

# **Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 30, October 22, 1870 eBook**

## **Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 30, October 22, 1870**

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## Page 7

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*The mystery of Mr. E. Drood.*

*An adaptation.*

*By Orpheus C. Kerr.*

## CHAPTER XXIV.

*Mr. CLEWS at his Novel.[1]*

Thrown into Rembrandtish relief by the light of a garish kerosene lamp upon the table: with one discouraged lock of hair hanging over his nose, and straw hat pushed so far back from his phrenological brow that its vast rim had the fine artistic effect of a huge saintly nimbus: Mr. *Bumstead* sat gymnastically crosswise in an easy-chair, over an arm of which his slender lower limbs limply dangled, and elaborately performed one of the grander works of *Bach* upon an irritable accordion. Now, winking with intense rapidity, and going through the muscular motions of an excitable person resolutely



pulling out an obstinate and inexplicable drawer from somewhere about his knees, he produced sustained and mournful notes, as of canine distress in the backyard; anon, with eyes nearly closed and the straw nimbus sliding still further back, his manipulation was that of an excessively weary gentleman slowly compressing a large sponge, thereby squeezing out certain choking, snorting, guttural sounds, as of a class softly studying the German language in another room; and, finally, with an impatient start from the unexpected slumber into which the last shaky *pianissimo* had momentarily betrayed him, he caught the untamed instrument in mid-air, just as it was treacherously getting away from him, frantically balanced it there for an instant on all his clutching finger-tips, and had it prisoner again for a renewal of the weird symphony.



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Seriously offended at the discovery that he could not drop asleep in his own room, for a minute, without the music stopping and the accordion trying to slip off, the Ritualistic organist was not at all softened in temper by almost simultaneously realizing that the farther skirt of his long linen coat was standing out nearly straight from his person, and, apparently, fluttering in a heavy draught.

“Who’s-been-ope’nin’-th’-window?” he sternly asked,  
“What’s-meaning-’f-such-a-gale-at thistime-’f-year?”

“Do I intrude?” inquired a voice close at hand.

Looking very carefully along the still extended skirt of his coat towards exactly the point of the compass from which the voice seemed to come, Mr. *Bumstead* at last awoke to the conviction that the tension of his garment and its breezy agitation were caused by the tugging of a human figure.

“Do I intrude?” repeated Mr. *Tracey CLEWS*, dropping the skirt as he spoke. “Have I presumed too greatly in coming to request the favor of a short private interview?”

Slipping quickly into a more genteel but rather rigid position on his chair, the Ritualistic organist made an airy pass at him with the accordion.

“Any doors where youwasborn, sir?”

“There were, Mr. *Bumstead*.”

“People ever knock when th’ wanted t’-come-in, sir?”

“Why, I did knock at your door,” answered Mr. *CLEWS*, conciliatingly. “I knocked and knocked, but you kept on playing; and after I finally took the liberty to come in and pull you by the coat, it was ten minutes before you found it out.”

In an attempt to look into the speaker’s inmost soul, Mr. *Bumstead* fell into a doze, from which the crash of his accordion to the floor aroused him in time to behold a very curious proceeding on the part of Mr. *CLEWS*. That gentleman successively peered up the chimney, through the windows, and under the furniture of the room, and then stealthily took a seat near his rather languid observer.

“Mr. *Bumstead*, you know me as a temporary boarder under the same roof with you. Other people know me merely as a dead-beat. May I trust you with a secret?”

A pair of blurred and glassy eyes looked into his from under a huge straw hat, and a husky question followed his:

“Did y’ ever read WORDSWORTH’S poem-’f-th’ Excursion, sir?”



“Not that I remember.”

“Then, sir,” exclaimed the organist, with spasmodic animation—“then’s not in your hicsperience to know howssleepy-I am-jus’-now.”

“You had a nephew,” said his subtle companion, raising his voice, and not appearing to heed the last remark.

“An’ ’numbrella,” added Mr. *Bumstead*, feebly.

“I say you had a nephew,” reiterated the other, “and that nephew disappeared in a very mysterious manner. Now I’m a literary man—”

“C’d tell that by y’r-headerhair,” murmured the Ritualistic organist. Left y’r wife yet, sir?”



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"I say I'm a literary man," persisted *Tracey* CLEWS, sharply. "I'm going to write a great American Novel, called 'The Amateur Detective,' founded upon the story of this very *Edwin Drood*, and have come to Bumsteadville to get all the particulars. I've picked up considerable from Gospeler *Simpson*, *John* MCLAUGHLIN, and even the woman from the Mulberry street place who came after you the other morning. But now I want to know something from you.—What has become of your nephew?"

He put the question suddenly, and with a kind of suppressed leap at him whom he addressed. Immeasurable was his surprise at the perfectly calm answer—

"I can't r'member hicsactly, sir."

"Can't remember!—Can't remember what?"

"Where-I-put't."

"It?"

"Yes. Th' umbrella."

"What on earth are you talking about?" exclaimed Mr. CLEWS, in a rage. "—Come! Wake up!—What have umbrellas to do with this?"

Rousing himself to something like temporary consciousness, Mr. *Bumstead* slowly climbed to his feet, and, with a wild kind of swoop, came heavily down with both hands upon the shoulders of his questioner.

"What now?" asked that startled personage.

"You want t' know 'bout th' umbrella?" said *Bumstead*, with straw hat amazingly awry, and linen coat a perfect map of creases.

"Yes!—You're crushing me!" panted Mr. CLEWS.

"Th' umbrella!" cried Mr. *Bumstead*, suddenly withdrawing his hands and swaying before his visitor like a linen person on springs—"This's what there's 'bout 't: *Where th' umbrella is, there is Edwin also!*"

Astounded by, this bewildering confession, and fearful that the uncle of Mr. *Drood* would be back in his chair and asleep again if he gave him a chance, the excited inquisitor sprang from his chair, and slowly and carefully backed the wildly glaring object of his solicitation until his shoulders and elbows were safely braced against the mantel-piece. Then, like one inspired, he grasped a bottle of soda water from the table, and forced the reviving liquid down his staring patient's throat; as quickly tore off his straw hat, newly moistened the damp sponge in it at a neighboring washstand, and replaced both on the



aching head; and, finally, placed in one of his tremulous hands a few cloves from a saucer on the mantel-shelf.

“You are better now? You can tell me more?” he said, resting a moment from his violent exertions.

With the unsettled air of one coming out of a complicated dream, Mr. *Bumstead* chewed the cloves musingly; then, after nodding excessively, with a hideous smile upon his countenance, suddenly threw an arm about the neck of his restorer and wept loudly upon his bosom.

“My fr'en’,” he wailed, in a damp voice, “lemme confess to you. I’m a mis’able man, my fr’en’; perfectly mis’able. These cloves—these insidious tropical spices—have been thebaneofmyexistence. On Chrishm’s night—*that* Chrishm’s night—I toogtoomany. Wha’scons’q’nce? I put m’ nephew an’ m’ umbrella away somewhere, an’ ’ve neverb’n able terremembersince!”



## Page 11

Still sustaining his weight, the author of "The Amateur Detective" at first seemed nonplussed; but quickly changed his expression to one of abrupt intelligence.

