ARTEMUS WARD (April 26, 1834 – March 6, 1867, born Charles Farrar Brown[e]) was one of America’s greatest humorists of the nineteenth century. He was patronized eagerly from coast to coast in his writings and stand-up comedy "lecture" performances. During a tour of the West in 1863-64, he befriended the somewhat younger Samuel Clemens (as yet a relative unknown), and then nearly died of a fever in Salt Lake City where admiring residents nursed him back to health. Thenceforth, his principal topics and entertainments centered around his experience among the Mormons, whom he caricatured fondly to full houses, and in large publication runs of his various books. Ward was enjoyed by Abraham Lincoln and applauded in crowded halls across the nation. He was ultimately praised and courted by sophisticated readers and audiences in London, where he gave his final performance on January 23, 1867, dying soon afterward before reaching his thirty-third birthday.

For an overview of the life of Charles Farrar Browne, see a biographical article in the *Dictionary of American Biography* III:162-64, nicely written by the celebrated Canadian humorist and author Stephen Leacock. For works quoted in this article, see the listing of SOURCES CITED, at the end.
**The collection** assembled here includes:

- Five autograph **letters signed by Ward**, with good humor. Items 1-5.
- Three contemporary **albumen photographs of Ward**, clearly showing his physical decline after his sickness in Salt Lake City (and curled hair, referenced in his subsequent lectures and in the London manuscript below). Items 6-8.
- A **fine letter from Salt Lake City when Ward narrowly escaped death**, written by Edward P. Hingston, Ward’s friend and famous agent (whom Mark Twain sought unsuccessfully as an agent to promote his own career). Item 9.
- A **very rare comical printed lecture program on the Mormons**, from the period of Ward’s tours in the Northeast following his return from the West. Item 10.
- An **important eight-page manuscript in Hingston’s hand** summarizing Ward’s lecture on the Mormons at the Egyptian Hall, London; clearly predating the published versions. Item 11.
- A **lengthy bound volume of Punch** (comical London periodical, in very good condition) covering the entire period while Ward was in London, with substantial Ward contributions, plus a laudatory review of Ward’s lectures there on the Mormons. Item 13.
- **Artemus Ward’s Panorama** (London: J. C. Hotten, 1869), the first edition of the London lecture on the Mormons, with Hingston’s extensive introductory background and notes. Item 14.
- **Mark Twain’s affectionate reminiscences** about Ward’s surprising effect upon the London crowd, in an 1880 California newspaper. Item 15.

**The collection**: $15,000

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*A note in passing.* Material of the sort found here comes to the antiquarian seller essentially untamed, yet at high price. Most of the items in the presently-assembled collection, for example, set for decades in prestigious personal collections, almost completely unidentified and without analysis by their wealthy owners. To discover what a single piece like the (now identified) Hingston manuscript might be—who wrote it, and when, and why, was the specialized work of several days (necessarily spread over weeks) with an added investment of hundreds of dollars for necessary collateral material. The background of the various Ward letters, below, required considerable detective work. And to declare, with authority, the specific rarity of the printed lecture program (**item 10**) requires not only years of experience, but very expensive access to the *full* OCLC record which is not available to the general public... followed by lengthy and hair-pulling comparison, print-outs, and cross-referencing. All part of the job, but please read what follows seriously, and with care...
Much has been written about this prominent and influential American figure, and much of his later career hinged upon his experiences with - and reflections upon - the Mormons. To help us appreciate the importance of Ward’s international fame in relation to his original materials now assembled here, I offer a lengthy extract (emphases added) from Utah historian and journalist Hal Schindler’s discussion published in the Salt Lake Tribune as a special feature article in 1994 . . .

Ward, the stage name for Charles Farrar Browne, has been described as Abraham Lincoln’s favorite funny man and Mark Twain’s mentor. He was irrepressible, simply incapable of letting a straight line pass unmolested. He was a newspaperman.

Though he made his reputation by creating the persona of a semiliterate side showman he called Artemus Ward, Browne actually was a young man of considerable elegance, intelligence and sophistication. By the early 1860s he was editor of New York’s Vanity Fair. And it can be said he was the first of the stand-up comedians. He came to prominence while writing a regular column for the Cleveland Daily Plain Dealer in which he conceived the character of Artemus Ward describing his fictional adventures in letters from various towns and cities visited by a sideshow. In a blizzard of bad grammar and misspellings, "Artemus" would write of touring with "wild beests, snaiks and wax figgers."

Browne himself was described by a Cleveland contemporar[y] as "young, tall, slender, and cheerful in manner." Another said he was "tall and thin, his face aquiline; his carriage buoyant, his demeanor joyous and eager." But his mood would vary as a roller coaster, from high-flying exuberance to such fits of depression he was sometimes afraid to be left alone at night. In essence, a typical journalist.

His newspaper columns were so popular that in 1861 he was persuaded to take to the stage as a lecturer and by November of that year had thought out the approach for Artemus Ward as a speaker. His "monologue" was not so much what he said, but how he said it. And though there is no written transcript of that fateful debut in Boston, it is enough to say the audience--surprised by this serious young man who seemed to have such difficulty lecturing--was kept in a constant roar of laughter.

By 1864 Artemus Ward was in huge demand both as a writer and lecturer. He was a show-business celebrity. His humorous writings were widely circulated. In 1862, however, he wrote about Brigham Young and the Mormons, an entirely fictional spoof that convulsed its readers and added to Ward’s celebrity. Because Ward had not been to Utah, that satire would come back to haunt him.

As the Civil War battled on, Ward hit upon the notion of a Western tour. He persuaded his business manager, E. P. Hingston, to accompany him to California (by steamer via the isthmus of Panama), then return overland "across the Plains and do the Mormons as we return." Against Hingston’s better judgment, he
agreed. And the dead of winter 1863-64 found the two Easterners in a stagecoach, armed to chattering teeth against hostile Paiutes who were burning overland stations, bound for Great Salt Lake City.

It was a precarious journey, but the intrepid travelers made it through safely. Then Ward heard that "a certain humorous sketch of mine, written some years before, had greatly incensed the Saints . . . and my reception at the new Zion might be unpleasantly warm." Hingston strolled the city to get a sense of the atmosphere and returned to their Salt Lake House rooms, "thanking God he never wrote against the Mormons." There was a prejudice against Artemus Ward, Hingston reported gloomily, and advised the performer to stay indoors.

"He has heard that the Mormons thirst for my blood and are on the look out for me. Under these circumstances, I keep in." They contacted T.B.H. Stenhouse, an Englishman and Latter-day Saint who had Brigham Young’s ear. Stenhouse, an old newspaperman himself, allayed Ward’s anxiety "in regard to having my swan-like throat cut by the Danites, but thinks my wholesale denunciation of a people I had never seen was rather hasty."

Stenhouse read aloud a paragraph that Ward had written, and to which the Saints objected:  I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I Packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorer, inhabited by as theavin’ & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

Ward swallowed hard and pleaded that it was a purely burlesque sketch, that the strong paragraph should not be interpreted literally at all. "The Elder didn’t seem to see it in that light, but we parted pleasantly." After a bout with mountain fever, which put him down for two weeks, Ward asked for and was granted an interview with Brigham Young to seek approval for a performance in the Salt Lake Theatre. Young made no allusion to the Mormon story Ward had written, and the OK was given for a "comic oration."

What he said is not reported (the Deseret News was in the throes of a periodic newsprint shortage and suspended publication from December 1863 through March 1864). But Ward noted that the performance was a sellout. Among his box-office receipts for the night were: four bushels of potatoes, two bushels of oats, two hams, one live pig (Hingston chained him in the box office), one wolf skin, one firkin of butter, and so forth.

Artemus Ward and the Mormons parted company in mid-February, and Ward returned to the East . . . to write more about his visit to Zion. Charles Farrar Browne died while on tour in England March 6, 1867, at the age of 33 [i.e., 32 - RG], apparently the victim of pulmonary tuberculosis.

