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SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

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\* \* \* \* \*

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD,  
By ORPHEUS C. KERR,  
Continued in this Number.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Sidenote: See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.]

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR



CHAPTER XI.--(Continued.)

BLADAMS ushered in two waiters--one Irish and one German--who wore that look of blended long-suffering and extreme weariness of everything eatable, which, in this country, seems inevitably characteristic of the least personal agency in the serving of meals. (There may be lands in which the not essentially revolting art of cookery can be practiced without engendering irritable gloom in the bosoms of its practitioners, and the spreading of tables does not necessarily entail upon the actors therein a despondency almost sinister; but the American kitchen is the home of beings who never laugh, save in that sardonic bitterness of spirit which grimly mocks the climax of human endurance in the burning of the soup; and the waiter of the American dining-room can scarcely place a dish upon the board without making it eloquent of a blighted existence.) Having dashed the stews upon the reading-table before the fire, and rescued a drowning fly<sup>[1]</sup> from one of them with his least appetizing thumb-nail, the melancholy Irish attendant polished the spoons with his pocket-handkerchief and hurled them on either side of the plates. Perceiving that his German associate, in listlessly throwing the mugs of ale upon the table, had spilled some of the liquid, he hurriedly wiped the stain away with EDWIN DROOD'S worsted muffler, and dried the sides of the glasses upon the napkin intended for Mr. DIBBLE'S use. There was something of the wild resources of despair, too, in this man's frequent ghostly dispatch of the German after articles forgotten in the first trip, such as another cracker, the cover of the pepper-cruet, the salt, and one more pinch of butter; and so greatly did his apparent dejection of soul increase as each supplementary luxury arrived and was recklessly slammed into its place, that, upon finally retiring from the room with his associate, his utter hopelessness of aspect gave little suggestion of the future proud political preferment to which, by virtue of his low estate and foreign birth, he was assuredly destined.

[Footnote 1: In anticipation of any critical objection to the introduction of a living fly in December, the Adapter begs leave to suspect that an anachronism is always legitimate in a work of fiction when a point is to be made. Thus, in Chapter VIII of the inimitable "NICHOLAS NICKLEBY," Mr. SQUEERS tells NICHOLAS that morning has come, "and ready iced, too;" and that "the pump's froze," while, only a few pages later, in the same chapter, one of Mr. SQUEERS' scholars is spoken of as "weeding the garden."]

The whole scene had been a reproachful commentary upon the stiff American system of discouraging waiters from making remarks upon the weather, inquiring the cost of one's new coat, conferring with one upon the general prospects of his business for the season, or from indulging in any of the various light conversational diversions whereby barbers, Fulton street tailors, and other depressed gymnasts, are occasionally and wholesomely relieved from the misery of brooding over their equally dispiriting avocations.

After the departure of the future aldermen, or sheriffs, of the city, the good old lawyer accompanied his young guest in an expeditious assimilation of the stews; saying little, but silently regretting, for the sake of good manners, that Mr. BLADAMS could not eat oysters without making a noise as though they were alive in his mouth. At last, mug of ale in hand, he turned to his clerk:

"BLADAMS!"

"Sir to you!" responded Mr. BLADAMS, hastily putting down the plate from which he had been drinking his last drop of stew, and grasping his own mug.

"Your health, BLADAMS.--Mr. EDWIN joins me, I'm sure.--And may the--may our--that is, may your--suppose we call it Bump of Happiness--may your Bump of Happiness increase."

Staring thoughtfully, Mr. BLADAMS felt for the Bump upon his head and, having scratched what he seemed to take for it, replied: "It's a go, sir. The Bump has increased some since KENT'S Commentaries fell on it from that top-shelf the other day."

"I am going to toast my lovely ward," whispered Mr. DIBBLE to EDWIN; "but I put BLADAMS first, because he was once a person to be respected, and I treat him with politeness in place of a good salary."

"Success to the Bump," said EDWIN DROOD, rather struck by this piece of practical economy, and newly impressed with the standard fact that politeness costs nothing.

"And now," continued Mr. DIBBLE, with a wink in which his very ear joined, "I give you the peerless Miss FLORA POTTS. BLADAMS, please remember that there are others here to eat crackers besides yourself, and join us in a health to Miss POTTS."

"Let the toast pass, drink to the lass!" cried Mr. BLADAMS, husky with crackers. "All ale to her!"

"Count me in, too," assented EDWIN.

"Dear me!" said the old lawyer, breaking a momentary spell of terror occasioned by Mr. BLADAMS having turned blue and nearly choked to death in a surreptitious attempt to swallow a cracker which he had previously concealed in one of his cheeks. "Dear me! although I am a square, practical man, I do believe that I could draw a picture of a true lover's state of mind to-night."

"A regular chromo," wheezed Mr. BLADAMS, encouragingly; pretending not to notice that his employer was reaching an ineffectual arm after the crackers at his own elbow.

"Subject to the approving, or correcting, judgment of Mr. E. DROOD, I

make bold to guess that the modern true lover's mind, such as it is, is rendered jerky by contemplation of the lady who has made him the object of her virgin affectations," proceeded Mr. DIBBLE, looking intently at EDWIN, but still making farther and farther reaches toward the distant crackers, even to the increased tilting of his chair. "I venture the conjecture, that if he has any darling pet name for her, such as Pinky-winky,' 'Little Fooly,' 'Chignonently,' or 'Waxy Wobbles,' he feels horribly ashamed if any one overhears it, and coughs violently to make believe that he never said it."

It was curious to see EDWIN listening with changing color to this truthful exposure of his young mind; the while, influenced unconsciously, probably, by the speaker's example, he, too, had begun reaching and chair-tilting toward the crackers across the table. What time Mr. BLADAMS, at the opposite side of the board, had apparently sunk into a sudden and deep slumber; although from beneath one of his folded arms a finger dreamily rested upon the rim of the cracker-plate, and occasionally gave it a little pull farther away from the approaching hands.

"My picture," continued Mr. DIBBLE, now quite hoarse, and almost horizontal in his reaching, to EDWIN DROOD, also nearly horizontal in the same way--"my picture goes on to represent the true lover as ever eager to be with his dear one, for the purpose of addressing implacable glares at the Other Young Man with More Property, whom She says she always loved as a Brother when they were Children Together; and of smiling bitterly and biting off the ends of his new gloves (which is more than he can really afford, at his salary,) when She softly tells him that he is making a perfect fool of himself. My picture further represents him to be continually permeated by a consciousness of such tight boots as he ought not to wear, even for the Beloved Object, and of such readiness to have new cloth coats spoiled, by getting hair-oil on the left shoulder, as shall yet bring him to a scene of violence with his distracted tailor. It shows him, likewise, as filled with exciting doubts of his own relative worth: that is, with self-questionings as to whether he shall ever be worth enough to buy that cantering imported saddle horse which he has already promised; to spend every summer in a private cottage at Newport; to fight off Western divorces, and to pay an eloquent lawyer a few thousands for getting him clear, on the plea of insanity, after he shall have shot the Other Young Man with More Property for wanting his wife to be a Sister to him, again, as she was, you know, when they were Children Together."

EDWIN, despite the coldness of the season, had perspired freely during the latter part of the Picture, and sought to disguise his uneasiness at its beautiful, yet severe truth, by a last push of his extended arm toward the crackers. Quickly observing this, Mr. DIBBLE also made a final desperate reach after the same object; so that both old man and young, while pretending to heed each other's words only, were two-thirds across the table, with their feet in the air and their chairs poised on one leg each. At that very moment, by some unhappy chance, while nearly the whole weight of the two was pressing upon their edge of the board, Mr. BLADAMS abruptly awoke, and raised his elbows from his edge, to

relieve his arms by stretching. Released from his pressure, the table flew up upon two legs with remarkable swiftness, and then turned over upon Mr. DIBBLE and Mr. E. DROOD; bringing the two latter and their chairs to the floor under a shower of plates and crackers, and resting invertedly upon their prostrate forms, like some species of four-pillared monumental temple without a roof.

