

# **Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 27, October 1, 1870 eBook**

## **Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 27, October 1, 1870**

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Vol II. No. 27

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## PREFACE

"*Half a year, half a year, half a year onward,*" has *punchinello* advanced since he wafted his first number to the four quarters of the globe.

His road has not been a very easy one to travel.

Bad characters lurked behind the fences, from which they would sometimes take a sneak shot at the Showman as he passed. These fellows were awfully bad shots, though, never so much as hitting the van in which the show travels. *Punchinello's* return fire always set the scamps a-scrampering, and all they had for their pains was the loss of their ammunition, and the discovery that the row kicked up by them had attracted crowds of people to the spot, so that *Punchinello's* show was capitally advertised by their noise.

*Punchinello's* First Volume, then, is a substantial fact. It is an entirely new, original, and complete article, which no family should be without.

Read what the New York *Moon that Shines for All* says about it:

“Put a head on yourself by reading *punchinello*, Vol. 1. It is by far the best tonic bitters in the market. It cured the editor of this paper of a very malignant attack, (made by himself on *punchinello*,) after three applications.”

Several gentle critics predicted an early death for *punchinello* on account of the buff color selected by him for his full dress costume. Ha! ha! gentlemen, many a blow falls harmless on the wearer of a buff-jerkin. As the old poet, whose name we have forgotten, might have said, had he been in the humor—“He who will cuff it, Eke should buff it,”—a maxim to which *punchinello* gives his cordial adhesion.

And now comes *punchinello* to the beginning of his Second Volume, encouraged by the success of his First.

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If Vol. I of *punchinello* was a *Chassepot*, (and it *did* make some havoc in the ranks of the enemy,) Vol. II is intended to be a *mitrailleuse*. It will be so arranged as to combine total annihilation with bewitching music. For instance, by turning one of the cranks by which it is worked, *punchinello* will be able to project a shower of such mortiferous missiles against all abettors of crime and vice, all quacks, political and social, all corrupt officials, all Congress, (except the Right Party,) all torpid fogies and peddlers of red tape, all humbugs of every size and shape, in fact, as will speedily reduce them to ashes. Then, by skilfully manipulating the other crank, he can produce from it strains of such mellifluous harmony that the very telegraph-poles will throng around him, as erstwhile did the trees of the forest around *Orpheus*, and tender their services for the transmission of his melting music to all the beautiful places on Earth. It is hardly necessary to say that “Hail Columbia” is the very first tune on the cylinder of *Punchinello’s* musical *mitrailleuse*.

With his mind’s eye, (an apparatus expressly constructed for and fitted to his mental organization by a renowned necromancer,) *punchinello* sees his Public surging towards him, and grasping with outstretched hands at the showers of *bon bons* with which he plentifully supplies them from an inexhaustible casket.

Among them are thousands of familiar forms, and these are mostly in the front. After these come several thousands of new forms, all pressing forward upon the heels of the others with an eagerness that augurs for PUNCHINELLO Vol II a tremendous and unparalleled success. Each of these good people carries four dollars (\$4) in his right hand, which he waves at PUNCHINELLO, who affably accepts the greenbacks from him when within proper distance, and then, dipping his pen in ink without a drop of gall in it, books the donor for a year’s subscription in advance.

As for party, PUNCHINELLO knows but one party—and that is the Right Party. Stirring times are before us. The Right Party is not going to lie down and sleep while the times are stirring. Nor is PUNCHINELLO. When anything that interests the Right Party has got to be stirred, PUNCHINELLO will be on hand. He has been so long used to starring it, that he makes light of stirring it. He can stir with a red-hot poker and he can stir with a feather,—“You pays your money and you takes your choice.”

And now, having stirred the spirit within him to a demonstrative pitch, PUNCHINELLO shies his cocked hat into space, and calls upon his Public to give three rousing cheers for the

RIGHT PARTY.

\* \* \* \* \*

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# Page 11

\* \* \* \* \*

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

## CHAPTER XX.

AN ESCAPE.

The bewildered Flowerpot had no sooner gained her own room, enjoyed her agitated expression of face in the mirror, and tried four differently colored ribbon-bows upon her collar in succession, than the thought of becoming Mr. BUMSTEAD'S bride lost the charm of its first wild novelty, and became utterly ridiculous. He was a man of commanding stature, which his linen "duster" made appear still more long; the dark circles around his eyes would disappear in time, and he had an abusive way of referring to women which made him inexpressibly grand to women as a true poet-soul; but would it be safe, would it be religiously right, for a young girl, not yet conscious of her own full power of annual monetary expenditure, to blindly risk her necessary expenses for life upon one whom the cost of a single imported bonnet, in the contingency of a General European War, might plunge into inextricable pecuniary embarrassment? Possibly, the General European War might not occur in an ordinary married-lifetime, as France was no longer in a condition to menace England, Russia would be wary about provoking the new Prussian giant, and Austria and Italy were not likely soon to forget their last military misadventures; yet, while all the great American journals had, for the last twenty years, published daily editorials, by young writers from the country, to show that such a War could not possibly be averted longer than about the day after tomorrow, would it be judicious for a young girl to marry as though that War were absolutely impossible? No! Her woman's heart sternly reiterated the pitilessly negative; and, as the Ritualistic organist had plainly evinced an earnest intention to let no foreign military complications prevent her marriage with him, she felt that her only safety from his matrimonial violence must be sought in flight.

With whom, though, could she take refuge? If she went to MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON, all her dearest schoolmates would say, that they had always loved her, despite her great faults, yet could not disguise from themselves that she seemed at last to be fairly running after Miss PENDRAGON'S brother. Besides, Mr. BUMSTEAD, offended by the seeming want of confidence in him evinced by her flight, would, probably, take measures publicly to identify MAGNOLIA'S alpaca garment with the covering of his lost umbrella, and thus direct new suspicion against a sister and brother already bothered almost into hysterics.



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During the last few weeks, an attack of dyspepsia had laid the foundation of a mind in the Flowerpot, as it generally does in other young female American boarding-school thinkers, and she was now capable of that subtle line of reasoning which is the great commendation of her sex to a recognized perfect intellectual equality with man. Once decided, by her apprehension of a General European War, against marriage with J. BUMSTEAD, she took a rather irritable view of that too attractive devotional musician, and inferred, from his not being wealthy enough to stand the test of possible transatlantic hostilities, that he must, himself, have killed EDWIN DROOD. His umbrella, it was well known, had been present at that fatal Christmas dinner; and a thoughtless insult offered to it, even by his nephew, might have made a demon of him. Suppose that EDWIN, upon returning to the dining-room that night, after his temporary exercise in the open air with MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON, had found his uncle, flushed with cloves, endeavoring to force a social glass of lemon tea upon the umbrella, under the impression that it was a person, and had unthinkingly accused him thereof of being momentarily unsettled in his faculties? Probably, then, hot words would have passed between them; each telling the other that he would have a nice headache in the morning and find it impossible not to look very sleepy even if he fixed his hair ever so elaborately. Blows might have followed: the uncle, in his anger, hewing the nephew limb from limb with the carving knife from the table, and subsequently carrying away the remains to the Pond and there casting them in. Suppose, in his natural excitement, the uncle had hurriedly used the umbrella, opened and held downward, to carry the remains in; and, after coming home again, and snatching a nap under the table, had forgotten all about it, and thus been ever since inconsolable for his alpaca loss? As the young orphan argued thus exhaustively to herself, the extreme probability of her suppositions made her more and more frenzied to fly instantly beyond the reach of one who, in the event of a General European War, would not be a husband whom her head could approve.

