

# **Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 39, December 24, 1870. eBook**

## **Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 39, December 24, 1870.**

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# Page 5

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\* \* \* \* \*

*Man and wives.*

*A travesty.*

*By Mose Skinner,*

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

*ANN'S reception.*

The next morning, as *Ann* was eating breakfast, who should drive up in a covered wagon but the Hon. *Michael*.

"Just as I expected," said she. "They've found out where I am, and they'll come out here and try to pump me about it. But I don't envy 'em their job. Come in," she added, in answer to the Hon. *Michael's* somewhat timid knock.

"How'd'do, *Ann*," said he. "Sister-in-law said you was here, and I thought I'd come over and see you. Besides," he continued, in evident embarrassment, "there's one or two things I thought you'd like to know."

"Well?" said she, as he paused. "Out with it, old fellow. Don't be bashful."

"Oh! I ain't," he replied, rubbing his knees nervously. "Well, in the fust place, the old lady is awfully down on you, says you've disgraced the family, and she disowns you, and all that sort of humbug, but I shet her up by telling her that whatever she said agin you, she said agin *me*." He looked at *Ann* admiringly, and, taking from his pocket a

large package of red and white candy, handed it to her. Then he turned very red in the face, looked hard at the ceiling, and repeated Mrs. LADLE'S message all over again.

"First thing, *told*," said he.

It was plain to *Ann* that he had really come with the intention of making love to her, but was anxious to find how the land lay first. But she didn't give him any encouragement. Under existing circumstances, she didn't think 'twould be right.

"Well," said she, "anything else?"

"Oh yes, I believe so,—ah—*Belinda* sends love, and is jest about crazy to see you, and hear all about it. Shouldn't wonder a bit if she was over here afore the day's over."

He moved his chair nearer hers, glanced at her furtively, and sighed deeply.

"Second thing, *told*," said he.

"Well, I'm much obliged to you. Items of gossip are victuals and drink to our sex, you know. Don't be in a hurry," she continued, seeing that he showed no signs of going. "Looking for your hat? Yes, here it is. Let me put it on for you," she added in her gentle, winning way. "Good-by. To think," she added, looking after him, "that the old pill should get spoony on *me*!"

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Sure enough, in the afternoon up drove *Belinda*.

"Awful glad to see you, *Ann* dear," said she, kissing her. "I'm dying to know all about it. As soon as I found out where you were, I rushed out and hitched up the old mare myself. But I knew she'd never go so far from home without an object in view to urge her. So I fastened a bag of oats in front of her head. Didn't she just streak it? The idea of her chasing them oats five miles before she caught 'em! She's out there now eating 'em, propped up by a couple of fence-rails. But tell me, quick, are you really married, as you said you'd be in that letter you left on my wash-stand?"

"Yes, I am," replied *Ann*.

"Where's your husband? Who is he? Do tell me all about it. Does he look like anybody I know?"

"Well, I should say he did." answered *Ann*, grinning. "You see it's a sort of a joke, *Belinda*. You wouldn't see the point now, half as well as you will after you're married to *Archibald*. Then I'll tell you. Oh, it's too rich!" And she laughed immoderately.

"Oh, I can't wait. Tell me now. If you will, I'll give you my new *pique* and that bracelet. Come, why can't you?"

"Because I don't choose to," replied *Ann* coolly.

"Seems to me you're mighty short about it anyhow. Putting on airs, ain't you, because you got married before I did?"

"Well, you needn't think nobody can get a fellow but you. Pooh, I could cut *you* out, any time."

"Oh, you *could*, could you?" returned *BELINDA* in high disdain. "Perhaps you'd better try it on, with them freckles and that mole. I don't think your husband, whoever he is, can brag much of his taste in the female line. I'm sure I don't want to see him, so you can keep him locked up, you jealous thing. It's some old rowdy, I s'pose, that nobody else would look at. I hate you, and always did. Don't never come near me. There!" And she left in high dudgeon.

As she drove off, *ANN* stood by the window watching her. She soliloquized, "So you think, Miss *BELINDA*, do you, 'that I'd better try it on, with them freckles and that mole!' I think I *have* tried it on, and pretty effectually too. Just wait till you're married to *BLINKSOP*, that's all."

By dark she began to look impatiently for *TEDDY*, for she felt sure he'd find *JEFFRY* somewhere. It was nine o'clock, however, before he made his appearance.

“Did you find him?” she inquired eagerly.

“I did, mum, sure, and a hard pull I had of it. I beat the whole town through, and at last I found him a rollin’ bowly alleys, and I giv him your letther. Sich dreadful swears as he giv, mum, a walkin’ up and down an’ a crushing his fingers like, and a bitin’ his teeth together, and then he stops in front of me, and says in an awful theatur voice, ‘Tell her,’ says he, ‘that I’ll come,’ and he giv me a kick, mum, as boosted me clear to the sidewalk, and I see plainly as he had more remarks of that same kind to deliver, and I edged off at about five miles an hour. Goodnight to ye, mum.”

## Page 10

ANN slept calmly and sweetly that night, for the one cherished idea of her innocent girlhood was about to be consummated, and she smiled in her sleep and thought she saw her mother.

JEFFRY MAULBOY kept his word. He was there at noon of the next day. And the minister that was to marry them, and the lawyer that was to divorce them, were there also.

At one o'clock they were man and wife, sworn to love, honor, and obey each other till death did them part. At a quarter of two o'clock they were man and woman, sworn to love, honor, and obey anybody they wanted to, for a divorce did them part. And they went their separate ways.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

WHERE IS ANN?

BELINDA returned from the Half-Way House, firmly determined to find out all about that affair of ANN'S. Any woman would naturally feel curious about it, and BELINDA really cannot be blamed for showing a little feeling. "To think," said she, "after all my bragging that I'd be married first, and the times I've twitted her of being too homely to get a beau, that she should step out and get married right under my very nose, and I not know anything about it, or even who she's married. Oh, it's too much. But I'll find out, if I die for it, and if there *is* anything about it that ain't straight, won't I crow over her?"

The Hon. MICHAEL was also very anxious to find out about it. With the affectionate ardor of a grass widower of fifty-five, in a State where divorces sprout like mushrooms, he was loath to believe that ANN was utterly lost to him. No, he would find her, he would follow her if necessary to the world's end, living only in this hope, and when at last the goal was reached, and her adored form greeted his vision, he would pour out his wealth of love, bending his ear to catch the sweet response, and then, and only then, would everything be lovely.

And so it comes that he and BELINDA, each with a different motive, take counsel together in reference to the same end.

BELINDA'S first step was to send ARCHIBALD to the Half-Way House, for a full description of the man that called there for ANN.

"Be smart for once in your life," said she, "and find out *something*."

Then she and the Hon. MICHAEL started off to find out what direction ANN took after leaving the Half-Way House. They interviewed every carriage-driver, depot-master, and hotel-keeper for miles around, but without the slightest success. They finally came

across a farmer, however, who said he drove a woman to the station below. To their eager inquiries as to her appearance, he could say nothing further, than he thought she wore a dress, and was quite sure, though not certain, that she had on either a shawl, or some other outside garment. He remembered her distinctly, because the half-dollar she gave him turned out to be counterfeit, and he got rid of it by giving it to a blind beggar; after which, he said, he sneaked round the corner, and laughed till he was red in the face, to think how slick that beggar was fooled.



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This might be ANN, they thought, but to make sure, they telegraphed to six different stations, promising a small reward in case their pursuit was successful. In due time the answers came, all very much alike, and to the effect that a woman, answering their description, was seen to take such and such a train, and that the reward would reach them at the following address, *etc.*; at which they went home rather discouraged, to see what ARCHIBALD had accomplished.