A person less amiable than the good Mr. DIBBLE would have borrowed the name of an appurtenance of a mill, at least once, as a suitable expression of his feelings upon such a trying occasion; but, instead of this, when Mr. BLADAMS, excitedly crying "fire!" lifted the overturned table from off himself and young guest, he merely arose to a sitting position on the littered carpet, and said to EDWIN, with a smile and a rub: "Pray, am I at all near the mark in my picture?"

"I should say, sir," responded EDWIN, with a very strange expression of countenance, also rubbing the back of his head, "that you are rather hard upon the feelings of the unluckily lover. He may not show all that he feels--"

There he paused so long to feel his nose and ascertain about its being broken, that Mr. DIBBLE limped to his feet and ended that part of the discussion by hobbling to an open iron safe across the office.

Taking from a private drawer in this repository a small paper parcel, containing a pasteboard box, and opening the latter, the old lawyer produced what looked like a long, flat white cord, with shining tips at either end.

"This, Mr. EDWIN," said he, with marked emotion, "is a stay-lace, with golden tags, which belonged to Miss FLORA'S mother. It was handed to me, in the abstraction of his grief, by Miss FLORA'S father, on the day of the funeral; he saying that he could never bear to look upon it again. To you, as Miss FLORA'S future husband, I now give it."

"A stay-lace!" echoed EDWIN, coming forward as quickly as his lameness would allow, and staunching his swollen upper lip with a handkerchief.

"Yes," was the grave response. "You have undoubtedly noticed, Mr. EDWIN, that in every fashionable romance, the noble and grenadine heroine has a habit of 'drawing herself up proudly' whenever any gentleman tries to shake hands with her, or asks her how she can possibly be so majestic with him. This lace was used by Miss FLORA'S mother to draw herself up proudly with; and she drew herself up so much with it, that it finally reached her heart and killed her. I here place it in your hands, that you may ultimately give it to your young wife as a memento of a mother who did nothing by halves but die. If you, by any chance, should not marry the daughter, I solemnly charge you, by the memory of the living and the dead, to bring it back to me."

Receiving the parcel with some awe, EDWIN placed it in one of his pockets.

"BLADAMS." said Mr. DIBBLE, solemnly, "you are witness of the transfer."

"Deponent, being duly sworn, does swear and cuss that he saw it, to the best of his knowledge and belief," returned the clerk, helping Mr. DROOD to resume his overcoat.

When in his own room, at Gowanus, that night, Mr. DIBBLE, in his nightcap, paused a moment before extinguishing his light, to murmur to himself: "I wonder, now, whether poor POTTS confided his orphan child to me because he knew that I might have been the successful suitor to the mother if I had been worth a little more money just about then?"

What time, in the law-office in town, Mr. BLADAMS was upon his knees on the floor, tossing crackers from all directions on the carpet into his mouth, like a farinacious goblin, and nearly suffocating whenever he glanced at the disordered table.

(To be Continued.)

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE FREE BATHS.

[Illustration: 'P']

PUNCHINELLO begs to congratulate the Hon. W.M. TWEED upon his inestimable boon to the public--the Free Baths. With regard to a certain class--and a very large class--of the public of New York City, it has sometimes been cynically asked, "Will it wash?" Since the establishment of Free Baths under the Department of Public Works, that question has been satisfactorily replied to in the affirmative. Hardworked mechanics at once recognized the chance for a wash, and went at it with a rush. It was Coney Island come to town, with the roughs left behind, and the extortionate bathing-dress men, and the other disagreeable features of that lovely but desecrated isle. In recognition of the decided success of the new baths, and of the vast benefit that must be derived from them by a large portion of the community, PUNCHINELLO begs to invest the Hon. W. M. TWEED with the Blue Ribbon of the O.F.B., or "Originator of the Free Baths."

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

[Illustration: 'C']

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN is the subject of this article.

It is all very well for the editor of PUNCHINELLO to require me to write about the Plays and Shows, but how would he like to do it himself, with the thermometer at 103 degrees, and the Fourth of July only just over? And then, inasmuch as I am not a white-hatted philosopher, writing of "What I know about Farming," how can I be expected to write of things

which have no existence? For, with the exception of the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, and one or two minor places of amusement, there are no plays and shows at present in this happy city.

We certainly owe the managers a debt of gratitude for closing their hot and glaring theatres during this intolerable month. Of course nobody was obliged to attend them while they were open; but then, when people were told that the theatres were crowded to an uncomfortable extent, they felt an irrepressible desire to go and be uncomfortable.

It is one of the peculiar characteristics of Man, as distinguished from the higher animals, that he will go through fire and water to get into a theatre which he is told is crammed to the point of suffocation, whereas he won't deign to enter one where he is sure to find a comfortable seat. Now the charm of the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN consists in this: that the visitor can take his vapor bath in the Seventh Avenue cars on his way to the Garden, and can enjoy the sweet consciousness of being jostled and sat upon in the search for amusement, while he is still certain of finding pure air and plenty of room at the GARDEN itself.

By the bye, it has just occurred to me that the Fourth of July is properly a show. It might be called a burlesque, but for the fact that it is unaccompanied by the luxury of legs. Indeed, after the celebration is over, there are always fewer legs in the nation than there were at its commencement. There is no canon of criticism which would expurgate legs from the theatrical burlesque, but there are cannons of Fourth of July which do their best to abolish the incautious legs of patriotic youth. I reconsider my purpose of writing of the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, and will devote this column to the national show.

I have somewhere read--not in BANCROFT'S History, of course; no man ever did that and lived--that the Fourth of July was established in order to commemorate our deliverance from a government which taxed us with stamp-duties. How happy ought we to be when we reflect that, thanks to our noble fathers who fought and bled at Long Branch. I should say Nahant,--well, at some watering-place, I really forget precisely where,--we have no taxes, and know not what a revenue stamp is like! Thank fortune, we have no share in the national debt of Great Britain, and have no national debt of our own that is worth mention. Besides, we are going to found the little debt that we do owe, so that nobody will ever be bothered about it again.

I like this plan of funding debts; but, curiously enough, sordid capitalists and miserly landlords don't. I offered the other day to fund all my personal debts, in the shape of a long loan at three per cent, but my creditors did not take kindly to the idea. Such is the sordid meanness which is too sadly characteristic of the merely commercial mind. But to return to our subject, which is, I believe, the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN.

It is curious how critics will differ. Here is a case in point. The other night, at the CENTRAL PARK GARDEN, I sat near a table surrounded by five well-known musical critics. THEODORE THOMAS had just led his

orchestra through the devious ways of the \_Tannhauser\_ overture, and I naturally listened to hear the opinions which the critical five might express. This is what they really did say.

FIRST CRITIC. "Thank heavens, the music is over for a few minutes. Now, boys, we'll have some more beer."

SECOND CRITIC. "Not any for me, thank you. I'll have a Jamaica sour."

THIRD CRITIC. "Bring me a claret punch."

FOURTH CRITIC. "Whiskey cocktail"

FIFTH CRITIC. "Well! I'll stick to beer. It's the best thing in this weather."

What ought a man to think of the \_Tannhauser\_, after hearing these five contradictory opinions? For my own part I rather thought the cigars were a trifle too strong.

And there is just the same difference of opinion about THEODORE THOMAS'S merits as a conductor. On this occasion there were two aged and indigent musicians in the audience, who knew more about orchestral music than even the present President of the Philharmonic Society, and to each of them did I propound the question, "Is THOMAS a good conductor?"

FIRST AGED PERSON. "My dear sir, he doesn't conduct at all. His orchestra pays no attention to him, and plays in spite of the absurd and meaningless passes which he makes with his \_baton\_."

SECOND A. P. "My dear sir, he is the best conductor of the day. He has made his orchestra the best in the country,--in fact, the only one. No man has done more for our musical public than has THEODORE THOMAS."

