

# **The Complete Works of Artemus Ward, Part 6**

Charles Farrar Browne



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**PART VI. ARTEMUS WARD'S PANORAMA.**

## 6.1. PREFATORY NOTE BY MELVILLE D. LANDON.

The fame of Artemus Ward culminated in his last lectures at Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, the final one breaking off abruptly on the evening of the 23d of January, 1867. That night the great humorist bade farewell to the public, and retired from the stage to die! His Mormon lectures were immensely successful in England. His fame became the talk of journalists, savants, and statesmen. Every one seemed to be affected differently, but every one felt and acknowledged his power. "The Honorable Robert Lowe," says Mr. E.P. HINGSTON, Artemus Ward's bosom friend, "attended the Mormon lecture one evening, and laughed as hilariously as any one in the room. The next evening Mr. John Bright happened to be present. With the exception of one or two occasional smiles, he listened with GRAVE attention."

The "London Standard," in 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 humor 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 cachinnation of the people, who only found out the jokes some two or three minutes after they were made, and who 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 seeming impromptu 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."

His humor was so entirely fresh and unconventional, that it took his hearers by surprise, and charmed them. His failing health compelled him to abandon the lecture after about eight or ten weeks. Indeed, during that brief period he was once or twice compelled to dismiss his audience. Frequently he sank into a chair and nearly fainted from the exertion of dressing. He exhibited the greatest anxiety to be at his post at the appointed time, and scrupulously exerted himself to the utmost to entertain his auditors. It was not because he was sick that the public was to be disappointed, or that their enjoyment was to be diminished. During the last few weeks of his lecture-giving, he steadily abstained from accepting any of the numerous invitations he received. Had he lived through the following London fashionable season, there is little doubt that the room at the Egyptian Hall would have been thronged nightly. The English aristocracy have a fine, delicate sense of humor, and the success, artistic and pecuniary, of "Artemus Ward" would have rivalled that of the famous "Lord Dundreary." There were many stupid people who did not understand the "fun" of Artemus Ward's books. There were many stupid people who did not understand the fun of Artemus Ward's lecture on the Mormons. Highly respectable people—the pride of their parish—when they heard of a lecture "upon the Mormons," expected to see a solemn person, full of old saws and new statistics, who would denounce the sin of polygamy,—and rave without limit against Mormons. These uncomfortable Christians do not like humor. They dread it as a certain personage is said to dread holy water, and for the same reason that thieves fear policemen—it finds them out. When these good idiots heard Artemus offer if they did not like the lecture in Piccadilly, to give them free tickets for the same lecture in California, when he next visited that country, they turned to each other indignantly, and said, "What use are tickets for California to US? WE are not going to California. No! we are too good, too respectable to go so far from home. The man is a fool!" One of these vestrymen complained to the doorkeeper, and denounced the lecturer as an impostor—"and," said the wealthy parishioner, "as for the panorama, it is the worst painted thing I ever saw."

During the lecture Artemus was always as solemn as the grave. Sometimes he would seem to forget his audience, and stand for several seconds gazing intently at his panorama. Then he would start up and remark apologetically, "I am very fond of looking at my pictures." His dress was always the same—evening toilet. His manners were polished, and his voice gentle and hesitating. Many who had read of the man who spelled joke with a "g," looked for a smart old man with a shrewd cock eye, dressed in vulgar velvet and gold, and they were hardly prepared to see the accomplished gentleman with slim physique and delicate white hands.

The letters of Artemus Ward in "Punch" from the tomb of Shakspeare and the London Tower, had made him

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famous in England, and in his audience were the nobility of the realm. His first lecture in London was delivered at Egyptian Hall, on Tuesday, November 13th, 1866. The room used was that which had been occupied by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, adjoining the one in which Mr. Arthur Smith formerly made his appearances. The stage, with the curtain down, had this appearance while Artemus was delivering his prologue:

(Drawing of stage with curtain closed and eight footlights.)

Punctually at eight o'clock he would step hesitatingly before the audience, and rubbing his hands bashfully, commence the lecture.



## 6.2. THE EGYPTIAN HALL LECTURE.

You are entirely welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to my little picture-shop.

I couldn't give you a very clear idea of the Mormons--and Utah--and the Plains--and the Rocky Mountains--without opening a picture-shop--and therefore I open one.

I don't expect to do great things here--but I have thought that if I could make money enough to by me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.--I'd rather live in Margate-- or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

If you should be dissatisfied with anything here to-night--I will admit you all free in New Zealand--if you will come to me there for the orders. Any respectable cannibal will tell you where I live. This shows that I have a forgiving spirit.

I really don't care for money. I only travel round to see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an Artist. I don't paint myself--though perhaps if I were a middle-aged single lady I should--yet I have a passion for pictures--I have had a great many pictures-- photographs taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty-- rather sweet to look at for a short time--and as I said before, I like them. I've always loved pictures.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge.--the people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that Time passes on.--It is a kind of way Time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist--but I have always been more or less mixed up with Art. I have an uncle who takes photographs--and I have a servant who--takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome--Rome in New York State I mean--a distinguished sculpsit wanted to sculp me. But I said "No." I saw through the designing man. My model once in his hands--he would have flooded the market with my busts-- and I couldn't stand it to see everybody going round with a bust of me. Everybody would want one of course--and wherever I should go I should meet the educated classes with my bust, taking it home to their families. This would be more than my modesty could stand--and I should have to return to America--where my creditors are.

