

# **Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 18, July 30, 1870 eBook**

## **Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 18, July 30, 1870**

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## Page 2

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*The*  
*mystery of Mr. E. DROOD.*

*An adaptation,*

*By Orpheus C. Kerr.*

## **CHAPTER XII.**

*A night of it with MCLAUGHLIN.*

Judge Sweeney, with a certain supercilious consciousness that he is figuring in a novel, and that it will not do for him to thwart the eccentricities of mysterious fiction by any commonplace deference to the mere meteorological weaknesses of ordinary human nature, does not allow the fact that late December is a rather bleak and cold time of year to deter him from taking daily airings in the neighborhood of the Ritualistic churchyard. Since the inscription of his epitaph on his late wife upon her monument therein, the churchyard is to him

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a kind of ponderous work of imagination with marble leaves, to which he has contributed the most brilliant chapter; and when he sees any stranger hovering about a part of the outer railings from whence the inscription may be read, it is with all the swelling pride of an author who, having procured the publication of some dreary article in a magazine, is thrown into an ecstasy of vanity if he sees but one person glance at that number of the periodical on a news-stand.

Since his first meeting with Mr. *Bumstead*, on the evening of the epitaph-reading, Judge *Sweeney* has cultivated that gentleman's acquaintance, and been received at his lodgings several times with considerable cordiality and lemon-tea. On such occasions, Mr. *Bumstead*, in his musical capacity, has sung so closely in Judge SWEENEY'S ear as to tickle him, a wild and slightly incoherent Ritualistic stave, to the effect that Saint *Peter's* of Rome, with pontifical dome, would by ballot Infallible be; but for making Call sure, and Election secure, Saint Repeater's of Rum beats the See. With finger in ear to allay the tickling sensation, *Judge Sweeney* declares that this young man smelling of cloves is a person of great intellectual attainments, and understands the political genius of his country well enough to make an excellent Judge of Election.

Walking slowly near the churchyard on this particular freezing December evening, with his hands behind his bank, and his eyes intent for any envious husband who may be "with a rush retiring," monumentally counselled, after reading the Epitaph, Judge *Sweeney* suddenly comes upon Father *Dean* conversing with *Smythe*, the sexton, and Mr. *Bumstead*. Bowing to these three, who, like himself, seem to find real luxury in open-air strolling on a bitter night in midwinter, he notices that his model, the Ritual Rector, is wearing a new hat, like Cardinal's, only black, and is immediately lost in wondering where he can obtain one like it short of Rome.

"You look so much like an author, Mr. *Bumstead*, in having no overcoat, wearing your paper collar upside down, and carrying a pen behind your ear," Father *Dean* is saying, "that I can almost fancy you are about to write a book about us. Well, Bumsteadville is just the place to furnish a nice, dry, inoffensive domestic novel in the sedative vein."

After two or three ineffectual efforts to seize the end of it, which he seems to think is an inch or two higher than its actual position, Mr. *Bumstead* finally withdraws from between his right ear and head a long and neatly cut hollow straw.

"This is not a pen, Holy Father," he answers, after a momentary glance of majestic severity at Mr. *Smythe*, who has laughed. "It is only a simple instrument which I use, as a species of syphon, in certain chemical experiments with sliced tropical fruit and glass-ware. In the precipitation of lemon-slices into cut crystal, it is necessary for the liquid medium to be exhausted gradually; and, after using this cylinder of straw for the

purpose about an hour ago, I must have placed it behind my ear in a moment of absent-mindedness.”



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"Ah, I see," said Father *Dean*, although he didn't. "But what is this, Judge *Sweeney*, respecting your introduction of MCLAUGHLIN to Mr. *Bumstead*, which I have heard about?"

"Why, your Reverence, I consider *John* MCLAUGHLIN a Character," responds the Judge, "and thought our young friend of the organ-loft might like to study him."

"The truth is," explains Mr. *Bumstead*, "that Judge *Sweeney* put into my head to do a few pauper graves with *John* MCLAUGHLIN, some moonlight night, for the mere oddity and dampness of the thing.—And I should regret to believe," added Mr. *Bumstead*, raising his voice as saw that the judiciary was about to interrupt—"And I should really be loathe to believe that Judge *Sweeney* was not perfectly sober when he did so."

"Oh, yes—certainly—I remember—to be sure," exclaims the Judge, in great haste; alarmed into speedy assent by the construction which he perceives would be put upon a denial. "I remember it very distinctly. I remember putting it into your head—by the tumblerful, if I remember rightly."

"Profiting by your advice," continues Mr. *Bumstead*, oblivious to the last sentence, I am going out to-night, in search of the moist and picturesque, with *John* MCLAUGHLIN—"

"Who is here," says Father *Dean*.

*Old* MORTARITY, dinner-kettle in hand and more mortary than ever, indeed seen approaching them with shuffling gait. Bowing to the Holy Father, he is about to pass on, when Judge *Sweeney* stops him with—

"You must be very careful with your friend, *Bumstead*, this evening, *John* MCLAUGHLIN, and see that he don't fall and break his neck."

"Never you worry about Mr. *Bumstead*, Judge," growls *old* MORTARITY. "He can walk further off the perpendicklar without tumbling than any gentleman I ever see."

"Of course I can, *John* MCLAUGHLIN," says Mr. *Bumstead*, checking another unseemly laugh of Mr. SMYTHE'S with a dreadful frown. "I often practice walking sideways, for the purpose of developing the muscles on that side. The left side is always the weaker, and the hip a trifle lower, if one does not counteract the difference by walking sideways occasionally."

A great deal of unnecessary coughing, which follows this physiological exposition, causes Mr. *Bumstead* to breathe hard at them all for a moment, and tread with great malignity upon Mr. SMYTHE'S nearest corn.

While yet the sexton is groaning, *old* MORTARITY whispers to the Ritualistic organist that he will be ready for him at the appointed hour to-night, and shuffles away. After

which Mr. *Bumstead*, with the I hollow straw sticking out fiercely from his ear, privately offers to see Father *Dean* home if he feels at all dizzy; and, being courteously refused, retires down the turnpike toward his own lodgings with military precision of step.

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When night falls upon the earth like a drop of ink upon the word Sun, and the stars glitter like the points of so many poised gold pens all ready to write the softer word Moon above the blot, the organist of St. Cow's sits in his own room, where his fire keeps-up a kind of aspenish twilight, and executes upon his accordeon a series of wild and mutilated airs. The moistened towel which he often wears when at home is turbaned upon his head, causing him to present a somewhat Turkish appearance; and as, when turning a particularly complicated corner in an air, it is his artistic habit to hold his tongue between his teeth, twist his head in sympathy with the elaborate fingering, and involuntarily lift one foot higher and higher from the floor as some skittish note frantically dodges to evade him, his general musical aspect at his own hearth is that of a partially Oriental gentleman, agonizingly laboring to cast from him some furious animal full of strange sounds. Thus engaging in desperate single combat with what, for making a ferocious fight before any recognizable tune can be rescued from it, is, perhaps, the most exhausting instrument known to evening amateurs and maddened neighborhoods, Mr. *Bumstead* passes three athletic hours. At the end of that time, after repeatedly tripping-up its exasperated organist over wrong keys in the last bar, the accordeon finally relinquishes the concluding note with a dismal whine of despair, and retires in complete collapse to its customary place of waiting. Then the conquering performer changes his towel for a hat which would look better if it had not been so often worn in bed, places an antique black bottle in one pocket of his coat and a few cloves in the other; hangs an unlighted lantern before him by a cord passing about his neck, and, with his umbrella under his arm, goes softly down stairs and out of the house.

Repairing to the marble-yard and home of *old* MORTARITY, which are on the outskirts of Bumsteadville, he wanders through mortar-heaps, monuments brought for repair, and piles of bricks, toward a whitewashed residence of small demensions with a light at the window.