After penning a hasty farewell note to Miss CAROWTHERS, to the effect that urgent military reasons obliged her to see her guardian at once, FLORA lost no time in packing a small leather satchel for travel. Two bottles of hair oil, a jar of glycerine, one of cold cream, two boxes of powder, a package of extra back-hair, a phial of belladonna, a camel's-hair brush for the eyebrows, a rouge-saucer for pinking the nails, four flasks of perfumery, a depilatory in a small flagon, and some tooth paste, were the only articles she could pause to collect for her precipitate escape; and, with them in the satchel on her arm, and a bonnet and shawl hurriedly thrown on, she stole away down-stairs, and thus from the house.

Hastening to the Roach House, from whence started an omnibus for the ferry, she was quickly rattling out of Bumsteadville in a vehicle remarkable for the great number and variety of noises it could make when maddened into motion by a span of equine rivals in an immemorial walking-match.

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"Now, BONNER," she said to the driver, taking leave of him at the ferry-boat, "be sure and let Miss CAROWTHERS know that you saw me safely off, and that I was not a bit more tired than if I had walked all the way."

Blushing with pleasure at the implied compliment to his equipage from such lips, the skilled horseman had not the heart to object to the wildly mutilated fragment of currency with which his fare had been paid, and went back to where his steeds were taking turns in holding each other up, as happy a man as ever lost money by the change in woman.

Reaching the city, Miss POTTS was promptly worshiped by a hackman of marked conversational powers, who, whip in hand, assured her that his carriage was widely celebrated under the titles of the "Rocking Chair," the "Old Shoe," and the "Glider," on account of its incredible ease of motion; and that, owing to its exquisite abbreviation of travel to the emotions, those who rode in it had actually been known to dispute that they had ridden even half the distance for which they were charged. Did he know where Mr. DIBBLE, the lawyer, lived, in Nassau Street, near Fulton? If she meant lawyer DIBBLE, near Fulton Street, in Nassau, next door but one to the second house below, and directly opposite the building across the way, there was just one span of buckskin horses in the city that could take a carriage built expressly for ladies to that place, as naturally as though it were a stable. It was a place that he—the hackman—always associated with his own mother, because he was so familiar with it in childhood, and had often thought of driving to it blindfolded for a wager.

Proud to learn that her guardian was so well known in the great city, and delighted that she had met a charioteer so minutely familiar with his house of business, FLORA stepped readily into the providential hack, which thereupon instantly began Rocking-Chair-ing, Old-Shoe-ing, and Gliding. Any one of these celebrated processes, by itself, might have been desirable; but their indiscriminate and impetuous combination in the present case gave the Flowerpot a confused impression that her whole ride was a startling series of incessant sharp turns around obdurate street corners, and kept her plunging about like an early young Protestant tossed in a Romish blanket. Instinctively holding her satchel aloft, to save its fragile contents from fracture, she rocked, shoed and glided all over the interior of the vehicle, without hope of gaining breath enough for even one scream, until, nearly unconscious, and, with her bonnet driven half-way into her chignon, she was helped out by the hackman at her guardian's door.

"I am dying!" she groaned.

"Then please remember me in your will, to the extent of two dollars," returned the hackman with much humor. "You're only a little sea-sick, miss; as often happens to people in humble circumstances when they ride in a kerridge for the first time."

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Still panting, Miss POTTS paid and discharged this friendly man, and, weariedly entering the building, followed the signs up-stairs to her guardian's office.

After knocking several times at the right door without reply, she turned the knob, and entered so softly that the venerable lawyer was not aroused from the slumber into which he had fallen in his chair by the window. With a copy of *Putnam's Magazine* still grasped in his honest right hand, good Mr. DIBBLE slept like a drugged person; nor could the young girl awaken him until, by a happy inspiration, she had snatched away the monthly and cast it through the casement.

"Am I dreaming?" exclaimed the aged man, when thus suddenly rescued from his deadly lethargy at last "Is that you, my dear; or are you your late mother?"

"I am your ridiculously unhappy ward," answered the Flowerpot, tremulously. "Oh, poor, dear, absurd EDDY!"

"And you have come here all alone?"

"Yes; and to escape being married to EDDY'S perfectly hateful uncle, who has the same as ordered me to become his utterly disgusted bride. Oh, why is it, why is it, that I must be thus persecuted by young men without property! Why is it that perfectly horrid madmen on salaries are allowed to claim me as their own!"

"My dear," cried the old lawyer, leading her to a chair, and striving to speak soothingly, "if Mr. BUMSTEAD desires to marry you he must indeed be insane. Such a man ought really to be confined," he continued, pacing thoughtfully up and down the room. "This must have been the idea that was already turning his brain when—bless my soul—he actually intimated, first, that I, and then, that Mr. SIMPSON, had killed his nephew!"

"He thinks, now, that I, or MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON, may have done it,—the hateful creature!" said FLORA, passionately.

"I see, I see," assented Mr. DIBBLE, nodding. "When he has you in his head, my dear, he himself must clearly be out of it. You shall stay here and take tea with me, and then I will take you to FRENCH'S Hotel for your accommodation during the night."

It was a sight to see him tenderly help her off with her bonnet; and suggestive to hear him say, that if a man could only take off his brains as easily as a woman hers, what a relief it would be to him occasionally. It was curious to see him peep into her bottle-filled satchel, with an old man's freedom; and to hear him audibly wonder thereat, whether, after all, men were any more addicted than women to the social glass when they wanted to put a better face on affairs. And, after the waiter bringing him toast and tea from a neighboring restaurant had brought an additional slice and cup for the guest, it

was pleasant to behold him smiling across the office-table at that guest, and encouraging her to eat as much as she would if a member of his sex were not looking.

“It must be absurdly ridiculous to stay here all alone, as you do, sir,” observed FLORA.

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"But I am not always alone," answered Mr. DIBBLE. "My clerk, Mr. BLADAMS, now taking a vacation in the country, is generally here though, to be sure, I may lose him before long. He's turned literary."

"How perfectly frightful!" said Miss POTTS.

"He has set up for a genius, my child, and is now engaged upon a great American novel. Discontented with the law, he is giving great attention to this; but Free Trade will not, I am afraid, allow any American publisher to bring it out."

"Free Trade?" repeated FLORA.

"Yes, my dear, Free Trade; that is, while American publishers can steal foreign novels for nothing, they are not going to pay anything for native fiction."

Yawning behind her hand, the Flowerpot murmured something about Free Trade being positively absurd, and her guardian went on:

"Nevertheless, Mr. BLADAMS is going on-with his work, which he calls 'The Amateur Detective;' and if it ever does come out you shall have a copy.—But, by the by," added the lawyer, suddenly, "you have not yet fully described to me the interview in which poor Mr. EDWIN'S uncle offered to become your husband."

She gave him a full history of the Ritualistic organist's handsome offer to her of his H. and H.; adding her own final decision in the matter as precipitated by the possibility of a General European war; and Mr. DIBBLE heard the whole with an air of studious attention.

