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Vol. 1. No. 21.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

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The

MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOVES FOR THREE.

Christmas Eve in Bumsteadville. Christmas Eve all over the world, but especially where the English language is spoken. No sooner does the first facetious star wink upon this Eve, than all the English-speaking millions of this Boston-crowned earth begin casting off their hatreds, meannesses, uncharities, and Carlyleisms, as a garment, and, in a beautiful spirit of no objections to anybody, proceed to think what can be done for the poor in the way of sincerely wishing them well. The princely merchant, in his counting-room, involuntarily experiences the softening, humanizing influence of the hour, and, in tones tremulous with unwonted emotion, privately directs his Chief-Clerk to tell all the other clerks, that, on this night of all the round year, they may, before leaving the store at 10 o'clock, take almost any article from that slightly damaged auction-stock down in the front cellar, at actual cost-price. This, they are to understand, implies their Employer's hearty wish of a Merry Christmas to them; and is a sign that, in the grand spirit of the festal season, he can even forget and forgive those unnatural leaner entry-clerks who are always whining for more than their allotted \$7 a week. The President of the great railroad corporation, in the very middle of a growling fit over the extra cost involved in purchasing his last Legislature, (owing to the fact that some of its Members had been elected upon a fusion of Radical-Reform and Honest-Workingman's Tickets,) is suddenly and mysteriously impressed with the recollection that this is Christmas Eve. "Why, bless my soul, so it is!" he cries, springing up from his littered rosewood desk like a boy. "Here, you General Superintendent out there in the office!" sings he, cheerily, "send some one down to Washington Market this instant, to find out whether or not any of those luscious anatomical western turkies that I saw in the barrels this morning are left yet. If the commercial hotels down-town haven't taken them all, buy every remaining barrel at once! Not a man nor boy in this Company's service shall go home to-night without his Christmas dinner in his hand! Lively, now, Mr. JONES! and just oblige me by picking out one of the birds for yourself, if you can find one at all less blue than the rest. It's Christmas Eve, sir; and upon my word I'm really sorry our boys have to work to-morrow as usual. Ah! it's hard to be poor, JONES! A merry Christmas to us all. Here's my carriage come for me." And even in returning to their homes from their daily avocations, on Christmas Eve, how the most grasping, penurious souls of men will soften to the world's unfortunate! Who is this poor old lady, looking as though she might be somebody's grandmother, sitting here by the wayside, shivering, on such an Eve as this? No home to go?—Relations all dead?—Eaten nothing in two days?—Walked all the way from the Woman's Rights Bureau in Boston?—Dear me! *can* there be so much suffering on Christmas Eve? I must do something for her, or my own good dinner to-morrow will be a reproach to me. "Here! Policeman! just take this poor old lady to the Station-House, and give her a good warm home there until morning. There! cheer-up, Aunty; you're all right *now*. This gentleman in the uniform has promised to take care of you. Merry Christmas!"—Or, when at home, and that extremely bony lad, in the thin summer coat, chatters to you, from the snow on the front-stoop, about the courage he has taken from Christmas Eve to ask you for enough to get a meal and a

night's-lodging—how differently from your ordinary style does a something soft in your breast impel you to treat him. "No work to be obtained?" you say, in a light tone, to cheer him up. "Of course there's none *here*, my young friend. All the work here at the East is for foreigners, in order that they may be used at election-time. As for you, an American boy, why don't you go to h— I mean to the West. *Go West*, young man! Buy a good, stout farming outfit, two or three serviceable horses, or mules, a portable house made in sections, a few cattle, a case of fever medicine—and then go out to the far West upon Government-land. You'd better go to one of the hotels for to-night, and then purchase Mr. GREELEY'S 'What I Know About Farming,' and start as soon as the snow permits in the morning. Here are ten cents for you. Merry Christmas!"—Thus to honor the natal Festival of Him—the Unselfish incarnate, the Divinely insighted—Who said unto the lip-server: Sell all that thou hast, and give it to the Poor, and follow Me; and from Whom the lip-server, having great possessions, went away exceeding sorrowful!

Three men are to meet at dinner in the Bumsteadian apartments on this Christmas Eve. How has each one passed the day?

MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON, in his room in Gospeler's Gulch, reads Southern tragedies in an old copy of the *New Orleans Picayune*, until two o'clock, when he hastily tears up all his soiled paper collars, packs a few things into a travelling satchel, and, with the latter slung over his shoulder, and a Kehoe's Indian club in his right hand, is met in the hall by his tutor, the Gospeler.

"What are you doing with that club, Mr. MONTGOMERY?" asks the Reverend OCTAVIUS, hastily stepping back into a corner.

"I've bought it to exercise with in the open air," answers the young Southerner, playfully denting the wall just over his tutor's head with it "After this dinner with Mr. DROOD, at BUMSTEAD'S, I reckon I shall start on a walking match, and I've procured the club for exercise as I go. Thus:" He twirls it high in the air, grazes Mr. SIMPSON'S nearer ear, hits his own head accidentally, and breaks the glass in the hat-stand.

"I see! I see!" says the Gospeler, rather hurriedly. "Perhaps you *had* better be entirely alone, and in the open country, when you take that exercise."

Rubbing his skull quite dismally, the prospective pedestrian goes straightway to the porch of the Alms-House, and there waits until his sister comes down in her bonnet and joins him.

"MAGNOLIA," he remarks, hastening to be the first to speak, in order to have any conversational chance at all with her, "it is not the least mysterious part of this Mystery of ours, that keeps us all out of doors so much in the unseasonable winter month of December,^[1] and now I am peculiarly a meteorological martyr in feeling obliged to go walking for two whole freezing weeks, or until the Holidays and this—this marriage-business, are over. I didn't tell Mr. SIMPSON, but my real purpose, I reckon, in having this club, is to save myself, by violent exercise with it, from perishing of cold."

"Must you do this, MONTGOMERY?" asks his colloquial sister, thoughtfully. "Perhaps if I were to talk long enough with you—"

"—You'd literally exhaust me into not going? Certainly you would," he returns, confidently. "First, my head would ache from the constant noise; then it would spin; then I should grow faint and hear you less distinctly; then your voice, although you were talking-on the same as ever, would sound like a mere steady hum to me; then I should become unconscious, and be carried home, with you still whispering in my ear. But do *not* talk, MAGNOLIA; for I must do the walking-match. The prejudice here against my Southern birth makes me a damper upon the festivities of others at this general season of forgiveness to all mankind, and I can't stand the sight of that DROOD and Miss POTTS together. I'd better stay away until they have gone."

He pauses a moment, and adds: "I wish I were not going to this dinner, or that I were not carrying this club there."

He shakes her hand and his own head, glances up at the storm-clouds now gathering in the sky, goes onward to Mr. BUMSTEAD'S boarding-house, halts at the door a moment to moisten his right hand and balance the Indian club in it, and then enters.

EDWIN DROOD'S day before merry Christmas is equally hilarious. Now that the Flowerpot is no longer on his mind, the proneness of the masculine nature to court misfortune causes him to think seriously of Miss PENDRAGON, and wonder whether *she* would make a wife to ruin a man? It will be rather awkward, he thinks, to be in Bumsteadville for a week or two after the Macassar young ladies shall have heard of his matrimonial disengagement, as they will all be sure to sit symmetrically at every front window in the Alms-House whenever he tries to go by; and he resolves to escape the danger by starting for Egypt, Illinois, immediately after he has seen Mr. DIBBLE and explained the situation to him. Finding that his watch has run down, he steps into a jeweler's to have it wound, and is at once subjected to insinuating overtures by the man of genius. What does he think of this ring, which is exactly the thing for some particular Occasions in Life? It is made of the metal for which nearly all young couples marry now-a-days, is as endless as their disagreements, and, by the new process, can be stretched to fit the Second wife's hand, also. Or look at this pearl set. Very chaste, really soothing; intended as a present from a Husband after

First Quarrel. These cameo ear-rings were never known to fail. Judiciously presented, in a velvet case, they may be depended upon to at once divert a young Wife from Returning to her Mother, as she has threatened. Ah! Mr. DROOD cares for no more jewelry than his watch, chain and seal-ring? To be sure! when Mr. BUMSTEAD was in yesterday for the regular daily new crystal in his own watch—how *does* he break so many!—*he* said that his beloved nephews wore only watches and rings, or he would buy paste breastpins for them. Your oroide is now wound up, Mr. DROOD, and set at twenty minutes past Two.