I like Art. I admire dramatic Art--although I failed as an actor.

It was in my schoolboy days that I failed as an actor. (Artemus made many attempts as an amateur actor, but never to his own satisfaction. He was very fond of the society of actors and actresses. Their weaknesses amused him as much as their talents excited his admiration. One of his favorite sayings was that the world was made up of "men, women, and the people on the stage.")--The play was 'Ruins of Pompeii.'--I played the Ruins. It was not a very successful performance--but it was better than the "Burning Mountain." He was not good. He was a bad Vesuvius.

The remembrance often makes me ask--"Where are the boys of my youth?"--I assure you this is not a conundrum.--Some are amongst you here--some in America--some are in gaol.--

Hence arises a most 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. (Spoken with a sigh. It was a joke which always told. Artemus never failed to use it in his "Babes in the Wood" lecture, and the "Sixty Minutes in Africa," as well as in the Mormon story.) --some people are not happy. I have noticed

that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow 200 pounds. I lent him the money—and 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 pounds he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so I told him I would throw off one hundred pounds. He brightened—shook my hand—and said—"Old friend—I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality—I'll throw off the other hundred."

As a manager I was always rather more successful than as an actor.

Some years ago I engaged a celebrated Living American Skeleton for a tour through Australia. He was the thinnest man I ever saw. He was a splendid skeleton. He didn't weigh anything scarcely—and I said to myself—the people of Australia will flock to see this tremendous curiosity. It is a long voyage—as you know—from New York to Melbourne—and to my utter surprise the skeleton had no sooner got out to sea than he commenced eating in the most horrible manner. He had never been on the ocean before—and he said it agreed with him.—I thought so!—I never saw a man eat so much in my life. Beef—mutton—pork—he swallowed them all like a shark—and between meals he was often discovered behind barrels eating hard-boiled eggs. The result was that when we reached Melbourne this infamous skeleton weighed 64 pounds more than I did!

I thought I was ruined—but I wasn't. I took him on to California—another very long sea voyage—and when I got him to San Francisco I exhibited him as a Fat Man. (The reader need scarcely be informed that this narrative is about as real as "A. Ward's Snaiks," and about as much matter of fact as his journey through the States with a wax-work show.)

This story hasn't anything to do with my Entertainment, I know—but one of the principal features of my Entertainment is that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it.

My Orchestra is small—but I am sure it is very good—so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night—and his washing. (That a good pianist could be hired for a small sum in England was a matter of amusement to Artemus. More especially when he found a gentleman obliging enough to play anything he desired, such as break-downs and airs which had the most absurd relation to the scene they were used to illustrate. In the United States his pianist was desirous of playing music of a superior order, much against the consent of the lecturer.)

I like Music.—I can't sing. As a singist I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing. So are those who hear me. They are sadder even than I am.

The other night some silver-voiced young men came under my window and sang—"Come where my love lies dreaming."—I didn't go. I didn't think it would be correct.

I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah—and I was very ill—I was fearfully wasted.—My face was hewn down to nothing—and my nose was so sharp I didn't dare to stick it into other people's business—for fear it would stay there—and I should never get it again. And on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married—tho' not so much so as her husband—he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing "Sweet bird—do not fly away!"—and I told her I wouldn't.—She played the accordion divinely—accordionly I praised her.

I met a man in Oregon who hadn't any teeth—not a tooth in his head—yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met.—He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had nightmares of course. In the morning the landlord said—How do you feel—old hoss—hay?— I told him I felt my oats.

(Though the serious part of the lecture was here entered upon, it was not delivered in a graver tone than that in which he had spoken the farcicalities of the prologue. Most of the prefatory matter was given with an air of earnest thought; the arms sometimes folded, and the chin resting on one hand. On the occasion of his first exhibiting the panorama at New York he used a fishing-rod to point out the picture with; subsequently he availed himself of an old umbrella. In the Egyptian Hall he used his little riding-whip.)

Permit me now to quietly state that altho' I am here with my cap and bells I am also here with some serious descriptions of the Mormons—their manners—their customs—and while the pictures I shall present to your notice are by no means works of art—they are painted from photographs actually taken on the spot (They were photographed by Savage Ottinger, of Salt Lake City, the photographers to Brigham Young.)—and I am sure I

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need not inform any person present who was ever in the territory of Utah that they are as faithful as they could possibly be. (Curtain.—The picture was concealed from view during the first part of the lecture by a crimson curtain. This was drawn together or opened many times in the course of the lecture, and at odd points of the lecture. I am not aware that Artemus himself could have explained why he caused the curtain to be drawn at one place and not at another. Probably he thought it to be one of his good jokes that it should shut in the picture just when there was no reason for its being used.)