"Although I have certainly no particular reason for befriending Mr. BUMSTEAD," said he, reflectively, "I shall take measures to keep him from you. Now come with me to FRENCH'S Hotel. To-morrow I will call there for you, you know, and then, perhaps, you may be taken to see your friend, Miss PENDRAGON."

Having obtained for his ward a room in the hotel named, and seen her safely to its shelter, the good old lawyer visited the bar-room of the establishment, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any evil-disposed person could get in through that way for the disturbance of his fair charge. After which he departed for his home in Gowanus.

*(To be Continued.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

MOTTO FOR ALL GOOD CUBANS.—"The labor we delight in physics (S)pain."

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

Punctually as announced, the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE has re-opened. It has been improved by the addition of several private boxes that remind one of the square pews in old-fashioned churches, (by the way, why do Puseyites object to pews?) and by the erection of a hydrant near the conductor's seat, so that when the audience can endure STOEPEL'S music no longer, they can turn on the water and drown him and his long-winded orchestra. This latter improvement meets with our hearty approval, and we earnestly hope to see it put to the excellent use for which it is designed without further delay. Manager DALY is now offering to his patrons the new comedy of *Man and Wife*. The old-fashioned play of that name, which is daily acted everywhere about us, is usually more of a tragedy than a comedy, but Mr. DALY'S *Man and Wife* is comedy, farce, muscular christianity, and paralysis pleasantly mingled together. As thus:

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ACT I.—GEOFFREY DELAMAYN *and his brother are seen conversing in an arbor. (Don't let the printer imagine that I mean Ann Arbor. It was bad enough in WILKIE COLLINS to banish his dramatis personae to Scotland; but he was nevertheless too humane to send them to Michigan.)*

JULIUS DELAMAYN. "GEOFFREY, you really must do something. The unmannerly people who are just coming into the theatre make such a noise that I couldn't be heard if I took the trouble to preach to you for an hour, so I won't attempt to make my meaning any clearer."

GEOFFREY. "I will or I won't, I forget which. However, the audience can't hear. We've got a pretty good house here to-night I wonder if my muscles really show to any extent. Here comes LADY LUNDIE and her friends."

LADY LUNDIE. "I choose everybody to play croquet on my side. The rest may play on BLANCHE'S side. Miss SYLVESTER, you look as if you could not stand alone. Therefore I order you to play."

ANNIE SYLVESTER. "Madame, I will. GEOFFREY, meet me here in ten minutes, or you'll be sorry for it." (Exit everybody. ANNIE and GEOFFREY returning on tip-toe.)

ANNIE. "You must marry me this afternoon. Meet me at the inn on the moor."

GEOFFREY. "I won't cross the moor with you. DESDEMONA foolishly crossed the Moor, and came to grief in consequence. I take warning by her. I hate you, but I suppose I must marry you, or you'll sell all my letters to the *Sun*."—(*They go out to be married.*)

ARNOLD *enters and makes love to BLANCHE. SIR PATRICK does the comic business with LEWIS'S usual humor. (What a nice man LEWIS must be for girls to quarrel with; he "makes up" so nicely—this is a joke.)* LADY LUNDIE *enters and announces that ANNIE is no longer her governess, that misguided person having thrown up her situation, for the irrational reason that it was an interesting one, and having fled in the silence of the after-dinner hour. Shrieks of horror from the young ladies, who desist from knocking their croquet-balls into the orchestra and the proscenium boxes; and triumphant falling of a new act-drop. STOEPEL, having thought of a sweet passage for the fife, in a Chinese opera, plays it uninterruptedly for forty-five minutes. A deaf old gentleman approvingly remarks that this is really classical music.*

ACT II.—A storm at the inn on the Moor. Miss SYLVESTER waits for her GEOFFREY and her tea. Enter ARNOLD.

ARNOLD. "GEOFFREY can't come, so he has sent me. I know your situation, and shall have to feel for you if it gets much darker and they don't bring candles. That is, if

I'm to shake hands with you. I have told everybody here that you are my wife. Let's have a little game of seven-up, and pass the time profitably."



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ANNIE. "Oh, villain (I mean GEOFFREY,) you have de-ser-er-erted me. Oh, rash young person, (I mean you, ARNOLD,) I'm inclined to think that you've married me by Scotch law, without having meant it. If so, you'll have to go to America and see BEECHER about a divorce." (*Curtain subsequently falls, and STOEPEL orders the big drum to beat for an hour, while the musicians take advantage of the noise to tune their instruments.*) Deaf old gentleman remarks again that he does like WAGNER'S music. Half the audience hold their ears, while the other half flee madly away until the entr'acte is over.

ACT III.—GEOFFREY boxes with his trainer, and slings Indian clubs and wooden dumb-bells.

GEOFFREY. "There! Thank heaven I didn't break anything. The scenery, the footlights, or a bloodvessel will get broken before the week is out, however, if this prize-ring business isn't cut out. Here comes ARNOLD."

ARNOLD. "How's Miss SYLVESTER?"

GEOFFREY. "If you say anything more about her, I'll put a head on you. She's your wife. You're a married man."

ARNOLD. "*Married!* You infamous editor of a two cent daily paper; I deny it. (*Curtain again falls, and STOEPEL plays the entire opera of ERNANI for two hours. Deaf old gentleman remarks that music is the STOEPEL entertainment at this theatre, and that he really likes it. The rest of the audience look at him with horror, as though he were a sort of aggravated and superfluous cannibal.*)

ACT IV.—Sir PATRICK proves that GEOFFREY is married to ANNIE, and that ARNOLD isn't. GEOFFREY takes his weeping wife home with him. Everybody finds out that GEOFFREY is an enormous liar and an unmitigated blackguard. Through the open windows are seen the editors of the Sun and the Free Press, each determined to be the first to offer GEOFFREY a place on the staff of his respective journal. The curtain falls and STOEPEL directs each member of the orchestra to play the tune that he may like best. After three hours of this sort of thing a humane person in the audience brings in a saw and begins to file it. The rest of the audience are thereupon gently lulled to sleep by the music of the file—so soft and soothing does it sound by contrast with STOEPEL'S demoniac orchestra.

ACT V.—ANNIE, in the midst of misery and a gorgeous silk dress with lace trimmings, is seen going to bed in her best clothes, and without taking her hair down—this being the well-known custom among fashionably dressed girls. GEOFFREY enters and attempts to strangle her, but she is awakened by the considerate forethought of a dumb woman, who loudly calls her, and GEOFFREY conveniently lies down and dies of paralysis. All the rest of the dramatis personae enter, and indulge in exclamations of

*joy. The curtain falls for the last time, and STOEPEL is removed under the protection of a strong platoon of policemen, to the secret abode where DALY keeps him hidden during the day from the wrath of an outraged public.*

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And the undersigned goes home to breakfast—it being now nearly 6 A.M.—reflecting upon the beauty of the theatre, the neatness of the scenery, the general ability of the actors, the capabilities of the play, (after Mr. DALY shall have cut it down to a reasonable length,) the pluck of the young manager, and the unredeemed badness of the orchestra, as it is conducted by Mr. STOEPEL. Tell me, gentle DALY, tell; why in the name of all that is intelligent, do you let STOEPEL transform each *entr'acte* at your theatre into a prolonged purgatory, by the villainous way in which he plays the most execrable music, for the most intolerable periods of time?

MATADOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

L. N. IN PRUSSIA.

Yes, I am quite upset;  
In fact, I'm dizzy yet  
With all that rapid riding, day and night;  
But still, two things I see;  
They've made an end of Me,  
And blown the Empire higher than a kite!

Yes, here I am, at last—  
And all my dreams are past.  
didn't think to enter Prussia thus!  
Confound that "Vorwarts" man!  
When first the war began  
He seemed as logy as an omnibus.

Faugh! smell the Sweitzer Kaise!  
The same in every place, eh?  
How these big Germans love an ugly stench!  
My! what a taste they've got  
For articles that rot;  
And can it be, they live so near the French?

I'm in a pretty nest!  
And, worse than all the rest,  
Is thinking how I got here; there's the rub.  
When I have mused awhile  
On all my luck, so vile,  
I almost wish they'd hit me with a club!

It's very well to say—  
"I might have won the day,  
If things had only gone this way or that;"  
I should have *made* them go,  
And let these Germans know  
That *they* must go, too! or be cut down flat.

They didn't go, it seems;  
Except 'twas in my dreams!  
And, consequently, I must bid good bye  
To titles, power and state,  
Which I enjoyed of late,  
And curse my dismal fate—poor Louis and I!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE PLYMOUTH ROCK.

The fact of his having relinquished (at the imperative demand of society) his weekly visits to the watering places, need lead no one to believe that Mr. PUNCHINELLO does not like a little fresh air. And surely a half a day or so by the seaside need jeopardize no one's social standing if the thing is not repeated too often. At least so thought Mr. P., and he determined, one fine morning last week, that he would hurry up his business as fast as possible, and take a trip on Col. FISK'S steamboat to Sandy Hook. A man calling with a bundle of puns detained him so long that he found that he would not be able to reach the 11 A.M. boat without he made unusual haste.

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Rushing into the street, therefore, he hailed a passing hack, and ordered the driver to take him, as quickly as possible, to the Plymouth Rock.

When the carriage stopped, and the man opened the door, Mr. P. rubbed his eyes, for he had fallen into a doze, on the way, and sprang hastily out.

But what a sight met his gaze!

Before him was the hack, covered with mud and dust, and the horses in a position indicating utter exhaustion: to his right lay a huge unsymmetrical stone, while behind him rolled the heaving waters of Cape Cod bay! The man had mistaken his directions, and had driven him to JOHN CARVER'S old Plymouth Rock in Massachusetts, instead of JAMES FISK Jr.'s steamboat at Pier 28, North River.

"There's the rock, yer honor," said the man, pointing to the mis-shapen stone, "and an awful time I've had a drivin' yer honor to it."

"How long have you been, coming here?" asked the astounded Mr. P.

"Nigh on to three days, yer honor, and I drove as fast as I could, hopin' to get back by the Sunday in time for the Centhral Park, but I had to stop sometimes for feed and wather, and it's no use me whippin' up afther all, for sorra the good them horses will be for the Centhral Park on the Sunday."

"And how much do I owe you for all this?" asked Mr. P.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I won't charge your honor nothin' for the feed and my victuals, for I'd had to have found them if yer hadn't a hired me; and I'll only charge ye three dollars a hour, for sure yer honor never give me the least thruble, slapeing there as swate as an infant all the time, and that'll be jist two hundred and four dollars, and if yet honor could give me a thrifle besides to drink yer health, I'd be obliged to yer honor."

Mr. P. gazed alternately at the man, the carriage, the horses, and the rock, and then he paid the driver two hundred and four dollars and twenty-five cents. The worthy Milesian pocketed the money and declared his intention of proceeding to Boston, which was only about forty miles away, and taking the railroad for New York

"If I don't, ye see, yer honor, I'll never get back in time for the Sunday; and the horses will be restin' in the cars."

As the man made his preparations and departed, Mr. P. stood and watched him until he slowly faded out of sight.

When he had entirely disappeared, Mr. P. sat down upon the rock and reflected. Now that he was here, what had he best do? He had never seen the rock before, and as it

struck him that possibly some of his patrons might be in the same unfortunate condition, he concluded that he would take a few sketches of it for their benefit. But he did not succeed very well. The first drawing he made had a strange appearance. It looked more like an old woman tied to a post, and surrounded by what seemed to be flames, than anything else. This surely was not a correct view of this famous rock, and so Mr. P. commenced another sketch. This, however, looked so much like a man with a broad-brimmed hat, hanging by his neck to a rope, that he concluded to try again.

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His next sketch bore a striking resemblance to something that certainly did not seem like a rock, but which, after some deliberation, he found to look very much like a shrinking Southern negro, forced into the ranks to supply the place of a citizen of Massachusetts. Everybody might not be able to see this, but Mr. P. thought he perceived it plainly.

The last sketch made by Mr. P. somewhat resembled one whose connection with "The Plymouth Rock" has certainly been of more practical benefit to the public than that of any of the "old founders," or anybody else—at least so far as Mr. P. can see. If any one doubts this, let him ask General GRANT.

Now should his readers see anything at all suggestive of sober and beneficial reflection in these sketches, Mr. P.'s visit to Plymouth Rock was not made in vain.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A LETTER FROM L. N.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: The Empire is Peace, as usual. If, some time hence, it should be discovered to have been otherwise, at the time of writing this letter, you will please understand that I wasn't there, at that moment, having had a little business to transact with my good friend WILLIAMS, of PRUSSIA. I am at present engaged upon a tour of the German States in the company of a pleasant little excursion party, who met me at Sedan, and received me warmly.

Everybody seems glad to greet me, particularly at this time, and all express regrets that I couldn't have come earlier in the season. They are aware of the interest I have ever felt in the great German people, and I am assured they welcome with enthusiasm my pet theory of the solidarity of nations.

I intend remaining here awhile, feeling sure that there is nothing to call me homeward for the present. The truth is, my friend, I am getting weaned of the French people. So soon as my obligations to my very good friends in Prussia will permit, you may look for me in New York. Yes, dear PUNCHINELLO, greatest and beet of Philosophers! expect to see me walking into your Sanctum one of these fine mornings,—probably with my son LOUIS,—delighted to see you, and glad to turn my back on those scenes so long familiar, which, in their new and popular dress, could hardly be expected to afford me much exhilaration.

From an inferior man, I should expect officious and quite gratuitous commiseration over the fate of the late Empire. You, however, will readily perceive it to be possible that I should rather be congratulated. You would not exchange your dignified leisure, your careless toils, for the best of sovereignties. Why, then, should I, who have made you

my exemplar, feel a pang at parting with a sceptre which for years has only tired my hand?

I picture myself seated with my family on the heights at Weehawken, smoking a good cigarette, and musing on the affairs of nations as I watch the flow of that superb river (as much finer than the Rhine, my friend, as wine is finer than lagerbier!) which I have often, in days gone by, admired and extolled by the hour.



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I expect they will pleasantly call me Duke Hudson, and my son the Prince of Staten Island. No matter. I can always face the Inevitable.