And as I ordered eleemosynary beer for these Aged Persons, and pondered their slightly contradictory utterances in my mind, I heard a fair young creature in a scarlet plimpton and a fleazy robe of Axminster remark, "O! that dear delightful Mr. THOMAS. He is so Perfectly lovely! and his coat fits him so divinely! He is ever so much handsomer than CARL BERGMANN."

While I agree most heartily with everything that I heard at the GARDEN on the occasion which I have mentioned, I am not quite sure that the establishment is either a play or a show. On the whole, I don't think I had better say anything about it. If anybody has a different opinion, let him express himself. If he don't like to take the trouble, let him apply to ADAMS Express Company, which will express him to the end of the world, if he should so desire.

MATADOR.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CRISPIN vs. COOLIE.

For CRISPIN, old CRISPIN, patron saint of all cordwainers, Mr. PUNCHINELLO has a profound respect. When still a young man, (A.D. 1125,) he was well acquainted with the venerable gentleman; and the very beautiful pair of shoes which Mr. P. wears when in full costume, (\_vide\_ his portrait on the title page,) were heeled and tapped for him by the hands of CRISPIN himself. They are still in excellent order, although, in these very shoes, Mr. P. walked his celebrated match against Time, beating that swift old party and doing his 1000 miles in 24 h., 12 m., 30 s. Between Mr. P. and shoes there is a well-marked resemblance. The shoe has a sole and he has a soul; the shoe is both useful and ornamental, and so is he; the shoe has an upper, and Mr. P.'s motto is, "Upper and still up." In fact, he is so well satisfied with his understanding, that he would not stand in any other man's shoes for any consideration; and so long as the CRISPINS will make him fits which are not convulsions, and will sew in a way which shall produce no crop of corns, and remind him, by the neatness of their work, of Lovely PEGGY, it is the intention of the Senor PUNCHINELLO to patronize the Native American awl altogether.

For JOHN Chinaman also, the Herr VON PUNCHINELLO has a great admiration. He never takes tea, having been advised by his physician to drink nothing but lager-bier, with an occasional beaker of rum, gin, or brandy, or Monongahela, or whatever may be handy on the shelf. Nevertheless, as an admirer of the fair sex, 'Squire PUNCHINELLO believes in Old Hyson and Hyson Jr., in Oolong and Bohea, in Souchong and Gunpowder, in Black and Green; and if there were Scarlet or Yellow or Blue Teas, Col. PUNCHINELLO would equally admire, steep, sweeten and sip them. Nor is Dr. PUNCHINELLO less an admirer of the explosive fire-cracker, sent to us by JOHN, to assist us in the preservation of our liberties. The Hon. Mr. PUNCHINELLO declines dogs (in pies,) and opium (in pipes,) nor can he say whether he approves of bird's nests (in porridge,) as he has never eaten any, and never wants to; although he is, in his way, an acknowledged Nestor. But still, Prof. PUNCHINELLO wishes JOHN well, if for no other reason, at least out of respect for his old friend CONFUCIUS, with whom, some years ago, he was extremely intimate--many of the finest things in the books of that venerable sage having been suggested to him by Don PUNCHINELLO.

The reader, therefore, (if he is of an acute turn of mind,) will easily perceive that two distinct emotions fill the bosom of plain Mr. P., and are hitting out at each other with extreme liveliness. He desires for the Crispins all the wages they can manage to get. He desires for his friend HI-YAH, a boundless growth of the pig-tail of prosperity; and the only question is whether this is a vegetable, the growth of which should be encouraged upon the Yankee Doodle soil. As probably the most profound Political Economist of this or any other age, after a week's tremendous thinking upon this subject, after having a thousand times resolved to give it up, Mr. P. has received the following letter from North Adams, Mass., which he hastens to lay before his readers:

[Illustration]



Exactly so! Right, JOHN, perfectly right! Our views, exactly! Our mutual friend, Prof. WHANG-HO, of the University of Pekin, couldn't have put it more neatly. But don't you think, if you are coming to America at all, that it would be well to come as the rest come, without selling yourself, body, soul and pig-tail, to some shrewd Dutch driver, like KOOPMANSCHOOP, for instance? O JOHN, my Joe JOHN! When you do come, let it be to freeze to the American Eagle, and with a firm determination to make him your own beloved bird! When you work, be sure that you get the worth of your work! No chains and slavery, anything like them! And especially no nonsense about being sent back in your coffin to the Central Flowery Kingdom. A country which is good enough to live in, is good enough to be buried in.

And what is this missive which we have received through the post, and which we have since kept locked up in a powder-proof safe?

[Illustration]

O ye beloved children of CRISPIN! why send to us these mysterious, manslaughterous and mortal hieroglyphics? Of course you don't mean to kill Mr. P., and even if you did, you couldn't do it, for the great P. is one of the immortals. Neither, if you will but stop to think about it, will you molest poor HI-YAH because he wears a tail and eats dog-cutlets fried in crumb. Before you indulge in the luxury of murder, or even the minor diversions of mobbing, ducking, hustling, and stoning, why not try the expedient of making it up with the Bosses?

Mr. PUNCHINELLO has thought of visiting North Adams, Lynn, and other shoe-sites, for the purpose of offering the help of his eminently judicial mind in reconciling Employer and Employe; but fearing that he might get his nose (which is a beautiful and dignified protuberance) most shamefully pulled for his pains, he has concluded to keep the peace by keeping out of the scrimmage. But, as there never was a misunderstanding yet which time and common sense could not clear up, Mr. P. contents himself with exhorting the Bosses to be considerate, the Crispinians to be reasonable, and JOHN Chinaman to cut off his tail, whatever natural tears its loss may occasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

SEE THE POINT?

EDWIN and ANGELINA took a sail up the lovely Hudson. As they sailed on and on, EDWIN said to his ANGELINA: "Dearest love, don't let your cerulean eyes rest upon West Point." "And why not, darling old tootsicums?" asked ANGELINA. "Because they have colored pupils in them, light of my life," replied EDWIN.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: No, THIS IS NOT ONE OF THE "BLONDES". THIS IS FITZ

FADDLE, WHOSE CLOTHES WERE STOLEN WHILE HE WAS BATHING, AND WHO HAS CONVERTED HIS UMBRELLA INTO A TEMPORARY GARMENT, CLOTHED IN WHICH HE IS MAKING HIS WAY TO HIS HOTEL. THE REASON WHY HE WHISTLES IS TO LOOK AS IF HE DIDN'T CARE.]

\* \* \* \* \*

FOAM:[1]

OR

HOW JENKINS WENT SUMMERING.

A LYRICAL DRAMA.

\_Played with immense success at the summer residence of\_ Gen. GRANT, \_at Long Branch, for one thousand and two nights.\_[2]

ACT I.

\_Scene.--Bed-room in attic of seventh-class boarding-house. Furniture, a bed, two chairs, and a table. The table is ornamented with a cup of coffee, a loaf of bread, and a plate of hash; knife, et cetera. (Enter from the adjoining hall,\_ MR. JENKINS CRUSOE, \_dressed in a tattered morning wrapper\_.)

JENKINS. (\_Loq\_.) Phew! I can't stand this hot weather. I must go into the country. But where shall I go?[3] (\_Sings\_)

If I'm any judge of the weather,  
The days are refreshingly hot,  
Though one place's as good as another,  
I think I'll get out of this spot;  
But where shall I go?  
Where shall I go?  
Where shall I go  
For the summer?

(\_Looks at table\_) Ha, ha! Ho, ho! My breakfast will be cold.

(\_Reflectively\_) I guess I'll eat. (\_Sits down and hurts the hash.)

(Enter washerwoman, shoemaker, servant-girl, and hatter. They dance around the table, like English blondes.) (All sing:)\_

Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE,  
Why did you go for to do so?  
JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS!  
Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE.

SERVANT GIRL. (\_Sings\_) Pay for the floor I have scrubbed, sir.

