

Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 36, December 3, 1870 eBook

Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 36, December 3, 1870

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* * * * *

Man and wives.

A travesty.

By *Mose Skinner.*

CHAPTER SECOND.

Love.

The Hon. *Michael ladle* and *Archibald* BLINKSOP were interrupted in their conversation by *Belinda*, who sent off the former under pretence that the croquet players were waiting for him, or, as she expressed it, it was "his turn to mallet."

As soon as he was fairly out of sight, she turned to *Archibald*, and said; "Come with me."

"What for?" said *Archibald*, as she seized him by the arm and hurried him into the shrubbery. "Recollect," he added, "that I am an orphan, with a constitution never robust."



She made no reply till they were screened from observation.

“You needn’t be afraid, you little fool,” she said. “Sit down on that stump.”

Archibald tremblingly obeyed her.

She imprisoned his fluttering hand in hers, and smoothed his hair reassuringly.

“*Archie*,” she murmured; “*dear Archie*.”

“Oh, don’t, *don’t* talk that way,” said ARCHIBALD. “You make me afraid of you.”

“Afraid!” she returned. “And of *me*? Oh cruel, cruel ARCHIBALD. Is it for this that I have passed many a sleepless night, awaking unrefreshed with haggard orbs? Is it for this that I’ve pined away and refused meat victuals?”

She paused. Her heart was beating violently. She took from her pocket a copy of the *Ledger*, adjusted her eye-glasses, and continued:

“ARCHIBALD BLINKSOP, for weeks I have basked in the sunlight of your existence. Your celestial smile, shedding a tranquil calm o’er my perturbed spirit, has been my daily sustenance. Your ethereal form, beautiful as an houri, has, with its subtle fascination, enthralled and steeped in bliss my innermost soul, lifting me as it were into a purer, a holier existence. Your—”



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“Oh-h,” moaned the wretched ARCHIBALD, “*please* stop. That’s COBB, Jr. I *know* it is. When I was sea-sick on the canal, they read a chapter to me just like that, instead of giving me an emetic, and I was out of my head all next day.”

“But you *do* love me, don’t you, ARCHIBALD?—just a very small fragment, you know.”

She seized him by the ear and kissed him twice.

“Come, own up now,” said she, “that from the first moment you saw me, you have felt a sort of a spooney hankering, and a general looseness, including a desire to write poetry and use hair-oil, and wear pretty neckties; a sort of a feeling that your clothes don’t fit you, and you can’t bear the sight of gravy, and dote on lavender kids, and want to part your hair in the middle. *That’s* being in love, ARCHIE. That’s—”

At this juncture voices were heard calling for ARCHIBALD.

“Oh, do, *do* let me go,” he pleaded.

BELINDA grasped him firmly by the collar. “Heaven knows,” said she impressively, “that I have wooed you thus far in a spirit of the most delicate consideration. Now, I mean business, I want a husband, and by the Sixteenth Amendment, you don’t stir from this spot, until you promise to marry me!”

“But—but—I don’t want to get married,” said ARCHIBALD; “I—I—ain’t old enough.”

She glared at him menacingly.

“Am I to understand then,” she shrieked, “that you dare refuse me?” And she laughed hysterically.

“Oh, no, no. I wouldn’t. Of course I wouldn’t,” groaned the ghastly youth. “I’ll promise *anything*, if you’ll only let me go.”

Thus it was, mid the hushed repose of that lovely June twilight, while all Nature seemed to pronounce a sweet benediction, that these loving hearts commingled. The soft hum of the June-bug seemed to have a sweeter sound, and the little fly walked unmolested across their foreheads, for they were betrothed.

CHAPTER THIRD.

WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH.



Notwithstanding the thrilling events enacted near by, that modest production of Nature, the woodbine, still continued to twine in all its pristine virginity. And meanwhile, JEFFRY MAULBOY is at the appointed rendezvous, waiting for ANN BRUMMET.

She comes.

But why that glazed expression, and that convulsive twitching of the lips?

She is chewing gum.

“Hilloa, JEFF,” said she. “Mean thing. Been here a whole day, and not a single word about my new overskirt. How does it hang behind?”

What reply does this cruel, this heartless man make?

He took a chew of tobacco, and said:

“Oh, bother your overskirt. Is that the ‘something very particular’ you wanted to see me for?”

“Oh no,” she replied; “I forgot.” She looked cautiously round, and added:

“Say, JEFF, folks are talking about us awfully.”



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"Let 'em talk," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Of course *you* don't care. The more a man is talked about the better he likes it, and the more he's thought of. But it's death to a woman."

"Well, I don't care any way," said JEFFRY.

"Yes you do care too," she replied. S'posen it should get to the ears of that rich widow you're engaged to. 'Twould be all up with you *there*, sure, JEFF. She ain't burdened with principle, the Lord knows, but she's got jealousy enough to break the match short off, and kill you besides, if she hears of it.

"And she'll hear of it anyhow, if they keep up their infernal clack," said he fiercely. "I'd like to choke the whole confounded pack."

"The talk would all die out," said ANN slowly, "if I should go away."

"Any fool can see that," replied he. "What do you mean?"

"I've been thinking of going," she continued, "for six months. I'm a poor relation, and Mrs. LADLE hates me. And as for BELINDA, she has so many good clothes, I can't take any comfort seeing her round."

"Where to?" inquired JEFFRY incredulously.

"Oh, anywhere," she replied. "I can dance a jig, you know. I'll go to New York, and let myself as the 'Eminent and Graceful Queen of Terpsichore, imported from Paris at a cost of Forty Thousand Dollars in Gold.' And then I'll make a tour of the New England States. Or I'll learn to play the banjo and get off slang phrases, and then I'll appear as 'The Beautiful and Gifted Artist, ANNETTA BRUMMETTA, who has, by her guileless vivacity, charmed our most Fashionable Circles.' Or I'll go as Assistant Teacher in a Select Boarding School for Young Ladies. I ain't proud, you know."

JEFFRY grinned. "Let me advise you," said he, "to go right off to-morrow. I'll help you pack your trunk inside of an hour, if you say so."

"That ain't the point," she retorted sharply. "I ain't got rid of so easily as *that*, I tell you."

"What do you mean by that?" he inquired, with a scowl.

"I mean just this," she returned. "I won't go at all if you don't do what's right by me. If you'll agree to my terms I'll go, and not without."

"Your *terms!*" said he, with a sneer. "Well, that *is* a go. What may your 'terms' be?" he continued, derisively.



“Marriage,” replied she; “private if you say so, and a remittance of fifty dollars a month for six months.”

He laughed in her face. “Marry *you*? Well, I guess not,” said he. “Do you take me for an idiot?”

“You ain’t obliged to stick by it,” she continued. “We’re in Indiana, ain’t we? We’ll take a minister and a lawyer along with us. While the minister is marrying us, the lawyer can be at work on the divorce papers. When you are JEFFRY MAULBOY again, a single man, and I’m once more ANN BRUMMET. spinster, I’ll go away and never trouble you again. There’s no risk. I go in ANN BRUMMET, and come out ANN BRUMMET, all inside of two hours, and there’s nobody to tell of it. The lawyer and minister are used to it, you see, and the secret’s safe with *them*.”