WARD surpassed his published works in his personal performances on stage and in public halls. His delivery may have resembled that of our contemporary comedian Steven Wright: understated with supremely-timed pauses, spoken in supposedly pathetic, unpretentious tones and sighs. Two years after penning the preliminary manuscript of the London lecture (preserved in this collection as item 11), Ward’s agent and biographer confessed that it was "impossible,"

by having recourse to any system of punctuation to indicate the pauses, jerky emphases, and odd inflexions of voice which characterized the delivery. The reporter of the Standard newspaper describing his first lecture in London aptly said, "Artemus dropped his jokes faster than the meteors of last night succeeded each other in the sky. And there was this resemblance between the flashes of his humour and the flights of the meteors, that in each case one looked for jokes or meteors, but they always came just in the place that one least expected to find them. Half the enjoyment of the evening lay, to some of those present, in listening to the hearty cackhination of the people who only found out the jokes some two or three minutes after they were made, and who then laughed apparently at some grave statements of fact. Reduced to paper the showman’s jokes are certainly not brilliant; almost their whole effect lies in their seemingly promptu character. They are carefully led up to, of course, but they are uttered as if they are mere afterthoughts of which the speaker is hardly sure."

Herein the writer in the Standard hits the most marked peculiarity of Artemus Ward’s style of lecturing. His affectation of not knowing what he was uttering; his seeming fits of abstraction, and his grave melancholy aspect constituted the very cream of the entertainment. [Artemus Ward’s Panorama, 49-50]

To decide during the nineteenth century whether Ward or Mark Twain was the greatest American humorist was complicated by Ward’s premature death. This became a question later side-stepped deferentially by an affectionately reminiscent Twain (see item 15). In "Distorting Polygamy for Fun and Profit: Artemus Ward and Mark Twain Among the Mormons," Richard H. Cracroft was undoubtedly erudite and precise (BYU Studies 14 [Winter 1974], 272-288) but a trifle indignant, perhaps, or unnecessarily sober and Mormon-self-conscious. Cracroft’s article is a valuable reference for the student of Ward’s Mormon writing. For a more enjoyable overview, I would refer the reader to his earlier article written in conjunction with Neil E. Lambert in the New Era 2 (March 1972), 14-19, "Through Gentile Eyes: A Hundred Years of the Mormons in Fiction."

This is not a place to reproduce lengthy selections of Ward’s Mormon humor (which can be found in the articles just cited), but I will offer my favorite example, extracted below from a breathtakingly-brief novelette copied in a single column of an 1864 American newspaper. In "GLOVERSON, THE MORMON. A Romance by Artemus Ward," a Latter-day Saint must bid farewell to his many wives as he sets out on a trip . . .
"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart, this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but — pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad starlit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Mollie, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsey, with your wine-red lips — far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted — and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your — with your — that is to say, Susan, with your— -and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said, "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

[Weekly Eastern Argus (newspaper, Portland, Maine) for Thursday, June 2, 1864 [61:22], page 1, column 1; not present in the collection offered here.]
INVENTORY OF THE COLLECTION

Five Autograph Letters Signed by Artemus Ward:


18½ X 12 cm. Two pages on two leaves of writing paper, the first page with ornate initial "A" printed at the top in red. At the top of the first page is Morford’s large manuscript number "83" surrounded by a slanted square border (compare to item 6 in this collection, below). The two leaves have been joined or re-joined carefully with Japanese tissue, with the second leaf neatly laid onto an open paper "frame" leaf typical of certain old autograph collections.

While no year is given, 1860 is the only year when both Ward and Morford were in New York on October 13 of a Saturday. Morford (1823-81) was a member of the literary set that gathered regularly at Pfaff’s restaurant in New York, and he early encouraged Ward in his comic lecture career. Ward here writes as follows:

My Dear Morford,

I exceedingly regret that I shall not be able to call upon you on Sunday, as I promised to do, and as I certainly hoped to have the pleasure of doing. I am compelled to go to Boston tonight, but will gladly come up some night next week, if you will kindly be at home. I will call at the Atlas office Tuesday a.m.

Believe me
Ever faithfully,
Artemus Ward

Adjacent to the closing of this letter is the recipient’s retrospective docket printed in light purple ink: "Artemus Ward, Humorist." Morford’s Early Importance to Ward may suggest why this is the only letter in the collection which does not indulge in a comic jibe at the end (yet notice Ward’s comically-importunate suggestion, "if you will kindly be at home"). Morford had moved to New York City about 1856, and wrote editorials for the New York Atlas and other papers. He was a member of the trendy and influential clique of authors and editors who
met at Pfaff’s. The following scene, portrayed by Ward’s agent Edward P. HINGSTON, suggests the importance of these men to young Artemus . . .

DOWN at Pfaff’s the verdict was given. And down at Pfaff’s they were accustomed to conduct trials with rapidity, return verdicts with emphasis, and pass judgment with honeyed kindness, or with savage severity.

The verdict in this case was favourable down at Pfaff’s.

. . . .

Down at Pfaff’s the verdict was, that "A Visit to Brigham Young,” by Artemus Ward, in the number of Vanity Fair just issued, was by far the funniest article contributed to that journal during the second period of its career. It was the first article from the pen of the new author published in Vanity Fair, and the journal in which it was printed was the leading comic paper of the city of New York. The verdict it received down at Pfaff’s was heartily endorsed by the public in the streets above; for Pfaff’s was under the street.

It was in the number of Vanity Fair bearing date November 10, 1860, that the contribution above alluded to appeared. The jury down in Pfaff’s cellar knew very well that Artemus Ward at that time had never visited the Mormon territory, and that his account of the interview with Brigham Young was simply pleasant fiction. [Hingston, The Genial Showman, 96-97]

. . . .

. . . When he did go there he remembered with fear and trembling that which two or three years previously he had written in fun. Had Brigham Young seen it? He had; the book was in his library. [ibid., 106]

ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: The earliest of three original albumen photographs of Artemus Ward in this collection (item 6).

19½ X 12 cm. One page on one leaf. Very good; neatly laid onto an open paper "frame" leaf typical of certain old autograph collections.

Sent on behalf of Alphonso Miner Griswold (1834-91), a journalist in Buffalo and other cities; author of humorous essays and lectures under the pen-name, "The Fat Contributor." Ward writes as follows:

Buffalo — Aug —
Messrs. Cauldwell & Whitney,

I have advised the writer of this communication to try on the Mercury, and I hope you will find time to read it. Mr. A. M. Griswold, the author, is a well known member of the Cincinnati press, and can write very funny. Witness his "Jo. Bows" and "Fat Contributor" efforts, which have been so popular with the press. He is from the West, which has already given the world a Grant, a Cornell Jewett, a Vallandigham, and a Yours truly,

Artemus Ward

Neither Ward nor Griswold was from "the West," but each had enjoyed success well west of their places of birth. Adding to the wry humor, Ward (a strong Union sympathizer) conglomerates this cadre of references by mixing in the names of Ulysses S. Grant and two virtual American traitors who were then despised by the North for covert Confederate support, William Cornell Jewett and Clement Vallandigham.

20½ X 13 cm. One page on writing paper with ornate initial "A" printed at the top in purple. Conjugate leaf blank. Evenly toned; back fold and two horizontal folds starting at some ends (not affecting the writing). The lower fore-corners of both leaves have been torn away, with obtrusive loss to a portion of the final letter of Ward's signature.

Despite condition, this choice little communication may be as desirable as any letter in the collection. Ward identifies only his lodgings and the night of the week, but "Walnut Street House" could have been the hotel of that name in Philadelphia (where the landmark Walnut Street Theater continues to this day) or the hotel of the same name which opened in New York City in 1840.