And that reminds me of the late war, in which the Inevitable that I was always being called upon to face, was the Inevitable Prussian. But I have faced much more terrible things. In your very city of Hoboken, I have stood face to face with a German creditor! Will any one henceforth doubt my fortitude?

I have one rather comforting reflection, apropos to that *rencontre*. I have taken care to arm myself against future assaults of that nature. I am Gold-Plated.

If your highly-gifted corps of artists should wish to depict me in a connection which would satisfy my sense of honor, let them make a sketch entitled: "The Two Exiles,"—one of whom may be, my Uncle at St. Helena; the other, me, at Weehawken, with my family near, a glass of wine at my side, a cigarette in one hand, and a copy of PUNCHINELLO in the other!

But let me not anticipate. Sufficient unto the day is the (d)evil thereof.

Royally yours,

L. N.

\* \* \* \* \*

Maxim for the next new President.

"A place for everybody, and everybody in his place."

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: ON COLOR.

*Cousin Bella, (admiring picture.)* "HOW IS IT, FRED, THAT YOU PRODUCE SUCH LOVELY COLOR, AND WITH SO MUCH FACILITY?"

*Fred, (thinking of his meerschaum.)* "I DON'T TELL EVERYBODY THAT, YOU INQUISITIVE TEASE, BUT FACT IS, I PUT THE STUMP OF AN OLD PAINT-BRUSH IN THE BOWL, AND SMOKE THE OILIEST TOBACCO I CAN FIND."]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE BATTLE AT SEDAN.

Special Correspondence of Punchinello.



(This paper is the only paper on the planet which has a correspondent at the seat of war, wherever that seat may be. The following dispatch was sent to us by cable at a total expense of \$21,000.)

It was a still, calm night, the glorious moon was sailing through the sky; the river was running water; the clouds were cloudy; the soldiers were soldiering. I stepped out of my tent and tumbled over VON MOLTKE. He took my arm and invited me to the tent of the Crown Prince.

"MOLTY," said I, "what's your little game?"

"Penny ante," replied he.

"*Tres bien*," added I.

"You are a French spy. Ha! ha!" said he, grasping my collar. "Ho! Ho!"

"*Das ish goot*," added I.

"Then you're Dutch," sighed he, dropping me like a hot pair of tongs.

In the tent we found the King, the Crown Prince, Gen. STEINMETZ, Gen. SHERIDAN, and Gen. FORSYTH.

"MOLTY," said I, "introduce me to the King."

"BILL," said he, "this is JENKINS."

BILL held out his foot and I took a suck at his great toe.

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Then we went at the game. BILL is pretty good at it, but then he doesn't stand any chance beside MOLTY. The Crown Prince lost at least fourteen cents, and, just as he had a splendid opportunity to retrieve his losses, in came an aide, who announced that the French had squatted.

"Where?" cried VON MOLTKE.

"In Sedan," replied the aide.

"I knew it," said MOLTY. "BILL, I told you they had no horses for a regular carriage."

Then we went out. The King invited me to sit in his carriage with MOLTY and SHERIDAN. We reached the scene of war.

The moon shone; the mountains were mountainous; the trees were treey; and the soft September breeze was breezy. BISMARCK came up and asked the King to let him cut behind.

"BIS," said I, "take my seat; I'll take a trip to the French camp."

So I tripped over to the French camp and found things somewhat mixed. The moon shone. Steadily the Prussian troops advanced; and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, the French retreated. The Emperor wanted to die in the rear of his men.

"NAP," said I, "you'd better get up and get. The Prussians are coming."

"JENKINS," said he, "kiss me for my mother, I'm betrayed."

"Why didn't you have more cheesepots?" said I.

"I'll surrender," said he, "get out a white flag."

So I took one of EUGENIE'S old pocket-handkerchiefs which I found in the tent, stuck it on the end of the sabre of the nephew of his uncle, put NAP in the carriage, jumped in myself and drove to the Prussian camp. The moon shone; all nature smiled; the rivers were rivery; the Sedans were chairy.

BILL received us very coolly at first, but I gave BIS the wink, and he suggested to his Majesty that he'd better take the Emperor prisoner.

"NAP," said BILL, "is the game up?"

"BILL," said NAP, "you've scored the game. I leave my old clothes to the Regent. I hope she'll like the breeches."

Then he treated to cigarettes, and we all went back to our game of penny ante. NAP wouldn't join us. He said he'd just been playing a game with crowns ante and he was busted. We'd hardly got the cards dealt, when BILL turned to BISMARCK and asked, "I say, BIS, won't you run over and telegraph to the old woman something about our FRITZ?"

"Let JENKINS go," said BIS.

Of course I assented to the proposition.

"Where the devil is FRITZ?" said BILL.

"Oh, he's been sleeping for the last two hours," said MOLTKE.

"Never mind," said BILL, "telegraph a victory by FRITZ."

So I telegraphed,

"A great victory has been won by our FRITZ. What great things have we done for ourselves! We'll keep it up, old woman,

(Signed) BILL."

When I reached the tent everybody was asleep. NAP was reclining gracefully on the breast of BISMARCK, as affectionately as if they were brothers-in-law. The moon shone; the sky was skyey; the hills were hilly; and all nature was getting up.

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Anybody who says the above did not come over the cable lies, wickedly, maliciously lies, with intent to deceive. As soon as JACK SMITH'S smack sails, I'll send you a piece of the cable it came over.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: Mr. Bull: The Sutler of the World]

\* \* \* \* \*

### HIRAM GREEN TO KONIG WILHELM

He Reviews the Career of a Lunatic. — A Graduate with Nice Ideas.

KING WILYAM, Most noble Loonatic:

*We gates all der while!* Accordin' to the Marine Cable, I understand you've given old BONEY a *slosh on der cope mit der Sweitzer case*; or in good plain United States talk, LEWIS NAPOLEON has taken his Umpire, and shoved it up the spout, without the benefit of Judge or Jewry.

I kinder had an idee that when the now busted up rooler of the Umpire tackled you, that it would have been a ten dollar greenback in his panterloons pocket if he had let the contract out on shares to his nabors.

I've allers heard say that as able-bodied a Loonatic as the French say you be, could handle any 3 ordinary men, "Be be Jost or Gobler damed," to cote from our friend BILLY SHAKESPEER.

We have had evidences here, of the superiority of Loonatics, mor'en once.

If a man can prove that his upper story is crackt, he can wallop his wife to his heart's content; and if anybody interferences, he can popp him off with a six shooter, and the law will stand to his back.

Judges and Jewrys, when tryin' such a man, think he is sum punkins, while all the illustrated papers stick the celebrated Loonatic's fotograf onto their first page.

I would like to ask you, if your insanity is of the melon-colic, (this bein' the season when melons is ripe,) or is it of the *pro temper* kind?

I shoulde'n't wonder, between you and I, but that you inherited it from your illustrious Antsister, FREDERICK the Grate, who was about as sassy a Loonatic as you can pick up.

What we need just now, and what we have needed for a good while, is a able-bodied Loonatic to send to England as minister.

With such a crazy Statesman as you be, them 'ere little Alabarmy claims would have been squared up long ago, or else, if this court knows herself intimately, the British lion would have been sent off howlin', with a tin kittle tide to his cordil appendage.