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JEFFRY MAULBOY took an unusually large chew of tobacco, and thought it all over.

"I won't do it," he finally said.

"All right, then," she replied; "I'll write to Mrs. CUPID and tell her the whole story, and I'll stay here besides. It'll be hard enough on me for a while if I go, and harder still if I stay; but I'll do it to *spite you*. I'll break off your match with Mrs. CUPID if I *do* stay, now mark my words."

JEFFRY MAULBOY walked back and forth, and emitted the choicest string of curses that his extensive and valuable collection enabled him to cull. At last he stopped in front of her, and said savagely:

"I'll do it. But if you ever lisp a word to any living soul till I'm safely married to CUPID, I'll kill you, dead sure. Do you hear that?"

"When and how is the thing to be done?" he growled again.

"The sooner the better," was ANN'S reply. "If you don't hear from me by to-morrow noon, go to the Half-way House at Forney's Crag. That's all *you've* got to do. I'll have the lawyer and minister both there. *You'd* better be there too. That's all I say."

Alone in his room, JEFFRY admitted that ANN had been too smart for him.

"And I'm mighty afraid that, somehow or other, the old she-dragon will get the best of me yet in this infernal business," he soliloquized. "Anyhow, I'll sleep on it," and he went to bed.

He got up in the morning, firmly resolved to break his engagement with ANN.

"She was only bluffing me last night," he said. "She daren't tell CUPID." But he didn't feel easy for all that.

After breakfast he took his hat and started out.

"Where are you bound, JEFF?" inquired ARCHIBALD.

"Anywhere," was the reply. "Come along."

JEFFRY was awful dull company, so Archibald thought. He took very large chews of tobacco, and expectorated freely into the eyes of the small boys whom they chanced to meet, and if he didn't make a good shot, he swore awfully. Once he went away across a field on purpose to kick a very small dog, and ARCHIBALD waited for him.



“Why, JEFFRY,” said ARCHIBALD, “what ails you? You’re awfully down in the mouth this morning.”

“And so you’d be if you was in my boots,” was the reply.

And then he up and told ARCHIBALD the whole story.

The latter was so thoroughly dumbfounded that a decently-smart boy could have blown him over without any apparent effort.

“Why, JEFF,” said he, “only to think of it. Ain’t it awful? And ANN BRUMMET, too; ain’t I glad it ain’t me, though.”

“That’s no way to console a fellow, you fool,” said JEFFRY. “You’d better offer to help me out of the scrape.”

“Why, so I will, of course,” said ARCHIBALD. “If I hadn’t saved your life, of course you wouldn’t have got into it; and so I feel bound, you know, to see you out of it. What shall I do?”



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“Why, just go over to the Half-way House, and tell ANN I can’t come. Tell her I’ve got the small-pox, or broke my leg, or my old man’s dying—or anything, so that she understands I can’t come.”

“You’d better give me a letter,” said ARCHIBALD, “and I’ll slip it under her door and run off. I never could remember all that, I should be so flustered, you know.”

“No,” replied JEFFRY, “I shan’t give you any letter. I ain’t fool enough to commit myself to any woman in black and white.”

“Well,” replied ARCHIBALD drearily, “just as you say. Oh, what a knowing man the Hon. MICHAEL is! He said you’d make me pay that debt of saving your life, sooner or later, and it’s turned out sooner. But I’ll go, JEFFRY, if I can get away from BELINDA. She tags me round everywhere, and wants to court me all the time. Ain’t it dreadful? What time shall I go?”

“Three o’clock,” answered JEFFRY. “Tell her I’d come if I could but I can’t *anyhow*. Be sure and tell her *that*, and anything else you’ve a mind to.”

(To be continued.)

* * * * *

PIGEON ENGLISH.

Certainly newspaper writers are given to making very remarkable statements. In describing General CHANGARNIER, a newspaper lately informed us that “he stoops his head, which is sprinkled over with a few gray hairs when walking.” Now, if the general’s head be sprinkled when walking, we may fairly infer that the gray hairs, unless brushed off, remain upon it when it stands still. We are additionally mystified by the further statement—still with reference to the same officer—that “he enjoys the personal demeanor of the French people to a remarkable degree.” This we are very much delighted to hear, although we have not the slightest idea what it means.

* * * * *

Corroborative.

A late item of war news states that “the Prussians have advanced to Dole,” while from several other sources we learn that the Prussians have come to Grief.

* * * * *



PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ambergris.—Can you give me the motto of the City of Strasbourg?

Answer.—We cannot at this moment recall the Flemish version of it, but it means, in English, “We make our own Pies.”

Katrina Shwachenzittern. We have had some difficulty in deciphering your manuscript. Your grievance, however, seems to be that one of your boarders, an Alsatian, keeps a ten-pound brass cannon in his bedroom, and fires a grand salvo with it whenever a French victory is announced. This, of course, is very foolish. The best way of putting a stop to it would be for your German boarders to keep guns of even larger calibre in their rooms, and fire the Frenchman down. You will then have a perfect right to charge all your boarders for extra fires.



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Ney.—Please explain two things about the war. First: How did the Mobile Guard come to leave Mobile? Second: Is *Francs-Tireurs* the French for FRANK BUTLER'S black-and-tan terriers?

Answer.—We cannot perceive much difference between NEY and BRAY.

Artichoke.—You are mistaken in supposing total deafness to be an indispensable qualification in a candidate for the position of prompter to a theatre.

Flippertygibbet.—How is the belligerent attitude of the Russian Bear likely to affect the New York money market?

Answer.—Turn a rushin' bear into any market, and see what the result will be.

Paterfamilias.—I am the unhappy father of three brace of twins, and wish to dispose of one out of each brace. Can you advise me in the matter?

Answer.—If you don't mind being put in the Lockup, perhaps you had better apply to "Dr." LOOKUP.

Sad-you-See.—We cannot sympathize with you in your wail about the markets being "flat." Wait a while, patiently, and they will come "round."

Peter Dole.—Your questions about cooking turkeys for Thanksgiving Day are so multitudinous, that we can only reply to them generally. In Europe it is the usage for Crowned Heads and their families, only, to eat sausages with their turkey; and, if ever the true story of the Man with the Iron Mask comes to be unveiled, it is more than likely that the mystery will be found to hinge upon that fact.

* * * * *

A PRESIDENTIAL FLOUT.

According to the Washington special despatches to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the President has tendered a Cabinet appointment to several distinguished members of the Union League of that city. Either from excessive modesty, however, or, as is probable, from prudent doubts as to their ability to fill the position, all of these gentlemen have declined to accept the offer.

It is surmised that the object of the President's recent visit to Philadelphia (ostensibly to see his old friend, Mr. BORIE), was to examine the roll of the League, comprising two thousand members, for the purpose of selecting one who might serve on a pinch to fill the office in question.



This was a bitter stroke of satire on the part of Mr. GRANT, since it is generally understood in Philadelphia, that, outside the ranks of the Mutual Admiration Society to which we have referred, there are no brains to be found among the Republicans of Philadelphia.

* * * * *

A Bubble of Air.

What is the most favorable sort of weather for ballooning?

Highly favorable weather.