"*John* McLAUGHLIN, ahoy!"

In response, the master of the mansion promptly opens the door, and it is then perceptible that his basement, parlor, spare-bedroom and attic are all on one floor, and that a couple of pigs are spending the season with him. Showing his visitor into this ingeniously condensed establishment, he induces the pigs to retire to a corner, and then dons his hat.

"Are you ready, *John* McLAUGHLIN?"

"Please the pigs, I am, Mr. *Bumstead*," answers McLAUGHLIN, taking down from a hook a lantern, which, like his companion's, he hangs from his neck by a cord. "My spirits is equal to any number of ghosts to-night, sir, if we meet 'em."

"Spirits!" ejaculates the Ritualistic organist, shifting his umbrella for a moment while he hurriedly draws the antique bottle from his pocket. "You're nervous to-night, J.

MCLAUGHLIN, and need a little of the venerable *James AKER'S* West Indian Restorative.—I'll try it first to make sure that I haven't mistaken the phial."

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He rests the elongated orifice of the diaphanous flask upon his lips for a brief interval of critical inspection, and then applies it thoughtfully to the mouth of *old* MORTARITY.

“Some more! Some more!” pleads the aged MCLAUGHLIN, when the Jamaican nervine is abruptly jerked from his lips.

“Silence! Com on,” is the stern response of the other, who, as he moves from the house, and restores the crystal antiquity to its proper pocket, eats a few cloves by stealth. His manner plainly shows that he is offended at the quantity the old man has managed to swallow already.

Strange indeed is the ghastly expedition to the place of skulls, upon which these two go thus by night. Not strange, perhaps, for Mr. MCLAUGHLIN, whose very youth in New York, where he was an active politician, found him a frequent nightly familiar of the Tombs; but strange for the organist, who, although often grave in his manner, sepulchral in his tones, and occasionally addicted to coughin’, must be curiously eccentric to wish to pass into concert that evening with the dead heads.

Transfixed by his umbrella, which makes him look like a walking cross between a pair of boots and a hat, Mr. *Bumstead* leads the way athwart the turnpike and several fields, until they have arrived at a low wall skirting the foot of Gospeler’s Gulch. Here they catch sight of the Reverend OCTAVIUS *Simpson* and *Montgomery pendragon* walking together, near the former’s house, in the moonlight, and, instantaneously, Mr. *Bumstead* opens his umbrella over the head of *old* MORTARITY, and drags him down beside himself under it behind the wall.

“Hallo! What’s all this?” gasps Mr. MCLAUGHLIN, struggling affrightedly in his suffocating cage of whalebone and alpaca. “What’s this here old lady’s hoop-skirt doing on me?”

“Peace, wriggling dotard!” hisses *Bumstead*, jamming the umbrella tighter over him. “If they see us they’ll want some of the West Indian Restorative.”

Mr. *Simpson* and *Montgomery* have already heard a sound; for they pause abruptly in their conversation, and the latter asks: “Could it have been a ghost?”

“Ask it if it’s a ghost,” whispers the Gospeler, involuntarily crossing himself.

“Are you there, Mr. G.?” quavers the raised voice of the young Southerner, respectfully addressing the inquiry to the stone wall.

No answer.

“Well,” mutters the Gospeler, “it couldn’t have been a ghost, after all; but I certainly thought I saw an umbrella. To conclude what I was saying, then,—I have the



confidence in you, Mr. *Montgomery*, to believe that you will attend the dinner of Reconciliation on Christmas eve, as you have promised."

"Depend on me, sir."

"I shall; and have become surety for your punctuality to that excellent and unselfish healer of youthful wounds, Mr. *Bumstead*."

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More is said after this; but the speakers have strolled to the other side of the Gospeler's house, and their words cannot be distinguished Mr. *Bumstead* closes his umbrella with such suddenness and violence as to nearly pull off the head of MCLAUGHLIN; drives his own hat further upon his nose with a sounding blow; takes several wild swallows from his antique flask; eats two cloves, and chuckles hoarsely to himself for some minutes. "Here, 'John MCLAUGHLIN," he says, at last "try a little more West Indian Restorative, and then we'll go and do a few skeletons."

(*To be Continued.*)

\* \* \* \* \*

What is Likely to be Raised some day, regarding the Pneumatic Tunnel.

*Tubal. Cain.*

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration. *Punchinello correspondence.*]

*Answers to correspondents.*

In order to make this department of *punchinello* as complete as possible, we have secured the services of the most competent authorities in literature, art, the sciences in general, history, biography, and the vast vague unknown. The answers furnished by us to our correspondents may therefore be relied upon as being strictly accurate.

*Scales.*—How old was *Daniel Lambert* at the time of his death?

*Answer.*—736 lbs.

*Ignoramus.*—Why were the Roman *Saturnalia* so called?

*Answer.*—The proper spelling of the word is *Sauternalia*. They were wine feasts; and the vintage most in favor at them was Haut Sauterne.

*Chasseur.* Is the antelope to be classed among the goat family?

*Answer.*—No. MOORE calls it a "deer gazelle."

*Armiger.*—Is "arm's length" a recognized measure?

*Answer.*—Yes. It is a *Standard* measure, as may be seen in the way that journal is getting ahead of the *Sun*, which it keeps at arm's length.

*Molar.*—Yes; burnt Cork is an excellent dentifrice. It should not be applied to the teeth of children, however, as it is apt to impart an Irish accent, or, in extreme cases, even a negro dialect.

*Bookworm.*—Do two negatives always constitute an affirmative?

*Answer.*—That depends upon the price charged by the photographer.

*Sunswick.*—Is it true that JAMES FISK, Jr., has purchased Baden and another German Duchy?

*Answer.*—No: but he could have both if he wanted two.

*Rockland.*—Who are the suffering persons represented in DORE'S remarkable picture of DANTE and VIRGIL visiting the frozen ward of the *Inferno*?

*Answer.*—The Knickerbocker Ice Company.

*Solitaire.*—On what day did the Fourth of July fall in the year 1788?



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*Answer.*—On the Fourth.

*James Lobbs.*—How long ago is it since desiccated soup first came into use?

*Answer.*—At least as long ago as the days of CROMWELL, whose advice to his troops was “Put your trust in Providence, and keep your chowder dry.”

*Bach.*—Is the practice of divorce a mark of civilization?

*Answer.*—It is. In the Gorilla family, (the nearest approach to the human,) divorce is not practiced, but it is in Indiana, which is usually considered to be a State of Civilization.

\* \* \* \* \*

PAT TO THE QUESTION.

Our law-makers in Congress—or rather law-cobblers, for few of them have risen to the dignity of makers—are asked to repeal the *per cap.* duty imposed by California on all Chinamen imported there.

The Californians have the authority of Congress itself, for this duty. By reference to “HEYL’S Rates of Duties on Imports,” page 36, art. 691, under head of “Act of June 30, 1864, chap. 171,” “An act to increase Duties on Imports,” *etc.*, we find “on paddy one cent and a half per pound.” Now if a good-sized Irishman pays \$2.25, why shouldn’t a “Celestial” pay as much in proportion to the weight of his *corpus*?

\* \* \* \* \*

Contradictory.

It appears that, by a joint resolution of Congress, the use of “that first-class humbug and fraud, the whiskey meter,” has been abolished. Now there are dozens of members of Congress who are not only “first-class humbugs and frauds,” but whiskey meters, to whom whiskey is both meat and drink, and yet who ever heard of their proposing to abolish themselves?

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: STAY-AT-HOME PEOPLE

FOLKS MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GO TO NEWPORT OR LONG BRANCH, BUT THEY CAN ALWAYS CREATE A LOCAL SENSATION BY TAKING A FOOT-BATH IN THE BACK-YARD.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## MURPHY THE CONQUEROR

BY CORPORAL QUINN.

