

**ARTEMUS WARD'S
LECTURE. (AS DELIVERED
AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL,
LONDON)**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649731077

Artemus Ward's Lecture. (As Delivered at the Egyptian Hall, London) by T. W. Robertson & E. P. Hingston

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Cover @ 2017

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T. W. ROBERTSON & E. P. HINGSTON

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Charles F. Johnson.
"Admiral Wash."

John Hargreaves,

ARTEMUS WARD'S
LECTURE.

*Revised, Charles
Farrar, 1834-1863*

(As delivered at the Egyptian Hall, London.)

EDITED BY HIS EXECUTORS,

T. W. ROBERTSON & E. P. HINGSTON.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PANORAMA.

LONDON:
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.

NEW YORK:
G. W. CARLETON & CO., BROADWAY.

1869.

F826

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1869

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by

G. W. CARLETON & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

THE Lecture on the Mormons was thus announced to the public of New York, when Artemus Ward first appeared at Dodworth Hall :—

THE Festivities at Dodworth Hall will be commenced by the pianist, a gentleman who used to board in the same street with Gottschalk. The man who kept the boarding-house remembers it distinctly. The overture will consist of a medley of airs, including the touching new ballads—"Dear Sister, is there any Pie in the house?" "My gentle Father, have you any Fine Cut about you?" "Mother, is the Battle o'er—and is it safe for me to come home from Canada?" And (by request of several families who haven't heard it) "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are Marching." While the enraptured ear drinks in the sweet music (we pay our pianist nine dollars a week, and "find him") the eye will be enchained by the magnificent green baize covering of the panorama. This green baize cost 40 cents a yard at Mr. Stewart's store. It was bought in deference to the present popularity of "The Wearing of the Green." We shall keep up to the times if we spend the last dollar our friends have got.

INTRODUCTION.

BY T. W. ROBERTSON.

FEW tasks are more difficult or delicate than to write on the subject of the works or character of a departed friend. The pen falters as the familiar face looks out of the paper. The mind is diverted from the thought of death as the memory recalls some happy epigram. It seems so strange that the hand that traced the jokes should be cold, that the tongue that trolled out the good things should be silent—that the jokes and the good things should remain, and the man who made them should be gone for ever.

The works of Charles Farrer Browne—who was known to the world as "Artemus Ward"—have run through so many editions, have met with such universal popularity, and have been so widely criticised, that it is needless to mention them here. So many biographies have been,

written of the gentleman who wrote in the character of the 'cute Yankee Showman, that it is unnecessary that I should touch upon his life, belongings, or adventures. Of "Artemus Ward" I know just as much as the rest of the world. I prefer, therefore, to speak of Charles Farrer Browne, as I knew him, and, in doing so, I can promise those friends who also knew him and esteemed him, that as I consider no "public" man so public, that some portion of his work, pleasures, occupations, and habits may not be considered private I shall only mention how kind and noble-minded was the man of whom I write, without dragging forward special and particular acts in proof of my words, as if the goodness of his mind and character needed the certificate of facts.

I first saw Charles Browne at a literary club ; he had only been a few hours in London, and he seemed highly pleased and excited at finding himself in the old city to which his thoughts had so often wandered. Browne was an intensely sympathetic man. His brain and feelings were as a "lens," and he

received impressions immediately. No man could see him without liking him at once. His manner was straightforward and genial, and had in it the dignity of a gentleman, tempered, as it were, by the fun of the humorist. When you heard him talk you wanted to make much of him, not because he was "Artemus Ward," but because he was himself, for no one less resembled "Artemus Ward" than his author and creator, Charles Farrer Browne. But a few weeks ago it was remarked to me that authors were a disappointing race to know, and I agreed with the remark, and I remember a lady once said to me that the personal appearance of poets seldom "came up" to their works. To this I replied that, after all, poets were but men, and that it was as unreasonable to expect that the late Sir Walter Scott could at all resemble a Gathering of the Clans as that the late Lord Macaulay should appear anything like the Com-mittal of the Seven Bishops to the Tower. I told the lady that she was unfair to eminent men if she hoped that celebrated engineers would look like tubular bridges, or that Sir Edwin Landseer would remind her of a "Midsummer Night's