You probly observe, I go heavy on Loonatics. Yes, sir! they are the "Coming man," the 16th Commandment; or Chinese Coolers can't hold a candle to 'em.

When a man ups and does something nobody else can do, if they'd bust their biler tryin', then he is sot down as bein' crazy as a loon by his jelous nabors.

I haven't heard whether BISMARK'S or FRITZ'S upper storys were shaky, or not, but there haint the shadder of a dowl in my mind, but what both of these long headed chaps are madder than GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN any day; and that the Crown Prints employs his spare time strikin' tragic attitoods, and repeatin' the follerin well known verses:

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"I am not mad!  
I am not mad!  
But only on my mussle.  
Old NAP'd been glad  
If he and King dad  
Had never got into a tussle."

My object in riting to you, great Conkeror of the man whose son was so *bully* at pickin' up *bullocks*, is to congratulate you.

Speakin' after the manner of men, You are an old Cinnamon bud. Havin' served my country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, you can rely on my giving a good sound opinion, from which there haint no repeal to a higher court.

What do you think of my startin' a college here for the purpus of edicatin' Loonatics?

We've got 3 colliges here, Harvard, 'Ale, and the Electoral College, and a skalier lot of week-kneed timber than these institutions sometimes turns out, would make you stick to your stomach to look at.

Stugents are turned out from these asilums with pooty ristocratick idees into their nozzles.

I once knew a chap who was a gradooate of one of these institutions of larning,

He was more ristocratick than a retired church deekin'.

When his wife died, he wanted her to look respectable at the funeral, so he sent to one of his nabors to borrer a silk dress for the corpse to wear, doorin' the funeral services.

Thinks I, that was shovin' a good thing rather too deep in the ground, merely for the sake of pilin' on the agony.

However, that's the way of the world; larnin' will stick out, and you can't atop her.

That son of your'n, FRITZ, is smarter than a 2 year old heifer.

If he haint in that precarious situation which SARY F. NORTON calls "mummery," and the Onida Community says Amen! to, but which good honest folks, like you and I, calls married, then I would say that he mite go further and fare a site wusser, than to come over here and examine my stock of risin' feminine genders.

Mrs. GREEN, the mother of my dorters, is a woman who understands her biz as housekeeper, and anybody who gits one of her gals won't be troubled to death by keepin' a cook to boss 'em around.



Doorin' the prosperous days of Skeensboro, when I was baskin' in the sunshine of offishal life, and had a politikle ax to grind, MARIAR'S biled dinners used to fetch Polerticians to their milk, ekal to the way a big dinner at DELMONICO'S, N.Y., will flop over a New York Alderman.

The surest way of gettin' round a public man, is via his stomach.

Like ALADIN'S lamp, you can  
By merely givin' a rub,  
Bring around most any man,  
By fillin' him up with grub.

But, most noble cuss of the Realm, I must lay aside my goose quill, and go and do the family chores. But afore I close this letter let me speak a word for your noble prisoner, L. NAPOLEON, Esq.

Deal gently with him.

Altho' he plade the wrong card when he pitched into you, recollect the old maxum:



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"Never bute a feller when he is down."

France is better, in a good many respects, for things LEWIS done for 'em.

But he has gone to the shades, and SHAKSPEER aptly says:

"The evil which men do,  
Lives a darn site longer than  
The evil they don't do."

Which sentiment shode that old SHAKE was a hulsail dealer in human nater.

Hopin' that in the days of your prosperity, you wont forgit your poor relations, sich as *mothers-in-law* and the like, and when they come to visit you, you wont say:

"Nix cum arous,"

I will dry up.

Ewers anon,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

*Lait Gustise of the Peece*

\* \* \* \* \*

THE LOVERS.

In Different Moods and Tenses.

SALLY SALTER, she was a young teacher, who taught,  
And her friend, CHARLEY CHURCH, was a preacher, who praught;  
Though his enemies called him a screecher, who scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking, and sunk,  
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking, and wunk;  
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,  
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do, then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,  
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;  
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;  
They so sweetly did glide, that they both thought they glode,  
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then homeward he said let us drive, and they drove,  
And soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove;  
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole,  
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, there he knole,  
And he said, " I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,  
While Time his swift circuit was winging, and wung;  
And this was the thing he was bringing, and brung.

The man SALLY wanted to catch, and had caught—  
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught—  
Was the one that she now liked to scratch, and she sraught

And CHARLEY'S warm love began freezing, and froze,  
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze  
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried when she threatened to leave him, and left,  
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"  
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft!"

## **AMOS KEETER**

\* \* \* \* \*

## Page 26

[Illustration: A PRETTY IDEA OF MR. VAN LITTLEDAM: HE TAKES HIS YOUNGSTER OUT FOR A SAIL, THUS, AND SAVES THE EXPENSE OF A BOAT.]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO VII.

Tom, Tom the Pipers' son,  
Stole a Pig, and away he run;  
The Pig was eat, and TOM was beat.  
And TOM went roaring down the street.

The above verse immortalizes an event that caused great excitement in the period in which it occurred, although at the present date it would not be considered of much account, or cause the smallest ripple on the glassy calm of our most, sleepy village.

We have progressed beyond being stirred by any little peccadillo such as the theft of a pig or a sheep, or even a watch or a purse, unless it contains a large amount, and was taken under the most aggravating circumstances from ourselves.

A robbery of a bank of a million, when it happens to affect hundreds of people, or a midnight murder executed with the malignancy of a fiend, will sometimes stir up the public for a few days, but even that soon passes out of mind, and society settles back into its imperturbable apathy, retreating with each wave of excitement still further, and becoming by degrees proof against being stirred by anything that does not affect ourselves personally.

Not so, however, in those days of Arcadian simplicity; for the astounding temerity of the Piper's son, in laying felonious hands on the property of the village butcher, or baker, caused an excitement second only to a hanging, or a first-class sensational horror, of later days.

Poor TOM was a deal to be pitied as well as blamed; for although he was the one who committed the crime, he was not the only one who reaped a benefit therefrom. But the traditional historian tells us, he was the only one who was punished therefor; so, while we blame him, let us shed a tear of sympathy because he alone got the beating, the others the eating. The scene is graphically described thusly—

"Tom, Tom the Piper's son,  
Stole a pig, and away he run."

Here we see Tom, the good-for-nothing, standing idly around, listening to the witching strains of his father's bagpipe, played by the industrious musician before the doors of



the well-to-do villagers, with the laudable view of obtaining the wherewith to purchase the meat that both might eat; and while the instrument that has well served its day and generation is groaning and wheezing under the pressure brought to bear upon it, TOM'S eyes, roving around from window to door, happen to light on a beautiful sucking-pig, that reposes in all the innocent beauty of baby pignood before the open door of a zealous stickler for human rights.

Alas! TOM is not acquainted with the gentlemanly owner of the fascinating pig, and he doesn't know how strong his principles are, nor how far he will go to maintain them.

## Page 27

He gazes enraptured upon the dainty porker, and as he looks, the desire to own just such a one grows upon him, and soon it becomes a determination to own that identical one, for never another could equal that. He looks stealthily around and finds the eyes of all are fixed upon the musician and his bagpipe. No one notices him, and hailing it as a happy omen, he pounces upon the coveted quadruped, grasps it tightly in his hands, and skedaddles.