Both Ward and upcoming American theater star Lawrence Barrett were in Philadelphia and New York in 1863 (the year when Ward's mother attained the age he mentions in the comical text, below). The content is excellent, and reads as follows:

Walnut St. House,  
Saturday Ev[en]ing

My Dear Barrett,  
If not too tired, won't you drop over for a half hour or so after the performance?  
Bring Rogers.  
Faithfully Yours,  
Artemus Ward

[and continuing sideways across the left-hand side of the page:]  
I will sing you the Greening of the Wear, & I will give you a succinct history of my family. You have never heard about my mother. I think you would enjoy hearing about my mother. She is 57 years old, & has ever sustained a good character.

The previous year, Lawrence Barrett had served as company captain in a primarily Irish volunteer regiment from Massachusetts, strengthening the identity of "Barrett" here in view of Ward's pun on "The Wearing of the Green." (Wikipedia on the 28th Massachusetts infantry regiment). Ward's mother Caroline Eliza Farrar Brown was born October 3, 1806 (Seitz, 1), and would thus have turned 57 in October 1863. However, Ward left for San Francisco that October 3, so he was most likely using casual math here. I find no Barrett of
theatrical importance in San Francisco until Lawrence Barrett managed the California Theater there shortly after Ward’s death – so this letter must have been Eastern. Indeed, it sports the same printed monogram "A" at the head (although in another color) as the stationery for Ward’s 1860 letter to Henry Morford (item 1, further above) and not seen on the other letters.

A CHARMING CONNECTION, dashed out and certainly hand-carried one evening at a time of considerable importance to both men. This was when Edwin Booth brought Barrett to New York where Barrett would play Cassius in Booth’s production of "Julius Caesar" at the Winter Garden Theater, leading to a successful career and wide acclaim. Ward would return to New York for a short lecture around this same time to promote his imminent trip to California (where, in turn, he would befriend not only Samuel Clemens but the Mormons whom he would describe to the delight of Americans and Londoners throughout the rest of his short life).

A memorable anecdote reconnects the two men a few years later in London, shortly before Ward’s death, although in light of the original letter between them now at hand, we must wonder about an assumption voiced at the conclusion, below. This story would come from late 1866 or early 1867 while Ward was in England to deliver his Panorama on the Mormons at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly . . .

For two years [in the mid-1850s] Barrett played in the support of leading actors and actresses of the day . . .

It was while he was a member of Julia Dean’s company that he played his first really important character, with a singular result. It was in a small Ohio town. The play was "The Hunchback." The leading man of the company suddenly was taken sick, leaving the only person available for the part of Sir Thomas Clifford the by no means confident Lawrence Barrett. The young man with much hesitation consented to undertake the part, and applied himself to the task so intelligently and faithfully that he acquitted himself respectably enough to win a complimentary speech from Miss Dean. Conscious that he had not distinguished himself, yet feeling that he had done as well as the circumstances permitted, he was . . . feverishly impatient to see what impression his acting had made on the critic of the one paper the town boasted. . . . With trembling fingers he unfolded the paper and . . . as he read the notice the eager flush faded from his face, his heart throbbed with violent emotion, and despite his will, tears of resentment and unmerited humiliation sprang into his eyes. The article, mainly devoted to him, was most cruel and unrelieved ridicule of his performance . . .

. . . young Barrett then formed a resolution to win from rebellious fame and from unwilling critics a complete vindication of his abilities against the merely censorious.

Years afterward, in 1867, when he had already achieved an enviable distinction
and gained the praise of able critics as well as the applause of the public, Mr. Barrett visited England. At a little breakfast with Charles Dickens, Artemus Ward and one or two others, given in his honor in London, the conversation drifted into a discussion of criticism and Mr. Barrett, to illustrate how great hurt to young ambition careless or injudicious criticism might be, related this incident in his own experience, remarking that, though the strictures but strengthened his purpose, many another had been utterly discouraged by them. Mr. Barrett was surprised to note that Ward found the narrative highly amusing, and in his quiet way was laughing immoderately. When the story—told pleasantly enough now that its sting was gone—was ended, Ward said, in his stammering way, and yet unable to control his laughter:

"Why, God bless you, old man, I wrote that article. It was my first dramatic criticism, and I felt that, for my own credit, I had to do some one up. I saw that you were making your first stagger at important work, and I felt perfectly safe in skinning you."

There was a general laugh, and from that breakfast dated a very warm friendship between Lawrence Barrett and poor Charley Browne. [Barron, 12-13]

Sadly enough, Barrett would soon after serve as one of the four American pallbearers to conduct Ward’s casket to Kensal Green Cemetery in London. Despite the earlier jab suffered, Barrett likely approved a eulogy delivered at the chapel there by "Mr. Conway" who affirmed that,

In Artemus Ward there was no meanness, no coarseness, no vice. He had lived in the public eye from his youth upward. He had been known, while yet a boy, as an editor of a paper in Ohio. He had also been known in the same capacity in New York. Thus he was a man who had lived in the public eye, and had been criticized during his whole lifetime, and he [Mr. Conway] would venture to affirm that he had never met with one whom he had not made his friend, and never lost a friend that he had once made." [Seitz, 216-17]

19½ X 13 cm. One page on one leaf of attractively-textured creme writing paper. Very good; upper left corner tip of the leaf torn away without affecting any writing.

Browne had returned to New York from the West on April 3, 1864. Now visiting in his home town, he encourages De Walden to come visit. Typically delightful, understated humor . . .

My Dear De Walden,

As soon as you hear from the silver-tongued Bolivian, let me know; or, what would be sweeter far, come down here. You would be welcome to Elsinore. My mother says tell the d—d old reprobate to come. She is a woman of considerable humor, and is a Presbyterian. The peasantry, too, would dance in the village green for you. I am in a hurry, but in conclusion, be a Man. Whatever you do, be a Man.

Ever Yours,

Artemus Ward

J.W. Watson (who encouraged and assisted Ward early in his career) claimed that he had once prevailed upon Mr. De Walden to manage Ward's first comic lectures . . .

I knew an actor, and sometimes manager, by the name of De Walden, then part of the old Wallack company, who had some money, and I managed to get him interested. He took Niblo's saloon, now the dining-room of the Metropolitan Hotel, for one night, with the privilege of six. The first night, with the help of the press, who were all friends of Artemus, was a triumph, and he ran the week, clearing for himself and his manager $4,200. [Watson, 522]
Choice content, suggesting that even in minor business matters, Ward employed humor, and was so received by others. The recipient is not named, but the short communication reads in its entirety as follows . . .

New York,
Aug. 26 / 65.

In the hope that you will cheerfully honor any "Gold Check" I may send to your Bank, I am,
Dear Sir,
'Trooly' Yours

Artemus Ward,
Otherwise,
Chas. F. Browne.
Three Albumen Photographs of Artemus Ward:

6  [Charles Farrar Browne]  Albumen Cabinet Photograph by C. F. Conly, Photographer, 465 Washington St., Boston, no date (but 1860s?).

14 X 10 cm. on larger mount printed front and back with photographer’s name and location (16½ X 11 cm. in all). Identified on verso in old pencil, "Artemas Ward." Nearly fine.

Striking image of a vibrant, healthy young Ward in fine attire, full-length seated, holding a glistening top hat. His hair is straight, as it would have appeared until the serious illness in Salt Lake City (which took place in early 1864, following the California tour).

7  [Charles Farrar Browne]  Albumen Carte-de-Visite Photograph "Published by E. & H.T. Anthony & Co., New York . . .," no date (but 1860s?).

8½ X 5½ cm. on slightly larger mount. The mount is worn and bears remnants of adhesive around its front perimeter (barely affecting the photograph, but the photograph bearing an abrasion in blank area close to the face; image otherwise not impacted badly).

"From Photographic Negative in Brady’s National Portrait Gallery." Seated half-length, in fine attire. Ward’s hair is heavily curled, showing that this image was taken no earlier than 1864.

8  [Charles Farrar Browne]  Albumen Carte-de-Visite Photograph by "Henry Hering, Photographer to the Queen, 137 Regent St. [London]. No date, but 1866-67?