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California? (That is, he went by steamer from New York to Aspinwall, thence across the Isthmus of Panama by railway, and then from Panama to California by another steamboat. A journey which then occupied about three weeks.)

I went to California on the steamer "Ariel."

This is the steamer "Ariel." (Picture.)

Oblige me by calmly gazing on the steamer "Ariel"—and when you go to California be sure and go on some other steamer— because the Ariel isn't a very good one.

When I reached the "Ariel"—at pier No. 4—New York—I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things—which were being thrown around by the ship's porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic.—So great was the excitement—my fragile form was smashed this way—and jammed that way—till finally I was shoved into a stateroom which was occupied by two middle-aged females—who said, "Base man—leave us—O leave us!"—I left them—Oh—I left them!

We reach Acapulco on the coast of Mexico in due time. Nothing of special interest occurred at Acapulco—only some of the Mexican ladies are very beautiful. They all have brilliant black hair—hair "black as starless night"—if I may quote from the "Family Herald". It don't curl.—A Mexican lady's hair never curls—it is straight as an Indian's. Some people's hair won't curl under any circumstances.—My hair won't curl under two shillings. (Artemus always wore his hair straight until 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 around 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.)

(Picture of) The great thoroughfare of the imperial city of the Pacific Coast (with a sign saying "Artemus Ward, Platts Hall every evening.")

The Chinese form a large element in the population of San Francisco—and I went to the Chinese Theatre.

A Chinese play often lasts two months. Commencing at the hero's birth, it is cheerfully conducted from week to week till he is either killed or married.

The night I was there a Chinese comic vocalist sang a Chinese comic song. It took him six weeks to finish it—but as my time was limited, I went away at the expiration of 215 verses. There were 11,000 verses to this song—the chorus being "Tural lural dural, ri fol day"—which was repeated twice at the end of each verse—making—as you will at once see—the appalling number of 22,000 "tural lural dural, ri fol days"—and the man still lives.

(Picture of) Virginia City—in the bright new State of Nevada. (Virginia City itself is built on a ledge cut out of the side of Mount Davidson, which rises some 9000 feet above the sea level—the city being about half way up its side. To Artemus Ward the wild character of the scenery, the strange manners of the red-shirted citizens, and the odd developments of the life met with in that uncouth mountain-town were all replete with interest. We stayed there about a week. During the time of our stay he explored every part of the place, met many old friends from the Eastern States, and formed many new acquaintances, with some of whom acquaintance ripened into warm friendship. Among the latter was Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, now well known as "Mark Twain." He was then sub-editing one of the three papers published daily in Virginia—"The Territorial Enterprise." Artemus detected in the writings of Mark Twain the indications of great humorous power, and strongly advised the writer to seek a

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better field for his talents. Since then he has become a well-known lecturer and author. With Mark Twain, Artemus made a descent into the Gould and Curry Silver Mine at Virginia, the largest mine of the kind, I believe in the world. The account of the descent formed a long and very amusing article in the next morning's "Enterprise." To wander about the town and note its strange developments occupied Artemus incessantly. I was sitting writing letters at the hotel when he came in hurriedly, and requested me to go out with him. "Come and see some joking much better than mine," said he. He led me to where one of Wells, Fargo Co's express wagons was being rapidly filled with silver bricks. Ingots of the precious metal, each almost as large as an ordinary brick, were being thrown from one man to another to load the wagon, just as bricks or cheeses are transferred from hand to hand by carters in England. "Good old jokes those, Hingston. Good, solid Babes in the Wood," observed Artemus. Yet that evening he lectured in "Maguire's Opera House," Virginia City, to an audience composed chiefly of miners, and the receipts were not far short of eight hundred dollars.)

A wonderful little city—right in the heart of the famous Washoe silver regions—the mines of which annually produce over twenty-five millions of solid silver. This silver is melted into solid bricks—about the size of ordinary house-bricks—and carted off to San Francisco with mules. The roads often swarm with these silver wagons.

One hundred and seventy-five miles to the east of this place are the Reese River Silver Mines—which are supposed to be the richest in the world.

(Pointing to Panorama) The great American Desert in winter time—the desert which is so frightfully gloomy always. No trees—no houses—no people—save the miserable beings who live in wretched huts and have charge of the horses and mules of the Overland Mail Company.

(Picture of) Plains Between Virginia City and Salt Lake, (showing a carcass attended by various scavengers, with a building and mountains in the distance.)

This picture is a great work of art.—It is an oil painting —done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this and then they expired.

The most celebrated artists of London are so delighted with this picture that they come to the Hall every day to gaze at it. I wish you were nearer to it—so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of this picture that they called for the Artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him. (This portion of the panorama was very badly painted. When the idea of having a panorama was first entertained by Artemus, he wished to have one of great artistic merit. Finding considerable difficulty in procuring one, and also discovering that the expense of a real work of art would be beyond his means, he resolved on having a very bad one or one so bad in parts that its very badness would give him scope for jest. In the small towns of the Western States, it passed very well for a first-class picture, but what it was really worth in an artistic point of view its owner was very well aware.)