He said he went to the Half-way House, and questioned Mrs. BACKUP and TEDDY for four hours, without finding out the first thing. "You're a numskull," said BELINDA. "If I hadn't got any more brains than you have, I'd swap myself off for a dog, and then kill the dog."

"I don't believe the folks there would tell, anyhow," said the Hon. MICHAEL; "she's probably hired 'em to keep mum."

Now the fact was, ARCHIBALD hadn't been near the Half-way House at all. There wasn't money enough in the State to hire him to do so, after the fearful ordeal he had there passed through. So he hid in the woods all day, and rehearsed this terrible falsehood, making himself miserable by repeating those extracts from the catechism which refer to the future abode of liars.

Though thus foiled in their active investigations, they still held long consultations on the absorbing topic, and in which, to ARCHIBALD'S horror, he is often obliged to participate. He has had it on his tongue's end forty times to tell BELINDA all about his forced marriage with ANN at the Half-way House. He has even dreamed, on two separate nights, that he has done so, but he woke up both times in a cold, clammy sort of ooze, and it has naturally shaken his confidence, and so the words stick in his throat. And he remembers ANN'S horrible threat of coming for him when she wants him, and he makes it a point of doing all his out-door business before dark, and the bare mention of her name will make him start and glare wildly about him. And still BELINDA courts him more persistently than ever, and it is a scene calculated to touch the most rugged nature to watch them together, she smoothing his hair, and calling him her "Tootsy-pootsy," or reading poetry to him, stopping between each verse to cast languishing glances at him, and he bearing it all with that haggard, imbecile look peculiar to an over-courted man. And as their wedding-day approaches is it any wonder that poor ARCHIBALD looks forward to it as a condemned criminal to the scaffold, and watches day by day the setting of the sun with the same air of grim despair. Once he tried to run away, but BELINDA, in ambush, flanked him and led him home. Then she sent for his trunk, and made him board there. And so he is floating along in a hopeless sort of daze, a wretched victim of diabolical circumstances.

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JEFFRY MAULBOY is visiting his brother JUDAS, at Terre Haute. He has signed articles of agreement for the great Prize Fight with SANDY MCCORMICK, known for his prowess in the Ring as the “nasty masher.” The fight will take place some time during the winter, and JEFFRY will go into training early in September. And the papers are full of biographical sketches of the two combatants, together with comments on their weight, general appearance, and a list of fights heretofore participated in, with vague speculations as to the number of eyes, fragments of ears, &c., each one is supposed to possess, preserved in alcohol as trophies. And when JEFFRY appears in public the masses regard him with respectful admiration, and *gamins* applaud. And when he gets home he finds a brigade of those literary drummers, known as reporters, sitting on his doorsteps, from beneath whose classic foreheads there glares a wild and hungry eye, to be pacified only by a satisfactory interview. The last exploit of the “Champion Nine” sinks into insignificance beside this great, this momentous event, and the man who walked a hundred miles in twenty-four hours is nowhere. He realizes the cruel fact that Fame is fickle, and he makes one desperate effort to grasp it, by offering determinedly to walk around the world in ninety days, stopping for his gruel only at Hong Kong.

(To be concluded.)

\* \* \* \* \*

NUISANCE ABATED.

G.F.T.—the apostle of Highfalutin, the most egregious nuisance of modern times—has come to grief. We have the pleasure of announcing that (for the present at least) we are relieved from our very natural anxiety lest TRAIN should re-appear on the American *tapis*. It seems that he is even more intolerable in France than he is in this country. He had only got as far as Lyons, in the course of his airy progress through the new Republic, when the authorities concluded that about the most sensible thing they could do with their guest would be to lock him up. It gives us pleasure to write that they did so.

They don't know how great is the favor they have conferred on the world by this humane act. We shall ever remember the magistrates of Lyons with feelings of regard, for the judicious energy displayed by them in this matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ehau! France.

Unhappy France! Well may her children weep over the misfortunes that have befallen her. But alas! TITTERS cannot cure them.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE OYSTER-SUPPER CRITIC.

He has a heavy head of hair;  
His heavy hands are cleanly kidded;  
He twists a heavy dark moustache,  
And even his eyes are heavy-lidded.  
He babbles in a heavy style,  
And heavily grows analytic,  
This literary heavy-weight,  
This heavy oyster-supper critic.

## Page 13

He chatters about love of “art,”  
This actor’s “method,” that one’s “school,”  
And pits the stock against the star,  
With Contrast as his favorite rule.  
He freights the columns of the press  
With praise and blame alike mephitic,  
And names the burden a *critique*—  
And that’s the oyster-supper critic.

To-day he dines with *opera-bouffe*,  
To-morrow breakfasts with burlesque,  
And tights and tinsel, face to face,  
Encounters, pink and picturesque.  
Nor frown, if, in next week’s review,  
His gropings after the artistic  
Should crop out into verse, and take  
The form of some SWINBURNIAN distich.

At night he flits from box to box  
Or stands and gossips in the lobby,  
With jest and gesture fast and free,  
And *tout-ensemble* neat and nobby.  
And whilst he eyes the *debutante*,  
And first resolves to praise, then damn her,  
New York no other critic boasts  
So good at heart, so bad at grammar.

But should some fair friend grace the stage,  
Of praise he is not too abstemious,  
But shares, alas! in all the faults  
That genius has—without the genius!  
His prejudices (like those words  
That LINDLEY MURRAY terms “enelitic”)  
Cling close, and grow a part of him.  
To form the oyster-supper critic.

The manager’s his bosom-friend;  
The agents love him like a brother.  
His golden rule’s to treat himself  
As he’d be treated by another.  
Though, in a business way, he sells  
Impartial puffs for filthy lucre,  
There’s not, at the dramatic cards,  
A rival whom, he cannot euchre.



He makes translations from the French,  
Of “interest contemporaneous,”  
And ekes a modest salary out  
By bribes and bonuses extraneous.  
He loves to “buzz” some British *blonde*  
Who from a prince received her “breedin”  
And ever since has lived like EVE,  
Unclothed (but *not* ashamed) in Eden.

Widows and orphanesses fair,  
Upon the stage, are all his go.  
But, *off*, the widow he likes most  
Is mentioned as the *Veuve CLICQUOT*.  
Like VATHEK lost in ERLIS’ hall,  
Upborne on shoulder-blades Afritic,  
He bears, within, a perjured heart,  
This sensual oyster-supper critic.

SPIFFKINS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two Men

JULES FAVRE is said to possess fair administrative abilities, but  
GAMBETTA—

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: REDUCED TO EXTREMITIES.

IT IS WHISPERED BY JENKINS THAT A “PASSING BELLE” OF MADISON AVENUE  
HAS RESORTED TO A NOVEL EUROPEAN FASHION BY EXHIBITING A CAST OF  
HER—WELL, “INFERIOR ANATOMY,” AS A DRAWING-ROOM ORNAMENT.]

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\* \* \* \* \*

OUR PORTFOLIO.

Harrowing effects of the uncertainty of war news—Shocking waste of literary ammunition—A bill against the Provisional Government for damages.

TOURS, TENTH WEEK OF THE REPUBLIC, 1870.

It was late in the afternoon when the intelligence arrived of a decisive victory for the army of General PALADINES, who had been manoeuvring for nearly a fortnight to draw the Germans into a sort of *cul-de-sac* formed by the extension of the French lines from Le Mans to Nogent and Etamps.

It came from such an authentic source, and had about it such appearances of probability, that I immediately retired to the silence of my chamber for the purpose of preparing a graphic review of the French situation, a review in fact for which I had long sought some such opportunity. I had made considerable progress with my paper, and was about to enter upon that branch of the subject devoted to discussing the bearings of such a victory upon the future prospects of France, when a tap at my door was heard, and the red head of my landlady's first-born appeared.