WASHERWOMAN. " Pay for the clothes I have rubbed, sir.

HATTER. " Pay for the hats you have worn, sir.

SHOEMAKER. " Pay for the boots that are gone, sir.

(All sing:)

Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE,  
Why did you go for to do so?  
JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS! JENKINS!  
Poor old JENKINS CRUSOE.

(JENKINS rises from the table and sings:)

I've a castle in Spain,  
Filled with ingots of gold,  
I've a mine in Golconda,  
Whose wealth is untold.  
Then dry up your tears,  
Come out of your sorrow,  
I'll pay what I owe,  
I'll pay you to-morrow,  
I'll pay you to-morrow,  
All that I owe.

(Servant-girl et al. dance "Shoo Fly," and sing:)

We feel, we feel, we feel,  
We feel like a young typhoon;  
We hope, we hope, we hope,  
We hope you'll be paying soon.

(Exeunt Servant-girl, et al.)

JENKINS. (Loq.) Well, come soon. Now I must go. I hate to cheat the provider of that seventh-class hash, but I must beat on somebody. Well, let them all come, and devil take the hindmost. I'll pack my valise.

(Puts things in his valise. Sings:)

It's rich that I am, am I not?  
Just look at the fixings I've got;  
Here's a brush, here's a comb,  
Both are for fixing my dome,  
A tooth-brush and collar, that's all,  
My baggage's conveniently small.

JENKINS. (Loq.) That valise is too thin. No landlord would take me on that. It's consumptive-looking. I'll fill it with newspapers. Here, this will do, this triple-sheet Tribune, with Mrs. MCFARLAND'S epistle. That'll fill it. (Shoves paper in valise.) Now for my hat and coat.

(Puts them on.) Off I go. (Sings:)

I'm off, I'm off,  
I'm off for Long Branch,  
I'll have a jolly old time,  
I'll have a jolly old time,  
I'll bathe in the surf,  
I'll ride on the turf,  
Dance with the girls,  
Steal all their pearls,  
And have a jolly old time.

( \_Exit\_ JENKINS)

\_Curtain\_

[Footnote 1: Must not be confounded with "Surf."]

[Footnote 2: The reader will notice that this drama was more popular than the Arabian Nights, which only ran for one thousand and one nights.]

[Footnote 3: The music of these songs can be purchased at Timbuctoo.]

ACT II.

\_Scene.--Steamboat landing. Real steamboat, real landing, real water, real smoke coming out of a real chimney on the steamboat. Real captain and real passengers. (It is understood that there is to be no make-believe about the fares.) A real chambermaid in the back cabin would add to the effectiveness of the scene, but is not an absolute necessity.\_

[The author would here say that he has a proper respect for the auxiliaries of the stage, and, in a scene, which belongs to the stage carpenter, the author would be cruel if he marred the effects of the scenery by mere words. He therefore uses as little of those superfluities as possible. In a nautical scene of course some words will slip in, which it would be improper to print, but as that is chicken (the polite for foul) language, the author, of course, is not responsible for it.]

\_As the curtain rises, real women with real oranges parade the dock, singing\_:

Come buy our sweet oranges, come buy!  
Hark, as we holler,  
Six for a dollar,  
Come buy our sweet oranges, come buy!

\_Real scream from steam whistle.\_ JENKINS \_obeys the orange-women, and goes By on a run. Steamboat leaves wharf-twenty-two feet out in stream, when\_ JENKINS \_reaches string-piece. Grand and terrific jump by\_ JENKINS, \_twenty-two feet in the clear. He lands on the steamer, and all

the sailors shout.

Curtain\_

[As in a realistic scene one must stick to reality, you will notice that I made JENKINS leap twenty-two feet, which is, I am informed, the exact space jumped over by the father of his country on a festive occasion.]

(I would say to the young man who objects to carpenter scenes, that he can go out during this act and indulge in his favorite beverage--gin and milk.)

ACT III.

\_Scene.--Lawn in front of Continental Hotel at Long Branch. Enter\_ JENKINS, \_disguised in a second-hand silk hat, and a claw-hammer coat, with a hand-organ on his back. He stops before one of the windows, grinds the hand-organ, and sings:\_

Gaily the troubadour  
Touched his or-gan,  
As he came staggering  
Home with a can--

(\_Numerous heads put out of numerous windows\_.)

[As all the following are said at the same moment, the reader is here requested to take a long breath.]

\_1st Window.\_ Stop that howling!

\_2d\_ " Dry up, you idiot!

\_3d\_ " Cork that organ!

\_4th\_ " Bust that music-box!

(And so on, \_ad infinitum\_, until all the supes are used up; the supes can probably supply their own language of the above kind.)

(\_Windows shut. Enter\_ JULIETTE, \_from window\_.)

JENKINS. Fair JULIETTE!

JULIETTE. Beautiful JENKINS!

JENKINS. Lovest thou CRUSOE? (\_She rests on his bosom\_.)

JENKINS. But SNUBS, the widower? Ha, Ha! Ho, Ho!

JULIETTE. (\_Sings\_.)

I never loved him in my life,  
I never loved his baby,  
I'll slip out some dark night,  
And marry JENKINS, maybe.

JENKINS. (\_Sings:\_)

Pretty maid, if I kiss,  
Will you faint away,  
Will you cry for your pa,  
Pretty maiden, say?  
If I press dainty lips,  
Will you make a screech?  
If you do, I'll away,  
And you cannot peach.

Pretty maid, do not faint,  
Charming little belle,  
Mind you now, pretty maid,  
Do not kiss and tell.

(\_He charges upon her lips and then returns to the charge\_.)

JULIETTE. (\_Sings\_:\_)

You are going far away,  
Far away from poor JULIETTE,  
And there's no one left to love me now,  
I fear you'll too forget.

(\_Just at this moment, enter Heavy Father, and kicks\_ JENKINS, \_Heavy Father then seizes\_ JULIETTE \_and leads her into house\_. JENKINS \_skedaddles\_.)

\_Enter\_ JENKINS \_at side, looks carefully around, and finding the coast clear, comes in, slings the organ on his back, and sings\_:

I went, I went,  
As meek as any lamb,  
He took me, yes, he took me  
For some other man.

\_Curtain\_.

(The manager should have the curtain in hand, because the last pathetic song of JENKINS will no doubt be encored.)

Errata.--Before the word "played," in the fifth line, insert the words "will be."

After the word "played," in the fifth line, insert the words, "if it is ever played at all."

LOT.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: ILL-BRED DOGS.

WEST-POINTERS, SETTING AT A BLACKBIRD.]

\* \* \* \* \*

ON DORGS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dorgs are very useful animals, especially when you have nothing handy for dinner, and can get them to catch a rabbit for you.

A dorg is a very devoted animal, and should not be taxed, as its master often is, by its various eccentricities--when it makes off with his dinner, for instance, or leaves dental impressions on the meat in the pantry. Indeed, its owner is sometimes tempted to imitate his *\_canis\_* in the lifting business, and often with such success as to get board and lodging free.

Dorgs are pugnacious critters. I had one that set on every fellow of its kind he came across, and took such an affectionate grab of his foe, that nothing would divide them till death did them part.

I noticed, however, that this dorg of mine was mostly fond of the smaller fry, attacking them most vigorously, and barking from the door-steps at the larger.

I once had a dorgy (diminutive of dorg, *\_alias\_* puppy,) which was very fond of me, especially when I gave it something nice--which is nothing but human nature in the third degree. It got knocked about a good deal, especially its legs, so that it contracted a sort of hopping movement. I could not get it to catch mice; it seemed to think them third cousins, or something of the kind, and was very fond of playing with them; while, on the other hand, I had a large dorg which we kept by us when we took grain from the rick--I think he managed about 30 per minute. I never could follow them down his throat, but his increased bulk was a kind of index to the number. He generally lay by the kitchen fire twenty-four hours after his banquet, to recover himself.

