

# **Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 26, September 24, 1870 eBook**

## **Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 26, September 24, 1870**

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Vol 1. No. 26.

## **PUNCHINELLO**

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### **PUBLISHED BY THE**

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\* \* \* \* \*

*The mystery of Mr. E. Drood,*

*By Orpheus C. Kerr,*

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See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

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## THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

*An adaptation.*

**BY ORFHEUS C. KERR**

### CHAPTER XIX.

The H. And H. Of J. Bumstead.



The exquisitely sweet month of the perfectly delicious summer-vacation having come, Miss CAROWTHERS' Young Ladies have returned again, for a time, to their respective homes, *Magnolia pendragon* has gone to the city and her brother, and *Flora Potts* is ridiculously and absurdly alone.

Under the ardent sun of August, Bumsteadville slowly bakes, like an ogre's family-dish of stuffed cottages and greens, with here and there some slowly moving object, like a loose vegetable on a sluggish current of tidal gravy, and the spire of the Ritualistic church shooting-up at one end like an incorrigibly perpendicular leg of magnified mutton.



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Hotter and hotter comes the breath fiery of nature's cookery, until some of the stuffing boils out of one cottage, in the shape of the Oldest Inhabitant, who makes his usual annual remark, that this is the Warmest Day in ninety-eight years, and then simmers away to some cooler nook amongst the greens. More and more intolerably quivers the atmosphere of the sylvan oven with stifling fervency, until there oozes from beneath the shingled crust of a vegetarian country-boarding-house a parboiled guest from the City, who, believing himself almost ready to turn, drifts feebly to where the roads fork and there is a shade more dun; while, to the speculative mind, each glowing field of corn, or buckwheat, is an incipient Meal, and each chimney, or barn, a mere temptation to guess how many Swallows there may be in it.

Upon the afternoon of such a day as this, Miss *Potts* is informed, by a servant, that Mr. *Bumstead* has arrived, and, sending her his love, would be pleased to have her come down stairs to him and bring him a fan.

"Why didn't you tell him I wasn't at home, you absurd thing?" cries the young girl, hurriedly practicing a series of agitated looks and pensive smiles before her mirror.

"So I did, Miss," answers the attached menial, "but he'd seen you looking at him with an opera-glass as he came up the path, and said that he could hear you taking a clean handkerchief out of the drawer, on purpose to receive him with, before he'd got to the door."

"Oh, what shall I do? My hands are so red to-day!" sighs FLCKA, holding her arms above her head, that the blood may retire from the too pinkish members.

After a pause, and an adjustment of a curl over her right eye and the scarf at her waist, to make them look innocent, she yields to the meteorological mania so strikingly prevalent amongst all the other characters of this narrative, and says that she will receive the visitor in the yard, near the pump. Then, casting carelessly over her shoulder that web-like shawl without which no woman nor spider is complete, she arranges her lips in the glass for the last time, and, with a garden-hat hanging from the elbow latest singed, goes down, humming un-suspiciously, into the open-air, with the guileless bearing of one wholly unprepared for company.

Resting an elbow upon a low iron patent-pump, near a rustic seat, the Ritualistic organist, in his vast linen coat and imposing straw hat, looks not unlike an eccentric garden statue, upon which some prudish slave of modern conventionalities has placed the summer attire of a western editor. The great heat of the sun upon his back makes him irritable, and when Miss *Potts* sharply smites with her fan the knuckles of the hand which he has affably extended to take her by the chin, more than the usual symptoms of acute inflammation appear at the end of his nose, and he blows hurriedly upon his wounded digits.

“That hurt like the mischief!” he remarks, in some anger. “I don’t know when I’ve felt anything smart so.”



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“Then don’t be so horrid,” returns the pensive girl, taking a seat before him upon the rustic settee, and abstractedly arranging her dress so that only two-thirds of a gaiter-boot can be seen.

Munching cloves, the aroma of which ladens the air all around him, Mr. *Bumstead* contemplates her with a calmness which would be enthralling, but for the nervous twisting of his features under the torments of a singularly adhesive fly.

“I have come, dear,” he observes, slowly, “to know how soon you will be ready for me to give you your next music-lesson?”

“I prefer that you would not call me your ‘dear,’” was the chilling answer.

The organist thinks for a moment, and then nods his head intelligently. “You are right,” he says, gravely, “—there *might* be somebody listening who could not enter into our real feelings. And now, how about those music-lessons?”

“I don’t want any more, thank you,” says *Flora*, coldly. “While we are all in mourning for our poor, dear absurd *Eddy*, it seems like a perfectly ridiculous mockery to be practicing the scales.”

Fanning himself with his straw hat, Mr. *Bumstead* shakes his bushy head several times. “You do not discriminate sufficiently,” he replies. “There are kinds of music which, when performed rapidly upon the violin, fife, or kettle-drum, certainly fill the mind with sentiments unfavorable to the deeper anguish of human sorrow. Of such, however, is not the kind made by young girls, which is at all times a help to the intensity of judicious grief. Let me assure you, with the candor of an idolized friend, that some of the saddest hours of my life have been spent in teaching you to try to sing a humorous aria from *Donizetti*; and the moments in which I have most sincerely regretted ever having been born were those in which you have played, in my hearing, the Drinking-song from *La Traviata*. Believe me, then, my devoted pupil, there can be nothing at all inconsistent with a prevalence of profound melancholy in your continued piano-playing; whereas, on the contrary, your sudden and permanent cessation might at least surprise your friends and the neighborhood into a light-heartedness temporarily oblivious of the memory of that dear, missing boy, to whom you could not, I hear, give the love already bestowed upon me.”

“I loved him ridiculously, absurdly, with my whole heart,” cries *Flora*, not altogether liking what she has heard. “I’m real sorry, too, that they think somebody has killed him.”

Mr. *Bumstead* folds his brown linen arms as he towers before her, and the dark circles around his eyes appear to shrink with the intensity of his gaze.



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“There are occasions in life,” he remarks, “when to acknowledge that our last meeting with a friend, who has since mysteriously disappeared, was to reject him and imply a preference for his uncle, may be calculated to associate us unpleasantly with that disappearance, in the minds of the censorious, and invite suspicions tending to our early cross-examination by our Irish local magistrate. I do not say, of course, that you actually destroyed my nephew for fear he should try to prejudice me against you; but I cannot withhold my earnest approval of your judicious pretence of a sentiment palpably incompatible with the shedding of the blood of its departed object. If you will move your dress a little, so that I can sit beside you and allow your head to rest upon my shoulder, that fan will do for both of us, and we may converse in whispers.”