8½ X 5½ cm. on slightly larger mount printed front and back. Nearly fine; in pleasing condition.

Three-quarter-length, seated. Clearly showing Ward’s physical deterioration since the two earlier photographs above, but a well-composed, fine image taken at the height of Ward’s final professional glory, shortly before his death.
HINGSTON’S report from SALT LAKE CITY:

9  E[dward]. P[eron]. HINGSTON (1823?-76; promoter and agent of Artemus Ward and other entertainers). Important AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED to Henry MORFORD. Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, February 2, 1864.

20 X 12 cm. Three pages on two leaves of lined writing paper (the last two pages written on the front and back of the second leaf). Very good; the second leaf neatly laid onto an open paper "frame" leaf typical of certain old autograph collections (the frame now neatly trimmed down nearly to the leaf’s outer margins). At the top of the back leaf is Morford’s large manuscript number "40" surrounded by a square. Near the bottom of that page is Morford’s docket printed in light purple ink, "E. P. Hingston"; compare to similar markings on item 1 in this collection (obtained from a different source, but both ultimately originating from Hingston as recipient).

WRITTEN while snowed in at SALT LAKE CITY with the ailing WARD during a crucial juncture in their careers. Ward and Hingston had finished a rousingly successful tour in California, had reveled for several days with younger Samuel Clemens in Nevada (influencing and greatly encouraging Clemens to pursue a comic career), and had then faced the real possibility that Ward might die in the City of the Saints. Regarding recipient Morford, see item 1 in this collection (Ward to Morford, 1860), to whom Hingston now reports as follows . . .

Great Salt Lake City, Utah.T.
Feb 2 4, 1864

Henrv Morford Esq

My dear Morford

I expected when I left New York to be back in it again by this time -
Here however I am shut up Among the Mormons of whom when I return I shall have much to tell.

Two circumstances have detained me here. Artemus Ward was taken sick shortly after arriving in the city and very narrowly escaped dying. Then we are hemmed in with a wall of snow which precludes our escape. The mail bags are carried now and then on little mule-sleighs and so I get a chance of writing to you. I am sorry if my protracted absence has inconvenienced you in your law case. I hope to be back in New York very shortly.

From here we go over the Rocky Mountains to Denver City[,] thence across the plains to St Louis. Till we can go, I have nothing better to do than to look at Salt Lake, chat with Brigham Young and make love to Mormon girls. "A. Ward" is very successful here and the theatre is really a grand edifice — larger than Niblo’s
The enclosed copy will I think make fair reading matter for the "Atlas"— See if it will. It is fact.

If you have anything to communicate about the law case please send me a note to "Post Office, S't Louis . Mo." where I shall be very shortly but in time[,] I think[,] to get any notice letter.

I am told that your lectures are advertised but cannot learn where you are delivering them- I feel certain of their success.

Terribly cold out here and fifteen feet of snow

Yours Very Truly

E P. Hingston

E. P. Hingston

Hingston would reminisce, years later, that Ward became so ill and delirious that a doctor advised Hingston to arrange for Ward's will and coffin. "As I walked out of the stage-office into the deep snow," wrote Hingston, saw the white spectre-like mountains glaring at me on all sides, and remembered that between me and civilization were the barriers of the Rocky Mountains and a thousand miles of dreary desert and desolate plain, I felt the completeness of my isolation. I was the most forlorn, sad-hearted man in all Utah. . . .

About four o'clock in the morning I noticed a favourable change in the patient. About seven Dr. Williamson came on horseback.

The doctor's face brightened as he stood by the bedside. "He's better!" said he; "we shall have to take care of him, and nurse him. He must not cheat us out of that lecture."

Careful was the nursing and worthy of all praise the nurses. The old woman we had engaged attended to her duties in a motherly manner; Mrs. Townsend, our Mormon landlady, was the very soul of human kindness; . . .

Let me also add that the Mormons were Samaritans to Artemus. Brigham Young commissioned Mr. Stenhouse to call frequently, and sent presents of dried fruit and wine from his private stores. As the patient grew better and became able to receive company, we had visits from many of the celebrities of Utah. Late one evening came a strange-looking personage, wearing large jack-boots and leathern leggings, having a thick muffler round his neck, his face very red and the hair at the back of his head plaited and tied up with a piece of black riband. He introduced himself as Mr. Porter Rockwell, sat down by the bedside, and conversed pleasantly for half an hour. While he was talking I noticed Artemus surveying him carefully. . . .

Ugly as are the stories told about Mr. Rockwell, no man could have expressed himself more kindly, nor have exerted himself more to enliven an invalid by pleasant talk and ludicrous anecdotes. During our stay in Salt Lake I had an opportunity of meeting Mr. Bill Hickman, another of the small party of
gentlemen who, according to Gentile report, constituted the Danite Band, or secret corps of Destroying Angels, whose business it was to silence the enemies of the Church. Neither Mr. Hickman nor Mr. Rockwell looked like a Bravo of Venice. Neither of them wore a long cloak, nor a broad-brim cap, nor spoke in a deep voice, nor was often seen before breakfast sharpening his stiletto on a doorstep. . . . they are good churchmen, and just the sort of gentlemen you would offer cigars to and sit down with—at a proper distance—while they told you a few good stories of how they had roughed it in the wilderness.

Gradually Artemus grew stronger. General Connor sent him champagne, and Brigham Young contributed some home-made wine of very pleasant flavour. The Mormon ladies brought offerings of eggs, dried peaches, jellies, jams, and sweetmeats innumerable . . . [Hingston, The Genial Showman, 491-93]

Hingston’s manuscript musing in the letter here at hand - including reference to chatting with Brigham Young and making love to Mormon girls - is at least indicative of the general events at that moment. He devotes many pages of his Genial Showman to this brief but crucial period. He and Ward visited Mormon families, received distinguished visitors, and paid close attention to domestic and polygamous arrangements in the City. They attended a church service at which Bishop Edwin D. Woolley preached at the girls in his congregation while winking to the side at his Gentile visitors, warning the girls to converse with stranger at a respectable distance, and not come to him pregnant afterwards.

ONLY SIX DAYS AFTER THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN, Ward finally managed to give his performance in Salt Lake City. Hingston preserves the event as follows:

Going to balls and private parties was very good advertising for the lecture Artemus was about to deliver. Brigham Young did his best to render the lecture a success, and the Mormon ladies were anxious to hear a man who was reported to have said naughty things about manners and customs at Salt Lake.

On Monday evening, February 8, 1864, Artemus told his story of The Babes in the Wood at the theatre. There was a large audience, but the price of admission was low, and many of the chief saints were admitted free. The receipts amounted to no more than four hundred and ninety dollars. The Prophet seemed to appreciate the lecture thoroughly, and the more intelligent of the audience took the jokes with hilarious satisfaction; but in the pit there were many faces—especially among the females—which by their stolid seriousness plainly indicated that the fun was foreign to the listener, and that Salt Lake City would not be Paradise to a professional joker.

With the delivery of the lecture, and what we had seen of Mormon life, our mission was accomplished. We prolonged our stay a few days for Artemus to gain strength for the long journey before us, and then took the coach for our trip over the mountains to Denver, in Colorado, and thence across the plains to the Missouri. [Hingston, The Genial Showman, 502-503]
ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE MORMONS  
New City Hall, Providence,  
For Four Nights Only.  
The Public is respectfully informed that this Monday Evening, 
January 9th, and ensuing four evenings, will most positively be the only appearance of ARTEMUS WARD, in Providence, this season [caption title].  


NOT IN FLAKE; compare to Flake 924b (old Flake Supplement 924a), a differently-titled program, "[ca. 1865]."  The Bibliography of American Literature (I:322) records five different Ward lecture programs, but not the one offered here.  OCLC locates one other copy of this Providence program, preserved at UC-Berkeley.  OCLC also finds several other programs in other cities, between December 26, 1864 (Boston) and June 19 (back to Boston).  Each of these appears to be recorded in only one or two copies in libraries today.  In September 1994, I sold an example from Worcester, Massachusetts, January 20-21, 1865, to Brigham Young University Library (incorrectly cataloged on OCLC, saying "Worcerster," and not in Flake, of which the only other recorded copy is at the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester).