I once tried my small dorg at the swimming business, by throwing him into a shallow pond. I had to go in after the beast pretty smart, boots, trowsers, socks, and all. He and I had a roast by the fire that evening. My trowsers, however, getting overdone in the operation, I lost \$4 by this experiment.

Dorgs are very fond of coat-tails and back-pockets, when some unseen attraction lies there. They don't believe in appetite-assuagers "wasting their fragrance on the desert air;" and will make vigorous efforts to

take possession of the hidden treasure, at any risk whatsoever.

As this is the time I and my dorg go visiting, I must jerk up the machine for the present. I hope my remarks have done you some good. The motto I always follow is, "Brevity is the soul of wit."

BILL BISCAY.

\* \* \* \* \*

INSPIRATION VS. PERSPIRATION.

Flannel, being an absorbent, has usually been recommended as the best material for under-clothing in sweltering weather, such as that of the present summer. An ingenious gentleman of this city, however, has discovered that a full under-suit of blotting-paper is by far more efficacious than flannel, and he has taken out a patent for the idea. The article will not come under the denomination of dry goods.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE RIGHT MAN.

A Brooklyn item states as follows:

"Justice LYNCH is to have a new court-house in the Twenty-first Ward."

Why in that Ward, only? Have we not a Fourth Ward here, in New York, and a Sixth Ward, and an Eighth Ward, and a Seventeenth Ward? Judge LYNCH is just the man needed in each and all of these wards, and he may be found there yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

STRANGELY COINCIDENTAL.

The Ice Panic and the Coolie Problem.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: THE CHINESE EXPERIMENT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE GREAT SHOE MANUFACTURER SERENELY CONTEMPLATES HIS HIVE OF CELESTIAL BEES.]

\* \* \* \* \*

OUR PORTFOLIO.

It is related of the Prince of Wales, that, driving home from the late Derby Races, he lifted his hat to a group of ladies, and by accident dropped a glove, whereupon the fair ones dived eagerly into the dirt for it, while his Royal Highness laughed heartily at the scramble. Young



ladies this side of the Atlantic, it may be said with justice, are quite as practiced divers; but when the darlings duck their fingers into the dirt before any young fellow here, it more frequently happens that they are not after his glove, or his heart, so much as his pocketbook.

\* \* \* \* \*

The practice, quite common among rustic gentlemen, of visiting the city for the purpose of beholding the "elephant," doubtless suggested to the late Sir THOMAS BROWNE the following advice which he gave his son, who was about entering upon his studies in the department of Natural History:

"When you see the elephant, observe whether he bendeth his knees before and behind forward differently from other quadrupeds, as Aristotle observeth; and whether his belly be the softest and smoothest part."

It is possible that some elephants have a habit of bending at the knee-joints differently from others. Indeed, this reflection is more than likely when we consider how many elephants there are, and upon what evil doings many of them are bent, but it is not so evident that a neophyte in this branch of knowledge could derive any benefit from following Sir THOMAS'S injunctions. PUNCHINELLO begs leave to substitute for the above, some advice which he thinks would produce a vastly more salutary effect, and that to keep away from elephants altogether. Men of experience will bear out our assertion, that the much talked of "horns of a dilemma" are nothing to the tusks of an elephant; for it is possible for a person to hang upon the aforesaid "horns" without fatal results, but the party who is impaled upon the tusks of an elephant is generally ever after indifferent to the opinions of mankind.

\* \* \* \* \*

CRITICAL.

"Where do you intend to Summer?" asked JOWLER of GROWLER, one day in the "heated term."

"Summer?" retorted GROWLER--"is that what \_you\_ call it?--\_I\_ call it Simmer."

\* \* \* \* \*

PERSONAL.

PRINCE ARTHUR has taken his departure for England. It is but just to say that the regiment to which he belongs is not the same Rifle Brigade by which the Coney Island boats are controlled.

\* \* \* \* \*

GRANT'S BLACKBIRD PIE.

AIR: SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE.

Sing about a Treaty  
Got up to supply  
Half a million Black birds  
For the Union Pie.  
When the fact was published,  
Swindlers at Sing Sing  
Said the Author's one of us--  
Let us call him King.

FISH was at the Treasury  
Clamoring for the money,  
GRANT was in the "Blue-room"  
Looking blithe and sunny,  
MORBILL, in the Senate,  
Brought things to a close--  
GRANT'S half million Black birds  
Vanished with the noes.

\* \* \* \* \*

SUGGESTED BY THE HEAT OF THE COOLIE QUESTION.

Knees that the Crispins are constantly down on--Chi-nese.

\* \* \* \* \*

PROBABLE RESULT OF THAT "CHINESE PUZZLE."

A Chinese Fizzle.

\* \* \* \* \*

ECLIPSE OF THE "SUN."

JIMMY the bootblack, says he "shines for all--price ten cents."

\* \* \* \* \*

TO U,'LYSS.

ON THE REJECTION OF THE BAEZ TREATY.

Behold how fickle Fortune the great ULYSSES treats,  
Gives him victories in war-time, in peace heaps up defeats.  
His Southern laurels linger a coronet of praise;  
But a friendly Senate withers his San Domingan bays.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: YAN-KI vs. YAN-KEE.

SHOWING THE DESCENT OF CELESTIAL CRISPINS UPON THE SHOEMAKERS OF THE BAY  
STATE AND HOW THEY ROBBED THE NATIVE COBBLER OF HIS \_ALL\_]

\* \* \* \* \*

HIRAM GEEEN AT THE TOWER OF BABEL.

HE INTERVIEWS AN OLD SETTLER.-A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

While in New York, a few days sints, I was standin' in the reer of the old City haul, gazin' onto the unfinished marble bildin' which stands there.

My eye gobbled up the seen afore me, like a young weesel a suckin' of eggs,--when an old rinkled-featured--silver-haired and snowy-beerded individual touched me on the sholder, and interogated me thuswisely:

"Stranger, you seem to be stuck to make out what that ere unfinished bildin' is."

"Kerzaclee, old Hoss," sed I, "and I wouldent mind standin' the Lager to find out."

"Come with me to yonder pile of stuns," sed the old feller, "and I will relate a tail, which, for its mysteriousness, ukers the kemikle analersis of a plate of bordin' house hash."

"Wall, old METHUSELER," sed I, as our legs was danglin' over the pile of stuns, "onwind your yarn, but don't let your immaginashun go further than a Bohemian's."

He then began the follerin' histry:

"In anshient times there was a Filosifer. HORRIS GREELEY was his cognovit.

"He was Editor of a daily noosepaper. He took it into his nozzle one day to rite some essays 'on what he knowed of farmin,' which he was about as well posted on as a porpoise is about climbin' a tree.

"One day this \_Jerkt\_ farmer, by brevet, writ an artikle about irrigation.

"He told farmers that, in dry seasons, if they dammed the little streams which crossed their farms, the water would set back, and overflow their land, and keep their garden sas sozzlin' wet, and make things grow bully.

"He was a great advocate of Dams.

"He useter become so absorbed in his favorite pastime, that a feller

man, if he irritated the Filosifer, became small stream \_pro temper\_, and were dammed pooty sudden."

"What, you don't mean to say that an Editor swore in them days?" sed I, interruptin' the old man.

"They occashunly took a hand in that ere bizness, and when they got onto a fit, could cuss and swear ekal to the beet of us," sed he.

"Wall," sed I, "I thought they was all good moral men, like THEODORE TILTON & ANNER DICKINSON."

"Oh! no," he replide. "Editors in them days use to fat up on swearin'".

He then resumed, "Farmers throughout the land tride H.G.'s. dammin' ways.

"They dammed all the streams, and anybody who didn't like their stile of doin' things got sarved in the same manner. The consequents was, their was a flood--yes sir, a flood.

"Brooklin, Jarsey and Hoboken ferry-botes was swamped, and the passengers all drowned.

"To be a corroner them times was money in a feller's pocket, as the inquest bizness was the best bizness agoin' outside of any well-organized Ring.