"Dear old JACK!" thinks EDWIN to himself, pocketing his watch as he walks away; "he thinks just twice as much of me as any one else in the world, and I should feel doubly grateful."

As dusk draws on, the young fellow, returning from a long walk, espies an aged Irish lady leaning against a tree on the edge of the turnpike, with a pipe upside-down in her mouth, and her bonnet on wrong-side-afore.

"Are you sick?" he asks kindly.

"Divil a sick, gintlemen," is the answer, with a slight catch of the voice,—*"bless the two of yez!"*

EDWIN DROOD can scarcely avoid a start, as he thinks to himself, "Good Heaven! how much like JACK!"

"Do you eat cloves, madame?" he asks, respectfully.

"Cloves is it, honey? ah, thin, I do that, whin I'm expectin' company. Odether-nodether, but I've come here the day from New York for nothing. Sure phat's the names of you two darlints?"

"EDWIN," he answers, in some wonder, as he hands her a currency stamp, which, on account of the large hole worn in it, he has been repeatedly unable to pass himself.

"EDDY is it? Och hone, och hone, machree!" exclaims the venerable woman, hanging desolately around the tree by her arms while her bonnet falls over her left ear: "I've heard that name threatened. Och, acushla wirasthu!"

Believing that the matron will be less agitated if left alone, and, probably, able to get a little roadside sleep, EDWIN DROOD passes onward in deep thought. The boarding-house is reached, and *he* enters.

J. BUMSTEAD'S day of the dinner is also marked by exhilarating experiences. With one coat-tail unwittingly tucked far up his back, so that it seems to be amputated, and his alpaca umbrella under his arm, he enters a grocery-store of the village, and abstractedly asks how strawberries are selling to-day? Upon being reminded that fresh fruit is very scarce in late December, he changes his purpose, and orders two bottles of Bourbon flavoring-extract sent to his address. And now he wishes to know what they are charging for sponges? They tell him that he must seek those articles at the druggist's, and he compromises by requesting that four lemons be forwarded to his residence. Have they any good Canton-flannel, suitable for a person of medium complexion?—No?—Very well, then: send half a pound of cloves to his house before night.

There are Ritualistic services at Saint Cow's, and he renders the organ-accompaniments with such unusual freedom from reminiscences of the bacchanalian repertory, that the Gospeler is impelled to compliment him as they leave the cathedral.

"You're in fine tone to-day, BUMSTEAD. Not quite so much volume to your playing as sometimes, but still the tune could be recognized."

"That, sir," answers the organist, explainingly, "was because I held my right wrist firmly with my left hand, and played mostly with only one finger. The method, I find, secures steadiness of touch and precision in hitting the right key."

"I should think it would, Mr. BUMSTEAD. You seem to be more free than ordinarily from your occasional indisposition."

"I am less nervous, Mr. SIMPSON," is the reply. "I've made up my mind to swear off, sir.—I'll tell you what I'll do, SIMPSON," continues the Ritualistic organist, with sudden confidential affability. "I'll make an agreement with you, that whichever of us catches the other slipping-up first in the New Year, shall be entitled to call for whatever he wants."

"Bless me! I don't understand," ejaculates the Gospeler.

"No matter, sir. No matter!" retorts the mystic of the organ-loft, abruptly returning to his original gloom. "My company awaits me, and I must go."

"Excuse me," cries the Gospeler, turning back a moment; "but what's the matter with your coat?"

The other discovers the condition of his tucked-up coat-tail with some fierceness of aspect, but immediately explains that it must have been caused by his sitting upon a folding-chair just before leaving home.

So, humming a savage tune in make-belief of no embarrassment at all in regard to his recently disordered garment, Mr. BUMSTEAD reaches his boarding-house. At the door he waits long enough to examine his umbrella, with scowling scrutiny, in every rib; and then *he* enters.

Behind the red window-curtain of the room of the dinner-party shines the light all night, while before it a wailing December gale rises higher and higher. Through leafless branches, under eaves and against chimneys, the savage wings of the storm are beaten, its long fingers caught, and its giant shoulder heaved. Still, while nothing else seems steady, that light behind the red curtain burns unextinguished; the reason being that the window is closed and the wind cannot get at it.

