhelming kindness. He says, too, that they were numerous, and that every island from San Salvador to Santo Domingo was thickly inhabited.

Could one of these guileless savages arise to say a few words at the opening of the World's Fair he might somewhat disarrange the mantle of glory which the Saxon, Celtic, and Teutonic races have so prettily arranged around the historic figures of Christopher Columbus and Queen Isabella. The gentle savage might first ask why the mighty people of North America were celebrating the advent of a man who had nothing whatever to do with the discovery of what is now the United States. He would have no record of his own people—who have not even left a trace of their existence behind them—but he might have looked into the enemy's camp for information, and there he would find—whether proved or not—that Mr. Columbus was said by his son Ferdinand to have been a pirate, and the descendant of one, who was constantly on the move, and who, in the fifteenth century, visited the home of the Vikings, and there heard the story of the discovery of Vineland.

He could readily reconcile Mr. Columbus's way of doing things by authenticated dispatches from Columbus to "Their Highnesses," Isabella and Ferdinand, by reading a copy of a letter, now in the Spanish archives, in which the discoverer informs "Their Highnesses" that he was treated as a brother by these savage people, that they gave freely all they had and conducted him to their gold mines. The Carib might then read the latter part of the dispatch, evidently written as soon as Columbus returned from the gold mines, and suggests "how easy it would be to overcome this unarmed people and send them as slaves to Spain."

Repudiating Columbus as a discoverer, he might, on the auspicious occasion, go even further, by asking why Columbus or Isabella should be admired or held up as examples for the youth of the land?

The Republican party might also be told that no two persons in the world's history ever went into a slave speculation more deliberately. Columbus tempted the cupidity of the Queen with untold treasures as a return for her investment, and in his first letter is a request for ships loaded with provisions, to come "licensed for the traffic of slaves." Did he get them? The answer now in the Madrid archives is: "Their highnesses will send the vessel."

If the written account of these Spanish pirates be correct, the Carib orator might say that 12 years after Columbus arrived in the West Indies not one of this prosperous race was alive, and he could with truth point to the accounts left by the Dominican friar, La Casa, who wrote that 40,000 of them were killed on the Lucayan group inside of a very short time either by the sword or the lash of the slave drivers.

The native West Indian might sum up his argument by saying that as an example of deliberate treachery and cold blooded cruelty and hypocrisy, the world's history has no parallel to Christopher Columbus, who exterminated a race that he himself says received him as "one sent from heaven," nor to his side partner, who went into the real estate and slave speculation with a heart, cold greed for gold, and then permitted the discoverer to end his miserable life as a jauper.

The McAllister's Maxims.

I was here simply carrying out the axiom to keep one's friendships in repair.

I daily comment to my cook on the performance of the previous day.

The highest cultivation in social manners enables a person to conceal from the world his real feelings. He can go through any annoyance as if it were a pleasure.

The success of the dinner depends as much upon the company as the cook. Discordant elements—people invited alphabetically, or to pay off debts—are fatal.

You must never be able to see the tails of your dress coat; if you do, discard the coat.

When you entertain do it in an easy, natural way, as if it was an everyday occurrence, not the event of your life; but do it well. Learn how to do it; never be ashamed to learn.

A gentleman can always walk, but he can not afford to have a shabby equipage.

It is well to be in with the nobe who are born to their position, but the support of the swells is more advantageous, for society is sustained and carried on by the swells, the nobe looking quietly on and accepting the position, feeling that they are there by divine right; but they do not make fashionable society or carry it on. A nob can be a swell if he chooses—i. e., if he will spend the money—but for his social existence this is unnecessary. A nob is like a poet—nascitur non fit; not so a swell—he creates himself.

Moral—Men should not attempt to do what is not in them.

THE CONSUMPTION CURE.

Professor Koch's Discovery and How He Was Led to Make It.