"I see, now; I begin to see," he answered, slowly, and almost in a whisper. "On the night of that Christmas dinner here, you were in a clove-trance, and made some secret disposition, (which you have not since been able to remember,) of your umbrella—and nephew. Until very lately—until now, when you are nearly, but *not quite*, as much under the influence of cloves again—you have had a vague general idea that somebody else must have killed Mr. *Drood* and stolen your umbrella. But now, that you are partially in the same condition, physiologically and psychologically, as on the night of the disappearance, you have once more a partial perception of what were the facts of the case. Am I right?"

"That's it, sir. You're a ph'los'pher," murmured Mr. *Bumstead*, trying to brush from above his nose the pendent lock of hair, which he took for a fly.

"Very well, then," continued *Tracey CLEWS*, his extraordinary head of hair fairly bristling with electrical animation: "You've only to get yourself into *exactly the same* clove-y condition as on the night of the double disappearance, when you put your umbrella and nephew away somewhere, and you'll remember all about it again. You have two distinct states of existence, you see: a cloven one, and an uncloven one; and what you have done in one you are totally oblivious of in the other."

Something like an occult wink trembled for a moment in the right eye of Mr. *Bumstead*.

"Tha's ver' true," said he, thoughtfully. "I've been 'blivious m'self, frequently. Never c'd r'member wharlowed."

"The idea I've suggested to you for the solution of this mystery," went on Mr. *CLEWS*, "Is expressed by one of the greatest of English writers; who, in his very last work, says; '—in some cases of drunkenness, and in others of animal magnetism, there are two states of consciousness which never clash, but each of which pursues its separate course as though it were continuous instead of broken. Thus, if I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where.' [2]"

"I'm norradrink'n'man, sir," returned Mr. *Bumstead*, drawing coldly back from him, and escaping a fall into the fireplace by a dexterous surge into the nearest chair. "Th' lemon tea which I take for my cold, or to pr'vent the cloves from disagreeing with me, is norrintoxicating."

"Of course not," assented his subtle counsellor; "but, in this country, at least, chronic inebriation, clove-eating, and even opium-taking, are strikingly alike in their aspects, and the same rules may be safely applied to all. My advice to you is what I have given. Cause a table to be spread in this room, exactly as it was for that memorable

Christmas-dinner; sit down to it exactly as then, and at the same hour; go through all the same processes as nearly as you can remember; and, by the mere force of association, you will enact all the final performances with your umbrella and your nephew.”

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Mr. BUMSTEAD'S arms were folded tightly across his manly breast, and the fine head with the straw hat upon it tilted heavily towards his bosom.

"I see't now," said he softly; "bone han'le 'n ferule. I r'member threshing 'm with it. I can r'memb'r carry'ng—" Here Mr. *Bumstead* burst into tears, and made a frenzied dash at the lock of hair which he again mistook for a fly.

"To sum up all," concluded Mr. *Tracey* CLEWS, shaking him violently by the shoulder, that he might remain awake long enough to hear it,—“to sum up all, I am satisfied, from the familiar knowledge of this mystery I have already gained, that the end will have something to do with exercise in the Open Air! You'll have to go outdoors for something important. And now good night.”

“Goornight, sir.”

Retiring softly to his own room, under the same roof, the author of “The Amateur Detective” smiled at himself before the mirror with marked complacency. “You’re a long-headed one, my dead-beat friend,” he said, archly, “and your great American Novel is likely to be a respectable success.”

There sounded a crash upon a floor, somewhere in the house, and he held his breath to listen. It was the Ritualistic organist going to bed.

(*To be Continued.*)

[Footnote 1: The few remaining chapters with which it is proposed to conclude this Adaptation of “*The Mystery of Edwin Drood*,” should not be construed as involving presumptuous attempt to divine that full solution of the latter which the pen of its lamented author was not permitted to reach. No further correspondence with the tenor of the unfinished English story is intended than the Adapter will endeavor to justify to his own conscience, and that of his reader, by at least one unmistakable foreshadowing circumstance of the original publication, which, strangely enough, has been wholly overlooked, thus far, by those speculating upon the fate of the missing hero.]

[Footnote 2: See Chapter III., *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.]

\* \* \* \* \*

An Old Saw with a Modern Instance.

The Farthing Candle of New York journalism appears to be trying to find what political party he can best bully into offering the largest reward for his conscientious support. As a looker on, PUNCHINELLO would suggest to the political parties, as applicable in this case, the following quotation from VIRGIL:



—“*timeo Dana-os et dona ferentes.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

### SOME TRAITS OF THE CHINESE.

[Illustration: ‘O’]

Of all human races, next to the monkeys, the Mongolians are the most imitative. They are only a little lower than the monkeys in this respect, and we have seen some trained ones that could successfully compete with the Simians on their own ground.

A Chinaman employed in the North Adams shoe factory, for instance, was asked to imitate exactly a boot of a particular style, which was shown to him. After a few trials, he imitated the boot so perfectly, that a customer who came in took him to be the fellow of it, and was not undeceived until he went to try him on. No wonder that the regular Crispins are jealous of a foreign cordwainer who can do this.



## Page 13

In the art of dress-making for ladies the Chinese display wonderful skill. Their taste and inventiveness in this branch are unrivalled even by the best French *modistes*. The *panier* with which it pleases the ladies of the period to protuberate their persons was of Chinese origin. It was revealed in an opium dream to a celebrated male mantua-maker of Peking, who sold the idea to a Yankee-Notions man travelling in China for a Paris house. The inventor was so chagrined at hearing afterwards of the immense fortune realized from it by the man of the West, that he committed suicide by hanging himself on a willow-pattern plate.

Although the Chinaman does not naturally possess an ear for music, according to our standard, yet his imitative power enables him to adapt himself very readily to the production of melody. One of the Coolies employed in the great HERVEY wash-house at South Belleville, N.J., was observed to watch with great interest an itinerant performer on the accordion. Shortly afterwards, catching up a sucking-pig by the tail and snout, he manipulated it precisely as the player did the accordion, producing—according to the testimony of several credible witnesses,—strains quite as good as, if not worse than, those drawn out by that musician.

As soon as the 200,000 Chinamen ordered by Mynheer KOOPMAN-SCHOOP arrive in this country, a good business can be driven by Yankee toothpick makers in supplying them with chopsticks. This word was originally “stop-chick,” being so called from the use occasionally made of it by Chinamen for knocking down young poultry. It became corrupted, like everything that is good and pure, by contact with extreme civilization. Anybody who can make a shoe-peg or wooden toothpick can make a chopstick. It is to be hoped that the chopstick may ultimately be adopted here instead of the knife and fork. It would preclude the possibility of people carrying their food into their mouths with the knife—an outrage so commonly to be remarked at hotel tables.

A very intelligent Chinaman told the writer, not long since, that there is absolutely nothing to be seen or heard of in this country that the Chinese were not familiar with several thousand years ago. Among them he enumerated target-companies, sewing-machines, patent baby-jumpers, nitro-glycerine, shoo-fly chewing-tobacco, wooden hams, stuffed ballot-boxes, and a hundred other things which we are prone to brag of as being purely Yankee and original. We are too conceited about ourselves, by a great deal, and it is good for us that even Chinese shoemakers should come here once in a while, to “take us out of our boots.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A Midnight Reflection.

The man who commits suicide may be said to show his contempt for the hollowness of the world by putting his foot in it.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *Gentleman, (reading.)* "THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES OF PARIS HAVE CUT DOWN AND UTTERLY DESTROYED THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE."