(Next picture.) A bird's-eye view of Great Salt Lake City—the strange city in the Desert about which so much has been heard—the city of the people who call themselves Saints.

I know there is much interest taken in these remarkable people—ladies and gentlemen—and I have thought it better to make the purely descriptive part of my Entertainment entirely serious.—I will not—then—for the next ten minutes—confine myself to my subject.

Some seventeen years ago a small band of Mormons—headed by Brigham Young—commenced in the present thrifty metropolis of Utah. The population of the territory of Utah is over 100,000—chiefly Mormons—and they are increasing at the rate of from five to ten thousand annually. The converts to Mormonism now are almost exclusively confined to English and Germans—Wales and Cornwall have contributed largely to the population of Utah during the last few years. The population of Great Salt Lake City is 20,000.—The streets are eight rods wide—and are neither flagged nor paved. A stream of pure mountain spring water courses through each street—and is conducted into the Gardens of the Mormons. The houses are mostly of adobe—or sun-dried brick—and present a neat and comfortable appearance.—They are usually a story and a half high. Now and then you see a fine modern house in Salt Lake City—but no house that is dirty, shabby, and dilapidated—because there are no absolutely poor people in Utah. Every Mormon has a nice garden—and every Mormon has a tidy

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dooryard.—Neatness is a great characteristic of the Mormons.

The Mormons profess to believe that they are the chosen people of God—they call themselves Latter-day Saints—and they call us people of the outer world Gentiles. They say that Mr. Brigham Young is a prophet—the legitimate successor of Joseph Smith—who founded the Mormon religion. They also say they are authorized—by special revelation from Heaven—to marry as many wives as they can comfortably support.

This wife-system they call plurality—the world calls it polygamy. That at its best it is an accursed thing—I need not of course inform you—but you will bear in mind that I am here as a rather cheerful reporter of what I saw in Utah—and I fancy it isn't at all necessary for me to grow virtuously indignant over something we all know is hideously wrong.

You will be surprised to hear—I was amazed to see—that among the Mormon women there are some few persons of education—of positive cultivation. As a class the Mormons are not educated people—but they are by no means the community of ignoramuses so many writers have told us they were.

The valley in which they live is splendidly favored. They raise immense crops. They have mills of all kinds. They have coal—lead—and silver mines. All they eat—all they drink—all they wear they can produce themselves—and still have a great abundance to sell to the gold regions of Idaho on the one hand—and the silver regions of Nevada on the other.

The President of this remarkable community—the head of the Mormon Church—is Brigham Young.—He is called President Young—and Brother Brigham. He is about 54 years old— altho' he doesn't look to be over 45. He has sandy hair and whiskers—is of medium height—and is a little inclined to corpulency. He was born in the State of Vermont. His power is more absolute than that of any living sovereign—yet he uses it with such consummate discretion that his people are almost madly devoted to him—and that they would cheerfully die for him if they thought the sacrifice were demanded—I cannot doubt.

He is a man of enormous wealth.—One-tenth of everything sold in the territory of Utah goes to the Church—and Mr. Brigham Young is the Church. It is supposed that he speculates with these funds—at all events—he is one of the wealthiest men now living—worth several millions—without doubt.—He is a bold—bad man—but that he is also a man of extraordinary administrative ability no one can doubt who has watched his astounding career for the past ten years. It is only fair for me to add that he treated me with marked kindness during my sojourn in Utah.

(Picture of) West Side of Main Street, Salt Lake City. (A wagon and team stand outside the "City Bathing House" and a pennant flies over the "temperance hotel.")

The West Side of Main Street—Salt Lake City—including a view of the Salt Lake Hotel. It is a temperance hotel. (At the date of our visit, there was only one place in Salt Lake City where strong drink was allowed to be sold. Brigham Young himself owned the property, and vended the liquor by wholesale, not permitting any of it to be drunk on the premises. It was a coarse, inferior kind of whisky, known in Salt Lake as "Valley Tan." Throughout the city there was no drinking—bar nor billiard room, so far as I am aware. But a drink on the sly could always be had at one of the hard-goods stores, in the back office behind the pile of metal saucepans; or at one of the dry-goods stores, in the little parlor in the rear of the bales of calico. At the present time I believe that there are two or three open bars in Salt Lake, Brigham Young having recognized the right of the "Saints" to "liquor up" occasionally. But whatever other failings they may have, intemperance cannot be laid to their charge. Among the Mormons there are no paupers, no gamblers, and no drunkards.) I prefer temperance hotels— altho' they sell worse liquor than any other kind of hotels. But the Salt Lake Hotel sells none—nor is there a bar in all Salt Lake City—but I found when I was thirsty—and I generally am—that I could get some very good brandy of one of the Elders—on the sly—and I never on any account allow my business to interfere with my drinking.