At morning comes a hush on nature; the sun arises with that innocent expression of countenance which causes some persons to fancy that it resembles Mr. GREELEY after shaving; and there is an evident desire on the part of the wind to pretend that it has not been up all night. Fallen chimnies, however, expose the airy fraud, and the clock blown completely out of Saint Cow's steeple reveals what a high time there has been.

Christmas morning though it is, Mr. MCLAUGHLIN is summoned from his family-circle of pigs, to mount the Ritualistic church and see what can be done; and while a small throng of early idlers are staring up at him from Gospeler's Gulch, Mr. BUMSTEAD, with his coat on in the wrong way, and a wet towel on his head, comes tearing in amongst them like a congreve rocket.

"Where's them nephews?—where's MONTGOMERIES?—where's that umbrella?" howls Mr. BUMSTEAD, catching the first man he sees by the throat, and driving his hat over his eyes.

"What's the matter, for goodness sake?" calls the Gospeler from the window of his house. "Mr. PENDRAGON has gone away on a walking-match. Is not Mr. DROOD at home with you?"

"Norrabit'v it," pants the organist, releasing his man's throat, but still leaning with heavy affection upon him: "m'nephews wen 'out with 'm —f'r li'le walk—er mir'night; an' 've norseen'm —since."

There is no more looking up at Saint Cow's steeple with a MCLAUGHLIN on it now. All eyes fix upon the agitated Mr. BUMSTEAD, as he wildly attempts to step over the tall paling of the Gospeler's fence at a stride, and goes crashing headlong through it instead.

(To be Continued.)

[\[1\]](#)

In the original English story there is, considering the bitter time of year given, a truly extraordinary amount of solitary sauntering, social strolling, confidential confabulating, evening-rambling, and general lingering, in the open air. To "adapt" this novel peculiarity to American practice, without some little violation of probability, is what the present conscientious Adapter finds almost the artistic requirement of his task.

ALL HAIL!

The most fearful weapon yet brought into the field of war—if we are to believe newspaper correspondents—is the revolving grape-shot gun known as the "hail-thrower," a piece of ordnance said to be in use by the French and Prussian armies, alike. If half we hear about the "hail-thrower" be true, 'twere better for all concerned to keep out of hail of it. Many a hale fellow well met by that fearful hail storm must go to grass ere the red glare of the war has passed away. "Where do you hail from?" would be a bootless question to put when the "hail-thrower" begins to administer throes to the breaking ranks. Worse than that; it would probably be a headless question.

"THE PERFECT CURE."

A newspaper paragraph states that, in Minnesota, they have a very summary way of restoring the consciousness of pigs that have been smitten by the summery rays of the sun. They simply open piggy's head with a pick-axe or other handy instrument, introduce a handful or two of salt, close up the head again, and piggy is all right. But this, after all, is simply a new application of the old practice of Curing pork with salt.

Con by a Son of a Gun.

Why are the new breech-loaders supplied with needles?
To keep their breeches in repair, of course.

Con by a Carpet-Shaker.

Why is a large carpet like the late rebellion?
Because it took such a lot of tax to put it down.

ADVICE TO PICNIC PARTIES.



At this culminating period of the summer season, it is natural that the civic mind should turn itself to the contemplation of sweet rural things, including shady groves, lunch-baskets, wild flowers, sandwiches, bird songs, and bottled lager-bier.

The skies are at their bluest, now; the woods and fields are at their greenest; flowers are blooming their yellowest, and purplest, and scarletest. All Nature is smiling, in fact, with one large, comprehensive smile, exactly like a first-class PRANG chromo with a fresh coat of varnish upon it.

Things being thus, what can be more charming than a rural excursion to some tangled thicket, the very brambles, and poison-ivy, and possible copperhead snakes of which are points of unspeakable value to a picnic party, because they are sensational, and one cannot have them in the city without rushing into fabulous extra expense. It is good, then, that neighbors should club together for the festive purposes of the picnic, and a few words of advice regarding the arrangement of such parties may be seasonable.

If your excursion includes a steamboat trip, always select a boat that is likely to be crowded to its utmost capacity, more especially one of which a majority of the passengers are babies in arms. There will probably be some roughs on board, who will be certain to get up a row, in which case you can make the babies in arms very effective as "buffers" for warding off blows, while the crowd will save you from being knocked down.

