

## COLLAPSE OF THE SHOW.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Statues Smashed to Atoms, the Loose Change Confiscated, and the Animals Turned Loose—A Brief Imprisonment. Interview with Jefferson Davis.

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XII.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.



**Y**OU have perhaps wondered whereabouts I was for these many days gone and past. Perhaps you sposed I'd gone to the Tomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a poplar noospaper frase. Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seshers a carnin my daily peck by my legitimit perfishun, and havn't had no time to weold my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your truthful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin throw is "Suthern hospitallity," 'bout which we've heard so much, then I feel bound to observe that they made two much of me. They was altogether too lavish with their attentions.

I went among the Seshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfishernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum—viz., to give the people their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpass by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbungs a Her and a hoss thief, but bring him bet me and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travels threw the Sonny South I heard a heap of talk about Seceshion and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie lower) shouldn't never be nogerated. They also made fools of themselves in vari ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, and I sposed these fax would secour me the infloons and and perfection of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispinted.

State arter State seashed and it grewed hotter and hotter for the under-sined. Things came to a climbbacks in a small town in Alabama, where I was ptemorally ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had comenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a millingitary man in a cockt hat, "upon a high and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin throuout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him?" sez I; "don't his vittles sit well on his stum-muck?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continer to scream all over this Brits and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him scream. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The men anoyed me, for I was bizzy makin change.

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

"You're right, Captin. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum!"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd give him some of my sparklin eppigrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star Spangled Banner and hist the Southern flag?"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confiscated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whisky in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive fluid can you individuooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I axed them if that was generally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomery in iuns. They was by this time joined by a large crowd of other Southern patriots, who commenced hollerin "Hang the baldheaded abolitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amousment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and eppy beer bottles at my measly brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person.

Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily observed.

The Seshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to atoms. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contained. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animals loose, a small but hettly tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his general conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterously when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed. "I forgive you for bitin off my left thumb with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin invaded by Seshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trows in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vident exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomery in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a onery ediffis, but the table was liberally surplid with Bakin and Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbage.

I had no body to talk to nor nothin to talk about, however, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-bevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad, but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the president of the Southern Conthievracy. He was quite perlitte, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and said his gallunt men had been a little 2 enthooastic in confiscatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confiscated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confiscated in the same way onet, but the confiscators air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnaylus."

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you are friendly to the South, I know. Even now we have many freins in the North, who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistak. Many of us was your sincere freinds, and thought certain parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your cousarns intirely too much. But J. Davis, the munit you fire a gun at the piece of dry goods called the Star-Spangled banner, the North gits up and rises on massy in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individuooals—not agin the South even—but to save the flag."

"We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsond in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by, and saw this glorius Govymnt smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-barted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onet, and we shall wallup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is making a egrejus nutton-hed of herself!"

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

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinville Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Captin of that Corps, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell, my gay Seler Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthievracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yellor covers. It will form the subject of my next. Betsy Jane and the projeny air well. Yours respectively, A. WARD.

FRAGMENT FROM A NEW ENGLAND SPEECH.

I see mutch to admire in New Englan. Your gals in particklar air about as snug built peaces of Calliker as I ever saw. They air fully equal to the corn fed gals of Ohio and Injanny, and will make the bestest kind of wives. It sets my Buzzum on fire to look at 'em.

Be still, my sole, be still, & you, my Hart, stop cuttin up!

I like your skool houses, your meetin houses, your enterprize, gumphun, &c., but your favorit Bevridge I disgust. I allude to New England Rum. It is wuss nor the korn whisky of Injanny, which sats threw stone jugs and will turn the stummuck of the most shiftless Hog. I seldom seek consolashun at the flowin Bole, but tother day I wurrid down some of your Rum.

The fust glass indued me to swar like a infooriated trooper. On takin the second glass I was seazed with a desire to breuk winders, & arter imbibin the third glass I knockt a small boy down, pict his pocket of a New York Ledger, and wildy commenced readin Sylvanus Kobb's last Tail. Its drefful stuff—a sort of lick-wid littenin, gut up under the personal supervishun of the devil—tears men's inards all to peaces and makes their noses blossom as the Lobster. Shun it as you would a wild hyeny with a firebrand tied to his tale, and while you air about it you will do a first rate thing for yourself and everybody about you by shunin all kinds of intoxicatin Bickers. You don't need 'em no more'n a cat needs 3 tales, sayin nothin about the trubble and sufferin they cause. But unless your inards air cast iron, avoid New Englan's favorite Bevridge.

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