“My head upon *your* shoulder!” exclaims Miss *Potts*, staring swiftly about to see if anybody is looking. “I prefer to keep my head upon my own shoulders, sir.”

“Two heads are better than one,” the Ritualistic organist reminds her. “If a little hair-oil and powder *does* come off upon my coat, the latter will wash, I suppose. Come, dearest, if it is our fate to never get through this hot day alive, let us be sunstruck together.”

She shrinks timidly from the brown linen arm which he begins insinuating along the back of the rustic settee, and tells him that she couldn’t have believed that he could be so absurd. He draws back his arm, and seems hurt.

“*Flora*,” he says, tenderly, “how beautiful you are, especially when fixed up. The more I see of you, the less sorry I am that I have concluded to be yours. All the time that my dear boy was trying to induce you to release him from his engagement, I was thinking how much better you might do; yet, beyond an occasional encouraging wink, I never gave the least sign of reciprocating your attachment. I did not think it would be right”

The assertion, though superficially true, is so imperfect in its delineation of habitual conduct liable to another construction, that the agitated Flowerpot returns, with quick indignation, “your arm was always reaching out whenever you sat in a chair anywhere near me, and whenever I sang you always kept looking straight into my mouth until it tickled me. You know you did, you hateful thing! Besides, it wasn’t you that I preferred, at all; it was—oh, it’s too ridiculous to tell!”

In her bashful confusion she is about to arise and trip shyly away from him into the house, when he speaks again.

“Miss *Potts*, is your friendship for Miss *pendragon* and her brother such, that their execution upon some Friday of next month would be a spectacle to which you could give no pleased attention?”

“What do you mean, you absurd creature?”



“I mean,” continues Mr. *Bumstead*, “simply this: you know my double loss. You know that, upon the person of the male *pendragon* was found an apple looking and tasting like one which my nephew once had. You know, that when Miss *pendragon* went from here she wore an alpaca waist which looked as though it had been exposed more than once to the rain.—See the point?”



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*Flora* gives a startled look, and says: "I don't see it."

"Suppose," he goes on—"suppose that I go to a magistrate, and say: 'Judge, I voted for you, and can influence a large foreign vote for you again. I have lost a nephew who was very fond of apples, and a black alpaca umbrella of great value. A young Southerner, who has not lived in this State long enough to vote, has been found in possession of an apple singularly like the kind generally eaten by my missing relative, and his sister has come out in a waist made of second-hand alpaca?'—See the point now?"

"Mr. *Bumstead*," exclaims *Flora*, affrighted by the terrible menace of his manner, "I don't any more believe that Mr. *Pendragon* is guilty than I, myself, am; and as for your old umbrella—"

"Stop, woman!" interrupted the bereaved organist, imperiously. "Not even your lips shall speak disrespectfully of my lost bone-handled friend. By a chain of unanswerable argument, I have shown you that I hold the fate of your southern acquaintances in my hands, and shall be particularly sorry if you force me to hang Mr. *Pendragon* as a rival."

*Flora* puts her hands to her temples, to soothe her throbbing head and display a bracelet.

"Oh, what shall I do! I don't want anybody to be hung! It must be so perfectly awful!"

Her touching display of generous feeling does not soften him. On the contrary, he stands more erect, and smiles rather triumphantly under his straw hat.

"Beloved one," he murmurs, in a rich voice, "I find that I cannot induce you to make the first advance toward the mutual avowal we are both longing for, and must therefore precipitate our happiness myself. My poor boy would not have given you perfect satisfaction, and your momentary liking for the male *pendragon* was but the effect of a temporary despair undoubtedly produced by my seeming coldness. That coldness had nothing to do with my heart, but resulted partially from my habit of wearing a wet towel on my head. I now propose to you—"

"Propose to me?" ejaculates Miss *Potts*, with heightened color.

"—That you pick out a worthy man belonging to your own section of the Union," he continues hastily. "Here's my Heart," he adds, going through the motions of taking something from a pocket and placing it in his outstretched palm, "and here's my Hand,"—placing therein an equally imaginary object from another pocket.—"Try the H. and H. of J. *Bumstead*."

His manner is as though he were commending some patent article of unquestionable utility.



“But I can’t bear the sight of you!” she cries, pushing away the brown linen arm coming after her again.

Taking away her fan, he pats her on the head with it, and seems momentarily surprised at the hollow sound.

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“Future Mrs. *Bumstead*,” he cheerfully replies, at last, “my observation and knowledge of the women of America teach me that there never was a wife going to Indiana for a divorce, who had not at first sworn to love, as well as honor and obey, her husband. Such is woman that if she had felt and said at the altar that she couldn’t bear the sight of him, it wouldn’t have been in the power of masculine brutality and dissipated habits to drive her from his side through all their lives. There can be no better sign of our future happiness, than for you to say, beforehand, that you utterly detest the man of your choice.”

There is something terrible to the young girl in the original turn of thought of this fascinating man. Say what she may, he at once turns it into virtual devotion to himself. He appears to have a perfectly dreadful power to hang everybody; he considers her strongest avowal of present personal dislike the most promising indication she can give of eternal future infatuation with him, and his powerful mode of reasoning is more profound and composing than an article in a New York newspaper on a War in Europe. Rendered dizzy by his metaphysical conversation, she arises from the rustic seat, and is flying giddily into the house, when he leaps athletically after her, and catches her in the doorway.

“I merely wish to request,” he says, quietly, “that you place sufficient restraint upon your naturally happy feelings to keep our engagement a secret from the public at present, as I can’t bear to have boys calling out after me, ‘There’s the feller that’s goin’ to get married! There’s the feller that’s goin’ to get married!’ When a man is about to make a fool of himself, it is not for children to remind him of it.”

The door being opened before she can answer, *Flora* receives a parting bow of Grandisonian elegance from Mr. *Bumstead*, and hastens up stairs to her room in a distraction of mind not uncommon to those having conversational relations with the Ritualistic organist.

*(To be Continued.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* \*

*A good fight.*

We presume that all the Boston people “lecture” at times; at any rate they could, if they wanted to. No one doubts their ability.



