

no mo' from him en t' other. I bought the lan', but I did n't buy the truck un'er it."

A passionate intensity of perfect relief, of tender, grateful, peace—how great, how deep, no living creature guessed—seemed to overwhelm the banker.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he whispered.

"I 'll jes write my name ter this heah check," he found the mountaineer saying. "It 's fer yo' shur o' the balance o' the money; then I 'll look ag'in fer that five-cent piece."

Mr. Gadsbury laughed in boyish glee, as he had not laughed for years.

"I 'll bring it when I come to shoot partridges this fall," he said gaily; "or, better still, I 'll give you a nickel now, and take yours when it turns up."

The mountaineer laid down the pen, and handed the check to his brother.

"I al'ays fo'git ter put a 'r' in Gadsbury," he said, "but I 've put it ovah. We 're squire now, Hugh—shur en shur ekil. I mus' be a-goin' ter that alavated railroad, es they call it. Me 'n' Ab'um Moonlight 's off fer home. Thanky fer the five cents. Ef you don't fin' mine, jes write. I 'll pay it sho. Good-by; come in shootin'-time; don't fo'git."

On the rough hearth, in the remote little study, the logs of hickory and oak are always aflame when nightfall brings Mr. Gadsbury to sit in the splint-seated chair, and to gaze into the red glow. The features limned in the blaze, the tones resonant in the hum of the burning, are perhaps those of Mr. Gadsbury's brother.

M. Frances Swann Williams.

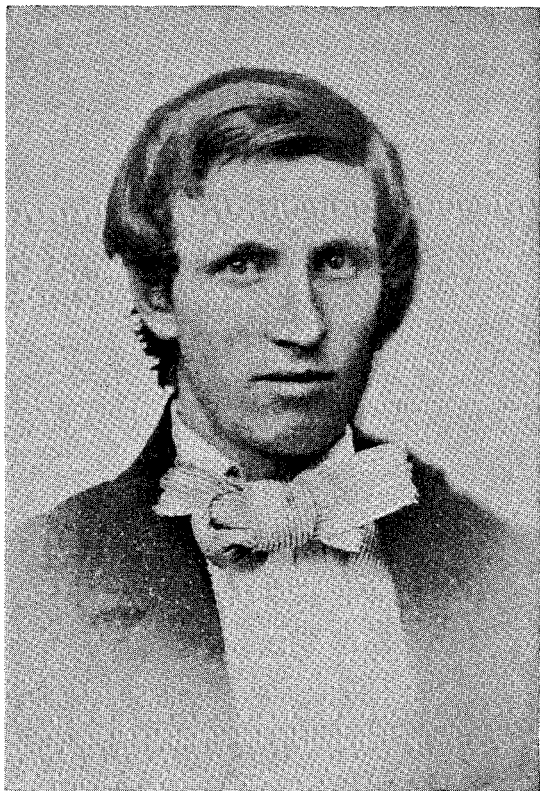
RELICS OF ARTEMUS WARD.



ARTEMUS WARD lived a life of unrest; he never had an abode. His summer vacations at the old homestead in Waterford, Maine, were only brief moments of rest, and they were absolute periods of idleness. He liked to loaf, and turned the practice into an accomplishment. For years a roving printer, his fame made him more of a pilgrim. For the last six years of his life he lived in a valise, and accumulated no literary reserve. There are no old secretaries in the Waterford house lined with scraps and letters. Indeed, the house contained scarcely a reminiscence of the genius who went out from it.

Just before her death, Mrs. Caroline E. Browne, Mr. Browne's mother, presented the writer with the only literary relic left her by her son. It is an old-fashioned black morocco-bound notebook of the pattern of 1860,—the year in which it was bought,—combining the qualities of a pocket-book, calendar, and guide to New York city, a thing much needed by the showman, as he came fresh and green from the West. It did service until after his return from the Pacific coast in 1864.

Here, in its worn pages, are to be found all the traces of his literary ways that survive. They show that he really had no methods at all beyond responding to the devil's call for copy in the office of "Vanity Fair." Humor



CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD") AT TWENTY.

must be jostled to display itself. To chance and incident Artemus owed much that was merry. These notes were jotted down in the cars with a blunt pencil—stray thoughts that

whisked into his mind on the railway rushes from place to place, between timid ponderings on the possibility of getting an audience at the next stop, for he was poor and felt the financial need of success beyond any craving for fame. Yet these dim lines were the threads upon which he strung the jewels of his wit. Often the ideas are found repeated, and in many cases the thoughts do not appear in any of his writings. But in almost every case the notion crops out somewhere, a better idea having popped into being at the moment of writing.

It is not possible, therefore, to make a transcript of these scribblings altogether intelligible. Only they do not need to be considered a meaningless jumble. Here, rambling across the pages, are such phrases of common quotation as "What is home without a mother?" "Coffee is a slow poison—slowest poison known." "Nearly all men are mortal." "Why do summer roses fade? Because it is their biz." "In the midst of life we are in debt." "His wife's mother on the female side."