Should there be a bar on board the steamer, it will be the duty of the gentlemen of the party to keep serving the ladies with cool beverages from it at brief intervals during the trip. This will promote cheerfulness, and, at the same time, save for picnic duty proper the contents of the stone jars that are slumbering sweetly among the pork-pies and apple-dumplings by which the lunch-baskets are occupied.

Never take more than one knife and fork with you to a picnic, no matter how large the party may be. The probability is that you may be attacked by a gang of rowdies and it is no part of your business to furnish them with weapons.

Avoid taking up your ground near a swamp or stagnant water of any kind. This is not so much on account of mosquitoes as because of the small saurian reptiles that abound in such places. If your party is a large one, there will certainly be one lady in it, at least, who has had a lizard in her stomach for several years, and the struggles of the confined reptile to join its congeners in the swamp might induce convulsions, and so mar the hilarity of the party.

To provide against an attack by the city brigands who are always prowling in the vicinity of picnic parties, it will be judicious to attend to the following rules:

Select all the fat women of the party, and seat them in a ring outside the rest of the picnickers, and with their faces toward the centre of the circle. In the event of a discharge of missiles this will be found a very effective *cordon*—quite as effective, in fact, as the feather beds used in the making up of barricades.

Let the babies of the party be so distributed that each, or as many as possible of the gentlemen present, can have one at hand to snatch up and use for a fender should an attack at close quarters be made.

If any dark, designful strangers should intrude themselves upon the party, unbidden, the

gentlemen present should by no means exhibit the slightest disposition to resent the intrusion, or to show fight, as the strangers are sure to be professional thieves, and, as such, ready to commit murder, if necessary. Treat the strangers with every consideration possible under the circumstances. Should there be no champagne, apologize for the absence of it, and offer the next best vintage you happen to have. Of course, having lunched, the strangers will be eager to acquire possession of all valuables belonging to the party. The gentlemen, therefore, will make a point of promptly handing over to them their own watches and jewelry, as well as those of their lady friends.

Having arrived home, (we assume the possibility of this,) refrain, carefully, from communicating with the police on the subject of the events of the day. The publicity that would follow would render you an object of derision, and no possible good could result to you from disclosure of the facts. But you should at once make up your mind never to participate in another picnic.

A CHANCE FOR OUR ORGAN GRINDERS.

The famous *mitrailleur*, or grape-thrower, with which LOUIS NAPOLEON has already commenced to astonish the Prussians, suggests congenial work for the numerous performers on the barrel-organ with which our large cities are at all times infested. It is worked with a crank, exactly after the manner of the too-familiar street instrument; and might easily be fitted with a musical cylinder arranged for the performance of the most inspiring and patriotic French airs. Should Italy, at present neutral, take side with France hereafter, she should at once withdraw her wandering minstrels from all parts of the world, and set them to work on the "double attachment" engine of L.N. Nothing could be more appropriate for working the *mitrailleur* than a corps of barrel-organ grinders from the land of the Grape.

THE ORIGIN OF PUNCHINELLO.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: Though aware that you "belong to Company G," and must not be bothered, I wish to ask whether you are descended from the famous chicken-dealer of Sorrento, who sold fowls in Naples, and was well-known in that fun-loving city for the humor of his speech and the oddity of his form. He was called "PULCINELLA," I believe, the name being the same as that of his wares.

If not to this celebrated wag, perhaps you trace your origin to Mr. PUCCIO D'ANELLO, who so delighted a company of actors at Aceria, with his jokes and gibes, that they invited him to join them, and soon discovered that they had found a Star.

If neither of these classical wags was your ancestor, may I ask, who the deuce *did* you come from? Yours, truly,

CURIOSO.

RECIPE TO BE TESTED.

We see that they have been "firing cannon in the fields near Paris, to bring on a rain." If there is any virtue in this recipe, they are likely to get some moist weather to the north-eastward of Paris, to say the least. The firing in that quarter may even lead to a Reign in Paris such as France has not lately seen. We would not go so far as to *predict* anything of this sort. Oh, no; for we are aware that the moment we should do so, NAPOLEON would lick the Prussians on purpose to show the world that we didn't hit it that time.