But, let the number of these imparters of information be ever so great, we have reason to doubt whether any other of these accomplished parties has grappled with so formidable, so tremendous a subject, as that which is now exciting the powerful mind of Miss *Lillian* EDGARTON.

She is going to do it, though! If her life is spared, and her constitution remains free from blight, (both of which felicities we trust will be hers,) that subject has got to come under.



## Page 13

That all may know how great is the task, and the confidence required to pitch into it, we announce, with a flourish, that Miss L. E. is about to attack that well-known Saurian Monster, termed *gossip*! Considered as a Disease, she proposes to find the Cause and the Cure. Considered as a living and gigantic Nuisance (by far surpassing any Dragon described by *Spenser*,) she designs to hunt him out and slay him incontinently.

Courage, fair Knight! Our eldest Son is kept in reserve for some such Heroine! If you would be famous, if you would make a perfect thing of this Crusade, if you would render the lives of your fellow mortals longer and happier, if you would win that noble and ingenuous youth, our son, go in vehemently!

And, while you are about it, *Lillian*, would you object to giving your attention to certain relations of the monster which you propose to slay? We name them, Detraction and Calumny. They are tough old Dragons, now, we tell you; perhaps it were best to fight shy of them.

We have it, *Lillian*! Leave 'em to us! Us, with a big U! You kill little Gossip, and see how quick his brothers and sisters will fall, before our mighty battle-axe!

(And so they will fall, sure enough, but it will be simply because when our dear young knight, L.E., has killed *her* Dragon, she will have wiped out the whole brood! They can't live without their sweet and attractive little sister. And so, like many a bigger humbug, we shall take great credit, that belongs to somebody else, and assume to have done big things, at enormous expense of blood and money. Trust us, for that!)

\* \* \* \* \*

*Napoleon III at Sedan.*

September, 1870.

I was an Emperor. *Voila c'est bon!*  
BAZAINE, MACMAHON, fought—'twas my affair.  
Only, to please my doctor, NELATON,  
I left the throne, to take a Sedan chair.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unlimited Lie-Ability.

*Veritas* writes to say that as he was crossing the ferry from Wall Street to Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon, he counted 117 persons reading PUNCHINELLO. He did not observe a single copy of the *Sun* on board, until the boat neared Brooklyn, when a man of squalid appearance produced from a dirty newspaper some soiled articles, all of



which seemed to have been steeped in Lye, from contact with the sheet, which proved to be the *Sun*.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Con for the “Ninth.”

What is there in common between Colonel FISK’S war-horse and a New York Ice Company?

Both are tremendous Chargers.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

Here I am again, back from the seashore, to find the theatres opening, the war closing, and GREELEY burning to imitate the late French Emperor, by leading the Republican hosts to defeat in the Fall campaign, so as to be in a position to write to the Germanically named HOFFMAN—“As I cannot fall, ballot in hand, at the head of my repeaters, I surrender to your victorious Excellency.”



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Being back, I went to see *Julius Caesar* at NIBLO'S Garden. It was the day when the French CAESER fell, and the impertinent soothsayer, ROCHEFORT, who had so often advised him to beware, not of the Ides of March, but of the *Idees Napoleoniennes*, (there is a feeble attempt at a pun here) obtained his liberty, and the right to assail in his newspaper, the virtue of every female relative of the Imperial family. Of course I know that JULIUS CAESAR was not a Frenchman—for the modesty of his “Commentaries” is proverbial—and that SHAKESPEARE never so much as heard of the Man of December. Nevertheless the two CAESARS were inextricably mixed up in my mind. I know that two or three editorial persons who sat close by me, were continually talking of NAPOLEON, and I may possibly have confounded their remarks with those of the actors. Still I could not divest myself of the impression that I was sometimes in Paris and sometimes in Rome, and that the sepulchral voice of Mr. THEODORE HAMILTON, was more often that of NAPOLEON than that of JULIUS. The play presents itself to my recollection in the following shape. As I said before, it was represented at the very moment that the French republicans, being satisfied with the bees in their respective bonnets, were obliterating the imperial bees from the doors of the Tuileries, and being anxious to take arms against a sea of Prussians, were taking down the imperial arms wherever they could find them. Remembering this, the reader will be able to account for any slight difference in text between my *Julius Caesar*, and that of the respectable and able Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

ACT I.—*Enter various Irish Roman Citizens, flourishing the shillelahs of the period.*

1ST. CITIZEN. “Here’s a row. Great CAESAR is going to march to Berlin. Hooray for the Hemperor.”

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. “I grant you he was popular when the war began, but today the people despise him.”

CASSIUS. “I hate this CAESAR. Once he tried to swim across the British Channel with a tame eagle on his shoulder, and couldn’t do it. When he is sick he takes anti-bilious pills, like any other man. Obviously he don’t deserve to live.”

CASCA. (*Who is fat enough to know better, and not pretend to be discontented.*) “Let’s kill him and break all the glass in the windows of Paris.”

BRUTUS. “My friend, those who live in stone houses should never throw glass about. I don’t mean anything by this, but it sounds oracular, and will make people think I am a profound philosopher.”

EDITORIAL PERSON. “What I say is this. He, CAESAR, governed the Roman rabble vastly better than they deserved. His only mistakes were, in not sending CASSIUS, who was a sort of ROCHEFORT, without ROCHEFORT’S cowardice, to the galleys, and

in not sending BRUTUS as Minister to some capital so dreary that he would have shot himself as soon as he reached his destination.”



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ACT II.—*Enter BRUTUS and fellow radicals.*

BRUTUS. “I have no complaint against CAESAR, and I therefore gladly join your noble band of assassins. We will kill him and establish a provisional government with myself at its head. CAESAR is ambitious, and I hate ambition. All I want is to be the ruler of Rome.”

CASSIUS. “Come, my brave fellows. Haste to the stabbing. Away! Away!”

EDITORIAL PERSON. “What a farce is history. Here are PUMBLEHOOK, BRUTUS and JOHN WILKES CASSIUS held up as models of excellence and integrity. What did they and their fellow scoundrels do after they had killed CAESAR, but desolate their country with civil war?”

ACT III.—*Enter ASSASSINS headed by BRUTUS and GAMBETTA, CASSIUS and ROCHEFORT.*

CASSIUS. “Here is CAESAR with his back toward us, fighting the German’s hordes. Let us steal up and stab him before he can help himself.” (*They stab him.*)

CASSIUS. “Now we will kick his wife out of Paris and smash his furniture. We will all become a Provisional Government, and fix everything to suit ourselves. I will revive my newspaper, and hire a staff from the *New York Sun*, who will make it more scurrilous than ever.”