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE THREE CENTS.

An Incident both Dramatic and True.

SLINEY, OF SWAMPVILLE, COMES TO THE CITY. AS HE SHAMBLES ALONG
THREE
BRIGHT CENTS FALL AT HIS FEET. AMAZEMENT OF SLINEY, WHO GAZES UP AT
AN
OPEN WINDOW, BUT, NOT SEEING ANY PERSON THERE, SUPPOSES THAT
SHOWERS OF
COPPERS ARE PECULIAR TO THE CLIMATE.



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HAVING POCKETED THE COINS, SLINEY PROCEEDS UPON HIS WAY. HARDLY HAS HE GONE A DOZEN PACES WHEN THREE CENTS AGAIN RING DOWN UPON THE FLAG-STONES, AND SPARKLE THERE IN THE SUN. DELIGHT OF SLINEY, WHO AGAIN GAZES UP SMILINGLY AT THIRD-STORY WINDOWS, HOLDING OUT HIS HAT AS IF TO ASK FOR MORE.

AGAIN SLINEY PROCEEDS TO POCKET THE COINS. BUT, HA!—WHAT IS THIS? HIS COUNTENANCE CHANGES: HIS LONG BONY FINGERS NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME DETECT THE FATAL FLAW IN HIS TROUSERS POCKET. 'T WAS HIS ORIGINAL CAPITAL, BROUGHT BY HIM FROM SWAMPVILLE TO INVEST IN STOCKS, THAT HE HAS BEEN PICKING UP ALL ALONG. AGONY OF SLINEY, WHICH IS AGGRAVATED BY THE RIBALD LAUGHTER OF SOME WICKED PERSONS WHO HAVE THROWN THEMSELVES UPON HIS TRACK.]

* * * * *

THE LATEST BOSTON NOTION.

The well-earned reputation acquired by Boston for leading the world in new ideas is so thoroughly established as to need no recapitulation here. We merely speak of it for the purpose of mentioning that city's last contribution to mankind, of this kind. They have a hotel there which advertises through the seductive fly-pages of our magazines in the following terms: "Courtesy to strangers is a marked feature in the management of—"

But we remember in time that we have no right to interfere with the advertising columns. However, it is a fact that there is a hotel in America where courtesy to guests is a feature, and of course a marked one. It is a cheering fact, and especially so just now, in this early fall, when we are all smarting with the fresh memories of our summer's sufferings at the hands of the hotel proprietors, their head clerks, and the rest of the rapacious crew. What an attractive picture it presents! A hotel where guests are treated with courtesy! Really, if anything could seduce us into making a visit to Boston, the desire to actually witness this surprising innovation upon our national customs would prove too strong for the reverential fear which keeps us distant worshippers of that American Mecca.

* * * * *



Odious Comparison.

“She is a gem,” remarked Mr. JENKINSOP, speaking of his red-haired wife.

“Yes—a diamond of many carats,” was the low rejoinder of JENKINSOP’S friend, WINKLESOP.

* * * * *

ROYAL DEMOCRACY.

It appears to have been decided that one of the royal princesses of England can be allowed to marry, without being obliged to find some royal prince for that purpose. Perhaps this course has been discovered to be possible from the fact that the stock of royal princes is getting short in Europe. Prussia has gobbled up any number of German ones, and bids fair to do so with the rest. But we prefer to think that this innovation is really due to the women’s rights movement. Their platform is broad enough for the entire sex to stand



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on, and why should a princess, from the unfortunate accident of her birth, be debarred her natural right to fall in love with the man of her choice, and to marry the man she loves. At any rate we commend this change of policy to the leaders of the women's rights party, as a proof of the success their movement has gained, and advise them to send a series of congratulatory resolutions to the princess in question, upon her gaining her unquestioned right to consult her heart rather than a Lord Chancellor in the bestowal of her hand.

* * * * *

An Anecdote from Salt Lake.

A GYPSY came to BRIGHAM YOUNG with a pony for sale.

"Why, the beast is half-starved," said BRIGHAM, running his hand over the pony's side. "You can count his ribs."

"That's more'n a chap could do with yours," retorted the gypsy.

BRIGHAM YOUNG did not buy that pony.

* * * * *

NATURAL HISTORY IN OUR PARKS.

No greater tribute has yet been paid to the already improved condition of our city parks under the new *regime*, than the arrival in them of strange birds by which they had not hitherto been patronized. Within a few days past several owls have been captured in the solemn pines with which these delightful retreats have lately been made green, if not shady. The owl, as is well known, was regarded by the ancients as the Bird of Wisdom. He fully sustained his right to the title by letting severely alone the city parks while they were still dreary and disgusting wastes. The only night-birds by which these were, then occupied were of the featherless (and apparently motherless) kind, and were well known to the police. They were quite as watchful, it is true, as the genuine feathered owl that has just commenced to give its very extraordinary countenance to the parks, but then it was with other people's watches, not their own. It is with much concern that we hear reports of the slaughter of some of these solemn but beautiful owls that have come to ventilate their wisdom among us. The reports in question were very definite and unmistakable, most of them proceeding from revolvers handled by members of the Municipal Police Force, while others emanated from the barrels of shot-guns wielded by beery Teutons, who rushed frantically out from their sawdust lairs when they were told that the game was up—that is, that an owl was up a tree. This was scurvy treatment for the visitors. To "put a head on" an owl, which is already provided



with one so large and so comical, appears to be a work both superfluous and inhuman. The only apology for it in this instance is, that these night-birds of prey were supposed by the police to have been attracted to the parks by the prospect of succulent suppers on the very well-fed sparrows by which these resorts are now thickly tenanted. The owls hooted at this notion; but their hooting was only answered by shooting, and the poor foolish Birds of Wisdom have been stuffed with tow instead of sparrows, and set up to form the nucleus of an ornithological Rogues' Gallery in the City Hall.



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On visiting the Battery a few days ago, one of the park-keepers (himself looking in his bright new uniform somewhat like a blue-jay) expressed his conviction that, next spring, that time-honored pleasure-garden of the old Knickerbockers will be a paradise for song-birds such as it has not been since the original Swedish Nightingale warbled her “woodnotes wild” there a score of years ago, more or less. The sea-gulls, he thought (will Judge HILTON have the goodness to provide these park officers with manuals of ornithology?), would build their nests in the pine-trees with which the wide esplanade that stretches away to the water’s edge will soon be bristling. Honest, but mistaken young man! As well might he have said that the sea-wall [a very substantial one, by the way] would build its nest in the melancholy pines. But it is reasonable to hope that pine grossbeaks will find their way thither, and that the German flutes of various finches will provide for the coming Bavarians and Hessians (should any be left after the siege of Paris and the *sorties* of the truculent TROCHU) a welcome such as has not heretofore been accorded to the strangers who at Castle Garden first set foot upon our shore.

The Bowling Green—late a nuisance and a pandemonium, now an oasis of verdure—has not as yet reported its owl, but the public eye is upon it, and the nocturnal marauder may yet be detected in the forks of the great willow-trees, which still retain their verdure. The sparrows are almost disproportionately numerous in this small park, but this may be accounted for. It has lately been laid down with new grass, the green, tender blades of which, just now beginning to crop out, are probably mistaken by the birds for “sparrow-grass” munificently provided for them by the Commissioners.