A scarce survival, apparently one of ONLY TWO COPIES KNOWN.  This program of Ward’s famous illustrated lecture on the Mormons is filled with amusing flips and jokes.  A menu for Brigham Young’s Houses includes "Matrimonial Stews, . . . Minced Hearts, (Mormon style.)," and "Apples of discord." (p. [2])  To an inquirer who asks, "I am desirous of becoming a Mormon: what shall I do first?"  Ward answers,"—First get good common sense, and then you won’t want to be a Mormon." (p. [3]).  Heber C. Kimball is described as "a kind husband and a numerous father." (p. [2]).  Among the "Rules of the Hall" (p. [3]), I enjoyed the following:

*: Children in Arms not admitted, if the Arms are loaded.
*: Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.
*: Artemus Ward will not be responsible for any money, jewelry or other valuables, unless left with him—to be returned in a week or so.

No place or date given, but London, 1866-67.

Approx. 24 X 20 cm. Eight numbered pages on rectos (only) of eight leaves formed from four bi-folds of faintly-lined, substantial coated writing paper. Never bound, but later joined at the backfolds with glassine paper tape (now beginning to lift, without showing undue staining). Once folded into sixths. Medium wear and soil to outer sides and some paper loss to blank inner bottom corner of final leaves, but without loss of text.

Approximately 1,850 words; and from all appearance and indications, complete. This is clearly a contemporary manuscript of the lecture, predating published versions. It is shorter - and in most instances different and less polished in wording - than the version published as Artemus Ward’s Panorama (item 14 in this collection, printed two years after Ward’s death).

Hingston recorded that Ward lectured from a large sheet of paper on which he had written his cues (The Genial Showman, 517), so this would not be Ward’s stage copy of his text. It is logical to suppose that Ward’s more lengthy, verbal delivery could have varied somewhat from night to night - and that what we have here may have been Hingston’s early attempt to reduce Ward’s lines to written sentences for eventual publication. This could have been an original draft worked out with Ward, or Ward’s dictation to Hingston after having given a few lectures - or perhaps more sadly, an attempt to preserve the lecture at Ward’s beside as he lay dying at Southampton in February 1867. My full transcription appears below.
I have opened this little entertainment in the hopes of raising the means of paying my passage back to New Zealand and if I succeed in this I shall know that I have not lived in vain. If in fact I do not care to live in vain, for my part I would prefer to live in Margate, or here, but I wish when the Egyptians had built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation. My next object is to please you & to exhibit my clothes. These clothes were an immense success in America. If any of you are pleased with my entertainment, come to me after it is over & I shall be too delighted to present you with as many orders as you like for all my future entertainments – in New Zealand. I am no artist. I do not paint myself. If I were a prepossessing middle aged lady perhaps I should paint myself. I have had some pictures done of myself. Some are very pretty. When I was young I could draw on wood. I once drew a horse & cart on a wooden bridge. I was told I had a future before me. I always thought that it was behind me. Time always passes on if you notice. I have many good reasons for showing my little picture box. One is to encourage art. I like art. I am no artist myself as I said before. I have an uncle who takes photographs and I have a servant who takes anything that he can get. I like dramatic art. I once played in some amateur theatricals. We played the Ruins of Pompeii. I played the ruins but it was not very successful. The remembrance often makes me ask "Where are the boys of my youth?" I assure you this is not a riddle. Some are amongst you here, some in America, where my creditors are, some are in gaol. Hence arises a more touching question. "Where are the girls of my youth." Some are married, some would like to be. Oh my Maria. Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy because I am – A gentleman friend of mine came to see me one day with tears in his eyes. I said why these weeps. He said he had a mortgage on his farm & wanted to borrow £200. I lent him the money & he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me for ever. I ventured to remind him of the £200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him so told him I would throw up £100. He said I should never out do him in liberality – so he threw up the other £100. I give my man £10 a night & his washing. I am no singster. As a singest I fail. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. If They are perhaps worse
even than I am. Some young men came & sang under my window the other evening. They said "Come where my love lies dreaming." I did not go. I did not think it would be correct. In America I was taken very ill. I got extremely thin. My nose got so sharp that I was afraid if I poked it into other people's business it would remain there. I met a Mormon Lady who was married, but not so much married as some are. She played the accordion divinely. Accordionly I praised her love of art. I knew a man without a single tooth in his head yet he played the drum better than any man I knew. Gaze on this picture of The Ariel steamer, but do not go by it when you go to New York. It is not a good ship. Its' movements pitched me into the laps of three middle aged ladies who evidently mistook the nature of my business, for they said "Man- Leave oh! leave us oh! oh!" so I left oh! left them oh! oh!." The Mormons' hair never curls. Some people's hair won't curl under any circumstances – mine won't under 2/3. A Chinese play generally
The published version of the latter portion of the manuscript illustrated above would look like this, on page 76 of *Artemus Ward's Panorama*, 1869 . . .

"... I have tried," wrote Hingston on page 50 of the book version, "I know how inefficiently, to convey here and there an idea of how Artemus rendered his lecture amusing by gesture or action." The small type, above, was an attempt to indicate Artemus' voice trailing off, making the audience listen even more closely, and to laugh even harder. Hingston explained the joke about Artemus' curled hair, helping us to understand its proximity to the Mormon reference in the manuscript version further above . . .

"Under Two Shillings." Artemus always wore his hair straight until after his severe illness in Salt Lake City. So much of it dropped off during his recovery that he became dissatisfied with the long meagre appearance his countenance presented when he surveyed it in the looking-glass. After his lecture at the Salt Lake City Theatre he did not lecture again until we had crossed the Rocky Mountains and arrived at Denver City, the capital of Colorado. On the afternoon he was to lecture there I met him coming out of an ironmonger's store with a small parcel in his hand. "I want you, old fellow," he said, "I have been all round the City for them, and I've got them at last." "Got
what?” I asked. “A pair of curling-tongs. I am going to have my hair curled to lecture in to-night. I mean to cross the plains in curls. Come home with me and try to curl it for me. I don’t want to go to any idiot of a barber to be laughed at.” I played the part of friseur. Subsequently he became his own "curlist," as he phrased it. From that day forth Artemus was a curly-haired man. [Artemus Ward’s Panorama, 76-79 n.13 (pp. 77-78 being an illustration plate printed in the text block). ILLUSTRATION ABOVE: Detail from the second original albumen photograph present in this collection, greatly cleaned up here for purposes of illustration; the original is quite worn, as described (item 7).]

commences at the birth of the heir & continues till his death. He is ^alway [sic]^ either hanged or married. I lectured once at ______ . I shall never lecture there again. I wanted to do well. My man stood at the door & took 4/. as the receipts. I took the measles. I did not do well. That is a wonderful ^oil^ painting. Done in [p. 3 ends thus, without finishing the sentence]

It is by the old master's [sic]. It was the last thing they did. They did it then died. The most distinguished artists visit here every morn at early dawn with lanterns to catch the morning light. I wish my friends you could see that picture by daylight. They say they never saw anything like it before. Some went further still & hoped they never should again. When it was first shown the audience loudly called for the artist, and when he appeared they threw the chairs at him. This is the Temperance hotel where I staid to refresh.
When I drink I never on any account allow my business to interfere with my drinking. The worst of the Temperance hotel[:] they sell worse liquor than any other house. That is the car we travelled by. If any of my friends present have ever been imprisoned in Newgate for any length of time, he may well imagine my sufferings in that car. The distance was 2400 miles. They have now e relieved the journey by constructing a railway part of the way. The railway is 12 miles which only leaves 2388 miles to be travelled by the car. It breaks the monotony. It ^came to^ very nearly broke ^breaking^ my back. I
gave my entertainment at the Mormon Theatre. They do everything there on the bartering principle.