*Enter the Parisian populace crying, “Hooray for CAESAR.”*

CASSIUS. “Hush. CAESAR is dead, and we are going to proclaim a republic. Begin and abuse him with all your might. We’ll let you smash some windows presently.”

POPULACE. “Hooray. The tyrant has fallen. Let’s go and insult his wife and smash everything generally.”

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. “Yesterday these precious rascals voted for him. To-day they insult him—it being safe to do so—and to-morrow they will want him back again.”

2ND EDITORIAL PERSON, “There lies the ruins of the noblest nephew of his uncle that ever lived in France or elsewhere. He was unscrupulous, I admit, but he knew how to rule. Shall we stay and hear MARK ANTONY praise him, and set the fickle rabble at the throats of ROCHEFORT and BRUTUS, and their gang?”

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. “That will take place very shortly, but I can’t wait for it. I must go home to write an editorial welcoming the new republic, and prophesying all manner of success for it. The American people like that sort of trash, though they have



already twice seen the French try republican institutions only to make a muddle of them.”

2ND EDITORIAL PERSON. “What do you think of the actors here at NIBLO’S.”

1ST EDITORIAL PERSON. “DAVENPORT is good but heavy, BARRETT rants like a raving French radical. MONTGOMERY is excellent, and the rest are so so.”

And the undersigned having seen the French revolution played on the Roman stage at NIBLO’S, also went home without waiting to see the prophetic fourth and fifth acts, in which the conspirators come to grief, and the empire is reestablished. We shall read all about it in the cable dispatches a few months hence. Good Heavens! who can listen calmly to the speeches of the players, while the grandest drama of the century is acting across the sea, where a mad populace, freed from the firm grasp of its master, breaks windows and howls itself hoarse as the best preparations for holding the fairest of cities against the resistless veterans of VON MOLTKE.



## Page 16

MATADOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

Insurrectionary.

PUNCHINELLO, pondering over the vast sums that have been forwarded to Cuba, in aid of the insurrectionary movements there, and struck with the disadvantages under which the promoters of liberty labor in that sunny isle, blesses his stars that, thanks to the enterprise of Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, he can raise a Revolution in New York City, at any time, for ten cents. Let those whom it may concern take heed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bluff King Bill.

L.N. declared his determination to kick old King BILLY, of Prussia, off from French territory. Well, it would only have been a new illustration of "footing the Bill."

\* \* \* \* \*

Query.

As soon as the abominable fat-boiling nuisances have been abolished, will it be right to say that they have fallen into *de-suet-ude*?

\* \* \* \* \*

A Seasonable Conundrum.

Why is New York City like the ex-Emperor of the French?  
Because it has just got rid of its Census.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Suggestion.

In consideration of the splendid jewels worn by him, might not Colonel JIM FISK be more appropriately called Colonel GEM FISK.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR.

A Sketch In the Bowery.



*Small Frenchman.* "WHAT FOR YOU HIT ME WITH YOUR DAMBABY VEN YOU PASS?"

*Big German.* "WANTS TO FIGHT?—DINKS YOU CAN WHIP ME, EH?"

*Small Frenchman.* "NO—BUT I CAN GIVE YOUR DAMBABY ONE BLACK EYE!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

BY GEORGE!

LAKE GEORGE, August 30.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO:—I arrived here last Saturday, and as I would be the last person to allow a commendable enterprise to languish for want of proper encouragement, and in order to put the Hotel proprietors out of suspense, I thought I would let you know without further delay that I consider Lake George a success.

Not being expected, as I supposed, I must admit I was somewhat gratified to find a full band playing on the veranda as the coach I was in drove up.

It was a sort of delicate attention, you know.

I notice, however, that they continue playing in the afternoon since then, I suppose it struck them as a good idea at the time.

The Fort William Henry Hotel is a gorgeous affair in every respect. It is situated very near the old original Fort, just where the French troops advanced to capture it, and made their celebrated charges.

Perhaps the present proprietor can't discount them at that sort of thing.

Perhaps not!

Looking over one's bills reminds you a good deal of the Police Courts, five dollars fine, twenty-five dollars costs.



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The costs they make here are very good, however, altho' they do put a little too much mint in them, I must say.

L.G. is all right, though. It is supplied with all the modern conveniences. It isn't within five minutes walk of the post office, but its water conveniences are apparent to all. There is no end to its belles, and as for its ranges, it has two of them—both Adirondacks.

Yesterday I took a trip up the Lake and across to its neighbor, Champlain.

Everybody takes this trip because its "the thing," and it is therefore particularly necessary to take it. Ostensibly, you go to view the scenery, really, to be inveigled into paying for a low comedy of a dinner at the other end.

The first place our boat stopped at is called the "Trout Pavillion," principally, so far as I can learn, on account of the immense number of pickerel caught there, and from the fact that it is unquestionably a good site for a Pavillion whenever the esteemed Proprietor turns up jacks enough, at his favorite game, to build one.

The next place was set down in the Guide Book as the "Three Sisters" Islands, an appellation arising from the fact that there are precisely *four* of them.

I mentioned this apparent discrepancy to the boat clerk.

This young man, who belongs to a Base Ball Club, informs me that these islands invariably travelled with a "substitute," as one occasionally got "soaked."

This certainly seems a little curious, but as the young man says he was born here, I suppose he knows.

This same young man pointed out a beautiful spot called Green Island and asked me if I wouldn't like to live there.

He said he thought it would just suit me.

The attention of these people is really delightful.

Some of these places, however, have very inappropriate names, for instance another little gem is called "Hog Island." No one knows why it was so called. The clerk of the boat don't either.

He wanted to know if I had ever dined there.

I always make it a point to get on the right side of these Steamboat fellows, always.



About half way up the Lake is a place called Tongue Mountain.

A long time ago a colony of strong-minded women settled there.

That may have had something to do with its name.

Nobody ever goes there now.

People go very near the mountain in boats, however, as it is noted for something very extraordinary in the Echo line.

It has what is called a "Double Echo."

I fully expected something of this kind.

Now if there is anything I am particularly down on, it is those unmitigated frauds known as Echoes. And if I ever throw four sixes, it is when I am tackling some unsuspecting old ass of a watering place echo.