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

When one wants to see the great people who are to be seen nowhere else, one goes to the celebrated White Sulphur Springs of Virginia; and, very correctly supposing that there might be persons there who would like to see him, Mr. PUNCHINELLO took a trip to the aforesaid springs. He found it charming there. There was such a chance to study character. From the parlors where Chief-Justice CHASE and General LEE were hob-nobbing over apple-toddies and "peach-and-

honey," to the cabins where the wards of the nation were luxuriating in picturesque ease beneath the shade of their newly-fledged angel of liberty, everything was instructive to the well-balanced mind.

Here, too, in these fertile regions, were to be seen those exquisite floral creations known as mint-juleps, the absence of which in our Northern agricultural exhibitions can never be sufficiently deplored.

Witness the beauty of the design and the ingenious delicacy of the execution of one of the humblest of the species.



From experience in the matter, Mr. P. is prepared to say, that not only as an exponent of the beauties of nature, but as a drink, a mint-julep is far superior to the water which gives thin resort its celebrity. Why people persist in drinking that vilest of all water which is found at the fashionable springs, Mr. P. cannot divine. If it is medicine you want, you can get your drugs at any apothecary's, and he will mix them in water for you for a very small sum extra. And the saving in expense of travel, board and extras, will be enormous.

But in spite of this fact, there were plenty of distinguished-looking people at the White Sulphur. Mr. P. didn't know them all, but he had no doubt that one of them was General LEE; one PHIL. SHERIDAN; another Prof. MAURY; another GOLDWIN SMITH; and others Governor WISE; HENRY WARD BEECHER, WADE HAMPTON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, RAPHAEL SEMMES, and

LUCRETIA MOTT. One man, an incognito, excited Mr. P.'s curiosity. This personage was generally found in the society of LEE, JOHNSTON, POPE, HAMPTON, GREELEY, and those other fellows who did so much to injure the Union cause during the war. One day Mr. P. accosted him. He was an oddity, and perhaps it would be a good idea to put his picture in the paper.

"Sir!" said Mr. P., with that delicate consideration for which he is so noted, "why do you pull your hat down over your eyes, and what is your object in thus concealing your identity? Come sir! let us know what it all means."

The *incognito* glanced at Mr. P. with the corner of his eye, and perceiving that he was in citizen's dress, pulled his hat still further over his face.

"My business," said he, "is my own, but since the subject has been broached, I may as well let you know what it is."

"You know me, then?" said Mr. P.

"I do," replied the other, and proceeding with his recital, he said, "You may have heard that a number of negro squatters were lately ejected from a private estate in this State, after they had made the grounds to blossom like the rose, and to bring forth like the herring."

"Yes, I heard that," said Mr. P.

"Well," said the other, "I happened to have some land near by, and I invited those negroes to come and squat on my premises—"

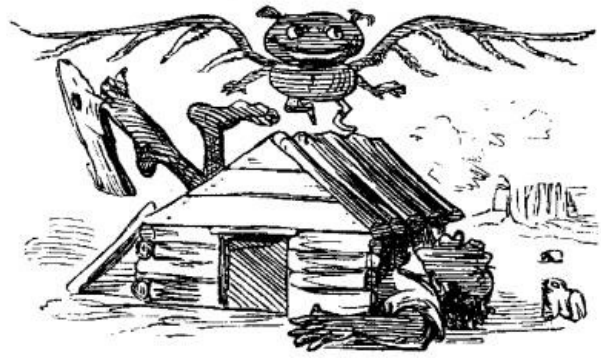
"Intending to turn them off about blossoming time?" said Mr. P.

"Certainly, certainly," said the other, "and I am just waiting about here until they put in a wheat crop on part of the land. I can then sell that portion, right away."

"Well, Mr. BEN BUTLER," said Mr. P., "all that is easily understood, now that I know who you are; but tell me this, why are you so careful to cover your face when in the company of civilians or ladies, and yet go about so freely among these ex-Confederate officers?"

"Oh," said the other, "you see I don't want to be known down here, and some of the women or old men might remember my face. There's no danger of any of the soldiers recognizing me, you know."

"Oh, no," cried Mr. P. "None in the world, sir."



"And besides," said the modest BUTLER, "it's too late now for me to be spooning around among the women."