Come tip us your fist, then, yer sowl you;  
Since iver I come from the wars  
The like wasn't heerd. Fill the bowl you  
Bowld sons of MILESIUS and MARS;  
And dhrink to ould Ireland the turfy  
That's shmilin' out there in the say,  
Wid three cheers for the conqueror MURPHY.  
Whoo! America's ours from to-day.

Och! SAYZAR he walloped the Briton,  
The Tarthars leap't China's big wall,  
ALEXANDTHUR did half the wurld sit on,  
But niver touched Ireland at all.  
At Clontarf ould BOBU in the surf he  
Sint tumblin' the murdtherin' Danes—  
But, yer sowl, the brave conqueror MURPHY  
Takes the shine out of all of their panes.



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ULYSSES has made him Collecthor,  
 (Sich choppin' o' heads ne'er was seen;)
 Sure the hayro will make me Inspecthor  
 Whin there's so many "wigs on the green."  
 And we'll be night-watchmen uproarious,  
 Wid big badges on our coats,  
 And we'll fight for TOM MURPHY the glorious,  
 Wid our fists, our guns, and our votes.

At the Custom House, Dutchman and Yankee  
 Are thryin' to talk wid a brogue,  
 They're all *Irish*, now—fat, lean, or lanky,  
 And green are the neckties in vogue.  
 They're thracin' themselves to some DURPHY,  
 O'NEILL, or McCANN, or O'TAAFFE,  
 I'll go bail the bowld conqueror MURPHY  
 'S too owld to be caught wid sich chaff.

Now Dutchmin may go to the divil,  
 And Yankees to Plymouth's ould rock,  
 We'll blast it, if they are not civil;  
 While boys of the raal ould stock  
 Will hurroo for ould Ireland the turfy.  
 Whoo! Jibralthar is taken to-day,  
 Our commandther's the conqueror MURPHY—  
 Now a tiger and nine times hoorray!

\* \* \* \* \*

### COMIC ZOOLOGY.

#### Genus Culex.—The American Mosquito

Few American birds are better known than the mosquito. In common with the woodcock, snipe, and other winged succubi, it breeds in wet places, yet is always dry. Like them it can sustain life on mud juleps, but prefers "cluret." It is a familiar creature, seems to regard the human family as its Blood relations, and is always ready to sucker them.

Being a bird of Nocturnal Habits, it is particularly attracted to human beings in their Night-shirts. The swallow preys upon it, but it generally eludes the Bat. Although it cannot be called Noctilucous, like the lightning bug, it has no objection to alight in the darkness, and you often knock till you cuss in your vain attempts to prevent its taking a Shine to you.

The mosquito differs in most respects from all the larger varieties of the winged tribes, and upon the whole takes after man more than any other living thing. Nevertheless, it certainly bears a noticeable resemblance to some of the feathered race. Like the Nightingale, it “sings darkling,” and like the woodpecker, is much addicted to tapping the bark of Limbs and Trunks for the purpose of obtaining grub. It may be mentioned as an amiable idiosyncrasy of the mosquito, that it is fond of babies. If there is a child in the house, it is sure to spot the playful innocent; and by means of an ingenious contrivance combining the principles of the gimlet and the air-pump, it soon relieves the little human bud of its superfluous juices. It is, in fact, a born surgeon, a Sangrado of the Air, and rivals that celebrated Spanish Leech in its fondness for phlebotomy. Some infidels, who do not subscribe to the doctrine that nothing was made in vain, consider it an unmitigated nuisance, but the devout and thoughtful Christian recognizes it as Nature’s preventive of plethora, and as it alternately breathes a Vein and a song, it may be said (though we never heard the remark,) to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*.

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All the members of the genus are slender and graceful in their shape and Gnatty in their general appearance. The common mosquito is remarkable for its strong attachments. It follows man with more than canine fidelity, and in some cases, the dog-like pertinacity of its affection can only be restrained by Muslin. It is of a roving disposition, seldom remaining settled long in one locality; and is Epicurean in its tastes—always living, if possible, on the fat of the land. As the mosquito produces no honey, mankind in general are not as sweet upon it as they are upon that bigger hum-bug, the buzzy bee; yet it is so far akin to the bee, that, wherever it forages, it produces something closely resembling Hives.

Few varieties of game are hunted more industriously than this, yet such is the fecundity of the species, that the Sportsman's Club has not as yet thought it necessary to petition the legislature for its protection.

The New Jersey Mosquito is the largest known specimen of the genus, except the Southern Gallinipper, which is only a few sizes smaller than the Virginia Nightingale, and raises large speckles similar to those of the Thrush. Ornithologists who wish to study the habits of the mosquito in its undomesticated or nomad state, may find it in angry clouds on the surface of the New Jersey salt marshes at this season, in company with its teetering long-billed Congener, the Sandsnipe.

During the last month of summer it reigns supreme in the swamps west of Hoboken, the August Emperor of all the Rushes, and persons of an apoplectic turn, who wish to have their surplus blood determined to the surface instead of to the head, will do well to seek the hygienic insect there.

\* \* \* \* \*

An Apt Quotation.

The name "Louvre" has now been adopted by several places of entertainment in New York and its suburbs. A Boston gentleman, who visited seven of them a night or two since, under the escort of a policeman, declares that, by a slight alteration of a line of MOORE's, New York may be well described as—

"A place for Louvres, and for Louvres only."

\* \* \* \* \*

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO puts up at the Atlantic Hotel when he goes to Cape May; and if you were to ask him why, he would tell you that it was on account of the admirable water-

punches which JOHN McMAKIN serves up. To be sure these mixtures do not agree with Mr. P., but he likes to see people enjoying themselves, even if he can't do it himself. It is this unselfish disposition, this love of his fellow-men, that enables him to maintain that constant good humor so requisite to his calling. In fact, though Mr. P. often says sharp things, he never gets angry. When, on Thursday of last week, he was walking down the south side of Jackson street, and a man asked him did he want to buy a bag, Mr. P. was not enraged. He knew the man took him for a greenhorn, but then the man himself was a Jerseyman. It is no shame to be a greenhorn to a Jerseyman. Quite the reverse. Mr. P. would blush if he thought there lived a "sand-Spaniard" who could not take advantage of him. So Mr. P. bought the bag, and because it was made of very durable canvas, and would last a great while, he paid a dollar for it.

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He did not ask what it was for. He knew. It was to put Cape May Diamonds in! He put the bag in his pocket and walked along the beach for three miles. You can't walk more than three miles here, and if you hire a carriage you will find that you can't ride less than that distance. Which makes it bad, sometimes. However, when Mr. P. had finished his three miles, he didn't want to go any further. He stopped, and gazing carelessly around to see that no one noticed him, pulled out his canvas bag and did shuffle a little in the sand with his feet. He might find some diamonds, you know, just as likely as any of the hundreds of other people, who, in other sequestered parts of the beach, were pulling out other canvas bags, and shuffling in the sand with other feet. At length Mr. P. shuffled himself into a very sequestered nook indeed, and there he saw a man smoking. His melancholy little boy was sitting by his side. Perceiving that it was only General GRANT, Mr. P. advanced with his usual grace and suavity of manner.

"Why, Mr. President!" said he, "I thought you would be found at Long Branch this season."

"Long—thunder!" ejaculated the General, his face as black as the ace of spades, (which, by the way, is blue.) "I might go to Nova Zembla for a quiet smoke, and some sneaking politician would crawl out from the ice with a petition. I went fishing in Pennsylvania, and I found twenty of those fellows to every trout. However, I don't mind you. Take a seat and have a cigar."

[Illustration.]

Mr. P. took the seat, (which was nothing to brag of,) and a cigar, (which would have been a great deal to brag of, if he had succeeded in smoking it,) and, after a whiff or two, asked his companion how it was that he came to send such a message to Congress about Cuba.