## Page 14

*Old Lady*. "POOR BOYS!—AND TO THINK WHAT THEIR DEAR MOTHERS MUST SUFFER!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

NAPOLEON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letters were yesterday discovered among the private papers of the late Emperor—L.N. BONAPARTE. They were instantly forwarded to us by our special correspondent. They will be used to-morrow in a mutilated form by less enterprising journals, such as the *Tribune* and its partners of the Associated Press.

"NEW YORK, May 10, 1860.

"DEAR EMPEROR: I am thinking of writing a biography of you, in the same style as my biography of your Uncle. I shall want to prove that you were never in New York, that you behaved with perfect propriety while you were here, and that you are humble, unambitious, and deeply religious. This will not be a difficult matter, after the success I have made in the case of your Uncle. Still, I shall want a fact or two in the book. Can you not supply me with them? Any small favor you may think fit to send me may be directed to my usual address.

"Yours for truth and justice, J.S.C.A.B.B.O.T.T."

\* \* \* \* \*

"CLICHY PRISON.

"VILLAIN AND USURPER! Your minions have incarcerated me in this vile den on a pretence that I owe a debt which I have not paid. They lie, wilfully and malignantly. I always pay my debts. Ask SEWARD if I do not. He remembers how I paid him the little debt I owed him, when I defeated his Presidential aspirations. Release me at once, or the *Tribune* will show your rotten Empire no mercy. If I am at liberty this evening I will send you a prize strawberry plant, and a copy of my work on political economy. If I am not at liberty by the time mentioned, beware. SMALLEY shall be sent to Paris as the *Tribune's* special correspondent, and you'll see the sort of news about your infamous court that he'll be instructed to send home.

"Yours Profanely, H.G."

\* \* \* \* \*

"BERLIN, July 1, 1870.



“To THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH: His Majesty, the King, instructs me to say that he shall do just as he pleases in all affairs public and private. He advises you to attend to your own affairs, and if you have any more propositions for stealing other people’s territory, to address them to Russia, or the United States. Prussia is not at present in that line of business. BISMARCK.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“BUREAU OF POLICE, Jan. 1, 1870.

TO HIS MAJESTY, THE EMPEROR—SIRE: I beg leave to report that M. ROCHEFORT demands the sum of 1,000,000 francs, to be paid at once. Otherwise he will continue to be a patriot, and will abuse Her Majesty, the Empress, with more violence than ever. Both M. ROCHEFORT and M. FLOURENS are much enraged since their annual stipend has been discontinued.

PIETRI, *Chief of Police.*”



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Other selections from the Imperial correspondence will be shortly laid before our readers. Remember, the only genuine letters are those in PUNCHINELLO. All others are garbled forgeries.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roma! Roma! non e plu com' ora Prima.

With the downfall of the Pope's temporal power, comes the report that several newspapers have been established in the Eternal City. Thus the "great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change." For Papal Infallibility, the Romans will have that of the editorial WE; for the canons of the Church Militant they will have ubiquitous reporters discharging themselves in the public ear; the testimony of the pillars of the Church will be replaced by the assertions of the editorial columns; the Inquisition will become a press club-house for Reporters and Interviewers, and the Propaganda an office where 'extras' are concocted and forced on the unsuspecting public. At least let us hope that the change will offer a reputable business for the army of beggars which has formerly been licensed by the church. A chance will now be offered them to become newspaper agents, thus making a living respectably by selling accounts of other people's deformities, instead of disreputably by exhibiting their own.

\* \* \* \* \*

A CAPITOL MOVE.

The immediate probability of the formation of the United States of Europe, suggests how wise we were not to change the location of the Capitol to some facetiously distant western metropolis of the future. The Capitol buildings are quite large enough to receive the delegates who will of course come on here to study the art of log-rolling, while the Chesapeake, being navigable almost to the Capitol steps, will save them the fatigue of a luxurious journey in the palace sleeping cars.

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Sublunary Observations of the Sun.

From a careful analysis of the daily appearance of the *Sun*, it has been satisfactorily settled that it is completely enveloped in gas. By the application of the literary spectrum, it is also shown that this gaseous vaporization is the result of brass in a high state of incandescence, while the indications of alkalies, and, in fact, all kinds of lies, are no less distinct.

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Forethought.



One reason why this country is so earnestly opposed to the Napoleonic dynasty, is that there is no probability that the descendants of the Prince Imperial would give us any assistance in settling the Alabama Question.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prompt.

The Methodists recently opened a school for young ladies in Salt Lake City, and BRIGHAM'S third son is courting it already.

\* \* \* \* \*

VERDICT ON A BARBER'S WHISKERS.—Dyed by his own hand.



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\* \* \* \* \*

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

[Illustration: 'S']

Solemn and severe German tragedy reigns in the Fourteenth Street theatre. Once it was called the French theatre, and was devoted to the witty comedies of SCRIBE, and the luxurious legs of OFFENBACH. But a woe has been denounced against the SCRIBES and OFFENBACHS—(there is considerable difference between the latter and the Pharisees)—of that once gay theatre. Like many other French frivolities, it has lately yielded to Teutonic tragedy. The cold and calculating German “MEPHISTOPHELES” treads the stage where once tripped the light feet of Parisian beauty. The burlesque Germans of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein have vanished before the grim and earnest countrymen of grand and simple old King WILLIAM. It will be long before the French players find heart to burlesque anew the German soldiery. It will be some time, let us hope, before the German players at the Fourteenth Street theatre give way to the shameless antics of French Opera-Bouffe buffoons.

PUNCHINELLO gives a glad farewell—with no thought of saying *au revoir*—to the French follies that have given the French theatre so unenviable a reputation; and he waves his pointed hat in joyful welcome to SEEBACH and her German friends who have made the Fourteenth Street theatre a temple of the classic drama. Like other places which can properly be called dramatic temples, the theatre now partakes of the solemnity of a religious temple. One goes to see SEEBACH, not to laugh, but to test one’s ability to suppress the desire to weep over the woes of MARGARET, and to mourn with MARY STUART. Fortify yourself, O reader, with a substantial dinner and much previous sleep, and come with me for a night of German tragedy. Come to the Fourteenth Street theatre, not to look back regretfully at departed opera-bouffe, but to SEEBACH. It is with such reckless puns as the foregoing, that I endeavor to brace your spirits for the exhausting struggle with six hours of tragedy played in the most tragic and awful of modern languages. You are to hear *Faust* in German. No man who has accomplished this feat can wonder at the stolid bravery of the German infantry. It is said that the new recruit is forced to hear *Faust* once a week during his first year of service. This terrible discipline has the natural effect of giving him that steadiness under fire, at which the world marvels. He will stand with his regiment for hours under the merciless fire of the mitrailleuse with no thought of flight. What terrors can shot or shell have for him who has been taught to listen unmoved to the dialogue of “FAUST” and “MEPHISTOPHELES” in the first thirty-two acts of *Faust*?

We find the theatre full of Germans, wearing that grave and earnest expression of countenance wherewith the German takes his legitimate tragedy. Sprinkled among the Germans are several Americans, more grave and more in earnest than even their Teutonic neighbors, for they are straining their attention to detect a familiar German

word—such as “Mein Herr,” or “Ach.” When once they have heard the expected syllables, they smile a placid smile of contentment, and remark, one to another, “I can understand pretty nearly everything that is said,—with the exception, of course, of an occasional word.”