"Monsieur is wanted down stairs," said the boy, with an alarmed look. I hurried down and out into the street, only to be met by a messenger from the Hotel de Ville, with the information that later despatches contradicted the victory. The shock to my feelings can only be appreciated by a writer who feels that he has consumed thirty or forty pages of foolscap in vain. I had been over two hours at that work. I had put all the brains I possessed in it. Many of the sentences so pleased me that I had turned back with pardonable conceit to read them over and admire them: but now, like a destroying angel, came the news that shook from beneath my beautiful superstructure its very foundations, and left me nothing but the humiliation of so much time and labor lost.

I went back to my room, and cast myself on the bed in deep affliction. If I had been a single man I believe I could have hanged myself without a pang. Sheer mortification soon lulled me to sleep, however, and when a second banging at my door awakened me it was nightfall, and there were sounds of rapid movement and confusion outside. I put my head out of the window and heard a voice below, shouting:

"The Germans are coming!"

"S'death!" said I to myself, "what am I going to do?" My last stitch of clothing, save what I had on my back, was in the hands of the *blanchisseuse*, and PIERRE of the carrot "top" had possession of my only pair of trousers for the purpose of cleaning them the following morning. It would not have been a pleasant paragraph for me to read in the

newspapers that a correspondent bearing my name had been captured *in puris naturalibus*. It would never do for an American to be taken *sans culottes*, and then have the story of his surprise reviewed by English and Yankee critics.

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I don't know what I might have done in my distress; but kind fortune favored me, for the landlady, anticipating the probability of my being disturbed by the commotion, knocked at the door to say that it was a false alarm, and that the Germans, though victorious, had halted ten or twelve miles from the city. Promptly, therefore, I dashed into the midst of another review of the French situation, predicated upon the late French defeat. It was what I might call a perfect "stinger." It used France up completely. The *grande nation* wasn't left a peg to stand on; and as for King WILLIAM, I proved him to be a butcher of the most surpassing kind. In the short space of two hours I had covered forty-three pages more of foolscap, and was about entering on my forty-fourth, when there came a banging at my door for the third time, and a despatch was handed me announcing that there *had been no battle at all!*

From early childhood I had been taught that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and, although the present circumstances clearly left me no escape from the conviction that I must be an especial favorite of Heaven, they could not prevent me from compensating my pent-up agony of soul by literally eating seven and a half pages of my last "review." I never knew before what "living on literary diet" meant, but I am wiser now, and do not regret the "dread ordeal" by which I came to know all I do know. Revenge occurred to me as the natural impulse of a man in such a situation; but upon whom was I to be revenged? The government had given currency to all these wild rumors; but it had too many heads for me to punch. The job was bigger than I cared to undertake. The thought occurred to me that I might present a bill of damages. Their sense of justice would allow its fairness. I had been the dupe of false intelligence, the victim of a series of frauds perpetrated to "regulate" the popular feeling. I did not debate the thought, but took my resolution immediately, and drew up the following.

### LA NOTE.

Provisional Government of France.  
To DICK TINTO, Correspondent, &c., Dr.  
Francs.

To thirty-seven pages foolscap paper, consumed in writing  
Review of French situation, &c., upon basis of reported  
French victory near Orleans . . . . . 2.17

To Forty-three pages foolscap paper, consumed in writing  
Review of French situation, &c., upon basis of reported  
German victory near Orleans . . . . . 2.95

To astonishment and grief occasioned by report that there had  
been no battle at all . . . . . 150.00



To landlady's boy with red head, by name PIERRE, for carrying  
messages . . . . . 1.10

To general wear and tear of nervous system, consequent upon  
agitation resulting from uncertainty as to what to believe . 500.00

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Grand total . . . . . 656.22

I could not conceal from myself that the bill for damages was altogether too small; but as France is poor, and the demands upon her exchequer are great, I determined to send it just as it was, and wait in patience for the result. I did so, and have been waiting ever since. The recollection of what the Judge told JOHN BUNYAN when he sent him to jail keeps me up: "Patient waiting, JOHN," observed the philosophic magistrate, "is no loss." I try to fancy that I combine the patience of BUNYAN with the philosophy of the Judge, and in that belief subscribe myself, Bill-iously yours,

DICK TINTO.

\* \* \* \* \*

GETTING MARRIED WITHOUT A MASTER.

IN FOUR EASY LESSONS.

Despond not, ye bachelors—anybody can get married. It's as easy as rolling off from the roof of a six-story house, and quite as beneficial to the system. I have known people who did this little business without intending to accomplish it, but they never crowed over it; and I have known others who have intentionally done it three or four times. But everybody cannot do this work as it should be done. It's all very well for you to have an elegant creature of your own, dressed in a white robe and a blue ribbon; but, if you did not win her in the proper manner, you feel degraded every time you gaze on her. Style is everything in this business. For the benefit of the rising generation I have written this little treatise, which will elucidate all the mysteries of the marriage business, and will make every man his own guide to wedded bliss.

## CHAPTER I.

FINDING THE GAME.

The true sportsman in this field is very wary. He casts his optics around him until he finds the bird for which he thinks he had better go. A vast amount of skill can properly be expended here. If the hunter is young and rich, he can go for almost anything; if he is verging towards gray hair and false teeth, he must not demand too much in the way of beauty or money. If he has reached the well-preserved period, he can have youth or beauty, but not wealth. No true sportsman ever goes for brains, because it is almost impossible to find them, and, when found, they are very unsatisfactory.



If the bird is an orphan, examine the books in the Surrogate's office until you find her father's will; if her papa is still alive and kicking, persuade her to take his bank-book into the back kitchen and there count the shekels. Never let your heart get into the mess, for that complicates matters.

If you have a hankering for widows, never run after one who has been in the business more than once. They become so knowing after two or three trials. Besides, there is a fatality about some women—they're bound to be widows. Furthermore, widows have a way of appearing to be loaded down with ducats, when, in reality, they are pawning the late defunct's unmentionables for the means of existence.



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Always select young game, if possible, as it is more likely to be tender than that which has been condemned to the wall at numberless parties. Game with freckles, or pimples, or cross eyes, can never be first-class.

### CHAPTER II.

#### AMMUNITION.

Too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of this article. You must take care that it is adapted to the game. If the bird be an unbleached *blonde*, try first-class prayer-meetings, mild decoctions of Sunday-school exhibitions, parlor concerts, and readings. If it wear spectacles, some light, airy, and poetical reading matter, like BUTLER'S *Analogy*, or the *Tribune*, is useful. If the bird be a *brunette*, try theatres, balls, operas, *etc.*; suppers at DEL.'S have been known to do execution among this class. Never try lectures to young women with this kind of bird. The bleached *blondes* are difficult to handle. If you suspect the bleaching, try a judicious mixture of both kinds of ammunition.

Some kinds of ammunition are adapted to all classes. Rings, especially diamonds, fans, bouquets, and jewels can be used in quantities only limited by the amount of your bank account, or of your employer's petty cash. I have seen a bracelet do the business at once, though, to be sure, it was a very gorgeous one. Serenades may be used to advantage, but care must be taken in selecting the songs and the windows. To a *blonde* you may very well sing, "Thy eyes so blue, of violet hue;" to a *brunette*, "Black-eyed Mary" or Susan; to a bleached *blonde*, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." Never sing vulgar songs, which are used by hungry lovers of cooks, such as, "Wilt thou meat me to-night by the old garden gate," or, "Meat me by moonlight alone."

### CHAPTER III.

#### BRINGING DOWN THE GAME.

Nowhere is more real skill required than here; If you do not make a dead shot, you might better have saved your ammunition. Almost every wounded bird escapes. Always make sure of your aim, and, when you fire, bring down the bird. The proper course to pursue is this: carefully use your ammunition, and, when you think things are favorable, and you get a good sight, make your shot. You can always deliver it best on your knees. Be careful that there is no little sister or brother around when you go in for business, for snickering is catching, and the bird may fly before you have delivered your shot.