"What message?" said GRANT, absently.

Mr. P. explained.

"Oh," said GRANT, "that one! Didn't you like it? CALEB CUSHING wrote it and brought it to me, and I signed it. If you had written one and brought it to me, I would have signed that. 'Tisn't my fault if the thing's wrong. What would you expect of a man?"

Mr. P. concluded that in this case it was ridiculous to expect anything else, and so he changed the subject.

That afternoon Mr. P. bathed.

He went to SLOAN'S and fitted himself out in a bathing suit, and very lovely he looked in it, when he emerged from the bathing house at high tide. With a red tunic; green

pants; and a very yellow hat, he resembled a frog-legged Garibaldian, ready for the harvest.

When he hurried to the water's edge, he hesitated for a moment. The roaring surf was so full of heads, legs, arms, back-hair, hats and feet, that he feared there was no room for him. However, he espied a vacancy, and plunged into the briny deep.

How delicious! How cool! How fresh! How salt! How splendid!



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He struck out with his legs; he struck out with his arms; he dived with his whole body. He skimmed beneath the green waters; he floated on the rolling wave-tips; he trod water; he turned heels over head in the emerald depths; and thus, gamboling like an Infant Triton, he passed out beyond the breakers. It was very pleasant there. Being a little tired, he found the change from the surging waves to the gentle chuck and flop of the deep water, most delightful. Languidly, to rest himself, he threw his arm over a rock just peeping above the water. But the rock gave a start and a yawn.

It was a sleeping shark!

The startled fish opened his eyes to their roundest, and backed water.

So did Mr. P.

For an instant they gazed at each other in utter surprise. Then the shark began slowly to sink. Mr. P. knew what that meant. The monster was striving to get beneath him for the fatal snap!

Mr. P. sank with him!

With admirable presence of mind he kept exactly even with the fish.

[Illustration.]

At last they reached the bottom.

Mr. P. was nearly suffocated, but he determined that he would strangle rather than rise first. The shark endeavored to crawl under him, but Mr. P. clung to the bottom.

The fish then made a feint of rising, but, in an instant, Mr. P. had him around the waist!

The affrighted shark darted to the surface, and Mr. P. inhaled at least a gallon of fresh air. Never before had oxygen tasted so good!

On the surface the struggle was renewed, but Mr. P. always kept undermost.

At last they rested from the contest, and lay panting on the surface of the water, glaring at each other.

The shark, who was a master of *finesse*, swam out a little way, to where the water was deeper, and then slowly sank, intending, if Mr. P. followed him again to the bottom, to stay there long enough to drown the unfortunate man. But Mr. P. knew a trick worth two of that.



*He didn't follow him at all!* He swam towards shore as fast as he could, and when the shark looked around, to see if he was coming, he was safe within the line of surf.

Need it be said that when he reached dry land, Mr. P. became a hero with the crowds who had witnessed this heroic struggle?

That evening, as Mr. P. sat upon the portico of his hotel, there came unto him, in the moonlight, a maiden of the latest fashion.

"Sir," she softly murmured "are you the noble hero who overcame the shark?"

Mr. P. looked up at her.

Her soft eyes were dimmed with irresponsible emotion.

"I am," said he.

The maiden stood motionless. Her whole frame was agitated by a secret struggle.

At length she spoke.

"Is there a Mrs. P.?" she softly said.

Mr. P. arose. He grasped the back of his chair with trembling hand. His manly form quivered with a secret struggle.



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He looked upon her!

He gazed for a moment, with glowing, passionate eyes, upon that matchless form—upon that angelic face, and then—he clasped his brows in hopeless agony. Stepping back, he gave the maiden one glance of wildest love, followed by another of bitterest despair; and sank helpless into his chair.

[Illustration.]

The maiden leaned, pale and trembling, against a pillar; but hearing the approach of intruders, she recovered herself with an effort.

“Farewell,” she whispered. “I know! I know! There *is* a Mrs. P.!”—and she was gone.

Mr. P. arose and slipped out into the night, shaken by a secret struggle. He laid upon the sand and kicked up his heels.

*There isn't any Mrs. P.!*

Mr. P. does not wish to sweep his hand rudely o'er the tender chords of any heart, but he wants it known that he is neither to be snapped up by sharks in the sea, or by young women at watering places.

\* \* \* \* \*

A DOG'S TALE.

Dogmatic.

I am only a dog, I admit; but do you suppose dogs have no feeling? I guess if you were kicked out of every door-way you ran into, and driven away from every meat stand or grocery you happened to smell around, you would think you had feelings.

When I see some dogs riding in carriages, looking so grandly out of the windows, or others walking along proudly by the side of their owners, I have a feeling of dislike for the very thought of liberty!

I sometimes go with the crowd to a lecture-room, and listen to the speeches about freedom and liberty, the hatred of bondage, and all that sort of thing. I get my tail up, and wish I could tell them what liberty really is. There is nothing worse in the world than this running around loose, with no one to look after you, and no one for you to look after; no one to notice you when you wag your tail, and to have no occasion for so doing. You go out and you come in, and nobody cares. If you never come back, no one troubles himself about you.

Every day I hear men reading in the papers about some lucky dogs having strayed, or having been stolen, a large reward being offered for their recovery: and I envy each lost dog! I wonder who would advertise for me if I got lost! Alas! no one. They would not give me a bone to bring me back, or to keep me from drowning myself. But every boy in the street thinks he has a right to throw stones at me; and tie tin-kettles to my tail; and chase me when I have had the good luck to find a bone; and to set big dogs upon me to worry me when I am faint from hunger and haven't much pluck; and worse than all, chase me and cry "Ki-yi," when I am almost dying of thirst!

If you only knew how hard it is for a poor dog to make his way in the world, with no one to help him to a mouthful of food, you would feel sorry for us.

But I think we might get along better if it wasn't for the scarcity of water. I hardly know a spot in the city where I can get a drink; and many a time I have gone all day without a drop.

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If I happen to hang out my tongue and droop my tail, my ears are saluted with “Mad dog! Let’s kill him!” You need not wonder I sometimes turn round, and snap at my pursuers. I think you would snap, too, if you were chased through street and lane and alley, till your blood was in a perfect fever, and you hardly knew which way you were running! I have, on many such occasions, actually run past a beautiful bone that lay handy on the side-walk, and never stopped to smell it.

Oh! I wish some one would take me prisoner, and continue to own me, and keep me in bondage as long as I lived! I should only be too happy to give up my liberty, and settle down and be a respectable dog!

\* \* \* \* \*

A Bute-Iful Idea.

The Marquis of Bute denies that he is going to return to the Protestant fold. With reference to the rumor, the Pope stated in the Ecumenical Council that “the Bute was on the right leg at last, and that he would launch his thunder against him who should dare that Bute displace.”

\* \* \* \* \*

WHAT IS IT?

As the shades of night descend (in the neighborhood of Mecklenburg, N.C.) and harmless domestic animals begin to compose themselves to sleep, suddenly the drowsy world is awakened by a roaring like that of a lion! It proceeds from the forest, in whose bosky recesses (as the Mecklenburgers suppose) some terrible creature proclaims his hunger and his inclination to appease it with human flesh! All night long the quaking denizens of that hamlet lie and listen to the roaring, which is an effectual preventive of drowsiness, as the moment any one begins to be seized with it he also begins to fancy he is about to be seized and deglutinated by the horrid monster! Naturalists are positive it is not the Gyascutis, but admit that a Megatherium may have lately awakened from the magnetic sleep of ages, with the pangs of a mighty hunger tearing his wasted viscera.