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We take our seats and wait for the entrance of SEEBACH. The curtain rises upon "FAUST" pursuing his studies in middle-age, respectability, and a dressing-gown. To him, after hours of soliloquy, enters "MEPHISTOPHELES." We observe, with surprise, that those estimable gentlemen, Col. THOMAS W. KNOX and Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS, have been engaged to play "FAUST" and "MEPHISTOPHELES" respectively. To be sure the programme informs us that these parts are taken by two newly imported German actors, but we prefer the evidence of our senses to the assertions of the programme. Have KNOX and BROOKS been copied in German? If not, they are now playing in Fourteenth Street. Don't tell me that it is merely an accidental resemblance. Haven't I played billiards with the gallant COLONEL, and gone to sleep when the Honorable EDITOR was speaking in Congress? And shall I now be told that I don't know them when I see them? But this is irrelevant.

Hours of dialogue succeed to the previous hours of soliloquy. At intervals of fifteen minutes the curtain is dropped to enable the actors to discuss mugs of beer and the audience to discuss the actors. During these intervals we hear such remarks as these:

1ST GERMAN. "Subjectively considered, *Faust* is a tragedy. Objectively, we might regard it as a comedy. To the subjective-objective view, it is certainly a ballet pantomime. Ach! he was many-sided, our GOETHE. Here in this drama he has accomplished everything. There is food for our laughter and our tears. It excites us and calms us."

1ST AMERICAN. "I should think it did calm us. That's why the old fellow went to sleep and snored all through the last twelve acts. I think it's the heaviest and stupidest play that was ever put on the stage. Of course it's the greatest thing ever written, but then I prefer DALY'S *Gaslight*, myself."

2ND GERMAN. "Ah, my friend, how this sublime creation stirs the inner depths of our spiritual natures. Ach, Himmel! it is the poem of Humanity. Let us go out for beer."

2D AMERICAN. "When are we going to see SEEBACH?"

USHER. "She don't appear until the twenty-third act, sir. That will be on about three hours from now."

2D AMERICAN. "Come, TOM, let's go and have supper. I am getting exhausted."

USHER. "Step this way, sir. Mr. GRAU has some refreshments at your service."

And they go in search of the cold ham and beer which the beneficent GRAU has kindly provided. Refreshed by much beer, and enlivened by the cheery influence of the genial sandwich, they return for a few more hours of soliloquy and dialogue.



Time passes slowly, but surely. At last we reach an act in which SEEBACH walks quietly across the stage. The curtain instantly drops amid the sobs of the excited audience.

1ST GERMAN. "Lend me your handkerchief, my friend, that I may wipe away my tears. I have a sausage wrapped up in mine, but what are sausages compared with art! How divinely SEEBACH walks. To me, she seems like an incarnation of Pure Reason, an Avatar of the spirit of transcendental philosophy. Come, we will pledge her in beer."



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1ST AMERICAN. "What are they making all that row about—just because SEEBACH walked across the stage? Why, she never said a word."

2D AMERICAN. "Let's go round to the hotel and take a quiet sleep till she comes on again. I've got my night-clothes with me. Always bring 'em when I go to see German tragedy."

Then ensue other hours of dialogue, interspersed with soliloquies of half an hour each. Interspersed also with perpetual dropping of the curtain, whereby the play is made to last some eight or ten hours longer than would otherwise be the case. Most of the German music that has been written during the last three centuries is played by the orchestra during these intermissions. But in course of time SEEBACH gives us the Garden scene, winning our frantic admiration by her inimitable tenderness and grace, and finally we reach that grandest scene ever written by dramatist, that most pathetic poem ever conceived by poet—the meeting of "FAUST" and "MARGARET" in prison. At last we are more than repaid for the dreary hours that have gone before. We have seen SEEBACH'S "MARGARET"—the most powerful, the most pathetic, the most beautiful, the most perfect creation of the stage.

And as we pass slowly up the tortuous, steep stairways of the theatre, while the Germans, all talking at once, burden the air with unintelligible gutturals, you say to me—if you are the intelligent person that you ought to be—"SEEBACH is the greatest actress of this century—greater than RISTORI, subtler and more tender than RACHEL."

With which opinion the undersigned concurs with all the emphasis of conviction; and over our late breakfast, to which we immediately sit down, we discuss the question, Which is the greatest—the poet who drew "MARGARET," or the actress who made the poet's picture warm with passionate life?

MATADOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

Absolutely True.

For the last fifty years or so the metaphysical thinkers of Germany have been engaged in seeking for the Absolute. From present indications it would seem as though they are about to find it—where perhaps they least expected it—in the imperial reign of King WILLIAM, aided and abetted by Count VON BISMARCK.

\* \* \* \* \*

"THE RIGHT PARTY."

A few days ago PUNCHINELLO officially announced his adhesion to the Right Party.



PUNCHINELLO hadn't the slightest idea which party was the right one, but thought that, as some party must be right, he could not go very far wrong. But mark the *denouement*. Every party imagines itself the right party, and welcomes him joyfully to its bosom. Republicans love him, Independents worship him, while Democrats would endure even the Fifteenth Amendment for his sake. In order to reciprocate their sentiments Mr. P. would have to resolve himself into a kind of Demo-Independent-Republican, which he has no idea of doing. Here's what some of the "organs" say of him:

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### *The Sun.*

“We hail with joy the accession of PUNCHINELLO to the ranks of independent journalism as embodied in the *Sun*, with a circulation of over 100,000, CHAS. B. DANA Editor, price two cents. Reinforced by this powerful journal, we shall continue with renewed vigor to demand of HORACE GREELEY his reasons why J.C. BANCROFT DAVIS should not be removed from the Assistant Secretaryship of State. We shall persevere in our attempts to make Gen. GRANT understand that to move four and a half inches from the White House is an infraction of the Constitution. Regardless of the tears of the thousands of advertisers who carry their announcements to our office, we shall devote our entire space to the vilifying of BORIE, FISH, the *Disreputable Times and False Reporting Tribune*. Those elaborate attacks upon moral corruption and the Erie Ring, for which we have become famous, will remain specialties with us. All this by PUNCHINELLO’S aid. Bully for PUNCHINELLO.”

### *The Tribune.*

“The moral influence of this paper, which retains the only correspondent at the seat of war, and whose dispatches, procured at a cost of over \$2,000,000, are copied by the *Herald, Sun and World*,—(and whoever denies it lies damnably, with intent to malign, etc.)—the moral influence of this paper is rapidly extending itself throughout the country. As a late instance, we note that PUNCHINELLO has given in its adhesion to the only true and pure republican agricultural party, which it appropriately names the “Right Party.” PUNCHINELLO was once a frivolous, good-for-nothing sheet, devoted to low jokes and witticisms. The conversion of its editor to the temperance cause is the reason of the recent change in its tenets. We bid it God speed.”

### *The World.*

“As the irrefutable and all-enduring truths of Democracy receive exemplification in contemporaneous events, the reflecting and refined masses of this city purchase the *World* in preference to that decrepit and fast decaying sheet, the *Herald*. PUNCHINELLO, recognizing with ethereal foresight the exigencies of the situation, proclaims itself for the “Right Party”—our party. We welcome with acclamation this valuable addition to the Democratic ranks.”

### *The Star.*

“PUNCHINELLO has joined the Right Party, by which he obviously means the *Star*, whose circulation last Sunday exceeded 375,005 copies.

“But this has nothing to do with the domestic policy of the Peruvians, as expounded by the first CAESAR.