In all of these city parks the contrast between past and present is very striking and agreeable. But a few short months ago they were the domiciles and dormitories of outcast roughs and vagrants of the worst description, whose “owls,” as a Cockney explorer observed, “made night ’ideous.” The only muss now common to them is the *mus* tribe, comprising the *mus ratus*, or ordinary rat (so called from its haunting ordinaries, we suppose), and the timid mouse, with which the Bird of Wisdom is contented to put up when the sparrows decline to come to his claw.

Central Park offers numerous attractions now to all who love to keep up their animal spirits by studying animal life. There is a fat little Asiatic pig there, who is the very picture of content. A red pig he is, and exceedingly well behaved. The best red pig, in fact, that we remember ever to have seen, beating the learned pig by several trumps and an ace. When we last saw him he was very busy with his pen, and our surmise was that his mind was fully occupied with arrangements for editing the works of BACON, or, possibly, those of HOGG.



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The young elephant has increased immensely, since last year, in stature and girth. He is remarkably neat in his person, wipping himself all over with hay for hours at a time. Whether he does this for cleanliness or to obtain a flavor of elephant for the hay is doubtful, however, for he always eats it after having made use of it as a flesh-brush for a good while. Notices requesting visitors “not to feed or annoy the animals” are posted on the compartments. In the case of the elephant, though, it might be as well also to caution persons against making jokes about his trunk—a low kind of ribaldry in which every carpet-bagger, who never had one, seems to think himself bound to indulge.

There is a cinnamon bear in one of the outside cages, whose claws remind one sharply that cinnamon and cloves go together, and that clove is a tense of the verb “to cleave.” But we do not want such a fellow as that to cleave to us, since it is evident that a grocer kind of brute than a cinnamon bear cannot be found in all the ursine family. “Sugar and spice, and all things nice,” are stated in song to be the materials that “little girls are made of,” but if we thought that cinnamon bear figured upon the list of groceries thus used for modelling young maidens, we would either fly to the desert with Dr. MARY WALKER or immure ourselves in a nunnery with SUSAN B. ANTHONY, and all the other females of the anti-sugar-and-spice persuasion.

Fattest of all the beasts in the Central Park collection is the larger of the two grizzly bears. From the easy way in which he takes life, he reminds one of a successful politician, who had worked his way up from being a slim and impecunious “repeater” to the position of Alderman, or Custom House official, and President of the Fat Men’s Club. There is a drunken leer in this beast’s eye, an inebriate roll in all his movements, that lead one mechanically to peer into the darkness of his den with the view of seeing what the Bar fixings are like. It would be a rare freak to treat the huge fellow to a cask of rum and sugar, and then stand by with a comic artist, and take down for PUNCHINELLO the traits of BRUIN the Grizzly on a “bender,” and with all his repressed nature brought out by the strong drink.

“Carnivorium” is the word now properly applied by the Park authorities to the establishment in which the wild beasts are kept. That is, the term will be correct when applied only to the particular department allotted to the fierce flesh-devouring animals. At present camels are accommodated in the Carnivorium, and so are cows, which is a sort of slur upon the habits of these poor innocent vegetarians. The new word, however, is likely to find considerable extension, and if any provider for the public maw should choose hereafter to call his dining-saloon a Carnivorium, none would have a right to cavil at him on philological grounds, at least.



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By and by the Park will have a new and sensational attraction. The antediluvian monsters of that great FRANKENSTEIN of the period, Mr. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS, will soon be advanced enough to “give fits” to the nursery-maids and their tender charges. Accipitrine in features as in name, Mr. HAWKINS is a living illustration of the Darwinian theory. Certainly his remote ancestors must have been of the falcon family. He revels in birds; though, when he cannot obtain those, he can put up with lizards, which he usually prefers manufactured, and of a length not less than from sixty to one hundred feet. This reminds us that a saurian of a hundred feet should not be confounded with a centipede.

It will be seen, then, that the landscape-gardens of our great city are in a fair way of being able to afford some illustrations for students of Natural History more interesting than the oyster-shells and old boots with which most of them have hitherto been stocked.

* * * * *

FRUIT FOR BALLOONISTS. Currents in the air.

* * * * *

[Illustration: FASHION CORRESPONDENTS REPORT THAT “NETS ARE TO BE WORN MUCH LONGER.” PUNCHINELLO SUGGESTS, THEN, THAT THEY MIGHT BE PROFITABLY ADAPTED FOR CATCHING FISH AS WELL AS BEAUX.]

* * * * *

THE AVERAGE THANKSGIVING.

NINE O’CLOCK A.M.

I’m thankful I was bright enough, this year,
To have my turkey bought a week ahead!
Oh, what a bird it is! ’Twas awful dear,—
But, thank the Lord! the turkey’s been well fed.

TEN O’CLOCK A.M.

There! I’ve forgot the oysters. Thank the Lord,
There’s time enough with early church; Old GRIMES,
I hope, will pity us to-day; he’s bored
A hungry crowd so many, many times.

ELEVEN O’CLOCK A.M.



Oh, what a crowd! Hallo! Another man!
Well, thank the Lord, 'twill be a change, at least;
I s'pose he'll aggravate us all he can:
And that's so easy just before a feast.

TWELVE O'CLOCK M.

Oh, what a bore! He's worse than Grimes by half;
So slow!—That turkey will be done to rags!—
I'm famished! I could eat the fatted calf.
There! Thank the Lord! He's winding up; he fags.

ONE P.M.

Give me the knife. Be quick, my love, be quick!
I never was so hungry in my life!
Well, thank the Lord, that tedious old stick
Did let us off.—Oh, hang this carving-knife!

TWO P.M.

I wish I had not eaten quite so much;
But, really, the mince-pie was so prime!
You gave it just the real, old, fancy touch.
There! (Thank the Lord, I got the meat in time.)

THREE P.M.

My eyes! how sleepy I have grown since noon!
Some wine or music, now, would make me gay;
Come, ANNA, let us have a little tune—
There! thank the Lord, there's no more work to-day.



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FOUR P.M.

What was it, ANNA? I was sound asleep;
I rather think I had the nightmare, too.
I feel half sick; cold chills around me creep.
Well, thank the Lord, Thanksgiving is all through!

* * * * *

A Pen and an Inkling.

A certain HERR BISSENGER, of Pforzheim, has presented BISMARCK with a golden pen, set with jewels, with which to sign the treaty after the capture of Paris. Foresight is well enough in its way; but if the treaty which is to end this war is not a very different one from any BISMARCK has yet suggested, penning his signature to it will be merely a preliminary to his repentance for being so short-sighted as not to see that Sedan, not Paris, was the place at which to make a lasting peace.

* * * * *

A Chance for Metaphysicians to be Useful.

The German metaphysicians who have been so long bothering the world with reports of their searches after the undiscoverable, should now exercise whatever skill they have gained in this pursuit, in looking for signs of republican protest in Germany against the growing tyranny of their Prussian masters. Such a course would do their own country good, and, if successful, would be most grateful to the rest of the world.

* * * * *

A Twist of the Cable.

