

WAXWORKS GOING HOME

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

The Showman Makes the Acquaintance of a Pretty Girl, a Fence Rail and Delightful Excited Citizens—A Fourth of July Speech in Connecticut.

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XIII.

THRILLING SCENES IN DEXIE.



HAD a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of our rajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my troubles. I come pesky near swearing some profane oaths more'n onet, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldwinville, just as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be pinss in good stile, like my wulthy nabers. But if I'm conficated agin I'm fraid I shall continer on in my present benited state for sun time.

I figgered conspicuously in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomy to my humsted, and on severil occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be enriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, cotin from a Track I onet red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war exclsioively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves," and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest, rickyttest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed directky, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't mor'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinish expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and looking very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles? "Secesh!" I answered. "I'm a Disso-luter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowre-gard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Blooboard, Munro Eldards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?" "Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"I've bin in favor of the next war. 'War to the knife!' sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, Blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't orriginal with me.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginnally observed by properly conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back side of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a goin for to see her true love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

"Father livin'!" I axed.

"Yes sir."

"Got any Uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho."

"Peace to Uncle Thomas' ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Secesh-er, and linger in Blissful repose!" She slept as secerly as in her own housen.

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double brested lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bumers!" sez I, a gittin up and takin orf my Shappo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hussel with a stuffed sled stake, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His larst words wuz: 'My per-feshunal career is over! I jerk no more.'"

"And who be you?"

"I am a stooident in Senator Benjamin's law offes. I'm going up north to steal some spoons and things for the Southern Army."

This was satisfactory and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesh-er awoke and said she must get out there. I bid her a kind adoo and give her some pervishuns. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbread!" I sed. She thank me muchly and tript galy away.

At the next station I didn't got orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "takin the consec out of ne," as a Secesh-er kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesh-er came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelins agin me put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by

placin my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actoated by a desire to see whether the Secesh-er had been vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat sleeve and tore it to the shoulder.

We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin, and by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesh-er's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhaustid and didn't care about gittin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zekky see where the lafture come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antagonist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up and sed he felt as though a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, and axed him if his wife and little ones was so as to be about, and got on bored the trail, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wanted. It was the harriest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rail the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tails. It was a fine spectylin in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventures of a starilin kind, but why continer? Why lasserate the Public Boogum with these here things? Suffisit to say I got across Mason & Dixie's line safe at last.

I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashedated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Rasin it to my lips, I sed, "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at onet. "Those forin! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swooundin myself.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. (Delivered on the Fourth of July at Weathersfield, Conn., 1850.)

I delivered the follelin 'bout two years ago, to a large and discriminating awjence. I was 28 minits passin a given pint. I have revised the orashun, and added sun things which makes it appropositor to the times than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammers and punctoated it. I do my own punctoatin now days. The Printers in Varrer Fair offes can't punctoate worth a cent.

FILLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with a invite to norate before you today; and when I say that I skurooly feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will believe me. Weathersfield is justly celebrated for her onyins an' patriotism, the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you on this my fust per-feshunal tower threw New Englan, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to feel. (Grate applaus. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.)

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages and am a little shaky on livin ones. Thered, expect no flowry talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuss who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I have sed! [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man fell down with sunstroke. I told the awjence that considerin the large number of pawty gals present I was more afraid of a DAW-TER STROKE. This was impromptoo, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

Feller Citizens—I hain't got time to notis the growth of Ameriky from the time when the Mayflowers cum over in the Pilgrim and brawt Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our karsor has bin tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old wimin for witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consined their feller critters to the tredmill and pillery on the slitest provocashun may hav bin very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass them by. I spose they ment well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashes." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled and died in the American Revolu-shun. We needn't be afraid of setting 'em up two steep. Like my show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. Washington was about the best man this world ever sot eyes on. He was a clear-headed, warm-harted, and stiddy goin man. He never slopt over! The prevailin weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters—A. W.]

They git filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel too much on the high presher principle. Washington never slopt over. That wasn't George's stile. He loved his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angil in a 3 kornered hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like right away. My friends, we can't all be Washington's, but we kin all be patrits & behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin let us not give him a push, but let us seeze rite hold of his coat-tails and draw him back to Morality.

Oscar Trigg, of Madison, Ind., has a block of beech wood the heart of which is a perfect likeness of a woman, dressed in the stile of three or four years ago, the skirts flounced, tucked, gathered and pinned back, and the arms carried a la kangaroo. It is a wonderful freak of wood growth, unassided by art in the least.

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Returning leave Danville	10.33	2.11	6.05

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	A. M.	P. M.
Trains leave Bloomsburg	8.10	3.16
" " Catawissa	8.10	3.20
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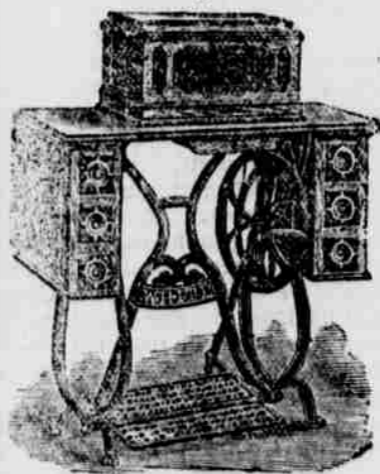
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