THE SHOWMAN AT HOME.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARTEMUS WARD.

A Beturn from New York-How the Battle of Yorktown Was Fought Over Again-A Graphic Description of a Sham Battle.

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nyseer have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America large yeller hanbills, which not only air gems of art in themselves, but they trooth fully sit forth the attractions of my show-a show, let me here observe, that contains many livin' wild animals, every

Them hanbills is sculpt in New York. & I annotally repair here to git some more on 'um; &, bein' here, I tho't I'd issoo a Ad-

one of which has got a Beautiful Moral.

dress to the public. Since last I meyandered these streets,

I have bin all over the Pacific Slopes and Utah. I cum back now, with my virtoo unimpaired, but I've got to git some new 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' 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 contin-erly. 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 proofsheets 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 vurd rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum & ow 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 Jersey.

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

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 an angel playin' on a golden harp. Hents my rival home was onex-

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

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

"Then come down and search me." 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.

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 indered 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 nonpareil. A. WARD.

SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

It was customary in many of the inland towns of New England, some thirty years ago, to celebrate the anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis by a sham representation of that important event in the history of the Revolutionary War. A town meeting would be called, at which a company of men would be detailed as British, and a company as Americans—two leading citizens being selected to represent Washington and Cornwallis in the mimic surrender.

'The pleasant little town of W-, in whose schools the writer has been repeatedly "corrected," upon whose pends he has often skated, upon whose richest orehards he has, with other juvenile bandits, many times dashed in the lent midnight—the town of W—, while it was popularly believed these bandits would "come to a bad end," resolved to celebrate the surrender. Rival towns and celebrated, and W--- determined to eclipse them in the most signal manner. It is my privilege to tell how Wsucceeded in this determination.

The great day came. People poured into the village from all over the county. Never had W-

experienced such a jam. Never had there been such an onslaught upon gin-gerbread carts. Never had New Eng-land rum (for this was before Neal Dow's day) flowed so freely. And W—-'s fair daughters, who mounted the housetops to see the surrender, had never looked fairer. The old folks came, too, and among them were several war scarred heroes who had fought gallantly at Monmouth and Yorktown. These brave sons of '76 took no part in the demonstration, but an honored bench was set apart for their exclusive use on the pi-

azza of Sile Smith's store.

At precisely 0 o'clock, by the school-master's new "Lepeen" watch, the American and British forces marched on to the village green and placed themselves in battle array, reminding the spectator of the time when

Brave Wolfe drew up his men In a style most pretty, On the Plains of Abraham Before the city.

The character of Washington was asdgned to 'Squire Wood, a well to do and influential farmer, while that of Cornwallis had been given to the village lawyer, a kind hearted but rather pomp-

ons person, whose name was Caleb Jones. Squire Wood, the Washington of the occasion, had met with many unexpected difficulties in preparing his forces, and in his perplexity he had emptied not only his own canteen but those of most of his aids. The consequence was-mortifying. as it must be to all true Americansblushing as I do to tell it, Washington at the commencement of the mimic struggle was most unqualifiedly drunk.

The sham fight commenced. Bang! bang! bang! from the Americans—bang! bang! bang! from the British. The bangs were kept hotly up until the powder gave out, and then came the order to charge. Hundreds of wooden bayonets flashed fiercely in the sunlight, each soldier tak-

ing very good care not to hit anybody.

"Thaz (hic) right," shouted Washington, who during the shooting had been racing his horse wildly up and down the line, "thaz right! Gin it to 'em! Cut their tarnal heads off!"

"On, Romans!" shricked Cornwallis, who had once seen a theatrical perform-ance and remembered the heroic appeals of the Thespian belligerents, "on to the fray! No sleep till mornin'."
"Let cout all their bowels," yelled

Washington, "and down with taxation

The fighting now ceased, the opposing forces were properly arranged, and Corn-wallis, dismounting, prepared to present his sword to Washington according to programme. As he walked slowly to-wards the Father of His Country he rehearsed the little speech he had committed for the occasion, while the illustrious being who was to hear it was making desperate efforts to keep in his saddle. Now he would wildly brandish his sword and narrowly escape cutting off his horse's ears, and then he would fall suddenly forward on to the steed's neck, grasping the mane as drowning men seize hold of straws. He was giving an FREE OF CHARGE—AT inimitable representation of Toodles on horseback. All idea of the magnitude of the eccasion had left him, and when he saw Cornwallis approaching, with slow and stately step, and sword-hilt ex-tended toward him, he inquired:

"What-'n devil you want, any (hic)

"General Washington," said Cornwallis in dignified and impressive tones, "I tender you my sword. I need not inform you, Sir, how deeply"—

The speech was here suddenly cut short by Washington, who, driving the spurs into his horse, playfully attempted to run over the commander of the British forces. He was not permitted to do this, for his aids, seeing his unfortunate con dition, seized the horse by the bridle, straightened Washington up in his saddle, and requested Cornwallis to proceed. "General Washington," said Cornwallis, "the British Lion prostrates himself

at the feet of the American Eagle!"
"Eagle? Eagle!" yelled the infuriated Washington, rolling off his horse and hitting Cornwallis a frightful blow on the head with the flat of his sword, "do you call me a Eagle, you mean, sneakin'

Cornwallis remained upon the ground only a moment. Smarting from the blows he had received he arose with an entirely unlooked for recuperation on the part of the fallen, and in direct defiance of historical example; in spite of the men of both nations, he whipped the immortal Washington until he roared

for mercy.

The Americans, at first mortified and indignant at the conduct of their chief, now began to sympathize with him, and resolved to whip their mock foes in earnest. They rushed fiercely upon them, but the British were really the stronger party and drove the Americans back. Not content with this, they charged madly upon them and drove them from the field-from the village in fact. There were many heads damaged, eyes draped in mourning, noses fractured and legs lamed-it is a wonder that no one was killed outright.

Washington was confined to his house for several weeks, but he recovered at last. For a time there was a coolness between himself and Cornwallis, but they finally concluded to join the whole county in laughing about the surrender.

They live now. Time, the "artist,"

has thoroughly white washed their heads, but they are very jolly still. On town meeting days the old 'Squire always rides down to the village. In the hind part of his venerable yellow wagon is always a bunch of hay, ostensibly for the old white horse, but really to hide a glass bottle from the vulgar gaze. This bottle has on one side a likeness of Lainyette, and upon the other may be seen the Goddess of Liberty. What the bottle contains inside I cannot positively say, but it is true that 'Squire Wood and Lawyer Jones visit that bottle very frequently on town meeting days and come back looking quite red in the face. When this redness in the face becomes of the blazing kind, as it generally does by the time the polls close, a short dialogue like this may be heard:

"We shall never play surrender again, Lawyer Jones!"

"Them days is over, 'Squire Wood!"

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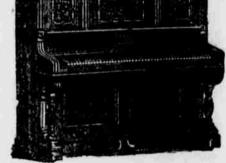
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