I consider them "*holler* mockeries."

Of course we steamed within proper distance, and I seized the opportunity to "put a head on" this venerable two-ply nuisance, as follows:



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First, I read a page of a Patent Office Report I go armed with.

This the Echo, with very little hesitation, repeated in duplicate as usual. From one side of the rock in English, and from the other in fair French.

I saw at once that old EK was pretty well filled.

Next I sang "Listen to the Mocking Bird," which it repeated very creditably indeed, dropping but two notes on the third verse. This it made up for, I am bound to admit, by throwing in some original variations in the chorus.

But I hadn't played from my sleeve yet, so I recited HAMLET'S Soliloquy.

From the wooded slope on our right came the familiar "*To be*" of BOOTH, while from the sloping woods on our left proceeded a finely rendered imitation of the Teutonic FECHTER, in the same.

This staggered me!

I had one more jack in my cuff, however. I pulled out a copy of the Tribune and read a few paragraphs of GREELEY'S "What do I know about Farming."

*That settled him!*

He never got to the first semi-colon. It knocked the breath right out of him!

The poor old fossil had to quit. He changed his repeater to a leaver.  
But then you see he had held the office a good while.

He hasn't left the business to any one, either.

In future no one will go fooling round there except the fishermen. The sign is down.

In my next I will finish the Lake trip, and give you some account of the celebrated "Roger's Slide."

SAGINAW DODD.

[*To be continued.*]

\* \* \* \* \*

RAMBLINGS.

BY MOSE SKINNER.



POPULARITY.

Next to talk, popularity is the cheapest thing I know of. It is achieved by three classes—those who have brains, those who have money, and those who have neither. The first earn it; the second buy it; and the third stumble into it, perhaps by waving their hat at an engineer just in time to prevent the train from dashing over a precipice, or by chopping off somebody's head with a meat axe and burning the remains up afterwards, in which case the next day's paper gives a faithful account of their pedigree, and their photograph can be purchased at any respectable news-dealers, at a price within reach of all.

The most common-place sayings of popular men are handed down to posterity, and a casual remark about the weather is often framed and hung up in the spare-bedroom.

It behooves every public man to keep a sentence or two on hand, with a view to embalming them for future reference. I wish to state, in confidence, that if any prominent man who can't think of anything that sounds well, will address me, I will furnish him at the low price of one dollar a sentence. My stock is entirely fresh and original, and embraces such gems as—"Don't give up the ship," "Such is Life," "How's this for high?" "I die happy," "A stitch in time saves nine," &c., &c.



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I am also prepared to furnish “last words of eminent men,” at a moderate compensation.

General GRANT has taken time by the forelock in this matter. His “Let us have Peace,” was a most brilliant effort, because nobody ever thought of it before. “I propose to move on your works immediately, if it takes all summer,” was also a happy thought.

When General GRANT was in Boston he said he liked the way they made gravy in Massachusetts. Now this in itself would not, perhaps, be called deep, because others have said the same thing before, but, coming from a man like GRANT, it set folks to thinking, and it is not surprising that something of this sort went the rounds:

“We have the best authority for stating that General GRANT, during his recent visit to Boston, remarked that he was gratified at the manner in which gravy was produced in Massachusetts. Our talented Chief Magistrate is a man of few words, but what he does say is spicy, and to the point.”

At the Peace Jubilee, GRANT said he “liked the cannon best;” but the reporters, being confidentially informed that the remark wasn’t intended for posterity, it didn’t get out much. I didn’t hear of his saying anything else.

If a popular man takes cold, the whole public sneeze. His opinions must go into the papers any how, though perhaps no better than anybody’s else. Thus—from a daily paper:

“The Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR recently said in a private conversation, that the present war would probably end in victory for the Prussians, and the overthrow of Napoleon.”

Supposing he did? I heard JOHN SMITH say the same thing in an eating saloon over a month ago, and out of twenty gentlemen present, four were reporters, but they didn’t take out their note books in breathless haste and put down the Hon. JOHN SMITH’S opinion, how Mr. SMITH looked when he said it, and if he said it as though he really meant it, and in a manner that thrilled his listeners.

But JOHN hasn’t any popularity, you see, and the Hon. MONTGOMERY has—though it may be a little mildewed.

Soon after the war, I wrote an article on the Alabama Claims. It was a masterly effort, and cost me a month’s salary to get it inserted in a popular magazine. If that article had proved a success, I could easily have gulled the public all my life on the popularity thus achieved.

But I made a wretched mistake to start with. Instead of heading it “The Alabama Claims,” “By CHARLES SUMNER,” or “HORACE GREELEY.” I said “By MOSE SKINNER.”



I will not dwell on the result. Suffice it to say that I soon after retired from literature, a changed being, utterly devoid of hope.

MORAL SUASION.

A friend of mine, an eminent New York philanthropist, relates the following interview with a condemned criminal. The crime for which this wretched man was hung is still fresh in our memories. One morning at breakfast his tripe didn't suit him, and he immediately brained his wife and children and set the house on fire, varying the monotony of the scene by pitching his mother-in-law down the well, having previously, with great consideration, touched her heart with a cheese knife.



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I will now quote my friends' own words:

"He was pronounced a hard case, manifesting no sorrow for his act, and utterly indifferent to his approaching doom. A score of good people had visited him with the kindest intentions, but without making the smallest impression upon him.

"Without boasting, I wish to say that I knew I could touch this man's heart. I saw a play once in which the most blood-thirsty and brutal ruffian that ever existed was melted to tears at the mention of his mother's name, and childhood's happy hours, and everybody knows that what happens on the stage happens just the same in real life.

"I naturally congratulated myself on having seen this play, for it gave me power to cope with this relentless disposition.

"He resisted all attempts at conversation, however, in the most dogged manner, barely returning surly monosyllables to my anxious wishes for his well being.

"At last, laying my hand on his shoulder, and throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said:

"My friend, it was not always thus with you. There was a time when you sat upon your mother's knee, and gathered buttercups and daisies?"

"Ah! I had touched the right chord at last. His brow contracted and his lips twitched convulsively."

"And when that mother put you in your little bed," I continued, "she kissed you, and hoped you would grow up a—"

"You lie," said he, "she didn't. The old woman was six foot under ground afore I could chew. Now, look a here, you're the fourth chap that's tried the 'mother' dodge on me. Why don't you fellers" he added with a malicious grin, "go back on the mother business, and give the old man a chance, jest for a change?"