Some shady nook is the proper place in which to do this part of the business, unless the weather be cold; in that case I have known game to be brought down by a sportsman in the hall, where the house was heated by hot air. Parent birds sometimes interrupt the sportsman just as he imagines that he has a sure thing, which certainly is very aggravating. Game properly brought down drops upon your left shoulder, and you judiciously apply your lips to its bill. After that a proper amount of hugging is advantageous and nice, but be very careful not to keep the parent birds up too late.

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### CHAPTER IV.

#### BAGGING THE GAME.

This should always be done in the very best style. First-class churches, and two or three parsons, can generally bag you and the bird properly. Notice of the bagging should always be given to your friends, and the bag should be large enough to hold not only the bird, but also any first-class houses, greenbacks, or silver-ware which may be furnished by the friends of the bird. They say that BROWN, of Grace Church, understands all the details of this kind of bagging. The game should be elegantly dressed for the occasion, at the expense of the parent birds, of course. You must take care that the bag is so tied that the bird cannot escape, though they do say that, if you go to the neighborhood of Chicago, the bird will escape, even if the bag is fastened in the most careful manner. I advise you, therefore, not to emigrate in that direction.

By the aid of the foregoing lessons any man should be enabled to catch a bird which, in the course of a month, he will wish he had left alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Military Interference.

The Republicans insist that General GRANT did not intend to interfere with the last New York election. They had better "tell that to the Marines."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### "The Absorption of Germany."

To realize the meaning of the above phrase, which one hears so often now, one need only explore the Bowery of an evening. He will observe that the absorption of Germany is immense.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Sporting Intelligence.

The great Shakespearian artist, Mr. JAMES MACE, plays two pieces in one evening; he plays "As You Like It," and also *plays* Cast.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### Not to be Wondered at.

OLIVER DYER, the prototype of “the wickedest man in New York,” is getting anxious about “How to get to Heaven.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Remarkable Feat.

The authorities of Lyons have succeeded in doing with GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN that which people in this country have tried in vain. They have shut him up.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Sure Sign of the Holidays.

When the voice of the turkey is heard in the land.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Grant Tartan.

A thousand-dollar check.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE WINTER FASHIONS.

Owing to the war in France, which has deprived this country of the usual Paris fashions, it has been feared that no clothes would be worn by the fashionable world this winter; but, fortunately, Mr. PUNCHINELLO is enabled to announce that such will not be the case. Garments of various kinds will be in vogue, and the following descriptions of some of them may prove useful and interesting to the *beau monde*:—

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Gentlemen will wear business coats with sleeves. They will open and button in front. Coats buttoning behind now meet with no favor from the strictly fashionable classes. Coats for evening and dress occasions, however, will open behind as well as in front, but they will not open all the way up the back, unless in case of accident.

Pantaloons will be worn on the legs, as last season, and they will reach below the knee.

Vests will be worn under the coat this winter, and will have pockets. One of these is to be appropriated to the watch, and the practice of carrying it in the coat-tail pocket will be entirely abandoned, as it is now considered neither convenient nor stylish.

Collars will be worn around the neck, as last season, and cravats will tie in front. The “Greeley” style is, however, an exception to this rule. It is considered the correct thing, among gentlemen of position in the fashionable world, to wear a cotton or linen shirt under their ordinary suits. Only a small portion of this garment must be exposed,—a part of the bosom, for instance. Handkerchiefs should be hemmed. Stockings are to be worn, this year, under the boots, and although a different arrangement may be allowed to old gentlemen, in icy and sleety weather, it is not considered proper to wear woollen or other stockings over the boots at evening parties or other social reunions. Black is the favorite color for boots, and the most *recherche* and convenient style is that in which small loops are placed at the top of the boot-leg, one on each side, so that they may be drawn on after having been taken off; thus avoiding the necessity of wearing them at all times. Any one who dislikes sleeping in boots will appreciate this arrangement. Gloves will be made with separate compartments for the fingers, and few persons now wear the old-fashioned mitten at the opera. The best fastenings for gentlemen’s clothing will be found to be buttons. No gentleman, having tried these, will be any longer content with hooks and eyes.

In regard to the fashion for ladies, Mr. PUNCHINELLO cannot now enter into details, but he will give a slight description of a few novelties. Frocks, or, as they are now called, dresses, will be worn this winter. Those with skirts are considered much the most stylish. Corsets still maintain a firm hold upon the female portion of the community, and hoop-skirts will not be worn outside of the clothing this winter, but will be tastefully concealed.

Ultra fashionable ladies will wear shoes and stockings this season, not only in the street, but in the house, and Mr. PUNCHINELLO is glad to see the favor accorded to so sensible a fashion. Children will dress very much as the means of their parents allow, but as a rule, their clothes will be cut smaller than those of the adult members of the family.

\* \* \* \* \*

Britannia Rules the Waves.



FROM the fate of the *Captain* and the recent report concerning the *Monarch*, Mr. PUNCHINELLO would suggest to his friend Miss BRITANNIA, that if she desires to retain her naval supremacy, the best thing she can do is to provide all her rivals with iron-clads of this first-class kind, gratis, so as to induce them to accept them.

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\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: *Waiter*. “DID YOU SAY A PLAIN STEW, SIR?”

*Gruff Customer*. “OF COURSE I SAID A PLAIN STEW, YOU AGGRAVATING BABOON  
—SO PLAIN THAT I CAN SEE IT!”]

\* \* \* \* \*

## WAR DESPATCHES MADE EASY

BERLIN, December 12.—A despatch from King WILLIAM to Queen AUGUSTA has reached this city by telegraph.

[The King WILLIAM above mentioned is a native of Prussia, in which country he is frequently spoken of as Koenig WILHELM. Queen AUGUSTA is his wife. They have been married several years. Some children, one of whom is popularly known as OUR FRITZ, are the fruit of their union. The King has been absent from home a few months, and his wife must have been much pleased to get a despatch from him.]

TOURS, December 12.—Prussian troops, fully armed and equipped, have lately been observed by some of the French outposts.

[Prussian troops have been in France since the early part of August. They entered by force, and have refused to leave, though several times requested to do so. Their presence is not desired by the inhabitants, who are chiefly hostile to them: several attempts to eject them have failed. They wear clothing, and some have whiskers, and they carry a weapon called Zuendnadelgewehr. The time of their return to their own country has not yet been definitely agreed upon.]

LONDON, December 13.—Balloon despatches from Paris have been received at Tours. They contain information in regard to affairs within the beleaguered city.

[Paris is a city of several hundred thousand inhabitants. It is located on the Seine, which is the name of a river that divides it. It is also divided by some other things, principally political feeling. Paris is well known by travellers. It has been in its present location more than a thousand years, and will probably remain some time longer. Although it has frequently been moved by great events, it is as stationary as any other city in the world. It is at present surrounded by a Prussian army.]

BRUSSELS, December 13.—Some carrier-pigeons have arrived here from the French capital, bearing important despatches.

[The carrier-pigeon is a bird. It should not be confounded with the elephant or hippopotamus, and only the most ignorant persons would suppose any connection between them. It flies through the air, as birds generally do, and though not lazy it lays. The eggs of this bird are valuable. When properly hatched they produce young pigeons, which often grow up and go into the express business like their parents. The carrier-pigeon is not a modern invention, but was made simultaneously with other ornithological curiosities.]

TOURS, December 14.—GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has been arrested by the Government and committed to prison as a nuisance.

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[GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is a native of Boston, U.S. He is one of the most celebrated men living. He celebrates himself everywhere he goes, and he goes to a great many places. He has an inspired confidence that in the course of a few years all the people of his native country will become idiots, and that they will then make him their ruler. The *civis Americanus sum* of his existence is talk about GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN. The American Government does not at present propose to declare war against France for arresting him, but perhaps he will do so himself.]