If our theory is correct, the good people of Mecklenburg (was it not in Mecklenburg that the agitation for Independence began?) may be assured that deliverance from this unreasonable Dragon is possible. We think it more than likely that it is simply GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN practicing for the next invasion of Great Britain. Nothing could be more harmless. One Ku-Kluxian youth, armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun, four bowie-knives, and a number of revolvers, could rout him instantly, and even check the flow of his vociferous eloquence so suddenly as to put him in imminent danger of asphyxia.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: RETRIBUTION.

THE BOYS OF SAN FRANCISCO, EXASPERATED AT THE CONVERSION OF THEIR  
DOGS  
INTO PIE, TIE KETTLES TO THE TAILS OF THE CHINAMEN.]

\* \* \* \* \*

Giving the Cue.

“Is that one of your Chinese *belles*? asked Mr. PUNCHINELLO of Mr. KOOPMAN-  
SCHOOP, as one of the newly-imported yallagals passed.

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“Yes,” replied Mr. K. “You can always tell a Chinese bell from a Chinese gong by the bell-pull attached to it.”

Mr. P. immediately presented his *chapeau* to Mr. K.

\* \* \* \* \*

HINTS FOR—THOSE WHO WILL TAKE THEM.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO: Your invaluable “Hints for the Family,” published some time since, seem destined to work a revolution in our domestic economy; as the plans you propose must win the admiration of housekeepers by their extreme simplicity, aside from any other motives to their adoption. I have myself tested several of your methods, and find that you speak from thorough and circumstantial knowledge of your subject. In bread-making, for instance, we find that when the cat reposes in the dough, it (the dough) will not rise, though the cat does. But in the clock manufacture, we fear you have divulged one of the secrets of the trade.

Your little invention for carrying a thread should be recommended to students and other isolated beings, notwithstanding their unaccountable propensity to pierce other substances than the cloth. They would find driving the needle through much facilitated by a skilful use of the table formerly described.

Permit me to make a few additional suggestions.

Get some worsted and a pair of needles; set up from twenty to forty stitches, more or less, and knit till you are tired. When finished—(the knitting)—draw out the needles and bite off the thread. You will thus have made an elegant lamp-mat, of the same color as the worsted, and the very thing for a Christmas present to your grandmother.

This is a very graceful employment, and a great favorite with ladies; in fact, some ladies seem so infatuated with work of that kind, that, according to the new theory of the Future, a fruition of fancy-work will be amongst their other blissful realizations. And so, after surveying Deacon QUIRK’S spiritual potato fields, or perhaps some fresh (spiritual) manifestation of Miss PHELPS’S piety and intelligence, we may have the pleasure of seeing the sun and moon hung with tidies, and a lamp-mat under each star.

Take your rejected sketches and compositions, cut them in strips two or three inches wide, and as long as the paper will permit. Fold these strips lengthwise as narrow as possible, and smooth the edges down flat with your finger. When finished, or perhaps before, you will find you have made a bunch of excellent lamp-lighters.

Get a suit of clothes—broadcloth is the best—and a pair of boots to stand them in. Button the coat, and insert in the neck any vegetable you choose, so that it be large enough, (one of the drum-head species is the best,) and finish with a hat. You will then

find, doubtless to your surprise and delight, that you have a man, or an excellent substitute for one, equal, if not superior to the genuine article, warranted to be always pleased with his dinner,



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and never, necessarily, in the way. Some people may object to its lack of intelligence, as compared with the original, but careful investigation has shown that the difference is very slight; yet, admitting even this to be a positive fault, it is amply counterbalanced by negative merits. Your correspondent who writes about "The Real Estate of Woman," will be relieved to find that the threatened dearth in husbands can be so readily obviated.

Very truly,

ANN O. BLUE.

\* \* \* \* \*

For Singers, Only.

What is the best wine for the voice?

Canary.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Chop-House Aphorism.

Customers who fee waiters may always be sure of their Feed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Washy.

The daily papers tell us that "Sixty-Eight Thousand persons visited the public baths during last week."

They went in—a week lot—and came out sixty-eight thousand strong.

\* \* \* \* \*

Constructive Genius.

"A poor woman in Utica, who owns three houses and is building another, sends her children into the streets daily to beg."

Quite right. While the youngsters beg in the streets, let the enterprising old lady go on and begin another house.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Result of the Mongol.

Owing to the influx of Chinamen into this country, the edict against allowing dogs to run at large during the Summer has been relaxed.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: BOMBASTES BONAPARTE:

NOW PERFORMING AT THE THEATRE FRANCAIS.

“He who would these Boots displace  
Must meet BOMBASTES face to face.”]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE NEW PANDORA’S BOX.

REPRESENTATIVE MANUFACTURER, (*springing open Chinese surprise box.*)—  
“THERE!—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT LITTLE JOKER?”

KNIGHT OF ST. CRISPIN.—“PSHAW! THAT’S A MEAN TRICK: WAIT TILL I OPEN  
MY BOX!”]

\* \* \* \* \*

HIRAM GREEN ON THE CHINESE.

He write a letter to the North Adams Shoe Manufacturer.—New Occupation for the  
“Coming Man.”

NSBORO, NYE ONTO VARMONT, *July the 11th, 18-Seventy.*

MISTER SAMPSON:

Selestial sir:—I take my goose quill in hand to rite you a letter. I like your stile—you soot me. I myself have been an old Statesman, having served my country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, raisin’ sed offis to a higher standard than usual, as well as raisin’ an interestin’ family of eleven healthy children. Upon the linements of their countenance the features and stamp of GREEN stands out in bold relief. They are all genuine Green-bax.

A little cloud no bigger than a man’s hand made its appearance over the golden streets of San Francisco.

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It is growin' bigger, and afore we know it, will be bigger than a white elephant.

You have ceased the dilemer by the horn which hangs suspended from the dilemer's head, like the tail of a kite.

While you have set the Chinees peggin' away puttin' bottoms on shoes, a great many are peggin' away "putin' a head onto you."

In the present statis of things you want to blow up your nerve, and stand as firm as the rox of Jiberalter, and like BYRON exclaim:

"To be or not to be, there's the question;—  
Whether a man feels better to pay big wages for shoemakers,  
Or to suffer the slings and arrows of everybody,  
By hirin' Pig-tails for 1/2 price?"

Poleticians of the different churches don't endorse our Selestial brother. But, sir, I'll venter a few dollars, that if the children of the son—and dorter—leaned towards either party, he would be gobled up quicker'n scat, even if he come red hot from old LUCIFER, with a pocket full of free passes, for the whole nashun, to the Infernal regions.

That's so. A vote's a vote, if it comes from Greenland's coral strand or Afric's icy mountains. I feel a good deal towards you as a nabor of mine, named JOE BELCHER, once did.

JOE likes his tod, and can punish as much gin and tansy as a New York alderman can, when drinkin' at the sity's expense.

JOE went to camp meetin' last week, and, I am pained to say it, JOSEF got drunker than a biled owl.

While one of the brethern was preachin', JOE sot on a pine log tryin' to make out wether the preacher was a double-headed man, or whether 2 men were holdin' forth.

"Who'll stand up for the carpenter's Son?" sed the preacher.

This made JOE look around.

The question was again repeated.

Again JOE looked around for an answer.

Again the preacher said: "Who'll stand up for Him?"



JOE by this time had got onto his feet, and was steadyin' himself by holdin' onto a tree, while he sung out:

"I say (hic!) ole feller, lle stand up (hic!) for him, or any 'orrer man who hain't got any (hic!) more fren's than he has (hic!) in this 'ere crowd."

I feel a good deal as JOE did. Anybody who hain't got any more frends than you have, Mr. SAMPSON, has my sympathy.

For bringin' these *hily morril* and *refined* Monongohelians to Massachusetts is a big feather in your cap, and you will receive your reward bime-bye.

"The wages of sin is death."

But the wages of a Chinyman is money in a man's pocket. They work cheap.

I am trying to get the Chinese substituted for canal hosses.