"After the above scurvy treatment I was naturally anxious to witness the man's funeral, which I understood was to be a gorgeous affair, six respectably-attired females having been sworn in to kiss the body, amid the hysteric weeps of three more in the background."

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: PRACTICAL.

*Housewife.* "VAKE YOU UP, HANS—HERE'S ANODER BRUSSIAN VICTORY."



*Hans, (dreamily.)* “ANODER BRUSSIEN VICTORY?—DEN LET US HAVE ANODER BRUSSIEN BIER.”]

\* \* \* \* \*

Hot and Cold.

The sensational paragraph writers had better “let up” on the question of an imminent dearth of ice. There is no real probability that we shall be without ice before winter sets in. It is only for the purpose of keeping us in hot water that the newspaper men say we shan’t have cold water.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: NOT JUST YET!

*Mr. Greeley.* “PRAY, TAKE A SEAT, MR. WOODFORD; I WOULDN’T ON ANY ACCOUNT DEPRIVE YOU,” *etc., etc.*

*Mr. Woodford.* “No! NO!—TAKE IT YOURSELF, MR. GREELEY; THE LAST THING I SHOULD THINK OF WOULD BE,” *etc., etc.*



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*Governor Hoffman.* "DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN: I SHALL PROBABLY CONTINUE TO OCCUPY THE CHAIR FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS, YET.]"

\* \* \* \* \*

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genus, *Phoca*.—The Seal.

This is the common name of the inoffensive and fur-bearing members of the Phocidae family. The word seal is derived, radically, from the German *Siegel*, so that to say a man has "fought mit SIEGEL," is equivalent to remarking that he has assailed a harmless and timid seal.

The Phocidae, without distinction of sex, are known as Mammafers, although it would manifestly be more correct to call the males Papafers. Under the present classification, the confusion of genders necessarily engenders confusion.

Unless AGASSIZ is gassing us, the true seal has no sign of an ear, wherefore the deafening roar of the surf in which it delights to sport is probably no inconvenience to it. As distinguished from dumb beasts in general, it may properly be called a deaf and dumb animal. The false seal, on the contrary, has as true an ear as e'er was seen. To the counterfeits belong the sea lion, the Mane specimen of the tribe in the Arctic sea, and the sea leopard, which seems to be phocalized in the Antarctic circle. All the varieties of the seal seek concealment in caverns, and their Hides are much sought after.

Sealing was at one time chiefly monopolized by adventurous New Englanders, who combined the pursuit with whaling, but at present the sealers of Salt Lake bear off the palm from all competitors, both as regards numbers and hardihood. Whether they combine whaling with sealing is not positively known, but probably they do. Such is the universal passion for sealing among the people of that region, that the old men act like Young men when engaged in this exciting occupation.

The Phocidae appear to have attracted the attention of Mankind at a very early period—Seals being frequently spoken of in the Scriptures. St. JOHN witnessed the opening of no less than seven varieties, and must have been well acquainted with their internal structure.

The earless, or true species, are often seen in considerable numbers on the British coast, and the Great Seal of England—only to be found in the vicinity of the Thames—is of such remarkable size and weight, that it never makes its appearance without producing a strong Impression.



The Green Seal, a much admired variety, is peculiar to Madeira, and seals of various colors are often seen in close proximity to the British. Ports; the number taken off Cork being prodigious.

None of the animals of the Phoca genus are tenacious of life. They may readily be destroyed with sealing whacks. A large stick properly applied has been known to seal the fate of a dozen in the space of half an hour. KANE knocked them over without difficulty, and they never attempt to defend themselves, according to PANEY.



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In conclusion, it may be remarked that immense herds of seals cover the coasts of Alaska. It is nevertheless difficult to catch a glimpse of them, on account of the enormous flocks of humming birds, which darken the air in that genial clime. Occasionally, however, the Arctic zephyrs disperse the feathery cloud, and then vast numbers of the timid creatures, with a sprinkling of the Walrus, may be seen by looking in a Se(a)ward direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A LITTLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The *Free (and Easy) Press* has honored PUNCHINELLO with a brief as well as premature obituary paragraph. Flattered as he is by being thus noticed in the columns of a journal of the long standing and well sustained popularity of the *Free (and Easy) Press*, it pains PUNCHINELLO to be obliged to state that he still lives, and that he is not only alive, but kicking. That he has come to an end, is true—but it is to the end of his First Volume, as the *F. (and E.) Press* can see by turning to the admirably written, dashing, humorous, and absolutely unsurpassable Index appended to our present number, which Index PUNCHINELLO cordially recommends to the perusal of the *F. (and E.) Press*. The Preface to his Second Volume, however, which is now in preparation, will, PUNCHINELLO confidently assures the *F. (and E.) Press*, be altogether superior to the Index to his First. Let the *F. (and E.) Press* look out for it. But, meanwhile, the *F. (and E.) Press* can cheer itself by frequent contemplation of the entertaining personage who serves as tail-piece to the Index, and whose gesture is of that familiar and suggestive kind that will doubtless be thoroughly understood by the *F. (and E.) Press*, and, as PUNCHINELLO hopes, fully appreciated.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: "HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON THE WALL, HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL."

AND IT HE HAD FALLEN AMONG THE PRUSSIANS, ONLY, IT MIGHTN'T HAVE BEEN SO BAD FOR HIM; BUT, AS HE ALSO FELL UPON FRENCH BAYONETS, IT IS QUITE CERTAIN THAT HE CAN NEVER GET UP AGAIN.]

\* \* \* \* \*

### HIRAM GREEN IN WALL STREET.

His Celebrated Speech before the Board or Brokers.—A few Words of Sound Advice from the Squire.



Doorin' a breef sojern in the Emperor City, a deputation of Wall Street brokers and smashers called and invited me to make a speech afore the members of their church, whose *Sin-agog* is situated in Brod Street.

Thinks I, if I can make these infatuated worshippers of the Golden Calf, Mammon, see the error of their ways and take a back track, me thunk my chances for the White House would be full as flatterin' as Sisters WOODHUL, GEORGINA FRANCIS TRAIN, or any other woman, in '72.