“PUNCHINELLO will prove a pillar of strength to Tammany Hall, unless the siege of Paris should prove disastrous to the consumption of lager-bier, as set forth in ‘Boiled for her Bones’ and other tales by the best authors.”

But Personals, my dear *Star*, Personals are the things that pay. If thus, why not? As thus:

“EDITOR OF PUNCHINELLO. The Editor of PUNCHINELLO has an income of about \$500,000. He usually dines at the Hoffman House when out of State’s Prison. He owns some fine lots somewhere underneath the East River, besides a brown stone front in Alaska.”

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“PUBLISHER OF PUNCHINELLO. This gentleman’s income does not exceed \$350,000 per annum. He expends it principally in beautifying his delightful summer residence in Mackerelville. It has been his misfortune to pass many years of his life in a lunatic asylum, the unhappy result of organizing plans for American Comic Papers. All is joy and peace with him now, however; he looks hopefully forward to the time when PUNCHINELLO shall have attained to his legitimate rank of the Foremost Journal in the Nation. Meanwhile he lunches daily at a leading restaurant on thirteen oysters, (a dozen and one over) with vinegar, pepper and a bottle of Bass.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.”

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I fancy myself a victim of imposition, and I wish to place my case before you. Having, for a period of six months, “honorably and persistently,” (to use the language of my friends,) held the office of third Deputy-Assistant Register of Caramels, in and for the city and county of New York, my associates in office and my friends in general have determined to present me with a testimonial of their distinguished regards. Accordingly, they have ordered a massive and handsomely engraved pair of silver tongs, and a splendid silver fire-shovel. This is all very well, so far, but the committee informed me yesterday that the shovel and tongs would cost four hundred and twenty-five dollars, and that, as only eight dollars and a half had been collected, it was considered highly important that I should immediately hand over the balance of the price, in order that the presentation and banquet, (to take place at my house on next Saturday evening,) might not be postponed, to the great disappointment of my associates in office and my friends in general.

Now, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, is not this a little hard on me? I know very well that it is customary for the recipients of testimonials to pay three-quarters of the cost of the present, and I am perfectly willing to abide by this custom; but forty-nine fiftieths is, I think, rather too heavy, especially as my house is heated by a furnace in the cellar and I have no use for a shovel and tongs—particularly silver ones.

Yours perturbedly, A. DOANE KNEA.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roaming Troops.

The Italians in this country are very jubilant over the occupation of Rome by the army of Italy. But people of other nations hereabouts are not so much elated about the occupation of Roam in which the numerous troops of Italian organ-grinders are engaged.



\* \* \* \* \*

Subject for a Debating Society.

Can a couple who have contracted a clandestine marriage be properly said to be carrying out their clandestinity?

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

THE MORNING HAVING BEEN BRIGHT AND CLEAR, MR. DEBOOTS DECIDED TO AVAIL HIMSELF OF AN INVITATION TO SPEND THE DAY IN THE COUNTRY. HE ARRIVES AT THE STATION, AND HAS A MILE TO WALK.]



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[Illustration: COMFORTING ASSURANCES.

*H. Greeley and G. W. Curtis, together.* "OHO! LITTLE WOODFORD; AIN'T YOU GOING TO BE LICKED, NEITHER!—WON'T YOU GET YOUR EYES BLACKED, AND YOUR NOSE SMASHED, AND YOUR TEETH BROKE!—AIN'T I GLAD I AIN'T THE ONE AS HAS GOT TO FIGHT BIG JOHNNY HOFFMAN!"]

\* \* \* \* \*

AN AGRICULTURAL RHYME.

NOT BY H. G.

Plough deep—two feet, at least—for corn or rye.  
You can't, in stony land? Sir, that's a lie;  
A sub-soil plough will do it; then manure,  
And put on plenty; if the land is poor,  
Get muck and plaster; buy them by the heap,  
No matter what they cost, you'll find them cheap.  
I've tried them often, and I think I know,  
Then plough again two feet before you sow.

Potatoes get on best in sandy soil,  
I'm sure of *that*—but plant before you boil;  
Then put in strawberries; that's what I do—  
Confound you for a blockhead! Why don't you  
Get modern works and read them? No, you'd rather  
Go creeping on just like your stupid father.  
That patch is good for melons. Why the deuce  
Don't you convert those swamps to better use?

Beets are a paying crop, and don't cost much  
To raise; so's cabbage, pumpkins, squash, and such;  
They'll always sell and bring you back your money—  
No bees? The mischief! What d'ye do for honey?  
Sir, let me tell you plainly you're an ass—  
Just look at those ten acres gone to grass!  
Put turnips in 'em. Timothy don't pay—  
Can't cattle feed on anything but hay?

I don't consider hogs a first-class crop;  
Give me my own free choice, sir, and I'd swap



The best of 'em for strawberries or sheep—  
But let me say again, you must plough deep;  
The trouble with our farmers is, that they  
Can't be induced to look beyond to-day;  
Let them get sub-soil ploughs and turn up sand  
And hang it, sir! let them manure their land.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### SALVATION FOR EUROPE.

Some hope that the great Powers of Europe may yet be saved from a fate similar to that of the Kilkenny Cats, is to be found in the fact that General BURNSIDE, favorably known in Rhode Island, is making arrangements for bringing about peace between France and Germany. It has already been said by journalists of mark, that, unless Providence interfered, and that soon, all Europe would shortly be deluged with the blood of her peoples. General BURNSIDE is the direct representative of Providence, and he has gone specially to Europe to interfere. He was born in Providence, (R.I.); he believes in Providence; his portrait is the special pride of Providence; and there is a "Providence that shapes his ends."



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Thus it will be seen that BURNSIDE is the very man for the situation. It may be asked, (there are cavillers who ask impertinent questions about everything,) what business BURNSIDE has to meddle with European affairs? Pshaw!—one might as well ask what business Colorado JEWETT has to meddle with everybody's affairs, or GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, or PAUL PRY, or WIKOFF. BURNSIDE against BISMARCK for diplomacy any time. Probably he aims at the throne of France for himself, and having Providence (R.I.) to back him, he may sit on it yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

What bad habit does a man contract when he falls into a way of praising everything and everybody?

He takes to laud'n'm.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: ORPHEUS GREELEY, CHARMING WITH THE STRAINS OF THE REPUBLICAN LYRE THE CERBERUS, (O'BRIEN, MORRISSEY, AND FOX,) ON GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DREAD ABODE OF THE JOHN REAL DEMOCRACY.]

\* \* \* \* \*

HIRAM GREEN AT THE BOSTON WOMAN'S CONVENTION.

Old Time Agitators again on their Muscle.—Thanks to Henry Wilson.—Advice to Charles Sumner.—Left-Handers to Wendell Phillips.

Oho! ye gods and little fishes,  
 Beggars 'd ride, if hosses was wishes;  
 Wimmen would have a millenium day,  
 And all through the land the "deuce be to pay."

The Masserchewsetts Woman's *Suffering* Society pulled off their cote and vest and struck a beligerent attitood, at Bosting, a few days since.

Yes, sir! I was there, and I still live to tell my tale.

E-x-z-a-ckt-ly!

As usual, on all such occasions, the women wore the bre-b-bifurcated garments, while the *softer* sex shone transparently, in silk, satins, and black and bloo spots.



Like jumpin' jacks, they danced when the *strong-minded* pulled the strings, while their ears were pinned back and greased, ready to be swallowed at a minnit's warnin'.