The music is ended and the crowd disperses. The absence of piggy is unnoticed till the red-headed urchin whose playmate it is looks around for the loved companion, of his childish sports, and finds it not. Great research, amid loud outcries, is made, resulting only in the conviction that the pet of the family is gone, leaving no trace behind.

TOM, with his prize, exultingly hurries homeward, his heart swelling with joy at his luck. Like a dutiful son, he rushes to the arms of his maternal parent and deposits in her capacious lap the dainty prize. Visions of a luscious supper float through the mind of the female piperess, as she bestows her motherly benediction upon her thoughtful son, and proceeds to put into execution the well-conned lesson of cooking a sucking pig.

Having accomplished the "First get your pig" part, the rest comes easy; and at night, when the old Piper returns, his olfactories are sainted with an odor that startles him from his generally despondent mood, and awakens his curiosity as to the cause of such an unusual flavor from his usually flavorless abode. He enters and finds a smiling wife and son, with a smoking pig awaiting his coming. "What next occurred the Poet tells us in the laconic words

"The pig was eat."

There was no necessity for describing the way of eating; the fact was enough. But alas! there is always a dark side to everything, and this happy family were no exception, The bones were left. They couldn't eat them, and they didn't own a dog; so they picked them clean and threw them away. But, "Murder will out," and the tiny bones told their own tale. The village detective soon coupled the feet of the missing pig with the unusual occurrence of a heap of bones before the door of the musician's abode, and by a process of reasoning unknown to the detectives of the present day, decided that those bones were a pig's bones—a stolen pig's bones, from the fact that the Piper did not earn enough to indulge in such luxuries as sucking-pigs. Now who stole the sucking-pig?

Clearly not Madame Piper, for she was too fat and heavy to have any light-fingered proclivities.

Clearly not the Piper himself, for he was playing his bagpipe and could prove an alibi.



There was no one left but TOM. Circumstances pointed him out: he loved good eating and hated work, and had been noticed gazing upon the charms of the missing family pet. It was settled, then. TOM was the thief, and the offender must be punished. But how? Law was too uncertain and expensive, TOM was too poor to pay for the pig, so it was resolved to take the worth of it out of him by beating. The poet tells us

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"TOM was beat."

Undoubtedly TOM was glad when they got through, and although he

"Went roaring down the street,"

it was a matter of rejoicing with him that he had saved his bacon. It was impossible to get that out through his hide, and they had no stomach pumps in those days.

\* \* \* \* \*

Scene.—A. City Restaurant.

*Waiter, (to customer, who is winding up his repast.)* "Anything more, sir?"

*Customer.* "H'm—well—yes; bring me an omelette souffle."

*Waiter.* "Omelet Shoo-fly, sir? Yessir."

*(Exit, humming the popular tune.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

Unintentionally Appropriate.

The Sun tells a very large story of its own circulation, and then innocently requests the "False Reporting" *Tribune* to copy it!

\* \* \* \* \*

BY GEORGE!

*(Continued.)*

LAKE GEORGE, Sept 5.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO:—In my last I promised to finish my trip on the Lake and give you some reliable rumors about the "Rogers' Slide."

I am prepared to do this to-day, in a happy and congratulatory frame of mind.

I have had breakfast this morning.

When I say this I mean that I have had this morning's breakfast this morning.

Any one who has achieved so remarkable a success, at this place, can safely plume himself on his patience and physical endurance.

For instance, this morning, for the first time, I ordered broiled Spring Chicken.

The waiter gave me a disconsolate look and proceeded to gird up his loins with a base ball belt.

In a few moments he dashed past the window in hot pursuit of a fowl of venerable appearance, but of a style of going that would have put to shame any ostrich that Dr. LIVINGSTONE ever saw.

I asked the head waiter if he called that a *Spring Chicken*?

He said he guessed that chicken could out-Spring any chicken in the place.

This clears up another great hotel mystery.

The man outflanked this gentle birdling on the eighth time round, in 6.23, which is considered very good indeed, and beats the time of the late Harvard and Yale "Foul" considerably.

I say "outflanked," because it is not the intention of these sunny Amendments to put an end to these feathery Dexters immediately, but to drive them into the ten-pin alley, where they are leisurely bowled to an untimely end. As, however, pony balls are generally used, and there are always half a dozen darkies standing around ready to bet that the chicken won't be killed in forty balls, or sixty, as the case may be, this part of the process is rather tedious to the guest

Sometimes, when the chicken is not very active, there are not more than nine or ten-pin feathers left.



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Well, the next place the boat stopped at is called “Sabbath Day Point,” in consequence of ABERCROMBIE having landed there on a Wednesday morning.

Its name will therefore be considered a joke by such as see the Point.

A gentleman on board informed me that the water was so clear at this place that one could “see objects when thirty feet from the bottom.”

I have thought and thought over this remark, but am unable to see what one’s distance from the bottom has to do with his “seeing objects.”

I give it up.

On the opposite side of the Lake is a hill called “Sugar Loaf Mountain”—because it is a sweet place for loafers, I suppose.

Finally we passed “Rogers’ Slide,” which is a rocky precipice three hundred feet high, sloping nearly perpendicularly into the water. A decidedly unpleasant-looking place for cellar-door practice.

There are a great many romantic traditions about this same ROGERS, who is regarded by the simple natives as having been an altogether high-minded and gorgeous character—the fact being that he was one of those unmitigated old scamps who owe to the accident of having lived in Revolutionary times, the distinction of being held up to the emulation of primary schools as a “Patriot Hero.” Literally he was simply an “unmixed evil,” fighting only to steal something, and devoting what time and talent he could spare from his legitimate profession—which was *seven-up*—to generally bedevilling and encroaching upon the neighboring Indians.

As an enchroachist he was immense.

The noble red-skins alluded to finally concluded that enough was enough, and appointed a Special Commission to put a permanent end to the delicate attentions of the “Marked Back.”

This *sobriquet* they conferred upon him partly on account of the fact that he usually received his wounds while leaving their immediate vicinity, and partly because of a peculiar characteristic of the kind of cards he used.

The Commissioners caught ROGERS out hunting, and chased him until he came to this precipice, down which he slid into the Lake below, and, unfortunately, escaped unharmed.

The Indians, who were pursuing him by the imprints of his snow-shoes, soon arrived at the brink. Seeing what had occurred, they concluded to “let him slide.”

Hence the name.

Evidently they thought, from the trail, that he must have gone over. Though he was by no means a missionary, the Tracks he had left produced a profound impression on their untutored minds.

They at once concluded that he was drowned, or had got “in with” some bad spirits.

It is obvious, however, to the most casual observer of the place, that the reverse must have been the case. The bad spirits were in him.

The mark worn by Mr. R’s “cheviots” in his descent can still be distinctly seen.

About half way up is a shining object which is generally believed to be a suspender button.

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This, however, is merely conjectural.

The clerk of the boat, of whom I have spoken before, tells me that until within a few years back, the hole in the water where ROGERS struck could be seen.

“But it is all gone now,” he said, shaking his head sadly. “Nothing can escape the Vandal horde of tourists and relic hunters. Piece by piece they have carried the hole away, and there is no trace of it left now.”