(Picture of) The Overland Mail Coach.—That is, the den on wheels in which we have been crammed for the past ten days and ten nights.—Those of you who have been in Newgate (The manner in which Artemus uttered this joke was peculiarly characteristic of his style of lecturing. The commencement of the sentence was spoken as if unpremeditated; then when he had got as far as the word "Newgate," he paused, as if wishing to call back that which he had said. The applause was unfailingly uproarious.)

-----and stayed there any length of time—as visitors—can realize how I felt.

The American Overland Mail Route commences at Sacramento— California—and ends at Atchison—Kansas. The distance is two thousand two hundred miles—but you go part of the way by rail. The

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Pacific Railway is now completed from Sacramento—California—to Fulsom—California—which only leaves two thousand two hundred and eleven miles, to go by coach. This breaks the monotony—it came very near breaking my back.

(Picture of) The Mormon Theatre.

This edifice is the exclusive property of Brigham Young. It will comfortably hold 3,000 persons—and I beg you will believe me when I inform you that its interior is quite as brilliant as that of any theatre in London. (Herein Artemus slightly exaggerated. The coloring of the theatre was white and gold, but it was inefficiently lighted with oil lamps. When Brigham Young himself showed us round the theatre, he pointed out, as an instance of his own ingenuity, that the central chandelier was formed out of the wheel of one of his old coaches. The house is now, I believe, lighted with gas. Altogether it is a very wondrous edifice, considering where it is built and who were the builders.)

The actors are all Mormon amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of this theatre. The Mormons mostly pay in grain—and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there—among my receipts were corn—flour—pork—cheese—chickens—on foot and in the shell.

One family went in on a live pig—and a man attempted to pass a "yaller dog" at the Box Office—but my agent repulsed him. One offered me a doll for admission—another infants' clothing.—I refused to take that.—As a general rule I do refuse.

In the middle of the parquet—in a rocking chair—with his hat on—sits Brigham Young. When the play drags—he either goes out or falls into a tranquil sleep.

A portion of the dress-circle is set apart for the wives of Brigham Young. From ten to twenty of them are usually present. His children fill the entire gallery—and more too.

(Picture of) East Side of Main Street, Salt Lake City.

The East Side of Main Street—Salt Lake City—with a view of the Council Building—The legislature of Utah meets there. It is like all legislative bodies. They meet this winter to repeal the laws which they met and made last winter—and they will meet next winter to repeal the laws which they met and made this winter.

I dislike to speak about it—but it was in Utah that I made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. You may have noticed it. I speak six different languages—London—Chatham—and Dover—Margate—Brighton—and Hastings. My parents sold a cow—and sent me to college when I was quite young. During the vacation I used to teach a school of whales—and there's where I learned to spout.—I don't expect applause for a little thing like that. I wish you could have heard that speech—however. If Cicero—he's dead now—he has gone from us—but if old Ciss (Here again no description can adequately inform the reader of the drollery which characterized the lecturer. His reference to Cicero was made in the most lugubrious manner, as if he really deplored his death and valued him as a schoolfellow loved and lost.) could have heard that effort it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There are stationed in Utah two regiments of U.S. troops—the 21st from California—and the 37th from Nevada. The 20—onesters asked me to present a stand of colors to the 37—sters—and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence of a bold and brilliant character—and also some sweet talk—real pretty shopkeeping talk—that I worked the enthusiasm of those soldiers up to such a pitch—that they came very near shooting me on the spot.

(Picture of) Brigham Young's Harem.—These are the houses of Brigham Young. The first on the right is the Lion House—so called because a crouching stone lion adorns the central front window. The adjoining small building is Brigham Young's office—and where he receives his visitors.—The large house in the centre of the picture—which displays a huge bee-hive—is called the Bee House—the bee-hive is supposed to be symbolical of the industry of the Mormons.—Mrs. Brigham Young the first—now quite an old lady—lives here with her children. None of the other wives of the prophet live here. In the rear are the schoolhouses where Brigham Young's children are educated.

Brigham Young has two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me by thinking of that. That is—he has eighty actual wives, and he is spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more. These spiritual marriages—as the Mormons call them—are contracted with aged widows—who think it a great honor to be sealed—the

## The Complete Works of Artemus Ward, Part 6

Mormons call it being sealed—to the Prophet.

So we may say he has two hundred wives. He loves not wisely—but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her—but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

A few days before my arrival in Utah—Brigham was married again—to a young and really pretty girl—but he says he shall stop now. He told me confidentially that he shouldn't get married any more. He says that all he wants now is to live in peace for the remainder of his days—and have his dying pillow soothed by the loving hands of his family. Well—that's all right—that's all right—I suppose—but if ALL his family soothe his dying pillow—he'll have to go out-doors to die.

By the way—Shakespeare indorses polygamy.—He speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr. Windsor have?—but we will let this pass.

Some of these Mormons have terrific families. I lectured one night by invitation in the Mormon village of Provost, but during the day I rashly gave a leading Mormon an order admitting himself and family—it was before I knew that he was much married—and they filled the room to overflowing. It was a great success—but I didn't get any money.