JEWLEIR WARD HOW was chosen President, and S.E. Sewell, ABBI KELLY FOSTIR, MARY E. SARGINT, the Rev. J. Freman Klark, LIDIA MARIAR CHILDE and Frank B. Sanborne, Vice Presidents.

THE REV. HON. JUDGE AGUSTY J. CHAPIN, ESQ., L.L.D., opened the dance with a prologue.

Mrs. How then rose and got up, and said:

"Feller citizens: We've got together, as usual, without any plan of operation, except to howl and make faces at the critter man, until he is ready to give up his liberties and endow us *angelic* beeins with the privilege of fillin' up with benzine on eleckshun day; to vote and rool the destinies of the land." (Cheers.)

"No woman who desires the ballit, shall desist from hen-peckin her husband, until, in his agony, he cries: 'Peace! be still! there's my harness, get into it.'"

Mrs. LIVERMOOR, H.B. Blackwell, MARGARET CAMBELL, M. Fiske, and SARY E. WILKINS, committee on resolutions, reported the follerin:

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*Whereas:* When our anshient relative, Adam, had the monopoly of the ballit box, it was diskivered that it was not ment for man to vote alone, and enjoy too much of a good thing. Consekently EVE was sent to stir him up.

*Whereas:* When Mother EVE got there, she made it slightly warm for Adam, by assertin' her rites. Like many of our members, she made Adam "walk chalk." On eleckshun day she took him by the ear and walked him to the poles, and for the first time in his life he voted the woman's rites ticket, and Mr. SATIN was elected by a unanimous vote.

Therefore, we recognize in EVE the pioneer of woman's rites, with ST. NICKOLAS as our patron saint. (Great applause, with "3 cheers for OLD NICK, the first candidate elected by femail suffrage.")

It was then resolved to send committees to the Democratic and Republican conventions, to see if any LOONATICS had been nominated, who were in favor of femail soopremiosity.

If any such persons were found, they should be requested to announce it through the columns of the *Woman's Journal*, and let the world know the fools wasent all dead yet.

Should the candidates be opposed to our cause, it was recommended that when the Woman's Convention Committee meet, on the 18th of October, that ten talented talkers be appointed to surround the candidates and talk them to death as a warnin to futer candidates.

Congratulatory speeches, endorsin' these last resolutions, was made by the wimmen, and I gess they would have kept talkin' until doomsday, if the chokin-off committee hadn't been sent around with copies of *Harper's Bazaar*, full of pictures of the new fall fashions. (Between you and I, Mister PUNCHINELLO, the only thing which our wives goes heavier on than their rites, so called, is fashions.) The convention then thanked Hon. Hank Wilson for blowin' their trumpet, and voted to present him with a new hoop skirt and a pound of spruce gum as a token of their appreciation.

Charles Sumner was then trotted, out, *viz.:*

*Whereas:* Charles Sumner has, somehow or other, got one foot kerslop on our platform;

*Whereas:* He must go the hul hog or none;

*Be it resolved:* We can't take any stock in Charly, until he wears his hair parted in the middle and done up in a waterfall, pledgin' himself to go his entire length, next winter, for the 16th Commendment. (Enthusiastic applause. Cries of "them's um!" "Kor-rect!" "Selah!" etc.; "Bully boy with the glass eye!" etc., etc.)



Mrs. How then got up and said thusly: "My friends: I'me down onto colleges like a 1000 of brick. They are the mad puddles of artificial ignorance. If a red-headed woman was allowed to shed her lite, the proffessors would be thrown into the shades rite lively. The result would be, the blind would lead the near-sited by the nose. Them's my sentiments."



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Stephen L. Fostir got up and said:

“He wouldn’t go to the poles on eleckshun without his wife as his ekal a hangin’ on his arm.”

Mrs. LIVERMORE sprung quickly to her feet and said: “She’d bet \$4.00 if she was Steve’s wife, he’d go to the poles under diffikilties, then, for she wasen’t the woman who thought the man lived that was the ekal of any woman; and that hain’t all,” said she. “When we get hold of the ballit, man has got to get up early in the mornin’ to fool *us* much. All the koketting with the Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists, and Labor Reformers in the offis of the *Woman’s Journal*, last summer, don’t amount to shucks. Prominent politicians had entreeted her to go slow and not mash things. I can only say,” said Mrs. L., “as John Bunyan once said:

’When woman will, she will.  
And you can jest bet on’t;  
When she won’t, she won’t,  
And there’s an end on’t.”

An aged individual named Jenking, from Andover, said: “When he was in his first childhood, he was drest in peticotes. He was now over 75 years old, and believed an old man would feel better in caliker than satinett. Hereafter they could count on him to wear out their old dresses.”

A few left-handed compliments were paid to Wendil Fillips, and altho’ Wendil had allers went heavy on Wimmen’s Rites, his bein’ endossed by his own sex was a squelcher on him. He wasen’t endossed, but, like Jonah, went overboard, to be hove up agin onto dry land in a few days, for a whale has got to have a pretty good stomach to keep Mister Fillips down a great while. That’s so.

A few more resolutions were then voted, but as the Mayor of Bosting had sent lots of perlicemen there, I didn’t heer of any men gettin’ killed outrite, altho’ a few innercent husbands got slitely bruised by bein’ whacked over their heads with their wive’s umbrellers. Then they adjerned.

The critters then got in their vests  
And then got in their cotes,  
Then got in a dredful pes-  
Piration about their votes.

(Let ’em sweat.)

Ewers, a Non-Resistanter,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,



*Lait Gustise of the Peece.*

\* \* \* \* \*

FALLEN ON THE MARCH.

You see that hoss, don't you, there, sir, ahead?  
Well, that's JAKE. An hour ago,  
The last trip up, he fell—stone dead:  
Drop't right flat in his harness, you know.  
He'd fell down, too, pooty often before,  
And—I guess he won't do it, though, any more.

I allas pitied the poor old cuss;  
He was mighty hard driv and terrible thin,  
And many a time when he quit the 'bus  
I've led the mis'erable creetur in  
And giv him a reg'lar bang-up feed  
That the Company thought he didn't need.



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And now, to see him lyin' there  
 All by himself, a feast for the flies,—  
 Why, it kinder makes a feller's hair  
 Creep all over, first, then straighten and rise.  
 Maybe you'll say to yourself: "That's all stuff."  
 But I tell you what—I think it's blamed rough.

It makes me feel, too, a little bit glum,  
 To see how everything goes on the same;  
 Some day, I s'pose, *my* turn 'll come,  
 When I'll have to try on poor JAKE'S little game,  
 And they won't mind me any more, I'll bet.  
 Than they do him.—Off, here, sir?—G'long, JEANETTE!

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: A FITFUL YOUTH.

*Younger Party.* "LOOK HERE, VAN, CAN'T YOU LEAVE THOSE "PERSONALS"  
 ALONE, FOR A MINUTE, AND GIVE ME A CANDID OPINION ON THE BACK FIT OF  
 MY NEW COAT?"]

\* \* \* \* \*

AUTUMN SONG.

Leaves are falling (though, coal is not,)  
 And pumpkins are yellow, and maids are blue;  
 Potatoes and apples begin to rot;  
 There's many a liver congested, too.

The dews stay late on the cabbage-leaf,  
 And the red, red beet forsakes the ground;  
 And lovers' wanderings grow more brief,  
 And fewer loafers are loafing around.