Telegrams per cable state that "VON DER TANN is retreating"—also that "a Prussian bark has been blown up."

Combining these two statements, we obtain an excellent quality of Tan Bark, which may or may not be suggestive of further "Hidings" of the Prussians by the French.

* * * * *

Grant-ed.

Recent disclosures concerning the President's Cabinet would go to show that this piece of administrative furniture is a cabinet with Drawers.



* * * * *

Bad for their Health.

Travel is so impeded by the terrible state of affairs at present existing in France, that the Prussians cannot take Tours.

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New Occupation for the President.

A display heading in the *World* of November 18th has the following astounding line:—

“GRANT cuts SCHURZ.”

* * * * *

[Illustration: NONE THE BETTER FOR TOO MUCH NURSING.

Dr. W.G. Bryant.—“MR. KELLEY, THAT POOR CHILD PENNSYLVANIA HAS BEEN FED TOO EXCLUSIVELY WITH PIG-IRON PAP. SUPPOSE YOU TRY SOME OF MY FREE-TRADE MIXTURE, AND SEE IF THAT WON'T RESTORE IT TO HEALTH.”]

* * * * *

HIRAM GREEN SURPRISED.

His Fellow-Citizens Present Him with a Silver Tea Service.

When the Hon. BILL SOOWARD allers gets home from a voyige, the sitezens of Auburn give him a warm recepshen.



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When Goyenor HOFFMAN visits the home of his childhood days, a spontaneous bust of friendship throws her lovin embrace about him.

When a few sundry other peeples, whose names shall be nameless in this communication, have arroven to their long home on tother side of the River Sticks, they will get a recepshen so warm, that, settin on top a red hot koal stove and sokin their feet in a kittle full of b'ilin water, will be full as cheerin to 'em as a Mint Jewlip is to an inhabitant of the Equinoxial line.

Recepshens and presentashens bein the order of the day, I took it into my head, a short time since, to have my feller sitizens of Skeansboro' give me some of it.

Consekently I hired 1/2 dozen of my nabors, whom I supposed wouldnt make turnal fools of their selves, to call at the Old Green manshon with a crowd of peeples, at the hour when I was supposed to be to bed, for the purpuss of presentin me with a silver tea sarvice, which our Joowiler had lent me for the occasion. I writ up an impromptu speech, and practiced it for over a week, out in my barn, so as to be reddy for the cerprise.

My 3 oldest darters had agreed to be dressed up in white, representen the 3 graces—- Faith, Hope, & Charity—and arrangin their selfs in a tabloo in the back parler, they was to throw open the foldin doors at a signal from me. I also tride to get my wife to rig up; says she:

“Me rig up? No, sir! I wouldnt encourage sich a lot of tom foolery to save your consarned neck. And I know of a sartin Old Noosants who'l ketch Hail Columbia if he musses up these ere parlars to freely.”

The noosants referred to was no doubt the undersined; I know it was.

Mariar was allers full of pet names, and this was one of them.

When she called me pet names, I dident stop to argue with her. It is no use; shee'l allers have the last word, if she sets up all nite for a week for it. You mite just as well try to make Bosting fokes think the hul United States don't resolve around Masserchusetts Bay and Bosting Common once every 24 times an hour, as to undertake to stop a womans clack when she gets on a talkin fit.

The appinted nite came, and I was standin behind the winder curten, peekin out the upper hall winder, anxiously awaitin the arrival of the crowd.

All of a sudden a percession, hove in site, headed by a drum and fife. Their onsartin way of marchin, by gettin their legs mixed all up together, made me think that by the time they got up to my house, the painful duty would devolve on to me of goin down and gotten their legs ontangled.



The fifer was continually mistakin his head for a drum stick, as he fell over and let it strike vilently agin the sheep skin head of the base drum. Whilst the drummer, hisself, was mistakin evry bodys head for his musikle instrument, as he dealt out blows rite and left, to all who come within hittin distance of his intossicated drum sticks.



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Arrivin before my domisil, the leeder sung out and says:

“Now boys (hic!) let’s rattle up bald head, (hic!) if old 2-and-ninepence don’t (hic!) shell out with his ’freshments, we’ll (hic!) smash this ’ere borrered tea sarvice over his (hic!) figger head.” Sayin which he gives the door bell a yank, which was enuff to pull the roof off from over our heads.

Slippin on my red nite cap, I poked my head out of my winder, and in fained cerprise, Bays to ’em:

“My good peepel, what’s the meanin of this demon-stration?”

“A lot of fellers, who you hired to come and pay you a visit, has got here. So come down and let us in, old hoss,” says a voice.

I went down stairs, with doubts in my mind as to the way the thing would turn out.

Unboltin the door, the assemblige filed in. A casual glance convinced me that I was not receivin into the buzzum of my family manshon a deputashun from the Skeensboro Lodge of Good Templers, for a skalier lot of whiskey-soked human beins I never sot eyes on.

There was JOB BIGLER, who useter leed the Skeensboro brick meetin house quire, tryin to pick his teeth with the corner of a pictur-frame, while standin before the lookin glass was WILLYAM DUNBAR vainly endeavorin to ascertain if he was the Siameese Twins, or else was the lookin-glass a double-plated one.

Old JIM SPENCER insisted on standin with his cow-hide butes on top the mahogany senter table, for the purpuss of presentin me with the tea sarvice, while his son-in-law had no sorter hesitation, whatsomever, of planten his muddy feet into my wife’s work basket, which was settin on a stool in the sou’-west corner of the front room. Others had piled theirselves in heaps, in various parts of the room, presentin a picter which JOHN B. GOFF could work up to sich an affectin pitch, that tears could be got out of the eyes of a perfessional grave-digger.

“SQUIRE GREEN, yer (hic!) feller sitisens, wishin to do the square thing by you, hereby (hic!) take this opportunity of presentin you with this (hic!) tea sarvice, which you hired down to GRIZ’LES jooliry (hic!) store, for this momentous occassion. Take it and be ’appy. Now trot out yer (hic!) benzeen,” says SPENCER. At this pint I give the signle, and the foldin doors was throde quickly open, revealin my 3 gals in a classic tabloo. I then said:

“Feller Sitizens: When I say I’m hily pleased at this onexpected cerprise, I but reiterate the pent up feelins of an overflowin heart.”—



“Oh, cork up on that ere spoutin, and sound yer supper bell,” said JOE BIGLER, interruptin me. I again went on.

“As I casts my eyes about me, I see the smillen faces of my feller sitizens, who have been tride and not found *wantin*—”

“That’s a lie! We are *wantin* some vittles, with a little (hic!) opedildock to wash her down. When you hired us to do this job, you (hic!) ‘greed to fill up,” says a voice.



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I pertended as how I didnt hear the raskle's insultin remarks, but I was secretly itchin to be a silent spectator to his funeral, and see his miserable carciss sunk down under about 6 foot of free sile. I continnered;

"You see before you, Faith, Hope & Charity, otherwise called the 3 graces," said I, pintin to my darters, who looked as sheepish as if they was jest let loose from a femail convenshun, or some other loonatick asylum.