A man here by the name of SNYDER, who runs a canal Hoss to our Co., talks of sendin' for a lot.

Won't they be bang up with their cues hitcht to a canal bote snakin' it along at the rate of a mile inside of 2 hours. "G'lang! Tea leaf."

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Then when they was restin' from their labors, by tyin' 2 of 'em together by their cues, stand one opposite the other and hang close between 'em to dry, on washin' day.

What an aristocratic thing Chiny close-line posts would be. The only drawback that I know of is, that the confounded posts mite some day walk off with all the close.

But, sir, if they served me in that manner, I would cover the ground with broken crockery by smashin' their old Chiny mugs for 'em.

Since you've awoken to *notorosity*, I have been studdyin' out your family pedigree.

I find your Antsisters are connected with long hair more or less, same as you be with Chiny pig-tails.

Old SAMPSON the first's strength, like your'n of to-day, lade in his long hair.

He could cut off more heads, and slay more Fillistians with the jaw bone of a member of Congress than the President of these U.S. can by makin' a new deal in the Custom house department.

And, sir, I reckon about these days, we are getting rather more of that same kind of jaw bone than is healthy.

I am afrade not.

Mrs. SAMPSON worked like a kag of apple sass in hot weather, to find out where her old man's strength was. When she found out, what did she do? Why, she got a pair of sheep shears and cropped him closer'n a state prison bird, and tryin' to lift a house full of fokes, it fell onto him and smashed him.

Like LOT'S wife, she'd orter been turned into a pillow of salt, and then the pillow had orter been sewed up and cast into the sea.

Another of the SAMPSONS wouldn't even chop off MARIAR ANTERNETTE'S head until her hair had been cut off, so he could peel her top-knot off slick and cleen.

Lookin' back at these cheerful antsisters of your'n, it's no wonder you go in for long haired labor. It runs in the SAMPSON blood.

The public is cussin' you from DANIEL to BEEBSHEBER, because you've brought a lot of modern Philistines to Massachusetts.

Let 'em cus.

That's their lay.



Your'n is, to bild up a fortin, if Poor-houses for white laborers to live in is thicker in North Adams than goose pimples on a fever and ager sufferer's form.

As old Grandma SAMPSON cut off her old man's long hair, so she could handle him in one of them little fireside scrimmages which we married fokes enjoy, so fokes would crop you, my hi toned old Joss stick.

But I've writ more'n I intended to. I would like to have you come and make us a visit.

Bring along your wife, DELIAL. Tell her to bring her croshay work.

Mrs. GREEN is interestin' company among wimmen.

What MARIAR don't know about her nabors, don't happen.

Then her veel pot-pies and ingin puddins are just rats.

She cannock the spots off from any woman who wears a waterfall, gettin' up a good square meal.

Anser soon, and don't forget to pay your own postige.

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Hopin' you are sound on the goose and able to enjoy your *Swi lager und Sweitzer*,

I am thine, old hoss,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TREATMENT FOR POTATO BUGS.

Mr. CLARK JOHNSON, of Pendleton, Indiana, not at all discouraged by the signal failures of many previous campaigns against the Bug, has entered the (potato) field with a new weapon, viz.: a mixture of Paris Green and Ashes. Applied frequently, as a Top Dressing, this gentle stimulant imparts a new energy to the vine, and also to the Bug, who thus becomes so vigorous, and at the same time restless, that an uncontrollable impulse seizes him to visit the home of his ancestors, (Colorado.) Here, as is supposed by Mr. JOHNSON, the fictitious energy that had been supplied by the Mixture deserts the immigrant, who now settles down contentedly, nor ever roams again.

As (owing to the present facilities of freighting, *etc.*.) the Potatoes of Pendleton may eventually find the New York market, which always invites the superior esculent, we would like to suggest to Mr. JOHNSON that this Mixture be administered to the Bug with a spoon, and not sprinkled promiscuously on the ground. We have drank Tea with a "green flavor," and found it comparatively innocuous; but Potatoes with a green flavor, (especially if flavored by the JOHNSONIAN method,) we should consider as doubtful, to say the least. It is the general impression that there is nothing Green in Paris; but your house painter knows there is such a thing as Paris Green, and that it is the oxyde of copper. Therefore, should one eat many of the potatoes nourished as above, we should expect to see him gradually turning into a Bronze Statue—a fate which, unless he were particularly Greeky and nice-looking, we should wish to anticipate, if possible, in the interests of art.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: MR. SWACHENBACKER, OF THE AIRY 'UN SOCIETY, CREATES A SENSATION AMONG THE LADY BATHERS AT "THE BRANCH," BY APPEARING AMONG THEM AS A MERMAN, WITH A REAL LOOKING-GLASS AND A FALSE TAIL.]

\* \* \* \* \*

Fashionable Intelligence.

Two colors that once were fashionable in the Parisian *toilette*, viz.: BISMARCK brown and Prussian blue, are now excluded from court circles, by command of the Empress.

\* \* \* \* \*

Weather or No.

Most remarkable in the history of mathematics are the calculations published by the weather-prophet of the *Express*. Arithmetic turns pale when she glances at them, and, striking her multiplication table with her algebraic knuckles, demands to know why the *Express* does not add a Cube-it to its THATCHER.

\* \* \* \* \*



## Page 27

Comparative Industry.

It is reported that "the journeymen lathers demand four dollars per day." As a question of comparative soap, the latherers will in due time strike too. The ultimatum will be-"Raise our pay or we drop the Razor."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Omnibus Hoc," etc.

What is the difference between theft in an omnibus and the second deal at cards?

One is a Game of the Stage, and the other is a Stage of the Game.

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR AGRICULTURAL COLUMN.

Memorabilia of "What I Know About Farming."

Profound subjects should be well meditated upon. A man may write about "New America," or "Spiritual Wives," or any such light and airy subject, without possessing much knowledge, or indulging in much thought, but he can't play such tricks upon Agriculture. She is very much like a donkey: unless you are thoroughly acquainted with her playful ways, she will upset you in a quagmire. Perhaps it is due to my readers that I should say here that I have read a great many valuable treatises upon this subject, among which may be named, "Cometh up as a Flour," "Anatomy of Melon-cholly," "Sowing and Reaping," one thousand or two volumes of Patent Office Reports, and three or four bushels of "Proverbial Philosophy." I would also add, that I invariably remain awake on clear nights, and think out the ideas set down in this column. Probably you may not be able to find traces of all that labor here, but I assure you that those books are more familiar to me than is my catechism. However, anybody who thinks he knows more about vegetables than I do, can send me a letter containing his information, and, if I don't cabbage it, I will plant it carefully in the bottom of the waste paper basket. We now proceed to consider.

PAR'S NIPS.

This vegetable always flourishes in a moist soil, though it generally has a holy horror of *aqua pura*. Some of them are of an immense size; I have seen them fill a tumbler. Producers, however, generally charge more for the large ones than for the small. The size of the nip usually depends upon the par. It may be that your par's nip is extremely small, while JOHN SMITH'S par's nip is very large. Four fingers is, I believe, considered to be the regulation size.



This vegetable is served up in a variety of forms. Some pars like it with milk; in that case it is generally “hung up.” In the winter it is often called a sling or a punch; in the summer it is denominated a cobbler or a jew-lip. Perhaps it would be well for those who love it, to indulge in par’s nip now, for some people say, that in the days of the “coming man” there will be no par’s nips. It must be admitted that the father of a family, who indulges too freely in par’s nip, is very likely to run to seed, and to plant himself in such unfruitful places as the gutter. If he be a young par, he may become a rake, and fork over his money, and then ho! for the alms-house.

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Numerous efforts have been made to suppress this vegetable, among which may be reckoned, "Father, dear Father, come home with me now," Brother GOUGH'S circus, and the parades of the F.M.T.A.B. Societies. Maine and Vermont Neal together in the front rank of its opponents. In Boston they tried to suppress this vegetable, but, if you followed your par to a store and heard him order a cracker, you could smell par's nip.