The celery rivals the turnip fair;  
 There's new delight in the tender steak;  
 And boys go munching the chestnut rare,  
 Without one thought of the stomach-ache.

The last of the cattle-shows is seen;  
 The monster squash to the cows is fed;  
 Everything's brown that once was green,  
 Except tomatoes, and they are red.



The drowsy citizen hates to rise;  
The hash may be cold, but so is the air:  
'Tis heaven to slumber, for now the flies  
Are less affectionate, and more rare.

And who is the busiest man we see?  
'Tis the Doctor, dashing by in his chaise;  
And well may he hurry, you will agree,  
For it isn't every patient that pays.

'Tis a rare, rare season,—so breezy and bright!  
The dahlias, and even the squashes, are gay!  
One wouldn't regret the cold at night,  
If it wasn't so deucedly cold by day.

A wandering shiver inspires the doubt  
Whether Indian Summer will come this year;  
But its warmth can be felt when you don't go out,  
And it's haze may be seen through a glass of beer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Query for Romancers.

Used the Knights of the Round Table ever to get a "Square meal"?

\* \* \* \* \*

SARFIELD YOUNG ATTENDS A COUNTY FAIR.



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DEAR PUNCHINELLO: From early ages, man has been a tiller of the soil. My ancestors were pretty much all in this line of business. My venerable great-grandfather-in-law came over in the Mayflower, and though not exactly a tiller himself, he is supposed to have had a good deal to do with the tiller department of that historic ship. Several of our folks have, from time to time, studied agriculture on New England town farms; which explains the passion I always had for such attractive out-of-door sports as stump-pulling, laying stone wall, and drinking very hard cider in the shade.

Being down at my uncle's this week, I have attended the Annual County Agricultural Fair. The managers wanted me to go on one of the committees, (whether it was plain Durhams, or short-horn needle-work, I don't this moment remember,) but I declined. I told them that, while I was ready to fill any vacancy that might occur in the "Committee on Bills upon their Second Reading," they really must excuse me elsewhere. I finally compromised by accepting a free pass, and agreeing to poke the ribs of all the cattle I could reach, just as though I was a *bona fide* official.

The show began yesterday with a grand concourse of all the farming people for miles around. Every farmer brought a pair of hands with him. The teams were innumerable; I had no idea it was such a teeming population. There was a procession of yokes of oxen, a brass band, the living skeleton, two fire engines, citizens generally, the Orator of the Day, more oxen, marshals in cowhide boots and badges, and a cavalcade. There may have been other oxen. I did not intend to omit them.

The Orator was announced in the bills as "a finished speaker." He managed to get himself so thoroughly mixed up with his subject, however, and knew so much about farming, which he was willing to disclose, that I soon saw he couldn't be safely set down as finished till late in the afternoon. I don't recall much of his address, further than that, when he got to talking about Fall Ploughing, he said: "In the hour of his country's peril, if fall he must, he would a little rather fall ploughing, than in any other way!" I think, too, he spoke of the Fates always smiling upon the farmer who improved his soil. I suppose he meant the phosphates.

To-day I have been all around the cattle pens. I never saw such stock before. Owing to their habit of staying out in the country the year round, they have a firm, sleek, animated look which the best guaranteed city stock fails to attain. One cow, from her impartial method of hoisting visitors out of her pasture, was labelled "The General Hooker."

There was a fine display of Dorking lambs and Jersey hens, while some bees of the Berkshire breed fairly divided the honors with a few very choice Merino pigs. A handsomely built North Devon chain-pump attracted much attention from the milkmen.

The turkeys, geese, ducks, poultry and other farm yard *habitués*, though cooped up in one corner, did all they could to make the show a success.

## Page 27

The products of the soil were heaped up in the richest profusion. This is a great raising county. No community raised their quota of substitutes more rapidly, during the war. Rows upon rows of corn, of barley, rye and oats [like most modern Serials,] seemed as though they would never come to an end.

Some early squashes were pointed out to me. I understood that they were gathered at four o'clock in the morning. This is nothing. I distinctly remember picking up watermelons, when a schoolboy, much earlier than that.

The butter, cheese, and bed quilts, were all of the finest texture. Everybody took a first premium.

Among the newly patented inventions I noticed "The JOHN MORRISSEY Smasher," "The Swamp Angel Sheller," and a lovely piece of mechanism called "The Just One Mower."

There was the usual horse trotting from morning to night, both days, with pool selling, from which, I presume, agriculture derived great benefit.

I say nothing of the other side-shows, for (with the exception of ALEXIS ST. MARTIN,) I never heard of one that was worth going across the street to see.

Yours truly, and yours rurally,

SARFIELD YOUNG.

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR PORTFOLIO.

PARIS, THIRD WEEK OF THE REPUBLIC, 1870.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I concluded I would leave Paris for Tours last week, as the refusal of Life Insurance Companies to take war risks made me apprehensive for the temporal welfare of the youthful TINTOS in case I should be untimely called hence. It was a wise resolution, but a few trifling obstacles, to which I shall refer, prevented me from carrying it out.

WASHBURNE advised me, as the safest means of escape, to adopt the character of an American tourist, with which disguise he thought the Gallic cast of my features would not materially interfere. I took the hint, and, assuming my scrip and staff, set forth by way of the Neuilly gate towards Courbevoie. It was after nightfall when I reached the bridge that crosses the Seine in that neighborhood. A *garde mobile* was pacing over the crest of the slight acclivity that rises near its eastern extremity.



As I approached he came to a halt, and challenged me sharply.

"*Qui va la?*"

"*C'est moi,*" I answered, (with a very decent accent which I had cultivated by the daily use of a mild decoction of alum-water—an application which I can cordially recommend to Americans who do not naturally possess that peculiar "pucker" of the lips essential to the correct pronunciation of the French language.)

"*C'est moi, mon ami,*" I repeated.

"The countersign," said the *garde*.

"What countersign?" said I, remembering to my consternation that I had forgotten to secure that important credential.

The sentry brought his piece to that position which usually precedes the order "Take aim." I got back a few feet—the situation was too close.



## Page 28

"*Mon ami*," I ventured to observe, "that ain't the way we treat noncombatants in America."

"The countersign," reiterated the *garde*, still holding his *chassepot* in the previous threatening manner.

I looked up. The stars were in the quiet sky, and the new moon was just sinking beneath the bold outline of Mount Valerien. The surge of the Seine against the stone piers of the bridge could be distinctly heard. The scene was unspeakably tranquil, not to say mournful, and I said to myself, "Is this a night for assassination?"

Again I looked up, and I saw the gleam of two more bayonets at the other end of the bridge. Thereupon I said to myself, "This is not a night for assassination."

"The countersign," for the third time, proceeded from the armed Apollyon in front of me. I grew familiar.

"Come now, my good friend, this little business of mine requires some dispatch. During the war in America—"

The click of the hammer of the sentry's rifle interrupted me. I felt uncomfortable. I had been out in the night air many times before, but I never knew it to be so disagreeably chilly. It climbed in behind my shirt collar, travelled down my back with a shivering sensation, and culminated in a regular ague when it reached my knees. With a terrific effort I calmed myself, and opened on the soldiers again. "During the war in America—" There are occasions in a man's lifetime when the mere fact of his tongue cleaving unexpectedly to the roof of his mouth is no evidence of cowardice. I had unquestionably reached that eventful period of my existence, but I also possessed physical energy to try once more.