VIENNA, December 14.—Diplomatic circles are more confident, and it is believed the Black Sea question will be settled.

[The Black Sea is in Europe. It is bounded all round and contains an immense quantity of water, which, being black, is useful for writing. The trouble about the Black Sea is owing altogether to its location, and could be removed forever by filling up the place and laying it out in building-lots. If it were in New Jersey this would be done, but the effete despotisms and bloated aristocracies of the Old World haven't enough enterprise to try it.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: TOM'S CHRISTMAS JOKE.

*Master Tom.* "O, GRAN'MA, GRAN'MA! THE PONY HAS GOT A FIT!—RUN TO THE WINDOW AND LOOK!"

AND THE OLD LADY RUSHED TO THE WINDOW, BUT THE ONLY "FIT" THE PONY HAD WAS THE NEW SIDE-SADDLE SENT AT CHRISTMAS BY UNCLE TOM, WHO, NOT KNOWING MUCH ABOUT PONIES, FANCIED THAT THIS ONE MUST HAVE GROWN TO A HORSE SINCE HE PRESENTED IT LAST YEAR.]

\* \* \* \* \*

POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO XV.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocketfull of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.  
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing;  
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

The poet had now reached that stage of parental experience where he realized to its fullest extent, what many another poor mortal has learned to his sorrow, that a baby in the house is the greatest tyrant ever invented. A baby may be a well-spring of joy, a gleam of bright sunshine, an angel from Heaven, a compound of unalloyed blissfulness,

or a mixture of “snaps and snails and puppy dogs’ tails;” but it is nevertheless the tyrant of the household, the king of the family, the royal personage to whom all must bow, and to whom everything must yield. What father or mother is there who dares set his or her will up in opposition to the baby. If baby wants papa’s spectacles, it must have them, no matter if papa is reading. If it wants mamma’s thimble, it has it. If baby wants to go to sleep, the whole family must move on tip-toe, and not speak above a whisper. If baby gets the croup at night, the whole family must be aroused, papa must run two miles to the doctor’s, grandmother must be routed from her warm bed and brought post-haste to help take care of it, everybody from the cook upwards must stir about lively and be on the watch ready any moment to offer their devotional incense at the shrine of this potent baby monarch, the wee ruler who’s slightest wish has greater weight than the king’s command.

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It is owing to this peculiarity of our humanity which always has been and always will be, that the world has received the remarkable lines placed at the heading of this article. Since the Poet's time there have been attempts by other aspirants to immortality to continue the story so well begun, and add a lengthy jingle to the already completed verse, conceiving in their futile minds the idea that it was an unfinished structure upon which they could build for themselves a temple of fame; but all such dastardly attempts met with the success they deserved, and that was speedy oblivion; and we contend and will maintain to the bitter end, that these lines are the only right and true lines written on the subject by our immortal Poet, and that the others which are falsely circulated as part and parcel of the original, are spurious, emanating, it is said, from a half-insane idiot who hung himself immediately after finishing them.

The inspiration to the above lines came about in a very natural way. The Poet was poor. That is, speaking after the manner of later days, he was occasionally hard-up. His occasions were very lengthy ones and the interregnum a period remarkably brief. It had become a sort of chronic state with him, and although he occasionally wrote a bit of verse by request, his modesty would not allow him to charge more than a sixpence or thereabouts for any article, and the consequence was that he understood to the fullest extent the meaning of the term hard times. Now it is a well-known fact that families, especially where there are wives and babies, do not take kindly to poverty and its concomitants, but emphatically insist upon having something to eat, drink, and wear.

Time has proved that even the weakest are wise in their own way, and are given knowledge for self-protection; and woman, although she may not command success by main strength, nor by force of will, has learned that when other resources fail she has only to stoop to conquer: that her weakness is her strength, her tears her weapons, and her baby her shield. So when the Poet's politic little wife found there was no money forthcoming, and consequently no dinner, she advised him to go hunting for birds, as it was very necessary for growing children to have the little bones to pick; not that she cared for a pie made from birds herself, but it was really necessary for the child just at this age.

Off sets the duped husband in a spirit of self-sacrifice, determined that no negligence of his shall prevent his child from growing properly; and if birds are necessary to the process, then birds it shall be. A weary day is spent tramping among the woods and bushes, and towards night, with two dozen of the feathered creatures in his bag, he turns his footsteps homeward. He is rewarded by a smile and a word of praise for his unusual good luck, and with a pat on the shoulder and a promise of a splendid dinner in an hour or two, he is set to work to pluck the birds.

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Time passes on, the savory smell of the cooking birds occasionally saluting his nostrils and making his mouth water with anticipation, when at last comes the joyful summons, and all seat themselves around the table and engage with unbounded admiration in this wonderful issue of the day's labor.

The little lever which has moved the mighty events to this result sits in his high chair, a spoon in one hand, a fork in the other, and beats a grand tattoo ornamented with numerous little shrill sounds of baby joy, in honor of the glorious sight, the like of which his eyes have never seen before. Father and mother gaze enraptured upon the joyful sight of the crowing youngster, exchange intelligent and admiring glances at his precocity, and inwardly congratulate themselves upon possessing such a wonderful improvement on babies in general.

But the Poet himself, with his sensitive nature—who can fathom the profound depths of his soul now stirred by two such entrancing sights as the high-smoking blackbird-pie won by his own prowess, and the little monarch for whose sake all this was brought about? The delicious smell excites him like draughts of rich old wine, and all the soul within him bubbles up exultingly, and he improvises on the moment. Joyfully he sings in melodious tones, his nerves trembling with ecstasy, and his blood bubbling through his veins like sparkling champagne:—

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,  
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.  
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing;  
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

One adoring glance at the rosy little king, who sits with open mouth and spoon poised in air, staring in amazement at such unusual hilarity; one comprehensive glance at his wife, and the keen knife and fork pierce to the depth of the dainty dish, and the delicate blackbirds come forth; but they do not sing. That was poetic license. Perhaps, on the whole, it was just as well that they did not sing, for it would only have delayed the dinner, and hungry folks are rather practical, and would much prefer testing the birds for themselves to hearing from them.

The event of the day is over. Quiet has settled upon the earth and upon the Poet's household. He leans back in his chair in peaceful revery, and muses upon the scenes of the day. Slowly, like distant music, come back to his mind the diamonds of thought that dropped from his lips under the unwonted excitement, and as he strings them together he jots them down in his memorandum for future service.

\* \* \* \* \*

[ILLUSTRATION: The Tempter and the Tempted]

*Mephistopheles Butler.* “MR. PRESIDENT, PUT IN ABOUT ST. DOMINGO, STRONG.”]

\* \* \* \* \*

HIRAM GREEN IN PITTSBURGH.

Owing to the smokey condition of the city, the “Lait Gustise” looses his identity.



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I have just got back from a pertracted jirney, of a weeks durashun, from the state of Pensilvania.

While pursooin my tower I hove up in Pittsburg, which city is serrounded by a lot of iron furnases, whose smoky chimleys is enuff to smoke a dog out of a tan yard. Chicken raisin dont ammount to shucks there.

When they have a spell of cloudy wether, fowls keep rite on roostin, and don't leave their perches ontill they tumble off, starved to deth.

This is because darkness rains, unless the sun shines.

Pittsburg is an ecommikle place for nigger minstrel shows.

15 minnits walk in the open air bare-hedded, will put a black head onto 'em, which will pars muster before a select committy of Freedman burows, or pull the wool over the eyes of such Filantropistors as WENDILL FILLIPS. Bildins are never painted in fancy cullers down there.