"Yer cant cram that stuff down our gullets, no more'n I can stand on this sugar bole without mashin it" said a vile youth, ceasin the sugar bole from the silver tea sarvice and settin his foot onto it. "Them gals haint no more faith in hoops and charity, than I have that the french people can live under a Republican form of government." Said another chap: "Oh, no, old GREEN, them tow-headed maidens is your darters, JOHANNER, BETTY, and MARIAR, Jr."

"Leed us to the bankett halls," says some one else.

"Come, do as yer (hic!) 'greed, and give us some pirotechnicks," some one else yelled; at this juncture all was hollerin vociferously for vittles and whiskey.

I assure you, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, it was very *affectin*.

In fact, I don't believe there was a *dry mouth* in the crowd.

"I blush for every drunken soul of you," said I, wishing to get rid if em; "and I want you to understand this meetin is adjourned to sober off."

I noticed that the 3 graces had left the room, while the assemblage was vainly endeavorin to git hold of the silver tea sarvice.

Suddenly the back parler door was busted open, and Mrs. GREEN and my 3 gals rushed in with pans of hot water and broomsticks, and if ever I enjoyed seein a lot of people baptized, it was that ere crowd, who was a yellin "bloody murder," as the hot water made their hides curl up.

"Go It, My Sweet Dears," Said I, "Peel Off Their Skins, And You Shall All Have A Bran New Caliker Apiece To-Morrer Mornin."

Well, sir, in quicker time than I can write this, the house was cleared and the front door locked agin em; but my troubles had only just commenced, for I had, figerately speakin, jumped from the fryin pan into the fire.

"HIRAM GREEN," said MARIAR, backin me up into a corner, "you old sinner, you, look at that senter table, all scratched up with heels of a pair of drunken cow-hide butes. Look at my work basket; it looks as if a percession of hogs had been marchin into it.—"



See that nice rag carpet which took me over 6 months to make; what is it? eh! it's covered with old tabacker cuds, mud, segar stumps, broken whiskey bottles, and dish water. Haint you a sweet venerable head of a family? Haint you a saperb copy bound in calf, of ex-legal jewrisprudence?

“Presented you with a tea sarvice, did they? Oh! yool be the ruination of this family with your confounded efforts seekin arter fame. You—you—”

I didnt wait to hear no more, but left the house with my feelins in a hily mixed up state. I have made up my mind to one thing, that if I ever get up another cerprise, I will hire good moral men, sich as editors, noosepaper men, and literary folks ginerally, whose conducts is above suspishon, to conduct the precedins.



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When this you spy,
Remember HI,

Ewers, truly,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

* * * * *

[Illustration: BABY'S PHOTOGRAPH.]

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[Illustration: SONG OF THE OYSTER.

“PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED.”]

* * * * *

OUR PORTFOLIO.

An Exciting Interview with King William.—“Seeing” Thiers and Going him Better.—The Influence of Monkeys In Diplomacy.

VERSAILLES, EIGHTH WEEK OF THE REPUBLIC, 1870.

“I don't believe a word of it,” said the King, with an impatient stamp of the foot and a deprecatory wave of the hand—“not a word of it.”

You see, dear PUNCHINELLO, the situation was thus: I had undertaken, not indeed without grave misgivings, to propitiate his Majesty, after the failure of the THIERS-BISMARCK negotiations, and, if possible, procure such terms as would save Parisians from the galling necessity of immolating the monkeys of the *Jardin des Plantes* to the popular demand for something to eat. I thought, as an American citizen and your correspondent, my propositions *might* have some chance of being favorably entertained, especially as I knew that the English Minister's presents of Stilton cheese and many dozens of BASS' bottled ale to BISMARCK had failed to prevent the current of the Chancellor's prejudice from running strongly in favor of Americans. Thus morally armed, and bearing in my pocket a *passe-partout* from Prussian Headquarters, I approached Versailles on the second evening after the departure of M. THIERS, and found the King occupying the apartment in the central pavilion of the palace, which had once been the sleeping-chamber of Louis XVI. and his unhappy spouse MARIE ANTOINETTE. Many alterations had taken place since I was last there and saw the



wretched Queen from the balcony endeavoring to assuage the fierce mob that surged beneath. The room was not like the room in which I once helped Louis to pull off his boots, and the delicate perfume that usually pervades the apartments of French royalty had succumbed to the amalgamated odors of *Schweitzer Kase* and *Saur Kraut*.

“It is apparent, sire,” said I to WILLIAM, who was sitting there “that Count BISMARCK has wholly misunderstood the situation in Paris.”

“Not a bit of it,” said the King; “don’t I know well enough they’ve got down to two ounces a day for each man, and horse meat at that?”

“You forget, sire, their vast supply of asses.”

“Do I, indeed? when they’ve done nothing but develop an unlimited number of them ever since the war began.”



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I had an idea then that his majesty must have meant this for sarcasm though my own experience told me that it was only too true; and it also occurred to me that I was not in my true station as the representative of a government of “asses.” Nothing but a stern sense of duty prevented me from clearing out at once under this last harrowing reflection. Accordingly, I returned to the charge with diminished vigor, assuring the King that if his army kept on blockading Paris in this cruel sort of way, the population would soon be dying by thousands. It was very strange why he wouldn’t draw off his troops. What did *he* want with Paris? What had Paris done to *him*? Weren’t there plenty of other cities in this world that didn’t care a cent how much he bombarded them? (I began to think that possibly I might be growing childish in my method of stating the case, but it was only a momentary weakness that made me think so.) Where was Tyre? Let him go and bombard Tyre. Nobody cares for Tyre now. Where was Sidon? If he wanted to throw away his ammunition, let him “go” for Sidon. Where was Tuckahoo, New Jersey? Would New York care if Tuckahoo was reduced to the level of its original swamp? Moreover, there were lots of cities away off in China, yearning to have the rays of modern civilization let into them. Would it be anything out of his way to travel in that direction with a few big KRUPP guns, and give civilization a fair opening to get in at? Wasn’t it cowardly to be punching all the time at one poor, miserable little town like Paris, that ain’t big enough to help itself, and wouldn’t have done the same by him no matter if it got ever so many high old chances? “Think of it, oh! think of it, my royal brother,” I said, laying a hand on each of his royal shoulders. He took my hands off, and told BISMARCK to bring him a wisp-broom. It was a cruel insult, but I stood unmoved in the midst of it. “Perhaps at some future hour and place, Your Majesty, we may meet under different circumstances.” That was a proposition he exhibited no disposition to deny. At this juncture a courier arrived from the front, breathless with excitement, and speechless too. The King seized him by the back of the neck and shook him violently, but the poor fellow couldn’t articulate a word, I suggested that cold keys be put down his back, and his feet thrust into the fire. That brought him to so fast that I got behind an arm-chair for protection. In a few seconds he gathered voice enough to say:

“S-S-Sire, P-P-P-Paris is e-eatin’ u-u-up the m-m-mon-monkeys.”

Fatal news! It was all up with my museum.

Paris reduced to monkeys, and no treaty signed!

Horrible catastrophe!

I offered myself to Satan for a good lie—anything, I didn’t care what, to clinch matters, and bring the King to terms. The Old Boy served me.