"My good, kind friend, I was going to say that during the war in America—"

"Oh! d—n your war in America!" roared the sentry, levelling his rifle full at me.

There is no American living who would sooner resent an insult to his native land than myself, and at such a crisis I felt that within me which might rise at any moment and crush the foul calumniator. But I reasoned to myself that I would not take the life of this man, now. I would wait awhile. It was only too evident he was angry, and he might cool off and apologize. Yes, that was the best course for me to pursue. Accordingly I ran rapidly over in my mind a little speech, and, turning to him, spoke thus:

"Rash, impetuous man—"

L A T E R.



Thanks to the persistent efforts of my dear friend WASHBURNE, I have just been released from the guard-house after three hideous days of incarceration. His is a heart that I may truthfully say yearns toward the unfortunate. I consider him the crowning glory of American diplomacy in Europe. Language is inadequate to express the feelings of one who regrets that his sex forbids him to sign himself

Your weeping MAGDALEN, DICK TINTO.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Toothsome Con.

## Page 29

Why should dentists be entitled to class with artists? Because they all draw.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEWSPAPER PERILS.

The local reporter of a Boston daily gives us the following:

“On Wednesday morning, as the early freight train on the Old Colony railroad neared the bridge in Quincy, THOMAS ELLIS, a brakeman, raised up for the purpose of throwing off a bundle of newspapers, when he was struck by the timbers of the bridge and knocked senseless upon his car. He was saved from rolling to the track by TIMOTHY LEE, a paper boy who was upon the train.”

We are sorry for ELLIS. But he ought to be thankful for one thing,—he has a mission. He need not ask, like ANNA DICKINSON: “Why was I born?” It is all settled that he was “raised up” for the purpose of throwing off newspapers. Now, although he missed it this time, we have no doubt he is ordinarily as successful in that line as the most improved Lightning Press could be. Should he, unfortunately, continue senseless, PUNCHINELLO suggests that THOMAS devote himself to “throwing off” editorial articles for the Sun,

It was very noble in TIMOTHY LEE so promptly to come to the rescue. But,—hold! PUNCHINELLO will not be imposed upon: at this moment are there not grounds for suspecting this “paper boy” to have been merely a “man of straw”?

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: APPROPRIATE.

*Pompey, (sawing.)* “HOW YOU GWINE TO VOTE, SAM?—I’SE BIN saw BY DE ‘PUBLICAN PARTY.”

*Sambo.* “BOFE PARTIES SEE’D ME, AND SO I’M GWINE TO SPLIT.”]

\* \* \* \* \*

A Sporting Con.

Why is the famous horse DEXTER like a musical conductor?

Because he beats Time.

\* \* \* \* \*



Theatrical Item.

Since Colonel FISK, Jr., floored that other manager, he is known in the profession as the great floor manager.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good News for the Birds.

In Westchester county a fine of \$25 is hereafter to be levied upon each jackass in human form who shoots birds on Sunday. It is to be hoped that the little bills may thus be saved from holiday havoc by persons who object to incurring large ones.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: CONSTERNATION OF THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE NEW YORK SUN, (INCLUDING THE OFFICE BOY,) ON SEEING CHIEF EDITOR PECKSNIFF DANA DECLINING TO ACCEPT A HEAVY BRIBE OFFERED HIM TO PUBLISH A MENDACIOUS PARAGRAPH ABOUT A RESPECTABLE CONTEMPORARY.]

\* \* \* \* \*

A NEW SENSATION WANTED.

The reprehensible haste with which various European nations terminate their wars is a source of annoyance to every one. Hardly have we acquired a decided taste for news of some transient war or other, when the conflicting parties judge that they have had enough of it, and thus an avenue of enjoyment is summarily closed.



## Page 30

It is as though one's natural aversion to tomatoes had gradually changed to liking, and then an untimely autumn frost had come, to anticipate the gardener and the air-tight can.

These foreigners are so different from the Americans!

During the Rebellion—a comparatively staid and respectable affair—a correspondent, after the first two years, became so expert as to anticipate battles, and knew as much about war as a general. War news and buckwheat cakes enlivened the matutinal meal. The chances pro and con gave a zest to conversations else intolerably dull. The war was an Institution.

But see how it is in Europe.

In '66, they spirited away for six weeks and stopped. And now, after a similar splurge, they have as good as stopped once more. The correspondents just sent over by our “enterprising” newspapers, are hardly yet recovered from their sea-sickness. Just as they begin to sharpen their pencils, presto! the war is over, and the occupation of these hardy gentlemen is gone.

Can nothing be done about this? If a protest—“firm and dignified”—would really do no good, what about some *new* excitement, which, as every one knows, we *must* have or perish! Will no other jealous contiguous nations fall out? Must we fall out ourselves? Election is still a good way off, and, really, we don't see what's to be done. Fights are few, and suicides are falling off. The Indians are disgustingly peaceful, and even the Mormons have subsided. It is two years and over to the next Presidential election; and there is no more cholera.

Really, this is too bad! We must muse on the situation for a season, and, meanwhile, shall confidently expect something or other to turn up almost any day.

\* \* \* \* \*

PUSS AS A PORT-MONNAIE.

The following eccentric freak of a cat is reported in a daily paper:

“A two dollar note was taken to one of the Lebanon banks for redemption last week, which had been taken from the intestines of a cat, in Montgomery county. The cat had stolen the note and swallowed it, was caught and shot, and the note thus recovered.”

There is nothing new in getting notes “from the intestines of a cat.” PAGANINI got no end of notes from catgut. So do VIEUXTEMPS, and OLE BULL, and TOM BAKER, and others too numerous to mention. The cat that swallowed the greenback should have been added to BARNUM'S “Happy Family,” however, instead of being sacrificed to



Mammon. With its two-dollar bill it would have been a formidable rival to the *Ornithorynchus Paradoxus*, or beast with a bill, of Australia.

\* \* \* \* \*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A TREATISE ON THE BANKRUPT LAW, FOR BUSINESS MEN. By AUDLEY W. GAZZAM, Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Utica, N. Y. New York: GEORGE T. DELLER, No. 95 Liberty Street.



# Page 31

This book contains not only all the latest amendments to the Bankrupt Act, with copious notes covering the latest English and American decisions, but it also has a prefatory chapter of "Hints to Persons contemplating Bankruptcy." PUNCHINELLO, feeling a deep interest in the welfare of *The Sun*, *The Free Press*, and certain others of his contemporaries, earnestly requests their attention to that chapter. Some such advice as it contains is evidently needed by them for their guidance through the financial gloom that seems to be settling on them. The loss of thirty per cent of its circulation within the past month has brought deep depression upon *The Sun*. The festive laugh of its editors—especially that of the roystering Lothario OLIVER DYER,—is but seldom heard, now, in the famed restaurant of MOUQUIN. We cordially commend to their notice, then, the work in question, that, availing themselves of its "Hints," they may so arrange as to have ready, when the smash comes, funds to qualify them for enjoying the blessed privilege constitutionally granted to all who, like them, have been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

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[Illustration: A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

*Oyster Opener.* "WILL YER HAVE SOUND OYSTERS?"



# Page 36

*Newly-arrived Cockney.* "WILL I 'AVE *sound* HOYSTERS!—NOW DO I LOOK LIKE THAT KIND OF RIDICULOUS HIDIOT AS 'D EAT *unSOUND* HOYSTERS?"

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