When a man wants to look slick, he takes an old blackin brush and rubs his domisil over with stove blackin, then goes over it with an old broom, puttin a polish onto a bildin, which makes it shine like a bran new cookstove. It is no onusual thing for the citezins of Pittsburg to carry along with them a basin of water, sope, towels, &c.; and when a person stops to shake hands with 'em, wash their faces, so as to be sure they haint associatin with a reglar descendant of HAM.

This way is confined to the upper tendoms; but it is a singler fact that it is neccessary to remove the *upper crust*, so as to oncover the superior man.

Never havin heerd anything about the smokey condition of Pittsburgh, I was the victim of an adventoor which come mitey nigh puttin a quietuss, for a permanent period, onto my terrestrial egistance. Ide just arroven into the city, from the northern part of the State. Thinkin Ide like to look the city over a bit, I sholdered my bloo cotton umbreller and carpet bag, and started on a tower of observashun.

I walkt along gaeopin rite and left at the bildins, which I could only distingwish, as I got rite opposite of em.

Just as I stopped to rest myself a minnit, a man say's to me: "Git out of the way, Cuffee."

I turned to impale him with my impenetratin gaze, when he disappeared in the smoke.



Gropin my way along I suddenly was run into, by another man. As he struck me vilently into the stomach, he hollered out: "You black raskil! how dare you run into a respectable man?" My blood was gettin hot.

"Me, a black raskel," said I, makin a push to ceaze him by the throte, "Ile larn you that you can't call them names to me with impunerty, not by a darn site."

In the thick smoke which surronded me, I grabbed for Mister man, when to my horror! my hand came in contact with a lot of curly hair, and by the shriek which greeted my ear, I was conshus that I had made a misgo, and was clutchin a womans water-fall.

Turnin full onto me (and Ketchin my cote sleeve), she says, "Oh! you black villian, how dare you insult a lady?" Tearin myself from her grasp, I rushed madly on. I could feel pedestrians glide by me.

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There I was in a strange land. From all sides it was, smoke—smoke—smoke, darkness—darkness—darkness. I'd read about the Egyptian darkness, but Pittsburgh is ahead of that, for while I couldn't see in Pittsburgh, the blamed smoke was suffocating me, and making the tears run down my cheeks, like the prodigal son, when he was mourning for the death of a rich uncle, who'd left him some cash, I made up my mind, that I would try and enter a building somewhere, and implore the aid of a pilot.

Hearing voices, I made a bee line from whence issued the voice. After tumbling over several dry goods boxes, I went head first through a big glass window, and landed my voluptuous form at the feet of the surprised groceryman, who was engaged in the lofty pursuit of measuring out a peck of onions. "See here! my culled friend," says he, taking me by the coat collar, and marching me up to view the ruin, which I had made. "You've smashed a ten dollar pane of glass. Come, shell out the damage, or I'll call a policeman." I tried to remonstrate with him again his calling me a culled man, at which he again insisted on my paying for broken glass, &c. To avoid further discussion, I plunked down the required amount, and flew into the street, with my mind verging onto madness.

Why, oh! why? was I addressed as a "blackrascal," "scoundrel," &c.? was the thought which was running through my mind.

Bringing my hands to my eyes, a terrible suspicion flashed across my brain, as I discovered to my horror, that my usually lily white hands had turned black.

I couldn't stand such feelings as I was in, for a great while.

Feeling along the side of numerous houses, I found my way into another store.

"Mister STOREKEEPER, who am I?—and what am I?" said I, wildly interrogating an individual, who was standing by a big pile of calico.

"I should say you was a descendant of HAM, and a pretty well died one too," says he laughing.

"Me black? impossible sir!" was my reply.

He seized me by the hand and led me to a looking glass.

Yes, the terrible truth stared me in the face.

I began to realize my situation. It suddenly occurred to me, that in the confusion of changing cars that morning, that, likely as not, I'd got swapped off with some culled preacher.



With my feelins workt up to a traggick pitch, and madly cussin the day that I left Skeensboro, I staggered into the street.

For a few minnits, I assumed the air and garbage of a loonytick.

I ran vilently again numerous individuals, and as the concussion generally piled me into the gutter, I quickly sprung to my feet, and waved my umbreller wildly into the air.

I was suddenly grabbed by the cote collar and moked into a large bildin, which I afterwards diskivered to be the Monongaheeler House. I found myself confrontin a perliceman. Says I, strikin a tragick attitood, "Am I GREEN, or am I not GREEN? If I haint GREEN, who in SAM HILL am I?"

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"Old man," said the porliceman, tryin to quiet me, "you mite have been *green* before you struck Pittsburg, but if I haint mistaken, yoo've been out and got smoked up, and are now as *black* as the ase of spades."

"Oh! hor-ri-ble, hor-ri-ble!" I hissed, and rushed into the washroom.

After soakin my head in a wash-basin for a few minnits, reezin agin returned, and I diskivered, to my disgust, that I had been sold by the consarned smoke a settin down onto me. Well, Mister PUNCHINELLO, it was a narrer escape for the old man, you bet. I wasent long in gettin washed up; and if ever a lone traveller was tickled to set foot onto a rale rode car homeward bound, it was your hily intelectual and venerable quill jerkist.

I told Mrs. GREEN of my adventoor. It emejetly sot her into one of her cranky tantrums. Says she, "HIRAM, you've an old fool. Why don't you stay home, where you belong, and not go pokin about the country like a great big booby?"

"But, my dear," was my reply, "GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN got up his name by gittin into musses, and wastin and pinin away into furrin pastiles."

"GEORGE FRANCIS your grandmother," said she. "You and he order be tide together and caged. If I only had the keepin of you then, Ide nock the foolishness out of your nozzles, or break your pesky old topknots in the atemt."

Between us, Mister PUNCHINELLO, MARIAR would do that ere thing to the letter, if she had a chance.

Ewers, white as the druv snow,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Pees.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: TERMS OF SURRENDER.

*Madge (to her elder sister, who has just rung the hall-door bell).* "FLORA, YOUR BEAU'S HERE."

*Flora.* "LET ME IN IMMEDIATELY, YOU NAUGHTY GIRL."

*Madge.* "I WILL IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO GIVE ME YOUR BON-BON BOX AND CORAL PIN."]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: HIGH REVEL IN THE WHITE HOUSE.]

\* \* \* \* \*

SARFIELD YOUNG'S PANORAMA.

## PART IV.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

An animated and picturesque view, fresh from the hand of genius.

The mellow sunshine, the birds fluttering in the air, the ships dashing through the briny deep, the foliage upon the hills in the dim distance, the glittering steeples of the great city of El Dorado,—and one of GEORGE LAW'S old man-traps in the foreground, with a high-pressure boiler (you see there is an excursion party on board, with a band of music), and an open bay,—all combine to lend to this wonderful triumph of art an airy and exhilarating tone, indescribably delicious.

This is the Golden Gate which guards the harbor of San Francisco. It is open and shut by means of an earthquake. This water, extending in every direction, is the well-known Pacific Ocean. They have called this the *Golden* Gate, because somewhere in this vicinity the precious metal was discovered, accidentally, as it were.

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Observe the skill—with which our artist has distinguished land from water; trees from ships; clouds from church spires; human beings from Chinamen. In so doing, he has distinguished himself also.

In view of these sloops on the extreme left, may we not say that this is a mast apiece?

This exquisite gem was completed about the same time as the Pacific Railroad, and yet how different. Here the eye of the beholder lingers fondly upon the scene, drinking in at every point new and inspiring beauties. I presume that the traveller upon the Union Pacific may drink at every point if he wants to, but he can't linger. Their time-table doesn't allow it.

I forgot to mention that in the background can be detected glimpses of the great State of California.

### **BOTANY BAY.**

What emotions arise in the breast as you approach this remarkable spot! Tour mind naturally reverts to your English ancestry, to those early settlers, the noble forefathers of this colony, who forsook their old homes and braved the perils of the deep till they reached these distant shores. They came not from a feverish thirst for gold, nor with ambitious visions of a new and powerful empire. They came rather from a *conviction*, that here was where they were wanted.