Though Professor Koch, of Berlin, can not be said to have discovered his method of curing consumption through chance, as some say was the case with Jenner's invention of vaccination for smallpox, it is still interesting to notice how much he was indebted to good fortune in the beginning of his investigations. Dr. Emmerich, of Munich, is the authority for the following anecdote:

"Professor Koch noticed once that when a piece of cooked potato is exposed to the atmosphere for a couple of hours, and then placed in a damp atmosphere under a glass cover—to prevent drying—after several days a number of infinitesimal round white specks or drops will appear on it, each one apparently differing from the other. Microscopic investigation shows that every one of these specks consists of a particular species of micro-organisms, which arise from seeds that have fallen on the potato from the air, and have here found a favorable ground for further generation. Each seed by itself multiplies on the particular spot of the hard potato substance on which it has happened to drop, without having the means of combining with others.

"Thus, there can be nothing like interbreeding, and, therefore, pure cells—that is, each consisting of a number of bacteria belonging to one isolated genus, must arise side by side. Very properly Professor Koch considered this a remarkable phenomenon. For if in the place of the potato the surface of some nutritious fluid were exposed to the air, doubtless seeds for future organisms would also drop on it. But in a fluid the movable bacteria would mingle together, and at the same time also set the originally immovable ones into motion, so that an infinite variety of breeds, a chaos of mixed forms and species, would ensue, but nowhere any pure and specific bacteria cells.

"What, then, asked he, is the radical difference between the fruitful soil which the potato offers for such organisms and that of the nutritious fluid? None, surely, but that one is solid, and thus hinders any commingling of genera, while on the other hand there can be no question of their lasting separation in a substratum of no greater density than that of fluids.

"Professor Koch understood how to apply the lesson he had learned from these results to his further experiments in breeding pure bacteria cells in hard and transparent substances, which ultimately led to the brilliant successes he has achieved now and before this. In addition to this he has known enough to apply all modern improvements in apparatus, instruments, and the methods of using them, as well as the advance made in the use of microscopic and lighting processes, to his special branch of bacteriologic investigation. By this alone he has succeeded in making for himself a name in medicine. Now, if it prove true that he has discovered a safe and rational remedy against tuberculosis and incipient consumption, he has made himself an immortal name in history."

Stories About Stonewall Jackson.

Appropos of the death of General Cadmus Wilcox, I recall some characteristic anecdotes concernin' Stonewall Jackson which he was in the habit of relating. When Jackson first entered West Point he was regarded as a remarkably stupid and green youth. General Whiting, who afterward served in the Confederate army, was then a cadet in the class above Jackson's, and was appointed to ask him some questions in mathematics, in accordance with the custom which then prevailed at the military academy. Whiting thought him at first remarkably dull, but noticed that he studied and worked with dogged persistency. The class of which Wilcox and Whiting were members was graduated just prior to the Mexican war. Several of the young officers were in Washington on their way to Mexico, and on the night of their arrival they were invited to go with Jefferson Davis, then a member of the House, to a reception given at the White House. Later both Davis and T. J. Jackson turned their faces toward the Rio Grande. At the close of the war Jackson ranked every member of his class and was a brevet major and was stationed on Governor's Island, near New York. Whiting, Wilcox, and a number of young officers were visiting New York, and when several brother officers from Governor's Island called on them Whiting asked:

"What has become of Tom Jackson; how is he getting on?"

"Badly, badly," replied the officer; since he has stopped fighting he has taken to fiddling. He came over to this city a few weeks ago and bought a fiddle, several bows, and a pile of rosin. You will remember at West Point there was no music in his soul, no poetry, no relaxation, nothing but hard application to his text books. So his new fad makes it awful for us. Every minute he can spare he devotes to practicing on the fiddle, and the sounds which fill the barracks in his vicinity are beyond description; almost beyond endurance."

"Be patient," said Whiting with a smile; "if Tom Jackson is determined to master his violin you will listen to a second Paganini before he gives it up."

But Whiting's prediction was not verified. Jackson never became a musician.—New York Tribune.

A Dandy of Other Days.

From a newspaper printed in the year 1770 is the following description of a dandy: "A few days ago a macaroni made his appearance in the Assembly rooms at Whitehaven, dressed in a mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat and breeches covered with an elegant silk net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes and large pearl buttons; a mushroom colored stock, covered with plant lace, hair dressed remarkably high and stuck full of pearl pins."

That's So.

"If corn is king," said the chiropodist, "I must be a regicide."—[St. Joseph News.

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