Amongst the receipts were corn, barley, coals &c. chickens on foot & in the shell. One offered me a doll, another infants' clothing. I refused to take that. As a general rule I do. In Utah I made the great speech of my life. I have received a good education You may have noticed it. I speek [sic] 6 different languages London, Chatham Dover, Margate, B[righton] & Hastings. I wish you could have heard that speech. If Cicero could have heard it. He is dead you know. Alas he has left us. But if old Cis could have heard that speech it would have given him the rinderpest [i.e., Rinderpest]. I warmed the people up to such a pitch they very nearly strangled me on the spot. I knew a man who had two hundred wives. Think of that my friends. Please oblige me a few minutes by thinking of it. He loved not wisely but two hundred well. You have no idea how much he is married. He is the most married man I ever knew. The lamented Shakespere. He spoke of the merry wives of Windsor, but of course that depended upon how many wives Mr Windsor had. That man asked me for a family pass to my lecture, but that was before I knew he was so much married. He came with his family I saw them go in. I did indeed. They cram[m]ed the house to overflowing and I did not get any money. He had two hundred head of cattle & two hundred head of wives. He however died by request. The music now playing is a dirge upon his memory. I was once surrounded by 17 young Mormons. I said "Why is this thus. What is the reason of this thusness." They have a sigh – seventeen sighs of different size. They said "Thou wilt soon be gonest away" I replied "Yes! I should soon be gonest." They said "Dost thou likest?" I said "I dotheth." I also said "I hope your intentions are honourable as I am a lone child, my parents being far far away. They said "it was too much" I quiet [sic] agreed with them, it was on account of the muchness that I objected. I sincerely hope you will excuse my absence. I am a man short & have to work the moon myself. I shall be most willing to pay a a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage & educas who is a good moonest. That picture is meant for me. The artist said it was a flattering portrait. He is a miserable creature and will no doubt come to a bad end. The hig[h]est part of that picture is the top. You can see it. You see those animals. They are
IN THE PUBLISHED TEXT of 1869, the interview with the seventeen young Mormon women, above, ends thus . . .

Again they asked me to marry them—and again I declined. When they cried—

"Oh—cruel men! This is too much— oh! too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined."

[Artemus Ward’s Panorama, 138, 141, with Hingston’s added note: " . . . I remember one evening party in Salt Lake City to which Artemus Ward and myself went. There were thirty-nine ladies and only seven gentlemen." –ibid., 141 n.26]

In need of "a good moonest": "Here," explained Hingston in 1869,

Artemus would leave the rostrum for a few moments, and pretend to be engaged behind. The picture was painted for a night-scene, and the effect intended to be produced was that of the moon rising over the lake and rippling on the waters. It was produced in the usual dioramic way, by making the track of the moon transparent and throwing the moon on from the bull’s eye of a lantern. When Artemus went behind, the moon would become nervous and flickering, dancing up and down in the most inartistic and undecided manner. The result was that, coupled with the lecturer’s oddly expressed apology, the “moon” became one of the best laughed-at parts of the entertainment. [Artemus Ward’s Panorama, 159 n.29]

intended for horses. The artist I had the picture two years before I discovered the fact. The artist came to me about 6 months ago & said "Tis ye useless to disguise it from you any longer. They are horses." I had that portrait painted for the sakes of the children. I am very fond of little boys & little girls. Oh, I like large girls too. I thought it quite as well to mention it to you. Here is a portrait of the mountains. I never knew but one man who did not talk about the mountains. He wrote a ^He was deaf & dumb^. But he wrote a a [sic] book about them. This is the prairie on fire. I was asked to stay & see it but I said my parents expected me so I toddled. I never saw the prairie on fire, people don’t usually if they can help it. I was surrounded by several Indians who flourished their Thomas hawks [sic] in my face. There were forty of them & only one of me. I was not afraid. At least not much to speak of. I have exposed my life too often in the railroad to be scared by a few injuns. Besides I stood on the field of the battle of Bull’s run the day previous to the battle. I stood heedless of the millions of bullets that passed thickly & furiously by me in wagons & carts. The Indian chief said [p. 7 ends]
"Hullagabarro." I said I quite agreed with him. He then said "Crasherwaybullo" I said my family were of the same opinion. He was astonished. I don't think he fancied one so young & pretty as myself possessed so much bravery. However he ordered me to be fed on raw dog. Now I have an objection to that diet. People may think me eccentric but I prefer pork pie for then I know what I'm eating. I saw the chief's daughter & spoke to her in a voice of silver. I think it was German silver.

Artemus also seriously speaks of Mormonism as "hideously wrong."

"In the early part of the summer of 1866," Hingston later revealed,

I received a telegram from Liverpool informing me that Artemus Ward had landed in England. Following it came a letter from him asking me to meet him at Euston Square Terminus. . . .

On my way to Euston Square, I took occasion to describe to Mr. Pond, who accompanied me, the genial, mirthful, hilarious character of the American humorist. When Artemus and I shook hands on the platform, I was grieved to see that I had been describing some one whom I had known a year previously, and that the description did not tally with the worn, wasted, and more grave than merry man who stepped out of the railway carriage.

During the months that followed, as we have seen above, Artemus was feted and praised by the British, and he began his lecture at the Egyptian Hall on November 13, 1866. Though praised and well attended, his performances
proved increasingly difficult as Ward's health declined. He often had to call for a chair, and would finish a performance sitting down. "The curtain fell for the last time," according to Hingston, "on Wednesday, the 23rd of January, 1867. Artemus Ward had to break off the lecture abruptly. He never lectured again." (Artemus Ward's Panorama, 197)

The genial showman never lost his humor, even when he knew he was about to die. Reading in the newspaper that a wealthy American wanted to give the Prince of Wales a splendid yacht, the invalid uttered his last little joke. "It seems," he quipped, "a fashion now-a-days for everybody to present the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him—my Panorama!" (Artemus Ward's Panorama, 18.

The humor here was that the giant panorama paintings were consciously bad - a point upon which Ward played effectively during his performances. This is evident in the published version of 1869 (item 14 further below), with its reproductions and commentary about the various murals. But when reading the early manuscript now at hand, no provision is found here to explain to the reader what is going on - scarcely even that paintings are being viewed by the audience at all. This adds to the delicious rawness of the handwritten record, and signals it far more as an historical relic in the rough, than as anything yet ready for prime-time publication.

It occurs to me now, that this may be the only original record of the Mormon lecture as summarized by Ward for Hingston, and that the book version could be Hingston's elaboration and extrapolation from memory, based upon this very manuscript. "I am not aware," noted Hingston two years later, "that the notes of any of his lectures, except those of his Mormon experience, have been preserved, and I have some doubts if any one of his lectures, except the Mormon one, was ever fairly written out." (Artemus Ward's Panorama, 28) By "fairly written out," what did Hingston intend, precisely? Here, speculation must probably stop for lack of further information.

Whatever the case, this manuscript is clearly early, important, and a poignant preservation of Artemus Ward’s final act. The manuscript is also significant as a very early reduced text of stand-up comedy, of which Ward was one of the earliest practitioners. Indeed, the more one learns about Ward and his importance, the easier it becomes to appreciate this unexpected artifact at hand. Even as Ward’s Panorama lecture was really about much more than just Mormons (as the text reveals), so is this valuable remnant far more than a mere Mormon collectible piece. It is a valuable, prominent and high-quality survival of early American comedy of the genre with which the majority of Americans are most familiar today.
Better known under his pen-name of "Josh Billings," Henry W. Shaw (1818-85) was one of America's most famous humor writer/lecturers of the post-Civil War period. He was famous for his dialect writings and many aphorisms, such as the one quoted at the beginning of the Walt Disney Film "Lady and the Tramp": "In the whole history of the world there is but one thing that money can not buy . . . to wit the wag of a dog's tail." It was he who popularized the expression that the squeaky wheel gets the grease. From context, it would appear that the superb letter now offered here was sent to one Partington, making the salutation to "Dear Dame" a play on words in reference to the popular "Dame Partington" political expression of that era. Partington appears to have sent an original letter of the late Artemus Ward for Billings to read. Billings now returns it gratefully, and offers significant praise, perspective, and even literary acknowledgement. Intriguingly, he blames Artemus' death in London on drink . . .