"Only one bote lode was saved.

"JIM FISK, who was always on the look-out for a muss, was long-headed enough to own that craft.

"It was run by Captin NOAH, who Know-ed what was coming. NOAH took his family aboard, and as he owned a menagerie, he took all of his wild animals aboard to, besides the members of the Press, who kept their papers posted of the doin's aboard that Ark.

"In about 40 days time, ev'ry dammed stream busted away, and the waters dride up. And the boat ran ashore and got stuck fast, in one of them new-fashioned tar pavements.

"The Common Counsel invited NOAH and his fokes to a Lager bier garden and treated them to a banquet, at the Sity's expense.

"NOAH, who liked his soothin' sirup, got drunker than a sensashun preacher, on gin and milk, an orthodox drink them times.

"He finally went to sleep in the gutter, after undressin' hissself and hangin' all his close on a lamp-post.

"HAM, a son of Captin NOAH'S, diskiverin' his confused parient in a soot rather more comfortable than modest, was so mortified at his Dad's

nakedness, that the mortificashun become sot, and when NOAH awoke from his soberin' off sleep, his son was blacker than the ace of spades.

"NOAH didn't like niggers.

"Not much he didn't.

"He hated 'em wusser nor a Pea cracker hates a Fenian.

"Seein' that his cheild had changed his political sentiments, he \_Horris Greelyzed\_ him in the follerin' well-known words:

"Cussed be Kanan.'

"HAM wasent to be fooled in that stile by the Govenor, so he got BUTLER, whose surname was BENJAMIN, into whose sack was found a silver cup, and I believe a few spoons, SICKLES, LOGAN, LONGSTREET, and a lot of other chaps, to change their complexion. With the assistants of these men, NOAH and his party was floored, and the 15th Amendment waxed mitey and strong, espeshally with the mercury at one hundred degrees in the shade.

"Fokes was gettin' wicked and wickeder all the time.

"Members of Congress was drawin' the wool over the Goddess of Liberty's eyes, and rammin' their hands way down into her purse. Cadetships were bein' sold to the highest bidder.

"One day the wise men of Gotham sed one to another:

"'Let us bild us a tower which H.G. can't flood, if he dams from now till dooms-day.'

"A big injun took the contract. As OOFTY GOOFT, a dutch German, remarkt,

"'He vash got Tam-many oder braves to give him a boosht.'

"Street pavements were laid on 5th avenoo, which the wind took up, and the air smelt like a mixture of cold tar and Scotch snuff.

"Bulls and Bears of Wall street had a day of Eypshun darkness; it was called Black Friday.

"'Shoo-fly' was sung in our nashunal Councils.

"Banks were robbed, and Judges went snucks with the robbers.

"Men got on fits of temper-ary insanity and clubbed their wives over the head or popped off editors with a 6 shooter.

"Virtous and respectable ladies were Spencerized in the Halls of Gustise, and the 12 temptashuns was drawin' crowded houses."

"See here, old man," sed I, "hain't you pilin' on the agony rather too

thick?"

"Facts, Squire," sed he, "trooth is stronger than frickshun."

"About these times," he continered, "things was becomin' slitley mixed.

"The different tribes cooden't suck cider through the same straw any more.

"There was a confusion of tongues and a mixin' of contracts. The great Sachem and the Young Democracy had each other by the ear, while the Big Injun was bound to scratch his assailers bald headed.

"In this Reign of High Daddyism, the Young Democracy was scalpt, and that ere bildin' afore us, the great tower of Babel, come to a dead stand still, because the poletishuns coodent understand each other, and fokes dident know where the money was all gone to."

The old man paused.

I sprung to my feet.

"And this," I exclaimed, "is the mitey Babel? Wood that I possessed some of the fortins which has been made on thee. Wood that I was a contractor," sed I, awed in presence of the great bildin' which caused so many to sin.

In my enthusiasm I bust forth in that well-known Him:

"I want to be a contractor,  
And with contractors share."

After I got cooled down I looked for the old man, and sure's your born he had wrigged off. I took a Bee line for a naborin' Refreshment stand, and cooled my excited brane with a fride doenut.

Adux, PUNCHINELLO.

Ewers and so 4thly,

HIRAM GBEEN, Esq, \_Lait Gustise of the Peece.\_

\* \* \* \* \*

ALL STUFF!

That crusty old bachelor, CUMGRUMBLE, objects to the franchise being extended to women, on the ground that, since they have become so accustomed to padding their persons, they would inevitably take to "stuffing" the ballot-boxes.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHICAGO ECCENTRICITIES.

A newspaper item tells about a horse in Chicago that chews tobacco.

Well, we can beat that in New York. Only a few days ago we saw Commodore VANDERBILT driving one of his fast teams in Harlem Lane, and both the horses were Smoking like mad.

But the item adds that the Chicago horse actually picks the hostler's pocket of tobacco.

Well, that is just what one might expect of a Chicago horse.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE WATERING PLACES.

## PUNCHINELLO'S VACATIONS.

After, all there is nothing like nature, in her primevality. When man attempts to add a finishing-touch to the loveliness of the forest, lake, or ocean, he makes a botch of it. What would the glowing tropics be, if Park Commissioners had charge of them? The heart, sick of the giddy flutterings of Man, seeks the sympathy of the shadowy dell, where the jingle of coin is heard not, and where the votaries of fashion flaunt not their vain tissues in the ambient air.

So, last week, thought Mr. P., and the moment he could get away he went on a little trip to the Dismal Swamp.

There he found Nature--there was primevality indeed! An instantaneous \_rapport\_ took place between his feelings and the scene; of which the delicious loveliness can be imagined from this picture.

[Illustration: TREES  
WATER.]

As he slowly floated along the shingle canal, from Suffolk to the "Dismal," what raptures filled his soul! Here, in the recesses of that solemn mixture of trees and water, which they were rapidly approaching, he could commune with his own soul, as it were. Mr. P. had never communed with his own soul, as it were, though he knew it must be a nice thing, because he had read so much about it. So he determined to try it. It was a delightful anticipation--like scenting a new fancy drink.

But his reflections were rudely interrupted. The men who propelled the scow which Mr. P. had chartered, had not pushed it more than four or five miles into the mystic recesses of the Swamp, when they suddenly stopped with a cry of "Breakers ahead!" Mr. P. rushed to the bow, and there he beheld two doleful heads just peering above the waters of the narrow canal. He started back in amazement. He thought, at first, that

they were Naiads--(they could not be Dryads)--or some other watery spirits of these wilds. But he soon saw that they were nothing of the kind. It was only Messrs. SCHENCK, of Ohio, and KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, and through the limpid water it was easy to see that each of them was endeavoring to raise a sunken log from the bottom.

[Illustration]

"Why, what in the world are you doing here?" cried Mr. P.

Mr. SCHENCK, of Ohio, looked up sadly, and, dropping his log upon the bottom, stood upon it, and thus replied:

"You may well be surprised, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, but we are here for the public good. We have reason to suspect, that, following the example of the Chinese Opium-smugglers, the vile traitors who are trying to break down our iron interests have smuggled quantities of scrap--iron into this country, and it is our belief that these sunken logs have been bored and are full of it."

At this Mr. P. laughed right out.

"Oh, you may laugh if you please!" cried SCHENCK, of Ohio, "and perhaps you can tell me why these logs are so heavy--why they lie here at the bottom instead of floating--why--" but at this instant he slipped from the log on which he was standing, and with a splash and a bubbling, he disappeared. The men who were pushing the scow thought this an admirable opportunity to pass on, and shouting to KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, to bob his head, the gallant bark floated safely over these enthusiastic conservators of our iron interests.

Although diverted for a time by this incident, a shadow soon began to spread itself gradually over the mind of Mr. P. Was there, then, no place where the subtle influence of man did not spread itself like a noxious gas?--Where, oh, where! could one commune with his own soul, as it were?