Layin' off my duster, and adjustin' my specturcals, at the appinted hour, I slung the follerin' extemperaneous remarks at 'em:



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My infatuated friends and Government Bondmen:

As an ex-statesman which has served his country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, raisin' said offis to a hire standard than usual, to say nothin' about raisin' an interestin' family of eleven morril an hily intellectooal children, I rise and git up, ontramed by any politikle alliances, to say: that when you fellers git on a mussy fit, like the old woman who undertook to pick her chickens by runnin' them through a patent hash cutter, you make the feathers fly, and leave your victims in a hily clawed up stait.

Perfesser ARKIMIDEES, of Oxford, (and here allow me to stait, so as to avoid newspaper contraryversy, as in the case of DISRALLY'S novel *Lothere, I have no reference to T. GOLDWIN SMITH* *whatsomever*, as I believe ARKIMIDEES is now dead,) said he could raise the hul earth with a top section of a rale fence, if he could only find something tangible to rest his timber on.

My friends, that man had never heerd of Wall Street, and I'de bet all the money I can borry on it.

With such a prop as this ere little territory, where games of chance are "entered into accordin' to the act of Congress," to cote from a familiar passage in every printed copy of PUNCHINELLO, the Perfesser could have raised this little hemisfeer quicker than any of you chaps can gobble up a greenhorn.

And, sirs, I'me sorry to be obliged to speak plain, it would be a darned site more to your credit if you'd try and raise the earth, instead of daily usin' Wall Street as a base of operations to raise H——, well—excuse me, the futer asilum for retired brokers.

How do you manage, when you want to make a steak?

You run up stocks and produce a crysis.

Outsiders rush in lickety smash, and invest all the money they can rake and scrape, in these inflated stocks. Suddenly you prick the bubble, when, alas! besides the cry-sis, there's more cry-bubs in and about Wall Street than there was in Egipt, when NAPOLEON BONAPART chopped off the heads off all the first born. Instances have been known, where a good many of you chaps have rammed your head in the Tiger's mouth once too often.

If my memry serves me correctly, FISKE and GOOLD made you perambulate off on your eyebrows, last fall, and while the a-4-said Tigers walked off with the seats of your trowserloons in their teeth, you all jined in the follerin' him:

Wall Street is all a fleetin' sho',  
From which lame ducks are driven,



“Up in a balloon they allers go,  
To Tophet, not to Heaven.”

Another little dodge of your'n, my misguided friends, is to keel off K. VANDERBILT.

What did you do t'other day?

Why, when KERNELIUS was engaged in a friendly game of cards for *keeps*, up at Saratogy, some poor deluded *money*-maniac telegrafs that the Commodore had at last found his match, and had been gathered to his fathers. While at the bottom of the dispatch was forged the name of my friend, KISSLEBURGH, city editor of the *Troy Times*, who, up to the present time, if this coot knows herself, hain't bin into the hiway robbin' bizziness, not by a long shot. But, my friends and feller citizens, old VAN is sharper that a two-edged gimlet.



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When he lays down his wallet among a lot of other calf skins, like a great sponge in a puddle of water, it sucks every square inch of legal tender, which is in suckin' distance.

For a regler 40 hoss power suction, K. VANDERBILT is your man. I ones thought I could never take a locker to this 'ere honest old heart, but as I cast my gaze over this audience, and observe among the Bulls and Bears, a cuple of Dears, I will retract that, payin' in the follerin' *Jew de spree*:

Come rest on this buzzum,  
Oh! butiful broker,  
With your arms clinchin' tite,  
This innercent choker.

I'le stand it from thee,  
If you'll never go near,  
The Bulls and the Bears,  
When HIRAM is here.

(This impromptu poetikism, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, kicked up quite a little breeze, in the midst of which the pretty brokers blushed and looked so bewitchin' like, that it was enuff to make a feller throw stuns at K. VANDERBILT if the pretty Dears only wanted him to.)

I agin resoomed:

My infatuated friends; afore I wind up, let me give you a few partin' words of advice.

Give up this 'ere gamblin' bizziness. When you run up gold it hits the hul mercantile body of this nation a wipe in the stummuck. A good many little cubs, as well as a few ole Bears, have been gobbled up by your confounded efforts at runnin' up gold, while you grin and chuckle like the laffin' hyena, when ransackin' Navy Yards and whisky distilleries. But, if you insist on goin' ahead and earnin' your daily peck by smashin' things and layin' out the onsofisticated, all I have got to say is, that next time you've got a *sure thing* to make a speck, by telegrafin' me at Skeensboro, I won't mind comin' down and takin' a hand in, if my pocketin' a few hundred thousands will be the means of betterin' your morrils, by my sharin' your burden. In conclooosion, feller citizens, feelin' in rather a poetical mood to-day, I will close with the follerin' tribute to Wall Street and its inhabitants:

"Imperious SEIZER, dead, and turned to cla,  
Mite stop a hole to keep the wind away;"  
Unless from Wall Street, was blowin' raw.  
The tempestous breezes, from a broker's flaw.



Amid tumultous cheers, and a general rushin' to DELMONICO'S, where Wall Street waters her stock, (of lickens,) I sot down.

Ewers, without a dowl,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

*Lait Gustise of the Peece.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Stage By-play.

A sporting paper gives the following item:

“Two nines, composed of members of BOOTH'S, WALLACK'S and the Olympic theatrical companies, played an interesting game of base-ball at the Union base-ball grounds, last week.”

Imagine Sir HARCOURT COURTLEY batting splendidly to DIEDRICK VAN BEEKMAN'S pitching; or picture Major DE BOOTS waiting patiently on the short stop for a chance to put Captain ABSOLUTE out on his second base. The experience of these gentlemen before the footlights may have made them light-footed, but from mere force of habit they are all pretty sure to be caught out in the “flies.”



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\* \* \* \* \*

Professional.

“They may talk about nines,” said the Doctor, when base-ball was the subject under discussion. “They may talk about their nines; but I know of a nine that would lay them all out in double-quick time, and it is called Strychnine.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A FECULENT NUISANCE.

Persons passing along Nassau Street, between Ann and Beekman Streets, for some days past, have had their olfactories unpleasantly assailed by a vile stench. On investigation by officers of the Board of Health, the foul odor was found to exhale from the premises of 113 Nassau Street. Further examination disclosed the fact that the nuisance arose from a quantity of Dead Rabbits deposited on the premises by one JAMES O'BRIEN, for purposes best known to himself. It is said that the entire concern is to be handed over to the New York Rendering Company, for conversion into the kind of tallow used for the manufacture of the cheapest kind of rush-lights.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Greatest Joke of the Season.