497 Broadway
Oct 24th

Dear Dame –

I have just dined, –off from your letter of 22d, and have made a hearty meal.—

Thank you for the dispatch, and thank you for the privilege of reading, the sorrows of Artemas.- Artemas was without doubt, the only man I ever heard jingle the bells, who made me snort good, he had a way of getting to the windward of a fellow in his puts, that it was false decorum not to admit.– I have heard some of the other cunning fools but none of them prof or probe me as he did.— His manner was worth 75 cents on the dollar to him, and he was a drool, a jester, a humorist, and something of a wit.= His success in England was enough, all that he could wish, and if he had been satisfied, in outstyling them in the literary Punch, and had not been so vain to expect, and undertake to outhold them in punch the liquid, he might possibly, and probably, been cracking jokes now.– He is my idea of an American fun linguist, and I have lit my penny dip [i.e., humble candle] at his fire, in several instances.– But the poorest joke he ever
attempted was to ^out^drink the Brittish, they are suckers by
inheritance, and can eat till they are dry, and drink till they are
hungry.= I should as soon have thought to match myself against a
mule, to stand in the hot sun, and fight flies.=

Thank you Partington for your expressions kind in the matter of
daughter, and son in law.- The young scamps have got back from
their wedding raid, and are now planted in New York. The son, is a
Wall ® fighter, bull, or bear, as just as the outsiders pay their money to
see.—

Peace, good luck, joy, be their portion, so says Partington & Billings.=
Let me wish you a merry Christmas, a happy new year, and a clear
fourth of July. in the match that has taken place in your inclosure,
give my best, Sunday compliments to your daughter, and the lad who
has won her.—

Enclosed I return Artemas['] letter.— I am to be at Fall River Nov 10th
with my rubbish which I call "Milk," it is about half new, and
threequarters old.— I have churned myself awfully, but I find the old
joke the best one.— How long will the people take my trash without
rising 'en masse' and jibbet me? = I go west, in search of the "star of
empire" about the 16th of November, and if I find plenty of lucre, d—
the empire, and the star likewise.—

I am in search of bread, this begins to make me brazen. I am not
destitute, but have but a few years to call caulk my canoe, and must
be in earnest now.= Yours, H.W. Shaw
"At length" after arriving in England, recalled Edward Hingston years afterward,

Artemus received a compliment considered by him at the time to be the
crowning triumph of his life,—he was . . . asked to become a contributor to
Punch. As a showman he was keenly appreciative of the value of advertising,
and knew how much it was worth to him to have the name of "Artemus Ward"
attached to his articles in the great comic journal, which usually ignores all
signatures to contributions. Still more elated was he when the publishers of
Punch posted up his name in large letters over their shop in Fleet Street. He
delighted in pointing it out to friends, and in exulting that he had obtained the
best posting-station in London. [Hingston, The Genial Showman, 517]

COVERING THE ENTIRE PERIOD while Ward was in London. Contains Ward’s eight
substantial comic articles written for Punch, as well as Punch’s review praising
Ward’s lecture on the Mormons.

September 1, 1866 [51:95]: "Artemus Ward in London." 12½ column inches. ". . .
London at last, and I’m stoppin at the Greenlion tavern. I like the lan’lord very
much indeed. He had fallen into a few triflin errers in regard to America - he
was under the impression, for instance, that we et hay over there, and had horns
grown out of the back part of our heads–but his chops and beer is ekal to any I
ever pertook. You must cum and see me, and bring the boys. . . ."

September 8, 1866 [51:101]: "Artemus Ward in London." 14 column inches. "I'm
a little sorry you’ve got politics over here, but I shall not diskuss 'em with
nobody. Tear me to peaces with wild omnibus hosses, and I won't diskuss 'em.
I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other
night, . . . when a stern lookin' artisan . . . ceased me by the arm and said, 'Let us
glance at hist'ry. It is now some two thousand years—' 'Is it, indeed?' I replied.
. . . I handed him my card, which, in addition to my name, contains a elabrit
description of my show. 'Now, Sir,' I proudly said, 'you know me?' 'I sollumly
swear,' he sternly replied, 'that I never heard of you, or your show, in my life!
'And this man,' I cried bitterly, 'calls hisself a intelligent man, and thinks he orter
be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!'
September 15, 1866 [51:115]: "Artemus Ward in London." 16½ column inches. Includes a description of a seance, at which "sev’ril em’nent persons will speak" through the medium - "among others, CROMWELL." "'And this Mr. CROMWELL—is he dead?’ said the lan’lord. I told him that OLIVER was no more." Benjamin Franklin is the conjured. Franklin praises the Atlantic Cable, by which "messages could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was FRANKLIN[,] a spiritooal life hadn’t improved the old gentleman’s intellecks particly."

September 29, 1866 [51:135]: "Artemus Ward in London." 15 column inches. "The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman, who was talkin in a excited manner to a fashnibly dressed young man. 'No, ERNEST MONTRESSER,' the old gentlman said, 'it is idle to pursoo this subjeck no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller!'"

October 6, 1866 [51:145]: "Artemus Ward in London." 16½ column inches.

I come of a very clever fam’ly.
The WARDS is a very clever fam’ly, indeed.
I believe we are descendid from the Puritins, who nobly fled from a land of despitism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin his.


. . . I almost sigh’d to be a Injun, when I was in the Rocky Mountin regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. Mr. COOPER and Dr. CATLIN have told us of the red man’s wonerful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brothers! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinkin in the West, and WA-NA-BUCKY-SHE will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whiskey, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

October 20, 1866 [51:165]: "Artemus Ward in London." 16½ column inches.

Artemus regrets that he was not invited to participate in the meetings of the Social Science Congress, particularly since he has written an essay on animals which requires but four hours to read. He once exhibited a leopard, he explains, whose spots he augmented in a more "attractive manner" than its natural endowments, by use of a paint brush. For purposes of exhibition, he would torment the animal in its cage to make it more ferocious,
—because there is a large class of parents who have an uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more than ushil, which elissited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said, "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I anserd, hitting him another whack.

"I prithy deist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effeck of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creeturs better than you do." With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, "Come hither, pretty creetur." The pretty creetur come-hithered rayther speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.


This final installment is an amusing commentary on the British Museum, but it includes comments on drinking which may be somewhat aligned with Josh Billings’ belief that Artemus more or less drank himself to death in London (see item 12 above).

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho’ they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never woulded I were a bird, but I’ve sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distances from his mouth to his stummuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while going down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn’t get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a ass who don’t know what’s good; but to pour gin and brandy down one’s throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of going’ to the devil that I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurd to me there was rayther too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertin date." Now, I like the British Mooseum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of erthen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertin date," I’m at a loss to ‘zackly determin whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent . . .

. . . . .

After visitin the Refreshment room and partakin of half a chicken "of a uncertin age," . . . I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal room I observed with pane that a benevolint person was urgin the stufft elephant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel called on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did
with two young persons of different sexes who had retired behind the
Rynosserhoss to squeeze each other’s hands.

THE REVIEW, December 1, 1866 [51:228]: 4 column inches.

A WARD THAT DESERVES WATCHING.