(Picture of) Heber C. Kimball's Harem.—Mr. C. Kimball is the first vice-president of the Mormon church—and would—consequently—succeed to the full presidency on Brigham Young's death.

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive cuss of some seventy summers—or some'ers thereabout. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives. (It is an authenticated fact that, in an address to his congregation in the Tabernacle, Heber C. Kimball once alluded to his wives by the endearing epithet of "my heifers;" and on another occasion politely spoke of them as "his cows." The phraseology may possibly be a slight indication of the refinement of manners prevalent in Salt Lake City.) He says they are awful eaters.

Mr. Kimball had a son—a lovely young man—who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day—while he was absent from home—these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man—which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son—which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistol.

The doctor who attended him—a very scientific man—informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

(Soft music.) (Here Artemus Ward's pianist [following instructions] sometimes played the dead march from "Saul." At other times, the Welsh air of "Poor Mary Anne;" or anything else replete with sadness which might chance to strike his fancy. The effect was irresistibly comic.)

I hope his sad end will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men. Mr. Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cypress—the myrtle—and the willow. This music is a dirge by the eminent pianist for Mr. Kimball's son. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap-year when I was there—and seventeen young widows—the wives of a deceased Mormon—offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day—and taking their soft white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears.

And I said—"Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size—They said—

"Oh—soon thou wilt be gonested away!"

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

They said—"Doth not like us?"

I said—"I doth—I doth!"

I also said—"I hope your intentions are honorable—as I am a lone child—my parents being far—far away."

They then said—"Wilt not marry us?"

I said—"Oh—no—it cannot was."

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

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

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

(Picture.) This is the Mormon Temple.

It is built of adobe—and will hold five thousand persons quite comfortably. A full brass and string band often assists the choir of this church—and the choir—I may add—is a remarkably good one.

Brigham Young seldom preaches now. The younger elders— unless on some special occasion—conduct the services. I only heard Mr. Young once. He is not an educated man—but speaks with considerable force and clearness. The day I was there there was nothing coarse in his remarks.

(Picture of) The foundations of the Temple.

These are the foundations of the magnificent Temple the Mormons are building. It is to be built of hewn stone—and will cover several acres of ground. They say it shall eclipse in splendor all other temples in the world. They also say it shall be paved with solid gold.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that the architect of this contemplated gorgeous affair repudiated Mormonism—and is now living in London.

(Picture of) The Temple as it is to be.

This pretty little picture is from the architect's design— and cannot therefore—I suppose—be called a fancy sketch. (Artemus had the windows of the temple in his panorama cut out and filled in with transparent colored paper, so that, when lighted from behind, it had the effect of one of the little plaster churches, with a piece of lighted candle inside, which the Italian image-boys display at times for sale in the streets. Nothing in the course of the evening pleased Artemus more than to notice the satisfaction with which this meretricious piece of absurdity was received by the audience.)

Should the Mormons continue unmolested—I think they will complete this rather remarkable edifice.

(Picture of the) Great Salt Lake.

Great Salt Lake.—The great salt dead sea of the desert.

I know of no greater curiosity than this inland sea of thick brine. It is eighty miles wide—and one hundred and thirty miles long. Solid masses of salt are daily washed ashore in immense heaps—and the Mormon in want of salt has only to go to the shore of this lake and fill his cart. Only—the salt for table use has to be subjected to a boiling process.

These are facts—susceptible of the clearest possible proof. They tell one story about this lake—however—that I have my doubts about. They say a Mormon farmer drove forty head of cattle in there once—and they came out first-rate pickled beef.—

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I sincerely hope you will excuse my absence—I am a man short—and have to work the moon myself. (Here 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 the 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.)

I shall be most happy to pay a good salary to any respectable boy of good parentage and education who is a good moonist.

(Picture of) The Endowment House.

In this building the Mormon is initiated into the mysteries of the faith.

Strange stories are told of the proceedings which are held in this building—but I have no possible means of knowing how true they may be.

Salt Lake City is fifty-five miles behind us—and this is Echo Canyon—in reaching which we are supposed to have crossed the summit of the Wahsatch Mountains. These ochre-colored bluffs—formed of conglomerate sandstone—and full of fossils—signal the entrance to the Canyon. At its base lies Weber Station.

Echo Canyon is about twenty-five miles long. It is really the sublimest thing between the Missouri and the



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Sierra Nevada. The red wall to the left develops farther up the Canyon into pyramids—buttresses—and castles—honey-combed and fretted in nature's own massive magnificence of architecture.

In 1856—Echo Canyon was the place selected by Brigham Young for the Mormon General Wells to fortify and make impregnable against the advance of the American army—led by General Albert Sidney Johnson. It was to have been the Thermopylae of Mormondom—but it wasn't general Wells was to have done Leonidas—but he didn't.

(Picture of) Echo Canyon.

The wild snowstorms have left us—and we have thrown our wolf-skin overcoats aside. Certain tribes of far-western Indians bury their distinguished dead by placing them high in air and covering them with valuable furs—that is a very fair representation of these mid-air tombs. Those animals are horses—I know they are—because my artist says so. I had the picture two years before I discovered the fact.—The artist came to me about six months ago—and said—"It is useless to disguise it from you any longer—they are horses."