“Your Majesty, I forebore to tell you the worst; but it can be kept back no longer. You must fly from here; fly from Paris. Your worthy queen, the great, the good, the patriotic AUGUSTA, is now lying at the point of—”



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“Liar!” shouted the King, as he seized a boot-jack from the hands of BISMARCK and hurled it at me with all his strength. I burst the back of my coat dodging the missile, which did not, however, interrupt the rapid utterance of my dreadful communication.

“Spare one moment more to hear what I have just received by telegraph from Berlin, which is to say that your grandmother—”

“I never had a grandmother!” roared the King, upon the verge of madness, as the Crown Prince, at the head of six Army Corps surrounded the building and captured me without firing a shot.

P.S.—It is scarcely necessary in my present exhausted state to say that my liberation is once more entirely due to the intercession of that man of all men, the defender of injured innocence, and the champion of all unfortunates, the most honorable Mr. WASHBURNE, American Minister, &c. He told them that he had known me from boyhood; that my father died in the lunatic asylum, and dying, bequeathed his intellectual characteristics to his son, which was all he had to bequeath. The King said it was more than likely, and so I got off.

DICK TINTO.

* * * * *

Wonderful Sagacity.

Newspapers mention that an Irish crow has lately arrived as a passenger on board the steamship *Colorado*. It is stated that the bird has positively declined to quit the ship, and the inference is that its unwillingness to do so arises from fear lest it might be mistaken for a Thanksgiving Turkey.

* * * * *

A Wintry Reflection.

The only Weather Profits that never fail are the gains of the coal dealers.

* * * * *

Nautical.

When does a ship display a propensity for climbing?

When she runs up her flag.



THE PLAYS AND SHOWS

Latest of Mr. BOUCICAULT'S mixtures is another Irish dramatic stew. He calls it the *Rapparee*, and it contains the usual proportion of fire, patriots, whiskey, traitors, pretty girls, and red-coat officers. It has a Tragic Heroine and a Cheerful Heroine, a French Officer who speaks with an Irish brogue, and a Dutch General who speaks the Fechterian dialect. It has FRANK MAYO in picturesque attitudes on the stage, and HARRY PALMER in gorgeous vestments in the lobby. But here it is—as long as the original and nearly as tedious. Read it and decide for yourselves whether this sort of thing is worthy of the clever mechanic who constructed *Arrah-na-Pogue*?

THE RAPPAREE. ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A retired spot in the public highway. [Enter an army of fifteen Irish patriots, armed with pikes of great scythes.]*

1st PATRIOT.—“Hurroo for KING JAMES, we'll dhrive the Orange-men into the say. Here comes O'MALLEY, and the FRINCH OFFICIR. May they niver want a bottle, or a frind to stale it from.” *[Enter O'Malley and Duquesne,]*



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O'MALLEY.—“All is lost. ULICK has betrayed us.”

DUQUESNE.—“All is lost. ULICK has followed the national custom.”

PATRIOTS.—“All is lost. Hurroo. What'll we do now, boys?”

O'MALLEY.—“Come with me to France. We'll fight somebody there.”

PATRIOTS.—“We will go this minute.” [*They go. Enter Tragic Heroine.*]

O'MALLEY.—“Can I belave the eyes of me. Is it you, darlint, or some other ghost?”

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“'Tis I. Fly, O'MALLEY. ULICK insists upon marrying me, and hanging you.”

O'MALLEY.—“I will fly to-morrow night, and you shall fly with me. I would go this minute, were it not that Mr. BOUCICAULT'S play would be spoiled if I did not stay long enough to get into difficulties. I will hide in the cellar of my ruined castle, and will give ULICK the worst 'hiding' he ever had if I have a convenient chance at him.”

SCENE II—*The front parlor in O'Hara's castle. Enter the Dutch General and O'Hara.*

DUTCH GENERAL.—“O'HARA, I dinks you pe ein repel. ULICK is searging your bapers. If he finds something you shall be hanged.” [*Enter Ulick.*]

ULICK.—“I have searched O'HARA's trunk, and the drawer where he keeps his other stocking. I have found nothing.”

DUTCH GENERAL.—“I still pelieve him a traitor, but I gannot brove it.” [*Exit.*]

ULICK.—“O'HARA, listen. I have lied. I hold here in my left coat-tail pocket the proofs of your treachery. Give me your daughter and help me hang O'MALLEY, or I will ruin you.”

O'HARA.—“I am in your power. Do as you please.” [*Enter Tragic Heroine.*]

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“Never. ULICK shall neither marry me nor hang O'MALLEY.”

ULICK.—“Young woman, I will lock you in this room for a year or two, until O'MALLEY is thoroughly hung. Come, O'HARA.” [*Exeunt.*]

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“I must escape and warn O'MALLEY. But how? I have it. I can leap out of the window into the sea: I can then swim in full ball-dress to O'MALLEY'S castle, which is only twenty leagues from here. I will warn him, and fly with him. Courage. I will remove my back-hair and make the hazardous leap.” [*She leaps.*]



SCENE III.—*The vaults below O'Malley's castle. Enter Dutch General, O'Hara, Ulick, and the "Doctor," a rebel prisoner.*

DOCTOR.—“I brought you here to show you O'MALLEY'S hiding-place. Now I've got you. The tide rose the moment we entered, and cut off your retreat; we'll all be drowned like rats in a hole. Hurroo.” [*O'Malley descends into the vaults by an iron door.*]

O'MALLEY.—“Come up-stairs out of the wet. We'll have some whiskey.” [*They come up.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*O'Malley's ancestral back-garret. Enter Tragic Heroine in ball-dress, having swum across the bay.*

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“Ha! also Ho! I am a little out of breath. I think I had better faint.” (*Faints.*) [*Enter O'Malley and his rescued enemies.*]



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O'MALLEY.—“Sit down, while I go for the whiskey.” *[He goes.]*

O'HARA.—“What do I see? My daughter! Take her up-stairs before O'MALLEY returns.” *(They take her up.) [Re-enter O'Malley.]*

O'MALLEY.—“Gentlemen, here is the whiskey. It is Gen. GRANT'S favorite brand, and you'll find it all right.” *[To his servant]* “CONNER, these men mean to arrest me. Go and set fire to the castle.” *[Connor goes, and O'Malley, locking the door, throws the key out of the window.]*

EVERYBODY.—“What do you mean by throwing away the key? Do you mean to surround us, and, making us prisoners, drink up the whiskey yourself?”

O'MALLEY,—“'Tis a custom of our house, intended originally to give employment to meritorious locksmiths on the eve of election. Listen while I tell you how one of my ancestors played a nice little trick on some officers who had come to arrest him for shooting his landlord. He locked them up as I have locked you up. He then ordered his servant to set the castle on fire as I have just done, and was baked with them as we are about to be baked.”

DUTCH GENERAL.—“Donner und blitzen!”

EVERYBODY ELSE.—“Tare an ounds!”

TRAGIC HEROINE, *[in the loft above]*.—“S c r r r e e e c h.”