MR. PUNCH would recommend "funny men," on or off the stage, to hear
ARTEMUS WARD "speak his piece" at the Egyptian Hall, and then, in so far as in
them lies, to go and do likewise. Everybody who is liable to be afflicted by funny
men, whether in his business—as dramatic author, say,—or in his pleasure (so
called), say as theatre-goer or diner-out, must continually have felt how the
dreariness of funny men is enhanced by the emphasis and effort with which they
force their facetiousness into your face, or dig it into your ribs. The low
comedian of the second-rate theatre, the comic singer of the music-hall, is
probably the most offensive organ of what is called "amusement," ever allowed
to outrage good taste, good sense, and good breeding, and to minister,
unreproved, to coarseness, imbecility and vulgarity. But nothing contributes so
much to the irritating effect of an "entertainer" of this deplorable kind, as his way
of emphasising his own fatuousness, and writing himself down an ass in italics.
Without this peculiarity, he would only make us sad: with it, he makes us
savage.

Oh, if these unhappy abusers of gag, grimace, and emphasis,—these grating,
grinding, grinning, over-doing obtruders of themselves in the wrong place,—
could take a leaf out of ARTEMUS WARD’s "piece," and learn to be as quiet, grave,
and unconscious in their delivery of the words set down for them as he is in
speaking his own! Unlike them, ARTEMUS WARD has brains. That is, of course,
beyond hope in their case. But if they could once be made to feel how
immensely true humour is enhanced by the unforced way it drops out of A. W.’s
mouth, they might learn to imitate what, probably, it is hopeless to expect they
could understand.

To be sure, ARTEMUS WARD’s delivery of fun is eminently "un-English." But
there are a good many things English one would like to see un-Englished.
Gagging, gross, overdone low comedy is one of them. Snobbishness is another.
The two go hand in hand. One of the best of many good points of ARTEMUS
WARD’S piece is that it is quite free from all trace of either of these English
institutions. And it is worth noting, that we owe to another native of the States,
JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the best example lately set us of unforced and natural low
comedy. His Rip Van Winkle was very un-English, too.

18 cm. [viii], [9]-213, [2 (ads)] pp. Numerous woodcut illustrations in the text. Original purple blind-decorated cloth; gilt-decorated spine. Modest wear and spine somewhat darkened, but a very good copy.

FIRST EDITION, Bibliography of American Literature 1534, with "Artem" at end of last line of page 15; Wright American Fiction 1851-1875, 395; Flake 933b. With superb preliminary essays by the editors, providing admirable background for the present collection. The Ward lecture itself, with notes and illustrations, is printed on pages [57]-197. An appendix reproduces text from various humorous printed programs passed out at the London performances ("The Panorama used to Illustrate Mr. WARD'S Narrative is rather worse than Panoramas usually are." p. 204)

Not a particularly expensive first edition, but certainly a valuable one to us who now peruse the earlier manuscript (item 11 above) of the same thing (perhaps this book's very basis) –and want to compare it to the finished version printed here with edifying pictures.

A FINAL BOW TO ARTEMUS, FROM MARK TWAIN

TULARE WEEKLY TIMES (newspaper, Visalia, California) for Saturday, March 6, 1880 [XV:16].

Folio, [8] pp. In very good condition (and despite the period, supple and not at all brittle). With a contemporary and pleasingly light purple oval rubber stamp at the top of the first page, of "L.P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY," San Francisco.

"Mark Twain on Artemus Ward" (third page, column two; 9½ column inches), is taken from the Knoxville, Tennessee Tribune. That paper's editor "took the position that Mark Twain stood at the head of American humorists and wits," whereas another paper in town, the Nashville American, gave that honor to the late Artemus Ward. To resolve the matter, a copy of the Tribune's article was sent to Clemens, who replies as follows . . .
FRANK B. EARNEST, ESQ.:—Dear Sir:

— I thank you very much for that pleasant article. Of course it is not for me to judge between Artemus and myself on trade merits, but when it comes to speak of matters personal I am a good witness. Artemus was one of the kindest and gentlest of men in the world, and the hold which he took on the Londoners surpasses imagination. To this day, one of the first questions which a Londoner asks me, is if I knew Artemus Ward; the answer "yes" makes that man my friend on the spot. Artemus seems to have been on the warmest terms with thousands of those people. Well, he seems never to have written a harsh thing against any body—neither have I, for that matter—at least nothing harsh enough for a body to fret about—and I think he never felt bitter toward people. There may have been three or four other people like that in the world at one time or another, but they probably died a good while ago. I think his lecture on the "Babes in the Wood" was the funniest thing I ever listened to. Artemus Ward once said to me gravely, almost sadly:

"Clemens, I have done too much fooling, too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live."

"Well, what, for instance?"

In the same grave way, he said:

"A lie."

It was an admirable surprise. I was just getting read to cry; he was becoming pathetic. This has never been to print—you should give it to your friend of the American; for I judge by what he writes of Artemus that he will appreciate it. I think it’s mighty bright—as well for its queer sarcasm as for its happy suddenness and unexpectedness. * * *

Yours truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

It was about the end of 1863 that a new literary impulse came into Mark Twain’s life. The gentle and lovable humorist Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne) was that year lecturing in the West, and came to Virginia City. Ward had intended to stay only a few days, but the whirl of the Comstock fascinated him. He made the Enterprise office his headquarters and remained three weeks. He and Mark Twain became boon companions. Their humor was not unlike; they were kindred spirits, together almost constantly. Ward was then at the summit of his fame, and gave the younger man the highest encouragement, prophesying great things for his work. Clemens, on his side, was stirred, perhaps for the first time, with a real literary ambition, and the thought that he, too, might win a place of honor. He promised Ward that he would send work to the Eastern papers.
On Christmas Eve, Ward gave a dinner to the Enterprise staff, at Chaumond’s, a fine French restaurant of that day. When refreshments came, Artemus lifted his glass, and said:

“I give you Upper Canada.”

The company rose and drank the toast in serious silence. Then Mr. Goodman said:

“Of course, Artemus, it’s all right, but why did you give us Upper Canada?”

“Because I don’t want it myself,” said Ward, gravely.

What would one not give to have listened to the talk of that evening! Mark Twain’s power had awakened; Artemus Ward was in his prime. They were giants of a race that became extinct when Mark Twain died. [Paine, 134-35]

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PROVENANCE

Items 1-5, 10-12: From the collection of the late Victor Jacobs, Dayton Ohio. These items were all part of lot 332 (American Humorists) in Sotheby’s (New York) sale 6904 on Tuesday, October 29, 1996, The Victor and Irene Murr Jacobs Collection, sold for the Benefit of the President and Fellows of Harvard College. A copy of this catalog is included with the collection, described among the SOURCES CITED, further below. My source (a long-established autograph dealer and member of ABAA) informs me that this lot did not sell at the time of this auction, but was held by a party from whom my source obtained this material in early 2009, when he immediately offered me the portions of that lot indicated here, now in the present collection.

Items 6-8: Photographs from the pre-existing, private collection of my source for the Jacobs items above (these not from the Jacobs collection).

Item 9: Found early 2009 in the standing inventory of a long-time colleague and member of ABAA, while searching assiduously for examples of Edward Hingston’s handwriting for comparison to item 11.


Items 14, 15: Found through online searches, from American book and newspaper dealers.

[Charles Farrar BROWNE]  *Artemus Ward’s Panorama.*  (As exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, London.)  Edited by his Executors, T. W. Robertson & E. P. Hingston.  *With Thirty-Four Illustrations* (New York: G. W. Carleton, Publisher.  London: J. C. Hotten, 1869).  This is also item 14 in the present collection.


Sotheby’s (firm, New York City).  *The Victor and Irene Murr Jacobs Collection, sold for the Benefit of the President and Fellows of Harvard College* (New York: Sotheby’s, October 29, 1996;  Sale 6904).  Collection begun in 1926, sold by this "oldest American collector of rare books" for the entire benefit of a scholarship established at Harvard years earlier in memory of Mrs. Jacobs (d. 1961;  see biographical introduction near the beginning of the catalog, a copy of which accompanies the present collection).


Wikipedia article on the 28th Massachusetts infantry regiment, accessed online at:  http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/28th_Massachusetts_Infantry_regiment