This crowded canvas gives you some faint idea of what has been the result of that generous, patriotic pilgrimage.

This is Felon's Avenue.

Burglar's Hall,—a fine public building,—Headman's Block, The College of Forgery, Counterfeiter's Exchange, The Cracksman's Crib, (a new and elegant hotel), Mutiny Row, and many other prominent buildings are to be seen.

Such are the natural beauties of the place that persons who come here feel compelled to stay a good while. (The melodeon will evolve "Home, sweet home.")

### **THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.**

Next to Mount Vernon, the Libby Prison at Richmond, and John Brown's Engine House at Harper's Ferry, this is to the stranger the most interesting piece of scenery in the Old Dominion. So firm and substantial is the masonry that it is supposed to have been standing long before the English settlement of the country. Some learned writers think that those stately abutments are too massive for the red man of the forest to have

constructed. Besides, what did he know about engineering? I'm sure I can't say how this is; but I had always supposed that there never was a camp of these savages without an Indian near.

At all events the effect is very natural, and it only needs a toll-house to render it completely so.

This dizzy elevation has been scaled by daring adventurers who cut their names in the soft, yielding rock; not so many, it is true, of late years. They have rather fallen off.

There is food for contemplation in this beautiful object; also in the hotel which you perceive not far off.



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### **NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.**

This represents a very dark night, with no moon, exceedingly cloudy, and all the fires out. You will be struck with the interesting fact that a night on the prairie, under such circumstances, looks very much like a similar night elsewhere.

### **SUNRISE, ON THE PRAIRIE.**

People who have never seen the sun rise on the prairie, or anywhere else, say that this is exactly like it.

These two vivid representations of our Western domain are the efforts of two boys, both of them brothers. One panted for fame. So did the other. That made a pair of pants.

Both miners, they mixed a good deal with rough people, in fact from the cradle up. They mixed paints well. They did this job in gangs of one each.

One of these boys has grown up and dyed. His bones are bleaching on the plains of Arkansas. He is carrying on an extensive dye-house and bleachery in the suburbs of Little Rock.

The other boy, I hardly know whether he has grown up or not. He was a pattern young man. The last I heard of him he was making patterns for a large manufacturing establishment at Pittsburgh.

### **BOSTON.**

An exceedingly accurate view of the City of Boston and vicinity. The vicinity has all been annexed; so it is Boston proper. All Boston is proper—very proper.

This view was taken by BLACK, a distinguished artist. Colored men draw better in Boston. The picture was originally a small one, taken by photograph, and then “thrown up,” as the technical term is. Our artist threw it up for pecuniary reasons. I have forgotten the man’s name who took it again. I think he said his name was SHERIFF.

The spectator is supposed to be standing just in front of the foreground, except where this perspective comes in; then he is perched, with a smoked glass, in the look-out at the top of the State House.

Boston Common; the Harbor; the Mall on the Common; Fort Warren; the Old Elm Tree on the Common; Bunker Hill Monument; Fountain on the Common; Park Street Church,

orthodox—these other docks are at East Boston; Children of the Public Schools playing on the Common; Faneuil Hall; Frog Pond on the Common; the Public Garden, *etc.*

The Great Organ is played at about this point. Travellers from New York frequently come upon the Sound when miles away.

We would like to show one or two of the important men of Boston, but the artist assured us we hadn't room.

Boston is high-toned. I believe the taxes here are higher than in any other city in the country. I would like to say a good deal more about Boston, but being a Boston man myself, my modesty prevents me. You will always notice this peculiarity in a Boston man—he seldom mentions Boston. It is a way we have in Boston.

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\* \* \* \* \*

Lunatic

What man is most looked up to? The Man in the Moon.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

WALTER MONTGOMERY has been playing “HAMLET” and “OTHELLO” at NIBLO’S GARDEN. So graceful and elegant is he in his stage presence, that I have been obliged to decline to take MARGARET to see him. There is nothing so annoying as to escort one’s cousin (I think I have mentioned that MARGARET is my cousin) to the theatre and to hear her express the most ecstatic admiration of that “perfectly lovely Mr. MONTGOMERY.” I have suffered from this sort of thing once, and don’t propose to subject myself to it a second time. I do not consider myself a jealous man, but as Mr. GUPPY finely and forcibly remarks, “there *are* chords in the human breast.”

Last week, I referred in pointed, not to say Greeleyesque language, to the REFORMING NUISANCES who insist upon improving everything according to their own fashion. The NUISANCE, however, has this peculiarity, that he never wants to change anything that really needs to be reformed. He will insist upon bullying Mr. TILTON into total abstinence from the mildest form of claret and water, but he never thinks of urging Mr. GREELEY to a wholesome moderation in the use of objurgatory epithets. He is clamorous in his demand that *Rip Van Winkle* should be transformed into a temperance lecture, but he is entirely satisfied with the preposterous manner in which the clever but inartistic SHAKESPEARE has thought fit to end his two meritorious tragedies, *Hamlet* and *Othello*. Now no one at all familiar with either of these two popular plays can fail to perceive the gross faults of construction which characterize them both.

To be sure, if we accept the theory of “HAMLET’S” insanity, we can account for the preposterous idiocy of his conduct. But from the greatest to the worst of our interpreters of “HAMLET,”—from BOOTH to FECHTER,—there is no modern actor who believes in the real insanity of the melancholy Dane. The fault of his folly, therefore, lies with the dramatist, and not the actor.

What does “HAMLET” do when he decides—on the unsworn statement of an irresponsible GHOST—that his father has been murdered by the GHOST’S brother? We all know that he devotes himself to the duties of a private detective; that he drives his sweetheart crazy by using very improper language to her, and by coolly denying that he had ever had any serious intentions toward her. Then he gets up the worst specimen of private theatricals that even a royal drawing-room ever witnessed,—a performance so hopelessly stupid as to actually make the KING and his consort



seriously ill. Next he insults his mother, and, under the weak pretext of killing rats, wantonly makes a hole in her best tapestry. And finally, after having killed the young man who was to have been his brother-in-law, he stabs his own uncle and calmly watches the dying agonies of his mother, who has succumbed to an indiscreet indulgence in adulterated whiskey. His death is the only redeeming incident in his career,—only he should have died in the first, instead of the fifth act.

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The real “HAMLET”—if there ever was such a person—would have shown the traditional thrift and enterprise of his race by a very different course of conduct. After the interview with the GHOST he would have had a private audience with the KING, and there would have ensued a scene somewhat like the following one. Of course he would not have talked in blank verse. The world has never properly condemned the outrageous cheek with which SHAKESPEARE has attempted to make us believe that blank verse was ever the ordinary speech of sensible men.

HAMLET.—“I have a little business to settle with your majesty.”

KING.—“Well! out with it; I’ve got an appointment with the German Ambassador about that Schleswig-Holstein business at 2 o’clock, and can only spare you ten minutes.”

HAMLET.—“I want to be appointed collector of the port of Copenhagen, with a salary of ten thousand dollars a month besides the fees. Also, I want to marry OPHELIA, and to be recognized as the heir apparent to your throne.”

KING.—“Well! I rather like your cheek. Do you mistake me for an American President, that you ask me to appoint one of my own relations to the fattest office in my gift? Why you impertinent young scoundrel!”

HAMLET.—“Draw it mild, if you please. The reason why I ask these favors of you is, that if granted they will prevent me from talking in my sleep.”

KING (*aside*).—“He’s got ’em at last. I knew he would, if he kept company with politicians.” (*To Hamlet.*) “Are you drunk or crazy? Not that it is of much consequence, but still I should like to know the reason of this impudence.”