The idea of nominating JAMES O'BRIEN for the office of Mayor of the City of New York. But it cannot be called a practical joke.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: “IT WAS IN THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY THAT LOUIS NAPOLEON CAME TO GRIEF. THE FIZZ OF THE CHAMPAGNE WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM, AND HE FIZZLED.”—(*Letter from a War Correspondent.*)]

\* \* \* \* \*

PUNCHINELLO AS A “SAVANT.”

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I have always taken a profound interest in Science. When a child my fond parents observed in me a decided taste for Entomology, the wings and legs of butterflies and grasshoppers being the objects of my special investigation. As a school-boy I obtained (despite the frequent closing of my visual organs) considerable Insight into Physical Science in the course of numerous pugilistic encounters. A close Application to Optics at that time enabled me to get some Light on the Subject.



I was quite a phenomenon in Astronomy. While yet an unweaned infant I made numerous observations on the Milky Way, and when learning to walk frequently saw stars undiscernable with the most powerful telescope. Since my arrival at man's estate I have frequently experimented on the Elasticity of the Precious Metals, but have generally found it extremely difficult to make both ends meet.

Considering, therefore, that I had as just a claim to be called scientific, as many who pretend to be *Savants*, I determined to attend the late Scientific Convention at Troy. My reception was most gratifying. On presenting my credentials to the Convention, that learned body welcomed me with open arms, and I was escorted to a place among the members by its distinguished head.

Some of the speculations of these eminent philosophers were exceedingly profound, and it is really wonderful, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, to what an extent theory may be carried in the advance of science.



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Mr. GOOSEFELT read a learned and original paper—carefully compiled from various sources—on the Steam Engine, in the course of which he stated that his great aunt, who had been blown up on the first steamboat that ever went down in the Mississippi, during the great Earthquake of 1811, was still living. Also, that his godfather, the celebrated Mr. NICODEMUS, assisted (probably in the interests of science) in pulling down the statue of GEORGE III in the Bowling Green. The importance of these two facts cannot be over-estimated, as they will undoubtedly give a tremendous impulse to the wheels of science.

Professor GREYWACKE, the eminent Geologist, delivered an address on Natural Petrifications, indicating the various specimens of Ancient Fossils by which he was surrounded, and describing their formation. The audience was probably Petrified with astonishment at the immense learning and research he displayed, for it observed a Stony silence, only interrupted by an occasional snore.

A brilliant paper on the Illuminating Power of Gas was read by Professor M.T. HEAD. It was a most Luminous production, and proved conclusively that an immense expenditure of gas sometimes throws very little Light on any Subject. The Professor is thoroughly versed in Meters, and is the author of the "Volume of Gas" which has attracted so much attention in the scientific world.

Professor SUETT addressed the Scientists on the Effect of Tallow upon Ox(h)ides. From certain experiments made by him it appears that the Oleaginous principle is incompatible with Water, and unfavorable to the action of rust.

A member was of the opinion that this important discovery might be turned to great practical advantage, as the application of cart grease to rusty iron axles might possibly facilitate the rotary motion of the wheels.

This novel and valuable suggestion was hailed with shouts of applause, and the thanks of the Convention were immediately voted to the distinguished member, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten.

Professor HYDRAGE read an Essay on the Transit of Mercury, which he said would take place in the form of a Bed Precipitate in 1878. It may possibly take place before then, however, as the Faculty of Medicine are said to be rapidly abandoning the use of calomel.

The State Conchologist read an extremely interesting disquisition on the Oyster, which was divided into sections and literally devoured by the audience. He also exhibited some Specimens of Conchs, which were regular Sneezers in point of size.

An announcement which was made by the distinguished Astronomer, Professor LOONEY, created a most profound sensation.



He stated that with the aid of a powerful telescope he had discovered an immense Fissure in the Moon. He was quite positive that he had also observed a Man in the Gap. Although unable to distinguish the features of this individual, he thought it might possibly be JAMES STEPHENS, the missing Fenian Head Centre.

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When the excitement consequent upon this startling announcement had subsided, I rose and addressed the Convention as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: I cannot express, in words, the profound gratification with which I have listened to the learned and eloquent addresses which have just been delivered. The advancement of Science is an object which is worthy the efforts of such distinguished *savants* as I see around me, and to this object they have brought that profundity of learning which is only to be gathered from the perusal of elementary text books, that almost strabismal acuteness of perception which enables them to descry such great scientific truths as can be discovered through an orifice in a barn door, and that wonderful power of discrimination which enables them to distinguish between the seed of the leguminous plant known as the bean, and the other vegetable productions of Nature, when the bag is open.

As an humble member of the Brotherhood of Science, I desire to contribute, in however insignificant a degree, to the Great Cause of Learning. I will therefore, with Your Permission, read” (loud cries of ‘No! No!’ ‘Put him out!’ *etc.*, to which of course I paid no attention,) “the following papers: ‘An Inquiry as to Whether Diptheria has anything to do with the Migration of the Swallow,’ ‘On the possibility of straightening the curve of the African Shin Bone.’ ‘On Marine Plants and Deep Sea Currents.’ ‘On the Laws of Mechanics, with observations on the Mechanic’s Lien Law and the By-Laws of Trades Unions.’ ‘Some Reflections on Reflection.’ ‘The Connection between Mathematics and Versification, as illustrated by LOGARHYTHMS.’ ‘Minute Experiments with the Hour-Glass,’ and ‘Important Speculations on the Sea Changes.’”

I proceeded to read the first of the above named papers, but before I had got very far, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, I was interrupted by a peculiar sound, which I at first took for subdued applause, but which, on investigation, I found proceeded from the noses of the audience. In short, Mr. P., both audience and Convention were in a profound slumber. Considerably mortified, I withdrew in silence. I am determined, however, that my theses shall not be lost to posterity. I intend to have them published, and to send you a copy of each.

Profoundly yours,

CHINCAPIN.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pearing Time.

We learn that “some of the pear trees in Suffolk County are now in blossom.” Surely such a season as this one for pears has never before been seen. Who knows but the fact may induce SUSAN B. ANTHONY to go pairing with some Revolutionary bachelor?



\*\*\*\*\*

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