Among the mild varieties of this article may be mentioned benzine, camphene and kerosene; the next strongest kind is called Jersey lightning; but, if you desire par's nips in their most luxuriant form, go to Water street and try the species known as "rot-gut."

\* \* \* \* \*

### OUR PORTFOLIO.

Poetry is the exclusive birthright of no age of people. The dirtiest Hindoo sings to his *fetish* the songs of the Brahmin muse, with as keen a relish as the most devout Christian does the hymns of Dr. WATTS. Melody comes of Heaven, and is a gift vouchsafed to all generations, and all kinds of men. In proof of this, let us adduce a single extract from the great epic of the Hawaiian poet, POPPOOFI, entitled "Ka Nani E!"

Ka nani e! ka nani e!  
Alohi puni no  
Mai luna, a mai lalo nei,  
A ma na mea a pau.

We would call the attention of our readers particularly to the sublime sentiment of the second line. "Alohi puni no," sings the peerless POPPOOFI, and where, in the pages of that other Oriental HOMER, the Persian HAFI, can be found anything half so magnificent? There may be critics bigoted enough to think that the last line destroys the effect of the other three; but we don't. PUNCHINELLO would much rather discover the good in a thing at any time, than go a-fishing on Sundays.

It is not in the nature of a properly constituted human being to lay his hand upon his heart and chant:

"Ka nani e! Ka nani e!"

in the presence of his mother-in-law, without feeling that life is not so miserable as some people would make it out. In the words of ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S man FRIDAY:  
*"Palmam qui meruit ferat."*

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

Emmet is a name which has heretofore been associated in the public mind with the Negro Minstrel business. Certain weird barbaric melodies, which defy all laws of musical composition, but which haunt one like a dream of a lonely night on some wild African river, are said to have been written by "OLD EMMET." Is there any such person? Has any one actually seen "OLD EMMET" in the flesh, and with—say a high hat and a cotton umbrella? For my part I disbelieve in the popular theory of the origin of these EMMETIC melodies which stir one so strangely. They are not the work of any earthly song writer, but are born of some untuned Eolian harp played upon by uncertain breezes, that murmur the memory of tropical

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groves and sigh with the sadness of exile. There is no “OLD EMMET.” If there is, let him be brought forward—not to be chunked out of the window, as Mrs. F.’s AUNT might suggest,—but to be thanked and wondered at as an inchoate OFFENBACH, who might, under other circumstances, have written an American opera-bouffe, or, better still, as a possible CHOPIN, who might have written a second “March Funebre” as hopeless and desolate and fascinating as that of the despairing and poetic Pole. (I am coming to “FRITZ” in a moment, but I won’t be hurried by any one.)

As for JOSEPH K. EMMET, he is an undoubted reality. If you don’t believe it, go to WALLACK’S and see him. Somebody discovered this EMMET in the Pastoral privacy of the Bowery. Mr. GAYLER was made to write a play for him, and EMMET, the Bowery Minstrel, straightway became Mr. JOSEPH K. EMMET, the renowned impersonator of “FRITZ.” He plays “FRITZ” at WALLACK’S every evening, and the entertainment is something of this nature.

*ACT I.—Scene, the outside of Castle Garden. Enter baggage-smashers, emigrant-runners, aldermen, and other criminals.*

RUNNER. “There’s a ship a’ comin’ up. I’ll lay for the Dutchmen.”

BOBBIT. (*A concert-saloon manager.*) “There’s a ship coming up. I’ll lay for the Dutch girls.”

DISSOLUTE COLONEL. “There’s a ship coming up. I want you two fellows to look out for a Dutchman named “FRITZ,” who is onboard. He takes care of a girl, KATRINA, whom I adore. Carry off FRITZ and I’ll carry off the girl.”

*(Various emigrants enter and are hustled off by the runners. FRITZ and KATRINA finally appear.)*

FRITZ. “Ja. Das ist gut. Ach himmel; zwei bier und Limburger.”

*(The runners seize his trunk and carry it off. The DISSOLUTE COLONEL hurries KATRINA into a coach and carries her off. FRITZ is carried away by his emotions. Curtain.)*

*ACT II.—Scene, a boarding-house parlor. Enter DISSOLUTE COLONEL and KATRINA.*

DISSOLUTE COLONEL. “You are in my power. Be mine, and you shall have as many bonnets and things as you can wish. Refuse, and I’ll send every reporter in the city to interview you.”

KATRINA. "Base villain! I despise you. Let the torturers do their worst."

*(Enter FRITZ, disguised as a member of the Sorosis.)*

KATRINA. "You here! Be cautious. The hash is drugged. Save me, my beloved."

FRITZ. "Ja. Das ist nicht gut. Herr Colonel, Ich bin KATRINA'S aunt. Ich habe gekommen to take her away wid me, ye owdacious spalpeen."

DISSOLUTE COLONEL. "Glad to see you. Take some hash, madam?"

FRITZ. "Ja. Das ist gut. Take some yourself, you murtherin' thafe of the worruld."

*(The DISSOLUTE COLONEL forgets that the hash is drugged. He takes it and falls insensible. FRITZ and KATRINA escape. Scene changes to Judge DOWLING'S courtroom.)*

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FRITZ. (*Having left off his Sorosis disguise.*) “Ja. Das is nicht gut. Behold, O wise young judge, the misguided person who put my trunk in his pocket and ran away with it.”

JUDGE. “Prove your case.”

FRITZ. “Ja. Das ist gut. Begar! I proves him *toute de suite*—what you call to wunst. You see those Limburger cheese in the villain’s mouth. He got them out of my trunk. So you see I have him ein thief geproven.”

JUDGE. “Your case is proved. Let the prisoner be removed.”

FRITZ. “Ja. Das ist sehr gut. Now I’m a gwine to de saloon, where dis niggah has a ningagement for to sing.”

(*Scene changes to a concert saloon. FRITZ enters and goes through an entire programme of negro minstrelsy, to the wild delight of the gallery. At last the lazy curtain slowly consents to fall.*)

ACT III.—The DISSOLUTE COLONEL *come to grief, and FRITZ marries KATRINA*. If you want to know all about it, go to the theatre. I don’t intend to ruin the establishment by giving the public the whole play for the ridiculous sum which is charged for this copy of PUNCHINELLO. The third act is the last of the play, and when the curtain fells, the audience immediately proceeds to pick EMMET to pieces.

BOY IN THE GALLERY. “Ain’t he just tip, though? I’ve seen him lots o’ times at TONY PASTOR’S, and I allers knowed he’d be a big thing if the Bowery or thishyer theatre got a hold on him.”

YOUNG LADY. “Isn’t it frightfully low? The idea of Mr. WALLACK permitting this negro minstrelsy in his theatre. To be sure Mr. EMMET is funny; but I hate to see people funny in this place.”

OLD GENTLEMAN. “My dear! don’t be absurd. Suppose Mr. EMMET has been a minstrel, is that any proof that he can’t be an actor? The young fellow has his faults, but they will wear off in time, and he is brimful of real talent. The play isn’t a model of excellence, but it was made to show EMMET’S strong points, and it answers its purpose. Shall we cry down a talented and promising young actor simply because he has been a minstrel, and now has the audacity to play at WALLACK’S? And besides, haven’t we seen pantomime, and legs, and LOTTA, and DAN BRYANT at WALLACK’S? You never objected to any of the illegitimacies that have preceded FRITZ;—why then should you begin now? Give EMMET and GAYLER a chance. At any rate they can make you laugh, which is something that BOUCICAULT with his ‘*Lost at Sea*’ did not do.”

MATADOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **A PARABLE ABOUT THE TWELFTH OF JULY.**



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In a far distant land, beyond the sea, there dwelt an Orange Lily. Separated from it by a very absurd and useless ditch, a Green Shamrock spread its trefoil leafage to the sun, and grew greener every day. Now, in course of time, a very ill feeling sprang up between the Lily and the Shamrock, on account of color, the former despising the latter because it was green, and the latter hating the former because it was orange—as if both colors hadn't lived together in the rainbow ever since the aquatic excursion of old Mr. NOAH, without ever falling out of it or with each other. In time they both crossed the sea, and took root in a far-away land, where they became acquainted with a very remarkable animal called the American Beaver.

The industry of this creature urged the Lily to toil and spin, contrary to its usual habits, while the Shamrock converted its trifoliated leaves into shovels, and took a contract for excavating the hemisphere. And so they might have jogged on very well together, but for their stupid way of showing their colors when there was no occasion for it. This greatly disgusted their friend, the American Beaver, who didn't care a pinch of snuff about color, (black is not a color, you know,) but who went in for faithful and persistent work. One beautiful Twelfth of July, the Lily arose very early in the morning, and, shaking out her orange leaves, defied the Shamrock to “come on.” The Shamrock came on. There was a vegetable howl, and clash, and clangor in the air, and the Lily, having knocked off several of the Shamrocks' greenest leaves, went to its friend, the American Beaver, for comfort and support. But the American Beaver, instead of countenancing the Lily, said: “Look here, Lily, I guess you are about the greatest fool I ever *did* see, except, perhaps, the Shamrock. As long as you two stick to your work, instead of sticking out your colors and sticking your knives into each other, I am very glad to have you for neighbors, but now that you have shown yourselves to be jack-asses instead of vegetables, I would not give an American Beaver dam for the two of you.”

\* \* \* \* \*

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.

A pleasant philosopher tells us that blessings brighten as they take their flight. The flight of Congress may be regarded as a blessing. But Congressmen do not brighten. PUNCHINELLO listens in vain for the swan song of SUMNER, and looks longingly, without being gratified by the spectacle of the oratorical funeral pyre of NYE. Almost the only gleam of humor he discerns in his weekly wading through the watery and windy wastes of the Congressional Globe is a comic coruscation by Mr. CAMERON.

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Mr. McCREERY had had the abominable impudence to introduce a bill relieving the disabilities of a few friends of his in Kentucky. Mr. CAMERON objected upon the ground that one of these persons was named SMITH, and used to be a New York Street Commissioner. Any man who had been a New York Street Commissioner ought to be hanged as soon as any decent pretext could be found for hanging him. (Murmurs of approbation from the New York reporters.) Still this was not his main objection to SMITH. The SMITH family had furnished more aid and comfort to the rebel army than any other family in the South. No SMITH should, with his consent, be permitted to participate in the conduct of a Government which so many SMITHS had conspired to overthrow. Moreover, this was an incorrigible SMITH. It was an undisputed fact that SMITH had given up a lucrative office to follow his political convictions. Such a man could not be viewed by Senators with any other feelings than those of horror and disgust. Let them reflect what would be the effect of polluting this body, as by this bill it was proposed to make it possible to do, with a man so dead to all the common feelings of our nature that he would set up his own conceits against the practice of his fellow-Senators, and the rewards of a grateful country. This settled the fate of SMITH, but the rest of Mr. McCREERY's friends, being obscure persons, were let in, in spite of the "barbaric yaup" of DRAKE, who said that the next thing would be a proposition to enact a similar outrage in Missouri, and thereby abet the efforts of the bold bad men who were trying to get him out of his seat.

HOUSE.

SCHENCK insisted upon the Tariff. He had been visited by delegations from the great heart of the nation, who assured him that the great heart of the nation yearned for an immediate increase of the duty on various articles which competed with the articles manufactured by the members of the delegation. No longer ago than yesterday a manufacturer of double-back-action jack-planes had assured him that the single-forward-action jack-planes poured upon our shores by the pauper labor of Europe, were, so to speak, shaving off the edge of the national life. A gentleman whose name was known to the uttermost parts of the civilized world, who had shed new lustre upon the American name by the great boon he had bestowed upon mankind in the American self-filling rotary Bird of Freedom inkstand with revolving lid, had said, with the tears of patriotic shame and sorrow in his eyes, that there were recreant writers who preferred to purchase the Birmingham inkstand, which required to be filled, did not rotate, and had no revolution to its lid, at fifty cents, than to secure his own triumph of American ingenuity at ten dollars. Such misguided men must be taught their duty to their native land. Mr. SCHENCK moved an increase to 4,000 per cent, *ad valorem* on the foreign jack-plane, which he characterized as a Tool of Tyranny, and the Birmingham inkstand. The thing was done.

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Mr. DAWES said he was disgusted. Everybody's jobs were put through except his. He threatened to go home and tell his constituents.

Mr. PETERS suggested that Mr. DAWES had better go out and take "suthin' soothin'." (Mr. PETERS is from Maine, and his remark will probably be understood there.) If he might be pardoned the liberty he would recommend a little ice in it.

Mr. DAWES said he could do his own drinking. As for PETERS, he scorned him. Moreover, PETERS was one-eyed.

Mr. PETERS appealed to his record to show that he had two eyes. He did not understand the anger of Mr. DAWES. Of course when he suggested a drink, he assumed the responsibility of paying for it.

Mr. DAWES said that altered the case entirely. He took pleasure in withdrawing his hasty remarks, and in assuring the House that he profoundly venerated PETERS, and that PETERS had two perfect eyes of unusual expressiveness.

Mr. BINGHAM called attention to the case of Mr. PORTER, who had been smitten on the nose by a vile creature whom he declined to drink with. This was a blow at the national life, and he thought the punishment of treason was imperatively demanded.

Mr. BUTLER said he had been kicked once. He assured the House that the sensation was repugnant to his feelings as a man—much more as a Congressman. He moved to amend by substituting slow torture.

It was finally resolved to put the wretch in irons and feed him on bread and water.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Drowsy Con.

When a man is sleepy, what sort of transformation does he desire?

He wishes he were a-bed.

\* \* \* \* \*

An Anecdote of the good old Square Kind.

MRS. PRINGLEWOOD, having been afflicted with a chimney that smoked, sent for a chimney-doctor to cure it.

When the cure had been thoroughly effected, says Mrs. PRINGLEWOOD to the chimney-doctor: "My son, a boy of but fourteen, smokes awful; couldn't you cure him as you did the chimney?"

"No I couldn't, marm," returned the chimney-doctor, who was a wag: "but I see what you're arter, marm—you want me to teach him to draw!"

\* \* \* \* \*

O Deer, Deer!

*Trichinoe* are said to have been discovered in the flesh of Oregon deer. If this should prove true, Oregon venison must be anything but a benison; but it is more than likely that the report originated in the fact that there is in the East Indies a species of the cervine family known as the Hog deer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scientific Intelligence.

We learn from exchanges that in Missouri, where the wages of working-people average five dollars *per diem*, that the Legislature have decreed a Mining Bureau, and a Geological Survey of the State—the remuneration of the assistant geologists to be at the rate of \$1.50 *per diem*. Why should these learned geologists waste their time for a compensation so mean? Let them rather convert their surveying-staffs into ox-goads, and turn their attention to Gee-haw-logy,—'twill pay better than t'other thing.

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\*\*\*\*\*

## Men and Manners

The following paragraph, cut from a newspaper, suggests a good deal:

“A Hindoo cabby, before mounting the box and taking the reins, always first prays that his driving may be to the glory of his God.”

Now this is precisely what the New York hackman invariably does before he gathers up the reins and urges on his “galled jades.” He curses his horses, his passengers, and his own eyes, and thus commends his driving to the glory of *his* God, whose other name is LUCIFER.

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**PUNCHINELLO.**

## Page 37

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