HAMLET (*in a sepulchral whisper*).—“Uncle! I have seen a reliable gentleman who saw my late father die. Now don’t do anything rash. You see I know all. Appoint me collector, and I’ll agree to think no more about it. Refuse, and I shall take the course that filial love and duty prompt.”

KING.—“There is no need of any dispute between relatives on such a little matter as this appointment. I appreciate your business capacity. Swear to forget the nonsense you have hinted at, and you shall be collector. Is it a bargain?”

HAMLET.—“It is.”

Here the play would naturally end, and the audience would feel that both “HAMLET” and the “KING” had conducted themselves in a creditable manner. By such a change as this, *Hamlet* becomes a rational and enjoyable play. But will, you ever find a REFORMING NUISANCE who will offer to improve *Hamlet*? Not a bit of it. There is nothing which your NUISANCE is more reluctant to do than to engage in any really useful work.

“OTHELLO” is another idiotic person, who spoils what would otherwise have been a respectable play, by his stupid jealousy. How much better would the drama have been had the fifth act proceeded in this wise:—

OTHELLO.—“Desdy, my dear, are you in bed?”

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DESDEMONA.—“Yes, and I’m sleepy too, and don’t want to be bothered. There’s your night-shirt hanging on the chair.”

OTHELLO.—“IAGO tells me you’ve been flirting with Lieutenant CASSIO. Now that won’t do. Remember that under the Fifteenth Amendment I have the right, being a colored man, of doing pretty much as I choose. If this flirtation isn’t stopped promptly I’ll go to Indiana, divorce you, and marry EMILIA. Do you know where the boot-jack is?”

DESDEMONA.—“I never did flirt with him, and IAGO tells a big story if he says I did. The boot-jack must have been kicked under the bed. As for flirting, after the way you have gone on with EMILIA, the less say about it the better. If you can’t find the boot-jack, call the servant and let him pull your boots off—you’ll catch your death if you go poking round under the bureau and sofa and things much longer.”

OTHELLO.—“Of course it’s all right, only don’t have too much to say to him. There’s that confounded boot-jack at last. You see, my dear, that people will talk if you give them the slightest reason. There’s a button off this shirt. Are you all ready for me to put the gas out?”

With the extinction of the gas, the curtain would naturally fall. And it would fall upon a pleasant, well-constructed, probable, and eminently realistic play. As it is, OTHELLO ends with a complicated massacre worthy of the Bowery Theatre in its bloodiest days.

MATADOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Parlez aux Suisses.”

It seems that Water Valley, Mississippi, is attracting hosts of Swiss settlers, speaking of whom a contemporary calls them “iron-handed mountaineers.” We were not previously aware that the Swiss are provided with iron hands, though we have long known that they have *glaciers*.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Warning.

The man who tried to arrange his hair with an ice pick got it into a Nice Pickle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suggested by a “Tight” Fit.

What county of Scotland is the best to get a foot-hold in? Bute.

\* \* \* \* \*

AN EVEN TEMPERATURE FOR CONGRESS.

Warmed by WOOD; Cooled by BROOKS.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: ANOTHER "SUCCESSFUL FRENCH SORTIE."]

\* \* \* \* \*

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

The nations of Europe appear to suppose that their advance in civilization is marked by improvement in their rifles rather than in their school-houses. The possession of the needle-gun by Prussia stimulated France to invent the Chassepot, and now it appears that Russia claims to have a new rifle which surpasses them both. If we may judge from Prussia's actions in this war, this improvement in rifles leads to improvement in rifling; and though it is difficult



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to imagine how Russia could surpass Prussia's proficiency in this art, which in civil parlance would be called robbing, yet there is no knowing to what further point of perfection it may be carried. It is only to be hoped that the industry of Europe, which offers the field for the exercise of these improvements, will continue to be piously thankful for the noble position which it is thus made to hold in the march of progress.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Drawn from the Wood."

"What d'ye want? Why come you here?"  
Said the Beetle inside the bark  
Unto the crafty Woodpecker  
Who rapped on the pine-tree in the park.

"Never mind what, and never mind why,"  
Replied the Woodpecker, hammering still,  
"The question will be, 'How's this for high?'  
When I send in my little bill."

\* \* \* \* \*

Hand and Glove.

The scarcity of kid gloves, caused by this war, will, no doubt, force many a fair one to bare a hand during its continuance. Yet the conservative bigots say that women should not vote unless they are willing to do their part in the fighting.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW TO DISTINGUISH A WEALTHY MAN.

By the CROESUS in his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Q.E.D.

Astronomers say that there is no water on the moon's surface. We, on the contrary, know that there are large oceans there. No one ever heard of ship captains in a place destitute of water; and, as the moon is made of green cheese, there must of course be "skippers" there.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Christmas Joke.

When JENKINS felt in his pocket, after leaving the 37th Regt. Armory the other night, he exclaimed; "Well, if this is a French fair, I prefer an American fowl!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Theatrical.

The "Gods" at our theatres generally evince good taste in selecting their favorite actresses, and as they usually choose *blondes*, we cannot believe that "those whom the gods love dye young."

\* \* \* \* \*

Accident.

AUNT BATHSHEBA fell into the East River last Monday, and she now declares that the dress she wore on that occasion is watered silk.

\* \* \* \* \*

Query.

Should an account of the present administration be called Dent'ist'ry?

\* \* \* \* \*

History Repeats Itself.

PARIS and 'L.N. have again been separated.

\* \* \* \* \*

A-ROUND ROBBIN'.—Nearly all the office-holders in Washington.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE GREAT AMERICAN BIRD. The "bird in the hand."

\* \* \* \* \*

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"A MOVEMENT ON FOOT," Any chiroprapist's.

\* \* \* \* \*

PROTECTION PROTECTED.

A Western editor has issued a conundrum in a volume with the title *Does Protection Protect?* and undertakes to prove by statistics that answer is No. These Western people are in the habit, we know, of bragging a good deal of their exploits, and so the writer referred to says he used to think the answer to his conundrum was Yes, but investigation has shown him he was wrong. What business has he to investigate it? There is Mr. GREELEY, he says the answer is YES!! and does any one suppose that he ever investigated it, or could so investigate any subject as to change his opinion about it? Of course not.

Then there is H.C. CAREY, who used to say, when he was interested in statistics, that the answer was No; but now that he is more interested in mining, he says the answer is Yes. Could there be any better proof that the Western man is wrong?

Besides, has not Mr. KELLEY proved a thousand times that protection does protect his constituents, and that by making everybody pay dearer for iron, the money goes where, according to the true laws of trade, it ought to go—into the pockets of the mine-owners? Can it be possible that the castor-oil man, the thread man, the salt man, the steel man, and all the others of this kind, don't know that protection protects them, and that they are the important persons in the country?

If this freedom of inquiry is allowed much longer, protection itself will have to be protected. Let that Western editor prosecute his studies further, until he becomes convinced that Americans are naturally a lazy, idle, and shiftless people, and never would, or could, engage in any industry unless they were so protected in it that it can be made as flourishing as ship-building, machine-shops, and manufactures of all kinds are now. Or, if he thinks that would take too much time, let him join some snug little ring, if he can find such a vacancy, and enjoy the reflection, when Republican orators talk of the glorious results of protection to American industry, that he is one of the glorious results.

\* \* \* \* \*

For Sawyers.

What kind of pine is the most difficult to saw into lumber? The Porcupine.

+-----



-----+

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[Illustration: THE EXTENSION OF WOMAN'S SPHERE.

*Fond Mother (to visitor).* "AND AS FOR SUSIE, THERE, MY DEAR, SHE'S *so* CLEVER!  
—PHYSICS HER DOLL REGULAR WITH DIRT PILLS, AND HAS JUST BEEN AND  
AMPUTATED ONE OF THE POOR DUMB THING'S LEGS, AND SO WE'RE GOING  
TO MAKE A DOCTOR OF HER."]



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