And he “wept at my tranquillity.”

At the north end of the Lake we took stages for Fort Ticonderoga. These vehicles were run by a man who was pointed out as a “character,” which means a sort of licensed nuisance.

The monomania of this individual was speech making, and much reflection inclines me to the belief that he is some unappreciated politician who has invented a way of “taking it out” on the unhappy public as follows:

He waits until his five immense stages arrive at some remote and solitary part of the road, then draws them up in a semi-circle, mounts a stump, and—on pretence of exhibiting the beauties of nature—proceeds to harangue the helpless fares to the top of his very high bent, or until one of the slumbering “outsides” creates a welcome diversion by falling off and breaking his neck.

We came to what was really a curiosity—two kinds of trees growing from one trunk, which this concentration of bores, this *mitrailleuse*, in fact, improved accordingly.

“Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, you per-ceive one of the *re*-markable and *pe*-culiar works of a benign *Per*-rovidence. On the right you see the sturdy and iron-hearted oak, while on the left you behold the modest and *be*-utiful ellum. What Having has joined together let no man put asunder—gerlang with yer hosses!”

It must have been a Sunday-school Superintendent who invented excursions to Fort Ty.

It is not a place to Tye to.

One old gentleman pointed to an underground hole and advised me to go and look at the magazine.

I went; but it is hardly necessary to say that I didn’t find any, and, on the whole, I was glad of it. If people don’t know any more than to leave their *Galaxys* and *Harper’s* lying around loose when travelling, why, they deserve to have them stolen, that’s all.

I was sorry for the old gentleman, but if there is anything that disgusts me, it is to meet people that ain't posted about things.

As the steamer neared the Hotel, on our return, the departing sun was flinging back his last good-night smile on the lovely scene below, and the musical chime of the little church at Caldwell came stealing sweetly over the bosom of the placid Lake. As its fairy-like sounds reached our ears, a melancholy-looking man with long hair, who sat near, started, smiled, and turning to me, said:

“Did I ever tell you that story about SLUKER?”

As I had never seen the party before, I replied that if he had I had forgotten it.

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“SLUKER,” he repeated, gazing absently at the distant spire; “SLUKER,” he reiterated, rubbing his nose abstractedly with the handle of his umbrella; “SLUKER,” he continued

---

—in my next, my dear PUNCHINELLO, in my next.

SAGINAW DODD.

[*To be continued.*]

\* \* \* \* \*

Sauce

There can be no doubt that Grevy is in the right place, as a member of the Provisional government of France.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *Old Gent*. “Don’t scatter water on my feet, man,—do you suppose I want ‘em to grow any bigger?”]

\* \* \* \* \*

EDUCATION FOR DETECTIVES.

Although our Metropolitan Detectives have hitherto failed to solve the mystery in which certain atrocious murders remain shrouded, yet it would be simply captious to impeach them, on that account, for lack of sagacity, zeal, courage, or any of the numerous other qualities that go to the making up of an efficient “Hawkshaw.”

That they are not deficient in zeal, at least, is manifest from a circumstance which took place a short time since. Counterfeiting had been carried on to a great extent in the city. The rashness of counterfeiters is proverbial, and they usually carry on their operations immediately under the nasal protuberance of the law. Nevertheless, in the case under notice, some vigilant detective, with a nose as sharp as that of a Spitz-dog, obtained a clue to the arrangements of the counterfeiters. Having informed some of his associates, a concerted descent was made by the party upon a house in one of the lower streets of the city. A portion of the house is, and has been for years past, occupied by several artists connected with the illustrated press. Few gentlemen are better known in large circles than these artists, none more highly appreciated by hosts of friends. But duty is duty—often stern, but never to be shirked; and so the faithful detectives inserted their Spitz-dog noses between the joints of the artists’ doors, and, having smelt a very large rat, suddenly burst in upon these graphic malefactors, and

caught them in the act, with all the tools and paraphernalia of their nefarious occupation scattered about their vile den.

Most of them were engaged in executing drawings upon blocks of wood, although it is probable that some of them were smoking pipes—tobacco being vastly conducive to that concentration of thought by which alone great mental efforts can be followed by equivalent results. Short work was made by the sagacious detectives, when they saw the graphic malefactors engaged in their diabolical toil. Some of the officers seized the implements of the gang, while others collared the delinquents, and marched them through the streets to the nearest police station, where they were thrust into a dungeon and locked up for the night.

Next morning, on being taken before a magistrate, the prisoners were discharged, on the grounds that the affair was a mistake—or a joke—we are not exactly informed which; but the parties chiefly interested do not look upon it as a joke.

## Page 32

Now it is a very clear case that the mistake in question—or joke—may be traced to a deficiency of education on the part of these vigilant and zealous detectives. Had they been properly cultivated in the various branches of art, the slight blunder to which we refer could not have occurred. The Spitz-dog noses, instead of smelling Rat, would have smelt its anagram, Art. Its influence would at once have been acknowledged by them, and they would have backed out from the August Presence with obsequious genuflections. It becomes a question of moment, then, whether a course of lectures upon art should not henceforth be considered an indispensable branch of the education of our excellent detectives. We would not limit the proposed extension of their education, however, to the study of art, alone. Botany should be insisted on as a necessary accession to the stock of the detectives' learning; and especially would we have them instructed in a full knowledge of the leguminous vegetables—such as beans.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Temporary Obscuration of the "Hub."

Boston already has the biggest church-organ in all Creation. She also has the most public Public Garden of modern times. Last year she had the loudest Musical Jubilee ever organized, and it is further to be noted that she is the proud possessor of the most uncommon of Commons. Early in October, however, all these cherished immensities of Boston must fall into insignificance and "feel small." On the second day of that month, Colonel FISK is to make his triumphant entry into Boston, at the head of the gallant Ninth. Organ, Jubilee, Public Garden, Big Drum, Common—all, all of these will then have to subside and fade away into thin air before the stately presence of the Prince of Erie and his valiant command.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Boy and Man.

"Miss ANNIE P. LADD, of Augusta, Me., has been appointed by the governor and confirmed by the council as a justice of the peace."

To be a man and magistrate  
'Twas natural that ANNIE sighed,  
Since she one phase of man's estate  
Already as a LADD had tried.

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Nut for the Ladies' Club.

Referring to the recent ladies' boat race at Harlem, a reporter says that "the girls all rowed badly." This is a discouraging comment on the frantic efforts now making by

women to assume man's attributes, (not to mention his other "butes" and the what-d'ye-call-'ems generally associated with them,) and it is a very significant fact that the comment can be tersely clinched by the words So rows Sis.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.



## Page 33

Among the numerous portraits of the late CHARLES DICKENS now before the public, none are likely to be more popular than one in chromograph lately issued by PRANG & Co., of Boston and New York. It represents the great and genial writer as some few years younger than he was when he last visited this country. The expression of the face is one of thought—rather as he might have appeared when meditating over some new turn to be given to the thread of a narrative, than as he used to look when reading to an audience. This picture is printed in two or three simple tints, of which the flesh tint is the most predominant. It is set in an oval passe-partout, and requires only a glass over it to fit it for placing on a wall.

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## Page 34

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## Page 36

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## Page 37

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## Page 38

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[Illustration: FEEDING SPARROWS.

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