(Picture of) A more cheerful view of the Desert.

It was while crossing this desert that I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted—they were dressed in beaver-skins—and they were armed with rifles—knives—and pistols.

(Picture of) Our Encounter with the Indians.

What could I do?—What could a poor old orphan do? I'm a brave man.—The day before the Battle of Bull's Run I stood in the highway while the bullets—those dreadful messengers of death—were passing all around me thickly—IN WAGONS—on their way to the battle-field. (This was the great joke of Artemus Ward's first lecture, "The Babes in the Wood." He never omitted it in any of his lectures, nor did it lose its power to create laughter by repetition. The audiences at the Egyptian Hall, London, laughed as immoderately at it, as did those of Irving Hall, New York, or of the Tremont Temple in Boston.) But there were too many of these Injuns—there were forty of them—and only one of me—and so I said—

"Great Chief—I surrender." His name was Wocky-bocky.

He dismounted—and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye. Wocky-bocky came very close to me and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden tresses—and he rubbed his dreadful Thomashawk across my lily-white face. He said—

"Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean!"

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said—"Wink—ho—loo—boo!"

Says I—"Mr. Wocky-bocky"—says I—"Wocky—I have thought so for years—and so's all our family."

He told me I must go to the tent of the Strong-Heart and eat raw dog. (While sojourning for a day in a camp of Sioux Indians we were informed that the warriors of the tribe were accustomed to eat raw dog to give them courage previous to going to battle. Artemus was greatly amused with the information. When, in after years, he became weak and languid, and was called upon to go to lecture, it was a favorite joke with him to inquire, "Hingston, have you got any raw dog?") It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. I prefer pork-pie—because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me—I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter—and I said to her in a silvery voice—in a kind of German-silvery voice—I said—

"Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog."

There was nothing but his paws! I had paused too long! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on. As I seized him—he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary.

(Picture of) The Rocky Mountains.

I take it for granted you have heard of these popular mountains. In America they are regarded as a great success, and we all love dearly to talk about them. It is a kind of weakness with us. I never knew but one American who hadn't something—some time—to say about the Rocky Mountains—and he was a deaf and dumb man, who couldn't say anything about nothing.

But these mountains—whose summits are snow-covered and icy all the year round—are too grand to make fun of. I crossed them in the winter of '64—in a rough sleigh drawn by four mules.

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This sparkling waterfall is the Laughing-Water alluded to by Mr. Longfellow in his Indian poem—"Higher-Water." The water is higher up there.

(Music.)

(Picture of) The plains of Colorado.

These are the dreary plains over which we rode for so many weary days. An affecting incident occurred on these plains some time since, which I am sure you will pardon me for introducing here.

On a beautiful June morning—some sixteen years ago—

(Music, very loud till the scene is off.)

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—and she fainted on Reginald's breast! (At this part of the lecture Artemus pretended to tell a story—the piano playing loudly all the time. He continued his narration in excited dumb-show—his lips moving as though he were speaking. For some minutes the audience indulged in unrestrained laughter.)

(Picture of) The Prairie on Fire.

A prairie on fire is one of the wildest and grandest sights that can be possibly imagined.

These fires occur—of course—in the summer—when the grass is dry as tinder—and the flames rush and roar over the prairie in a manner frightful to behold. They usually burn better than mine is burning to-night. I try to make my prairie burn regularly—and not disappoint the public—but it is not as high-principled as I am. (The scene was a transparent one—the light from behind so managed as to give the effect of the prairie on fire. Artemus enjoyed the joke of letting the fire go out occasionally, and then allowing it to relight itself.)

(Picture of) Brigham Young at home.

The last picture I have to show you represents Mr. Brigham Young in the bosom of his family. His family is large—and the olive branches around his table are in a very tangled condition. He is more a father than any man I know. When at home—as you here see him—he ought to be very happy with sixty wives to minister to his comforts—and twice sixty children to soothe his distracted mind. Ah! my friends— what is home without a family?

What will become of Mormonism? We all know and admit it to be a hideous wrong—a great immoral strain upon the 'scutcheon of the United States. My belief is that its existence is dependent upon the life of Brigham Young. His administrative ability holds the system together—his power of will maintains it as the faith of a community. When he dies—Mormonism will die too. The men who are around him have neither his talent nor his energy. By means of his strength it is held together. When he falls—Mormonism will also fall to pieces.

That lion—you perceive—has a tail. It is a long one already. Like mine—it is to be continued in our next.

(Reprise of first picture of curtain and footlights.)

The curtain fell for the last time on Wednesday, the 23d of January 1867. Artemus Ward had to break off the lecture abruptly. He never lectured again.)