His first lectures were not well attended. His reputation was purely that given by newspaper reprints of the showman's jokes, and newspapers did not reach as far then as now. Besides, the country was seething with excitement over the political situation preceding the near at hand outbreak of the rebellion. Yet for the public the note-book records this single reproach: "People who don't like my lecture won't come to a good end." The same page records the opinion that Albany, N. Y., "is a way-station." Albany did not attend the lecture. New Haven pleased him little better. The note-book says crossly, "New Haven depot—thought it was a dungeon."

Artemus once remarked that Shakspeare would not have succeeded as the Washington correspondent of a New-York newspaper, because "he lacked the rekesite fancy and imaginashun," and he evidently believed that Shakspeare had not done his best, for the note-book observes critically, "Shakspeare would have signalized himself if he had tried."

The number of notices given the lecturer in the newspapers of the time was not so great that space could not be found for them in this note-book. Here they are gummed to the well-thumbed pages, evidently much read, and with wonderment whether more were to follow. The tone of them all is congratulatory—not exactly to the humorist, but that he should have succeeded in some measure in equaling anticipation.

Besides strings of lecture dates, and memoranda of money loaned, there are other pencil-marks in the book, the "printed" autographs

of children whom he met in his travels. He encouraged them to write to him, and never failed to respond.

The only relics in possession of the family are a scrap-book, kept in London, and filled with the complimentary opinions of the English newspapers, and an account-book covering the year previous to Mr. Browne's departure for Europe—the season of 1865-66. It opened at Irving Hall, on Fifteenth street and Irving Place (now the Amberg Theater), on the evening of August 28, 1865, and the receipts for the first two weeks were \$2117.50, of which the book notes "Ward" got \$961.85. Six nights in Washington yielded \$2008.75, of which Ward received \$476. Two nights in Baltimore lacked just 25 cents of a tie, the receipts being \$551.25 and \$551. He had bad luck in Brooklyn, the town then possessing a smaller intellectual colony than now. Three nights were spent here, and \$375, \$75, and \$279.25 were respectively received. Philadelphia did much better. Here the receipts for three nights were \$485, \$629.50, and \$564. Montreal totaled \$612.75 in four nights, and Cincinnati \$1081. All these accounts, including a detail of expenses, were kept by the humorist, and may be classed as the first and only fiscal performances on his part. His agent, the late E. P. Hingston, had a heavy share in the receipts, and the expenditures were considerable. The lecture was "The Mormons." This last season was his most prosperous one. He hoped by success in England to make his American audiences larger. That success came, but brought with it the end of his life.

On one occasion he was tempted to tease his practical-minded mother. She visited Boston under the escort of Horace Maxfield, who was Mr. Browne's agent for a time, and who now drives the old-fashioned stage along the lake road from the railway terminus at Bridgton. Artemus was to lecture, and she was to hear him for the first time. The old lady had a favorite uncle by the name of Ransford Bates, and when she wished to give especial weight to some statement she would add, "My uncle Ransford Bates said so." Before the lecture began Artemus said to Maxfield: "I am going to bring in 'Uncle Ransford' this evening. You watch mother, and see her jump." Sure enough, at the end of some shocking absurdity he added, "I know it is true, for my uncle Ransford Bates said so." She jumped, and never quite forgave him for his irreverent use of such an important authority.

Artemus and Mr. Charles A. Shaw, now an attorney in Boston, traveled together as star and manager for a time, and the tours

were very successful. Autograph-hunting was at that time a national misdemeanor. Every night after the lecture an armful of albums would be found in the lecturer's room. Often he would be so much exhausted that he would throw himself on the bed with his feet on the foot-board, and refuse to see anybody, much less to write autographs. Being the right kind of advance agent, Mr. Shaw would write up the autographs himself, so that the community of collectors might not be disappointed in the morning, when they called for their books.

evening in company with Artemus, Shanly, and Neil Bryant, the trio broke out in a joyous carol. The song was interrupted by one of the then despised metropolitan policemen, who roughly ordered them to stop the noise. At this rude interruption Artemus stopped his song, and, turning, threw himself upon the broad bosom of the astonished policeman, and gave way to a gush of passionate tears. His friends endeavored to calm him, and the embarrassed officer, half choked by his warm embrace, begged him to desist, which he did,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

TERRITORY OF NEVADA.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, GREETING:

KNOW YE That reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity and ability of Artemus Ward

J. JAMES W. NYE, Governor of the Territory of Nevada, in the name and by the authority of the people thereof, do hereby appoint him the said Artemus Ward under the laws of this Territory, and I do authorize him to discharge, according to law, the duties of said office, and to hold and enjoy the same, together with all the powers, prerogatives and emoluments thereto appertaining, for the term of his natural life, as "Speaker of Pieces" to the People of Nevada Territory.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the Territory of Nevada. Given at Carson City, Nev., this 22 day of December, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty. Twelve

By the Governor,

William King

Secretary of the Territory

ARTEMUS WARD'S APPOINTMENT TO PUBLIC OFFICE.

