

## HE SEES J. NAPOLEON.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Valuable Information Obtained Regarding the Health of Emperor Louis and Empress Eugenie—Tribute Paid to the First Napoleon—Columbus Criticized.

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### IX.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.



**N**OTWITHSTANDING I hain't writ much for the papers of late nobody needn't flatter themselves that the under-scribe is dead. On the contrary, "I still live," which words was spoken by Danyil Webster, who was a able man. Even the old-line whigs of Boston admit that.

Webster is ded now, however, and his mantle has probably fallen into the hands of sum dealer in 2nd hand close, who can't sell it. Leastways nobody pears to be goin round wearin it to any perticler extent, now days. The rigimint of whom I was 'burnel, finely concluded they was bett. I adapted as Home Gardis, which accounts for your not hearin of me, ear this, where the bauls is the thickest and where the cannon doth roar. But as a American citizen I shall never cease to admire the masterly advance our troops made on Washington from Bull Run, a short time ago. It was well dum. I spoke to my wife 'bout it at the time. My wife sed it was well dum.

It havin theret bin detarmined to perfect Baldinsville at all hazzards, and as there was no apprehensions of any immedjit danger, I thought I would go orf onto a pleasure tower. Accordingly I put on a clean Biled Shirt and started for Washington. I went there to see the Prints Napoleon, and not to see the place, which I will here take occasion to observe is about as uninterestin a locality as there is. It is easy enough to see why a man goes to the poor house or the penitentiary. It's becawz he can't help it. But why he should voluntarily go and live in Washington is intirely beyond my comprehension, and I can't say no fairer nor that.

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

"Fifty cents, sir," was his reply.

"Sir?"

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

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

"Ten cents a Breth," was his reply.

Washington hotels are very reasonable in their charges. [N. B.—This is Sarkasum.]

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

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

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

"Sound as a cuss!" I answered.

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

"How's Lewis?" I axed, and he sed the Emperor was well. Eugeny was likewise well, he sed. Then I axed him was Lewis a good provider? did he cum home arly nites? did he perform her bedroom at an unseasonable hour with gin and tanzey? did he go to "the Lodge" on nites when there wasn't any Lodge? did he often hav to go down town to meet a friend? did he hav a extensiv acquaintance among poor young widders whose husbands was in Califony? to all of which questions the Prints peritely replide, givin me to understand that the Emperor was behavior well.

"I ax these questions, my royal duke and most noble hiness and imperials, becaws I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunning, he is long headed, he is deep—he is grate. But unless he is good he'll come down with a crash one of these days and the Bonyparts will be Bustid up agin. Bet yer life!"

"Air you a preacher, sir?" he inquired slyly sarcastical.

"No, sir. But I bleeve in morality. I likewise bleeve in Meetin Houses. Show me a place where there isn't any Meetin Houses, and where preachers is never seen, and I'll show you a place where old hats air stuffed into broken winders, where the children air dirty and ragged, where gates have no hinges, where the women are sluphed, and where maps of the devil's 'wild land' air painted upon men's shirt bosoms with tobacco jooce! That's what I'll show you. Let us consider what the preachers do for us before we abuse 'em."

He sed he didn't mean to abuse the bery. Not at all, and he was happy to see that I was interested in the Bonypart family.

"It's a grate family," sed I. "But they scooped the old man in."

"How, Sir?"

"Napoleon the Grand. The Britishers

scooped him at Waterloo. He wanted to do too much, and he did it! They scooped him in at Waterloo, and he subsequently died at St. Heleny! There's where the greatest military man this world ever produced pegged out. It was rather hard to consine such a man as him to St. Heleny, to spend his larst days in catchin mackeril, and walkin up and down the dreary beach in a military cloak drawn titey round him, (see pictur-books), but so it was. 'Hed of the Army! Them was his larst words. So he had bin. He was grate! Don't I wish we had a pair of his old boots to command sum of our Brigades!"