O'MALLEY.—“Heavings! That shriek. 'Tis my Grace! TRAGIC DARLING, I come to die with you.” *[Rushes up the chimney, while the Dutch General, blowing off the lock off the door with his pistol, escapes together with his friends. The Castle is carefully taken to pieces in sections by the stage carpenters, while torches are flashed at intervals. Finally a Roman candle is set off, and the O'Malley Castle falls a prey to a carefully managed conflagration.—Curtain.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A quiet place in midst of the turnpike. Enter Cheerful Heroine and French Officer.*

FRENCH OFFICER.—“Fly with me at once.”

CHEERFUL HEROINE.—“Why on earth should I fly? I have never seen you but once.”

FRENCH OFFICER.—“'Tis true; but you'll have to settle that with BOUCICAULT. I'm sure I don't want you to fly, especially with no property but a low-necked dress and short sleeves; but BOUCICAULT has arranged it to suit himself.”



CHEERFUL HEROINE—"In that case I will fly." [*Enter the DOCTOR and a band of patriots.*]

DOCTOR.—"O'MALLEY is a prisoner in the fort. We are going to have him out, dead or alive."

FRENCH OFFICER.—"These are the counsels of madness. Why don't you get an injunction, or something of that kind, and so get him out peaceably."

DOCTOR.—"It's too late. Besides, Mr. BOUCICAULT wants to end the play with a fight."

CHEERFUL HEROINE.—"I will manage it all. I will let down a rope from the fort. You shall all be drawn up and rescue O'MALLEY. Nothing could be more simple. Come and be drawn up." [*They come.*]



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SCENE. II.—*Interior of the O'Malley's cell. Enter Tragic Heroine.*

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“’Tis he!’tis he! Though how he managed to change his clothes and put on such a nice coat, I can’t imagine. Dearest, awake!”

O’MALLEY.—“Who calls? Is it the boy with the beer? Ha! my own darling. Come to this embroidered waistcoat.”

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“I have agreed to marry ULICK on condition he permits you to escape.”

O’MALLEY.—“Ha! base girl. Would ye onconvenience yourself to save me? Never! I will not consent to your marrying ULICK. Try some other little game, darlint”

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“I will.” *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*The castle moat. O'Malley in the ditch standing in a picturesque attitude. The Dutch General stands on the summit of a wall three feet high, and leaning over the battlements—which tower to the height of three inches—hands O'Malley a pardon. Enter Tragic Heroine and everybody else.*

TRAGIC HEROINE.—“O’MALLEY. I have saved you. Now save me. I have just married ULICK. Kill him for me.”

ULICK and O’MALLEY accordingly slash each other across the legs with their rapiers. O’MALLEY kills ULICK and embraces the TRAGIC HEROINE. Everybody shouts “Hurroo!” and the curtain falls.

MATADOR.

* * * * *

[Illustration: EFFECT OF THE PRESIDENT’S PROCLAMATION UPON CERTAIN PARTIES INTERESTED.]

* * * * *

SARFIELD YOUNG’S PANORAMA.

PART II.

THE ALPS.



These mountains, which are permanently located in Switzerland, and favorably mentioned in all the geographies, are justly admired by tourists for their grandeur, natural beauty, and good hotel accommodations.

This is a view at sunrise, by one of the early painters. Everything is up, but Mont Blanc is up more than his neighbors. The whole landscape is bathed in the golden glories of the orb of day. A bath in the morning is invigorating indeed.

These Peaks are clustered around in silent majesty. It looks as though the entire PEAK family had come here and settled. These snow-capped summits, wild ravines, mountain torrents, and the series of crags which WILLIAM TELL was in the habit of addressing, are truly soul-inspiring.

Here is a guide with his party. These guides are well-trained men, who never bolt, but always go with their party—the ultramontane. They are of high birth, and descended from the best Alpen Stock.

No one should pass the season in Switzerland without seeing these mountains. They will repay a perusal.

While the prices may not be extravagant enough for Americans, still, those who have scaled these noble elevations may well account the prospect as one of the most striking features of a foreign climb.



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A SCENE IN THE TROPICS.

This gorgeous painting brings before you all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Magnolias and palm trees wave their heads proudly, while bananas, oranges, and bread fruit abound in rank profusion. Here the cane brake stretches away as far as the eye can reach (and to those who are not near-sighted still farther), recalling those beautiful lines of the poet:—

“Break, break, break!”

The broad river in the foreground, mountains melting away on the horizon (that’s because they’re volcanic), and the sun broiling and sizzling high up in the heavens, are deliciously blended together. Our artist, full of perspiration (he can blend better than any man we ever ployed), has seized upon a moment when all Nature seems to say: (“Steady there, what makes that canvas wriggle so?”)

Notice the warmth of coloring; and see to what a high degree of art the general effect is carried-about 90 deg. Fahrenheit in the shade. This picturesque object is an alligator basking in the sun. Our advice to inexperienced travellers is: “Let him bask!”

These cotton fields, rice plantations, and the colored member of Congress addressing his constituents on the right, all stamp this scene as unmistakably Southern.

We will cancel the stamp and move on.

In our next we shall find that our artist has given himself more latitude, say about eighty degrees North.

WINTER IN SPITSBERGEN.

Behold these regions of eternal ice and snow—miles upon miles of frozen real estate. There is a great ice monopoly here. All, all is blank; except the ship over in this corner. She is a prize. This is the place to buy thermometers; you’ll generally find them going very low. The weather in this region is mostly day and night, but rather irregularly divided between the two.

You see these people with rough beards and red shirts, looking like New York firemen? You take one to be MOSE? You are right—they are Esquimaux. They are a tough, and hardy race. Though not precisely students, they yet consume the midnight oil—chiefly as a beverage.

This great work is the combined production of thirteen artists; twelve of them, perishing in the attempt, were handsomely buried at our expense; and the survivor is now keeping a bar, for his own consumption, at St. Paul, Minnesota. He was compelled to lay aside



the brush, which accounts for the water in this corner not being frozen, as the contract stipulated. But this allows the ship to which I referred to float comfortably.

These small buildings are settlements. They are not so frequent here as in New York or Chicago, where business men inform me they occur about as often as—once in two years.

“Ice cream for sale,” on this sign, has a flavor of civilization in it.

Woman does not go to the poles here, although one of them is only a few miles distant in a northerly direction, with excellent sleighing.



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I would make a passing allusion to this figure, introduced by artist number nine, to please the young people. It represents a Spitsbergen lover. He is clad in fur, and has a catarrh. He is just now oh his sneeze, warbling hoarsely: "Rein deer in this bosom!"

(Sentimental strains from the melodeon.)

THE GRAND CANAL.

This is not the Erie Canal, but the Grand Canal of Venice. It does not own so many mules, or forward so much corn and flour, as the New York concern, but is more airy and picturesque. It is surrounded by palaces; but what is a palace without a mother?

These swan-like men-of-war are gondolas. Our skipper is called a gondolier. Every other skipper is called something worse than that if he gets in our skipper's way. I respect a man's calling; that is, if he follows it up energetically.

The Rialto, with its busy throngs.

The Bridge of Sighs, where Lord Byron is said to have stood on either hand.

A group of native beggars. This man is blind. With this Venetian blind we beg leave to close this scene.

SARFIELD YOUNG.

* * * * *

The Flesh-pots or Paris.

A late newspaper item states as follows:—

"The Archbishop of Paris has given permission to use horse-flesh on fast days."

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