His life in New York has left but few memorials. In one of his sketches he notes with emotion that the house in Varick street in which he used to board was being torn down, and that some of the timbers were being converted into canes that were cheap at a dollar. They would have been, indeed, had they existed. It was the merriest period in a career that was, after all, full of mental melancholy. His companions were a band of brilliant young Bohemians for whose kind the metropolis now contains no room. They were the last of their kind, and most of them lived but brief lives. They produced much that was brilliant, but nothing that lasted. Artemus alone won enduring fame. The others were writers, actors, and minstrels. The brothers Dan and Neil Bryant were eminent members of the clan, together with Charles Dawson Shanly, and a shining cluster of young men about town. One of the latter, who lived to become a staid merchant, used to relate with glee how, on leaving the little theater in Twenty-third street late one

with the declaration that "the metropolitan policeman is the noblest work of God." This sentiment secured escape and a continuance of the song.

He dearly loved his friends, especially those who had been such in adversity. One of these, Charles W. Coe of Cleveland, once visited Mr. Browne's mother at Waterford, and brought a letter of introduction prefaced thus: "Charles W. Coe of Cleveland, a friend who lasts all the year round," and reading: "Mother, this is Charles W. Coe, who was as much my friend when I was worth \$15 per week as now."

His affection for Daniel Setchell, the comedian, was brotherly. Setchell often visited Waterford on his summer "loaf," as Ward called it. Setchell's pranks and Artemus's quaint, subtle humor and pensive jokes were a constant source of vexation to Mrs. Browne, who, being totally devoid of any humorous sense, could see nothing but annoying nonsense in "such actions," as she termed them. Setchell

was growing stout. When at Waterford he diligently sawed and split wood, carried water from the old well, and exerted himself as much as possible with a view to reducing his flesh. Artemus, who was thin and unutterably lazy, used to sit on the wood-pile and contemplate in a state of pleasurable indolence the exertions of his friend. "Poor Mr. Setchell," said the old lady once, in relating the performance, "he was always afraid he would die of apoplexy, and did the chores to get thin. And to think that, after all, he should have been drowned at sea!" Poor Setchell took passage for Australia on a ship that was never heard from again.

The portrait shows Artemus Ward at twenty. It was taken in Toledo, Ohio, where he went from Tiffin, his first Western stopping-place, and where he began his newspaper work. There is only one copy in existence. The woman in whose house Artemus found his home received it from him when he went to Cleveland, where his career really began. She ascertained that his mother was living, from an article in *THE CENTURY* describing his home and family, and sent the photograph to Mrs. Browne, who had never seen it. It shows the face of the gentle, whimsical country lad as it appeared at the period when he was passing from the crude apprenticeship of a wandering printer to an enduring place in American humorous literature. Indeed, he first taught the citizens of the republic how funny they really were.

The most successful experience in the lecturer's career, except the English experiment, was his journey to the Pacific coast and back

across the continent,—talking jokes to the mining-camps and dodging predatory Indian war-parties. He met with a wonderful welcome everywhere. In Virginia City, Nevada, then an astonishing town with an opera-house, and three daily newspapers, and the Comstock pouring out its wealth, he had some of his most agreeable adventures. Here he met General James William Nye, then territorial governor, and the "Bill Nye" of the "Heathen Chinee." Nye was a living evidence of the kind of humor which Artemus so delightfully depicted, and he did not fail to give gratifying exhibitions of his accomplishments. The lecturer was greeted by great houses during his stay, and was "treated" in true mining-camp style. In a pocket of the old note-book there reposes an official certificate made out on one of the roughly printed territorial blanks, designating Artemus Ward as official "Speaker of Pieces to the People of Nevada Territory." Such a court as Nye kept was rich in securing such a jester even for a few nights only. The miners sent him a great golden chain so long that it could be worn about the neck, but so heavy that it could not be so carried without much discomfort.

Since the death of Mrs. Caroline E. Browne, which occurred in 1884, and by the provisions of her will, a simple but beautiful granite monument marks the plot in the Elm Vale Cemetery at Waterford where all the immediate family lie at rest together. Elm Vale takes its name from a noble farm christened and long owned by Robert Haskins, the uncle of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and under its towering trees the Concord philosopher passed many happy hours.

Don C. Seitz.

[For other articles and illustrations relating to Artemus Ward, see this magazine for October, 1878, November, 1880, and May, 1881.—EDITOR.]

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE PENSION BUREAU.

BY AN EMPLOYEE OF THE BUREAU.¹



HE pension laws consist of a great many different enactments, passed by different Congresses, and constituting a code which is not in all respects consistent or harmonious. The general pension law, so called, provides for pensions on account of disability from wounds, injury, or disease incurred in, and by reason of, military service; and I assume that all will agree that the theory and purpose of such laws are just and beneficent. Certain other laws provide for pensions

on account of past military service, without proof that the applicant became disabled thereby; and several thousand private pension bills have been enacted within the past few years, granting pensions to certain individuals, by name, who were not entitled to pension under the general pension law. The justice of some of these special enactments is more than doubtful; and I presume it is agreed also that there have been abuses and frauds practised in the administration of these laws, and that a desire prevails among a large class of the best citizens, irre-

¹ In 1881 a clerk in the bureau; after 1882 special examiner and supervising examiner of the Chicago district; since January 1, 1891, acting member of the Board of Pension Appeals.