At length they reached Lake Drummond, that placid pool in the somnolent shades, and Mr. P. put up at the house of a melancholy man, with a fur cap, who lived in a cabin on the edge of the lonely water.

For supper they had catfish, and perch, and trout, and seven-up, and euchre, and poker, and when the meal was over Mr. P. went out for a moonlight row upon the lake. He had to make the most of his time, for it would take him so long to get back to Nassau street, you know. He had not paddled his scow more than half an hour over the dark but moon-streaked waters of the lake, when he met with the maiden who, all night long, by her firefly lamp, doth paddle her light canoe. This estimable female steered her bark alongside the scow, and to the startled Mr. P. she said: "Have you my tickets?"

[Illustration]



"Tickets!" cried Mr. P. "Me?--tickets? What tickets?"

"Why, one ticket, of course, on the Norfolk, Petersburg and Richmond line; and a through ticket from Richmond to New York, by way of Fredericksburg and Washington. What other tickets could I mean?"

"I know nothing about them," said Mr. P.; "and what can you possibly want with railroad tickets?"

"Oh, I am going to leave here," said she.

"Indeed!" cried Mr. P. "Going to leave here--this lake; this swamp; this firefly lamp? To leave this spot, rendered sacred to your woes by the poem of the gifted MOORE--"

"No more!" cried she. "I'm tired of hearing everybody that comes to this pond a-singin' that doleful song."

"That is to say," said Mr. P., with a smile, "if your canoe is birch, \_you\_ are Sycamore."

"That's so," she gravely grunted.

"But tell me," said Mr. P., "where in the world can you be going?"

At this the maiden took a straw, and ramming it down the chimney of her lamp, stirred up the flies until they glittered like dollar jewelry. Then she chanted, in plaintive, tones, the following legend:

"Three women came, one moonlight night,  
And tempted me away.  
They said, 'No longer on this lake,  
Good maiden, must you stay.

We're SUSAN A. and ANNA D.,  
And LUCY S. also,  
And what a lone female can do  
We want the world to know.

No better instance can we give,  
Oh, Indian maid! than you,  
How woman can, year after year.  
Paddle her own canoe."

"Just so," said Mr. P., "but don't you think that as you are--that is to say--that not being of corporeal substance--by which I mean having been so long departed, as it were; or, to speak more plainly--"

"Oh, yes! I know.--Dead, you mean," said the maiden. "But that makes no difference. They'll be glad enough of a ghost of an example."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. P. "And yet their cause is good enough. I don't see why they should make up--"

He would have said more, but turning, he saw that the Indian maid, despairing of her tickets, had gone.

The next day Mr. P. went home himself. He communed with his own soul, as it were, for a little while, and has no doubt it did him a deal of good. But it would take so long to get back to his office, you see.

As a cheap watering place, where there are no fancy drives or fancy horses; no club-houses; no big hotels; no gay company; nor anything to tempt a man to sacrifice health and money in the empty pursuit of pleasure, Mr. P. begs to recommend the Dismal Swamp.

If he knew of any other watering place of which as much might be said, he would mention it--but he don't.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

"In the spring a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of Love," and Picnics--and this is the time for them; consequently, the attention of the Western public is turned thoroughly and religiously to what may be considered as one of the most important results of civilization and refinement. We (the Western public) regard picnics as highly advantageous to health and beauty, promoting social sympathy and high-toned alimentiveness, advancing the interests of the community and the ultimate welfare of the nation. In the first place, they are the means, working indirectly, but surely, of encouraging the domestic virtues and affections, the peace and harmony of families, because on these festive occasions, the lunch is the most striking and attractive feature, and, in order to obtain this in its highest perfection, the culinary abilities of the lady participants are necessarily called into action--those talents which have fallen somewhat into disrepute, notwithstanding Professor BLOT'S magnanimous efforts to restore the glories of the once honored culinary art. Therefore a picnic may be considered as a great moral agency in promoting domestic happiness; for what is so likely to touch the heart and arouse the slumbering sensibility of a husband and father, as a roast of beef done to a charm, or an \_omelette soufflee\_ presenting just that sublime tint of yellowness which can only be attained by means of the most delicate refinement and discrimination? No other attention, however flattering, is so soon recognised, or gratefully appreciated.

After one of these innocent festivals has been fully decided upon, then we always select a day when gathering clouds predict, most unmistakeably, a coming storm, because, what would a picnic be without some excitement of this kind? A pudding minus the sauce, a sandwich without the mustard, a joke without the point. What pleasure \_could\_ there be in a dry picnic? Ladies never appear to such excellent advantage, never are so utterly bewitching, as when, with light summer dresses bedraggled and dirty, they cling helplessly to their protectors, or run in frantic haste to some place of shelter--for it is only when a

woman (or a gentle bovine) runs, that the poetry of motion is fully realized. Then the gentlemen! Under what circumstances are they ever so chivalric as during a pouring rain, when, wet to the skin, they assist the faintly-shrieking beauties over the mud puddles, and hold umbrellas tenderly above chignons and uncrimping crimps! To be sure they do not often act as Sir WALTER RALEIGH did, but then they do not wear velvet cloaks, and what would be the wit of throwing a piece of broadcloth or white linen into the mud?

We have champagne picnics, lemonade and cold water picnics, and some, which, although they cannot be classed under the head of hot water, still manage, before they are through, to get all the participants into it. We have widows' and widowers' picnics, a kind of reunion for the encouragement of mutual consolation, where, meandering through green fields and under nodding boughs, they can talk or muse upon the virtues of the "dear departed," and the probable merits of the "coming man," or woman.

Then the anti-matrimonials have theirs, too, always exceedingly select, where the men look frightened, and the women indignant, and which partakes somewhat of the character of a Methodist prayer-meeting, the gentlemen all clinging to each other as if for protection, evidently in bodily fear of another Sabine expedition, with the order of the programme, however, a little reversed in regard to the two sexes. The Sanitary department also indulges in a little treat of this kind, and in such a case, it becomes really a duty. After guarding the city's health for so long a time, after sternly following up Scarlet-fevers, Small-poxes, and Ship-plagues, and driving them forth from their chosen haunts, it certainly needs to look after its own constitution a little, and sharpen, by country airs and odors, the powers probably deteriorated amid the noxious vapors of city alleys and by-ways.

The Teachers' Institute, too, looking at the thing physiologically, psychologically, and phrenologically, after mature deliberation, conclude to descend to a little harmless amusement, contriving, however, to mingle some instructive elements with the frivolous ones that less enlightened spirits delight in. For instance, the flowers, that are truly the "alphabet of angels" to the simple souls that love the violets and daisies for their own sweet sakes, offer a very different alphabet to the "Schoolma'ams" and Professors. They are no longer flowers, but specimens, each bud and blossom pleading in vain for life, as ruthless fingers coolly dissect them to discover whether they are poly or mollyandria. And what an ignoramus you must be, if you do not know that a balloon-vine is a *Cardiospermum Halicactum*. The "feast" on these occasions is that "of reason" alone, encyclopedias and dictionaries being all the nourishment required, although a stray bottle here and there might hint at "the flow" of a little something beside "soul."

Then there are the Good Templars' picnics, where "water, cold water for me, for me," is supposed to be the sentiment of every heart, mixing the beverage sometimes, however, with a little innocent tea, or coffee; and the Masonic festivals, where pretty white aprons and silver fringes, shining amid green dells and vales, present quite a picturesque and

imposing appearance; and the Fenians, looking sometimes greener than the haunts they are seeking.

Then every distinct and individual Sunday-school in the city has a picnic, which it would be well to attend, if you are anxious to see the diversities and eccentricities of youthful appetites fearfully illustrated.--When the loaves and fishes were distributed, there could not have been many growing boys present.--And beside these, the family picnics, most cosy little affairs, represented by one big fat man, one delicate-faced woman, one maiden-aunt, four graduated boys, and five graduated girls, all piled into one big fat carriage, drawn by two big fat horses. But it is the Germans who take the palm, and here language fails, though beer doesn't.