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

"Alexander the Grate was punkins," I continered, "but Napoleon was punkin-ner! Alle wept becaws there was no more worlds to scoop, and then took to drinkin. He drownid his sorrows in the flowin bole, and the flowin bole was too much for him. It generally is. He undertook to give a snake exhibition in his boots, but it killed him. That was a bad joke on Alle!"

"Since you air so solictious about France and the Emperor, may I ask you how your own country is getting along?" sed Jerome, in a pleasant voice.

"It's mixed," I sed. "But I think we shall cum out all right."

"Columbus, when he discovered this magnificent continent, could hav had no idee of the grandeur it would one day assom," sed the Prints.

"It cost Columbus twenty thousand dollars to fit out his explorin expedition," sed I. "If he had bin a sensible man he'd have put the money in a hoss railroad or a gas company, and left this magnificent continent to intelligent savages, who when they get hold of a good thing know enuff to keep it, and who wouldn't have seceded, nor rebelled, nor knockt Liberty in the hed with a slung-shot. Columbus wasn't much of a feller, after all. It would hav bin money in my pocket if he'd staid at home. Chris ment well, but he put his foot in it when he sailed for America."

We talked sum more about matters and things, and at last I riz to go. "I will now say good bye to you, noble sir, and good luck to you. Likewise the same to Clotildy. Also to the gorgeous persons which compose your soot. If the Emperor's boy don't like livin at the Tooleries, when he gets older, and would like to imbarck in the show bizness, let him come with me and I'll make a man of him. You find us sumwhat mixed, as I before observed, but come again next year and you'll find us clearer nor ever. The American Eagle has lived too sumpturously of late—his stummie becum foul, and he's takin a slyte emetic. That's all. We're gettin ready to strike a big blow and a sure one. When we do strike the fur will fly and secession will be in the hands of the undertaker, sheeted for so deep a grave that nothin short of Gabriel's trombone will ever awaken it! Mind what I say. You've heard the showman!"

Then advisin him to keep away from the Peter Funk auctions of the East, and the proprietors of corner-lots in the West, I bid him farewell and went away.

There was a levee at Senator What's-his-name's, and I thought I'd jine in the festivities for a spell. Who should I see but she that was Sarah Watkins, now the wife of our Congresser, trippin in the dance, dressed up to kill in her store close. Sarah's father used to keep a little grocery store in our town and she used to clerk it for him in busy times. I was rushin up to shake hands with her when she turned on her heel, and tossin her hed in a contemptuous manner, walked away from me very rapid. "Hallo, Sal," I hollered, "can't you measure me a quart of them best melasses? I may want a codfish, also!" I guess this reminded her of the little red store, and "the days of her happy childhood."

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

I intended to make this letter very serie, but a few goaks may have accidentally crept in. Never mind. Besides, I think it improves a komick paper to publish a goak once in a while. Yours Muchly. WARD (Artemus).

### NOTES FROM BOSTON.

MR. FANUEL.

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blast. 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 business, 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 comfy as in the old time.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

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

I had a letter, yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootal son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin College in Maine. He writes that he's a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nutured with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Grate American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin' Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me.

You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bess drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 Summers had flow'd over my youthful 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.

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	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Trains leave Bloomsburg	8.31	12.18	4.15
" " Rupert	8.37	12.23	4.22
" " Catawissa	8.42	12.28	4.28
Arriving at Danville	8.57	12.42	4.46
Returning leave Danville	10.33	2.11	6.05

Phila. & Rdg. R. R.

	A. M.	P. M.
Trains leave Bloomsburg	8.10	3.16
" " Catawissa	8.10	3.20
" " Rupert	8.17	3.28
Arriving at Danville	8.31	3.43
Returning leave Danville	11.09	6.03

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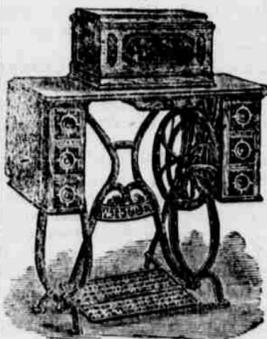
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