### 6.3. "THE TIMES" NOTICE.

"EGYPTIAN HALL.—Before a large audience, comprising an extraordinary number of literary celebrities, Mr. Artemus Ward, the noted American humorist, made his first appearance as a public lecturer on Tuesday evening, the place selected for the display of his quaint oratory being the room long tenanted by Mr. Arthur Sketchley. His first entrance on the platform was the signal for loud and continuous laughter and applause, denoting a degree of expectation which a nervous man might have feared to encounter. However, his first sentences, and the way in which they were received, amply sufficed to prove that his success was certain. The dialect of Artemus bears a less evident mark of the Western World than that of many American actors, who would fain merge their own peculiarities in the delineation of English character; but his jokes are of that true Transatlantic type, to which no nation beyond the limits of the States can offer any parallel. These jokes he lets fall with an air of profound unconsciousness—we may almost say melancholy—which is irresistibly droll, aided as it is by the effect of a figure singularly gaunt and lean and a face to match. And he has found an audience by whom his caustic humor is thoroughly appreciated. Not one of the odd pleasantries slipped out with such imperturbable gravity misses its mark, and scarcely a minute elapses at the end of which the sedate Artemus is not forced to pause till the roar of mirth has subsided. There is certainly this foundation for an entente cordiale between the two countries calling themselves Anglo-Saxon, that the Englishman, puzzled by Yankee politics, thoroughly relishes Yankee jokes, though they are not in the least like his own. When two persons laugh together, they cannot hate each other much so long as the laugh continues.

"The subject of Artemus Ward's lecture is a visit to the Mormons, copiously illustrated by a series of moving pictures, not much to be commended as works of art, but for the most part well enough executed to give (fidelity granted) a notion of life as it is among the remarkable inhabitants of Utah. Nor let the connoisseur, who detects the shortcomings of some of these pictures, fancy that he has discovered a flaw in the armor of the doughty Artemus. That astute gentleman knows their worth as well as anybody else, and while he ostensibly extols them, as a showman is bound to do, he every now and then holds them up to ridicule in a vein of the deepest irony. In one case a palpable error of perspective, by which a man is made equal in size to a mountain, has been purposely committed, and the shouts of laughter that arise as soon as the ridiculous picture appears is tremendous. But there is no mirth in the face of Artemus; he seems even deaf to the roar; and when he proceeds to the explanation of the landscape, he touches on the ridiculous point in a slurring way that provokes a new explosion.

"The particulars of the lecture we need not describe. Many accounts of the Mormons, more or less credible, and all authenticated, have been given by serious historians, and Mr. W.H. Dixon, who has just returned from Utah to London, is said to have brought with him new stores of solid information. But to most of us Mormonism is still a mystery, and under those circumstances a lecturer who has professedly visited a country for the sake more of picking up fun than of sifting facts, and whose chief object it must be to make his narrative amusing, can scarcely be accepted as an authority. We will, therefore, content ourselves with stating that the lecture is entertaining to such a degree that to those who seek amusement its brevity is its only fault; that it is utterly free from offence, though the opportunities for offence given by the subject of Mormonism are obviously numerous; that it is interspersed, not only with irresistible jokes, but with shrewd remarks, proving that Artemus Ward is a man of reflection, as well as a consummate humorist."

## 6.4. PROGRAMME OF THE EGYPTIAN HALL LECTURE.

PROGRAMME USED AT

EGYPTIAN HALL

PICCADILLY.

---

Every Night (Except Saturday) at 8.

SATURDAY MORNINGS AT 3.

---

ARTEMUS WARD

AMONG THE MORMONS.

. . . . .

During the Vacation the Hall has been carefully Swept out and a new Door–Knob has been added to the Door.

. . . . .

MR. ARTEMUS WARD will call on the Citizens of London, at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand.

. . . . .

A person of long–established integrity will take excellent care of Bonnets, Cloaks, etc., during the Entertainment; the Audience better leave their money, however, with MR. WARD; he will return it to them in a day or two, or invest it for them in America as they may think best.

–>Nobody must say that he likes the Lecture unless he wishes to be thought eccentric; and nobody must say that he doesn't like it unless he really IS eccentric. (This requires thinking over, but it will amply repay perusal.)

. . . . .

The Panorama used to Illustrate Mr. Ward's Narrative is rather more than Panoramas usually are.

. . . . .

MR. WARD will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

. . . . .

PROGRAMME.

. . . . .

1. APPEARANCE Of ARTEMUS WARD,

Who will be greeted with applause. –> The stall–keeper is

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particularly requested to attend to this.

e Mormons are initiated.--Very secret and mysterious ceremonies.--Anybody can easily find out all about them though, by going out there and becoming a Mormon.

. . . . .

Echo Canyon.--A rough bluff sort of affair.--Great Echo.-- When Artemus Ward went through, he heard the echoes of some things the Indians said there about four years and a half ago.

. . . . .

The Plains again, with some noble savages, both in the live and dead state.--The dead one on the high shelf was killed in a Fratricidal Struggle.--They are always having Fratricidal Struggles out in that line of country.--It would be a good place for an enterprising Coroner to locate.

. . . . .

Brigham Young surrounded by his wives--Those ladies are simply too numerous to mention.

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