\* \* \* \* \*

COMIC ZOOLOGY.

GENUS SQUALUS--THE SHARK.

Linnaeus classifies the Sharks as the Squalidae family, and they are, upon the whole, as unpleasant a family as a Squalid Castaway would desire to meet with in a Squall. They are all carnivorous, cartilaginous, and cantankerous. No fish culturist, from St. ANTHONY to SETH GREEN, has thought it worth while to take them in hand, with the view of reforming them, and their Vices are as objectionable now as they were three thousand years ago. If a sailor falls overboard, the Contiguous Shark considers it a *\_casus belli\_*, and immediately makes a pitch at the tar, with the intention of putting itself outside of him. Failing in that, it generally shears off a limb before it sheers away. Herds of sharks instinctively follow fever-ships, and when the dead are thrown into the sea, are seen by the seamen in the shrouds, ready to perform the office of Undertakers. In the vicinity of the Trades, they sometimes lie under the counters of merchantmen for days together. Nothing comes amiss to them, from a midshipman to a marrow-bone, and it may be interesting to politicians to know that Repeaters and Rings have occasionally been found in the maws of these monsters. They bite readily at "Salt horse," and, when hooked with a rattan in throat, may be yanked on board with the bight of a hawser. An enormous specimen sometimes gets caught in a fore-castle yarn. In this case, never interfere with the thread of the narrative by asking impertinent questions, however difficult it may be to hoist it in.

Sharks abound at Newport, Long Branch, Cape May, and other watering-places, at this season of the year, and many victims are seized there by the Legs. The Bottle-Nose Shark is to be found in every harbor--generally in the vicinity of the Bar. He may be known from the other varieties by the redness of his gills. He is often seen disporting himself among the Shallows, but is usually too Deep to be pulled up. White Sharks are frequently observed hovering about emigrant ships in the vicinity of the Battery, and the Blue Shark is now and then hauled up as far North as Mulberry Street, while trying, as it were, to get on the other side of JOURDAN. In China, nobody objects to take the fin of a

Shark, but in this country, when a Shark extends his fin to an honest man, it is always rejected with contempt. This voracious creature is common both in the Temperate and Torrid Zones. It has, in fact, no particular habitat, but is found in Diver's places in almost every latitude.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Illustration: STAY-AT-HOME PEOPLE.

WHAT'S THE USE OF GOING TO THE EXPENSE OF A VISIT TO NIAGARA FALLS, WHEN SUCH A GRAND SHOWER-BATH AS THIS CAN BE EXTEMPORIZED IN THE GARDEN?]

\* \* \* \* \*

A MOTLEY MELODY.

AIR: OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Feast-loving MOTLEY  
Over a bottle he  
Quite overlooks Uncle SAM.  
He asks not for chink,  
So JOHN BULL, with a wink,  
"Alabama" proclaims All a bam.

When he goes to State dinners to fill out his skin,  
\_Amor Patriae\_ leaks out as the turtle goes in.

When he hob-nobs with ministers--capital sport--All  
our losses at Sea he condoneth in Port.

When by Britons soft-soaped, he's delighted to lave  
In the lather that's only laid on for a shave.

When to Downing street called, with a bow and a scrape  
He accepts, in the place of hard dollars, red tape.

When a guest at the table of London's Lord Mayor,  
He Tables our Claim while addressing the Chair.

And whenever he mingles with transmarine nob  
He is always the PRINCE OF AMERICAN SNOBS.

\* \* \* \* \*

"SWALLOW, SWALLOW," ETC.

THE inevitable "enormous gooseberry" of the provincial newspaper "local" has made its appearance. It is smaller than usual, being only three inches in circumference; but that is a great advantage to persons desirous of swallowing it.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO WHOM IT MAY BE INTERESTING.

AMONG the Japanese students in Rutger's College, there is one who revels in the very suggestive name of HASHI-GUTCHI. Keepers of cheap boarding-houses are warned against harboring that young man.

\* \* \* \* \*

LETTER FROM A JAPANESE STUDENT.

MR. PUNCHINELLO:--I knowee you, but you no knowee me. My name SOOGIWOORA. I Japanee young mans friend of Tycoon, great ruler. I read muchee your paper. Sometimes it makee me laugh--sometimes cry. We have also much funee mans in Japan. I come here with other Japanee young mans to your college, what you call RUTGER'S, for learn to be great statesman, for study--how you call--logeec and diplomacee, to makee treattee. Much I readee your treattees and your policy much astudee. How too much I can admire your great statesmans. Your SEWARD, he great American mans, he gainee much territorree to the United States. He also payee much for it. No gettee much in return. No matter. Americans rich peoples. They tella me Alaska too cold. Japanee mans no could live there then. Much snow and ice, big rocks, and--what you call--Fur Trees. How that? Fur no grow on tree in Japan. Strange ting. Muchee animal they say--what you call--walrus there. Perhaps Whale. That makee me to tink of Mr. FEESH. He is deep, that FEESH. So deep I no can understand him. They tella me much other peoples no can understand him too. He makee much policee with his Foreign Relations. I ask a much people to tella me who are his Foreign Relations. They laugh great deal and tella me Spain and General PRIM. No knowee Spain countree in Japan. I no tink it much of a countree, no havee muchee--how you call--Commerce. One ting puzzle me great deal. Here much freedom. Sometimes I tink, too much. But that Island--how you call it--Cuba. People tella me Spain cruel to that island. Now I read muchee in the speeches and--how you call--State papers, of great American mans, that your government is friend of--what you call 'ems--two awfully hard word--Inglees very hard--Stop! I go get book--O, now I have him--Oppressed Nationalities. Now, you lettee Spain buy--what you call--gunboats and big guns and powder and balls for shoot, but you no lettee Cuba buy. I ask some peoples how that is. They tella me Nootrality. Funny ting, Nootrality. Fraid Japanee mans stoopid, no can understand him now. Never mind. Learn bimeby.

Anoder ting. I no hear any one say General GRANT great mans. Only say he go muchee to clam bake, go fishee and much smokee. Dat's all. Why you makee him you ruler then? Because that he so much smokee? Tings much different here from Japan. Tycoon or Mikado no go clam bake, no go fishee. Stay at home and govern Japanee. No time go fishee. Only smoke opium sometimes. Why General GRANT no smokee opium too? Good ting for Japanee trade.

Since that I arrivee here much peoples aska me about hari-kari. One mans he aska me if that what Japanee mans eat. I laugh great deal, and tella

him Japanee mans much prefer bird nest soup and shark fin. Then he laugh much great deal too. Why? The other day I tread on Professor mans foot. He old mans, much fat, with red nose and--how you call--gout. He swear one little swear, but no much loud, and look much 'fended. I say him, "No be 'fended," and proposee him hari-kari for--how you call--satisfaction. He much sprise, and say, "What hari-kari?" Then I tella him that he should rip him ups and then I rip me ups--so. So Japanee mans do when not satisfy. Then he laugh much great deal, say he no 'fended, much satisfy, and shakee hands.

People here much friendly. Often say "Go drinkee with me." I say them I no go drinkee. They aska me "why not?" I say them Japanee man no want go talkee to lamp-post, shakee hands with pump, and try for makee light him cigar with door-key. So it make American man do. Drinkee no good for Japanee mans. Japanee TOMMY too much fond--what you call--cobblers. TOMMY bad boy. Got drunks. Him kill.

Some American mans too much questions askee. Want know too much. We have wild animal in Japan--what you call--Boar. We much fearee him. Run away when come. So I fearee and run away when come mans that too much questions ask. One ting puzzle me much. For why you call your money shinplaster? I no can tell, unless that he walk away so fast.

SOOGIWOORA

\* \* \* \* \*

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[Illustration: \_Sidewalk Dealer\_. "BUY A FINE-TOOTH COMB, MISTER--IT'LL  
KEEP YOUR HAT SMOOTH."]

\* \* \* \* \*

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