"That's so," said Mr. P. "Good-bye, BENJAMIN. Any news from Dominica?"

"None at all," said the other, "and I don't care if there never is. I am opposed to that annexation scheme now."

"Sold your claims?" said Mr. P. The incognito winked and departed.

That evening at supper Mr. P. remarked that his biscuits were rather hard, and he blandly requested a waiter to take one of them outside and crack it. The elder PEYTON, who runs the hotel, overheard Mr. P.'s remark, and stepping up to him, said:

"Sir, you should not be so particular about your food. What you pay me, while you stay at my place, is my charge for the water you drink. The food and lodging I throw in, gratis."

Mr. P. arose.

"Mr. PEYTON," said he, "when I was quite a little boy, my father, making the tour of America, brought me here, and I distinctly remember your making that remark to him. Since then many of my friends have visited the White Sulphur, and you invariably made the same remark to them. Is there no way to escape the venerable joke?"

The gentle PEYTON made no answer, but walked away, and after supper, one of the boarders took Mr. P. aside and urged him to excuse their host, as he was obliged to make the joke in question to every guest. The obligation was in his lease.

So the matter blew over.

Reflecting, however, that if he had to pay so much for the water, that he had better drink a little, Mr. P. went down to the spring to see what could be done. On the way, he met Uncle AARON, formerly one of WASHINGTON'S body-servants. The venerable patriarch touched his hat, and Mr. P., hoping from such great age to gain a little wisdom, propounded the following questions:

"Uncle, is this water good for the bile?"

"Oh, lor! no, mah'sr! Dat dar water 'ud jis spile anything you biled in it. Make it taste of rotten eggs, for all the world, sir! 'Deed it would.'

"But what I want to know," said Mr. P., "is why the people drink it."

"Lor' bless you, mah'sr! Dis here chile kin tell you dat. Ye see de gem'men from de Norf dey drinks it becase they eat so much cold wheat bread. Allers makes 'em sick, sir."

"And why do the Southerners drink it?"

"Wal, mah'sr, you see dey eats so much hot wheat bread, and it don't agree wid 'em, no how."

"But how about the colored people? I have seen them drinking it, frequently," said Mr. P.

"Oh, lor, mah'sr, how you is a askin' questions! Don't you know dat de colored folks hab to drink it becase dey don't get no wheat bread at all?"

Mr. P. heard no better philosophy than this on the subject while he remained at the White Sulphur. When he left, he brought a couple of gallons of the water with him, and intends keeping it in the water-cooler in his office, for loungers.



CANTO III.

"JACK and GILL went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
JACK fell down and broke his crown,
And GILL came tumbling after."

How many persons there are who read those lines without giving one moment's thought to their hidden beauty. Love, obedience, and devotion unto death, are here portrayed; and yet people will repeat the lines of the melancholy muse with a smile on their faces, and even teach it to their young children as a sort of joyful lyric.

My own infant-mind was tampered with in the same manner; and after I had committed the poem to memory I was proudly called up by my fond and doting parents to display my infantile acquirements before admiring visitors. The result might have been foreknown. All my infancy and youth passed away, and I never once perceived the hidden worth of these lines till I had tumbled down a hill myself, cracked my crown, and was laid up with it a week or more. During that time I had leisure to muse on the fate of poor JACK. When my mind expanded so as to take in all the sublimity of his devotion and death, my heart was filled with admiration and astonishment, and I resolved I would make one effort to rescue the memory of poor JACK and loving GILL from the oblivion it seemed to be falling into, in the greater admiration people gave to the musical style of the writer.

"JACK and GILL went up the hill."

Here you see the obedient, loving, long-suffering, put-upon drudge of his brothers and sisters—we will take the liberty of giving him a few of each as we are a little more generous than the author—who was compelled (not the author, but JACK,) to do all the chores, fetch and carry, 'tend and wait, bear the heat and burden of the day, and be the JACK for all of them. He was not dignified by the respectable title of JOHN, or JONATHAN, but was poor simple JACK.

Virtue will always be rewarded, however, and even freckle-faced, red-headed JACK had one friend, blue-eyed, tender-hearted GILL, who, seeing the unhesitating obedience he rendered to all, forthwith concluded that one so lone and sad could appreciate true friendship and understand the motives that prompted her to give, unsolicited, her gushing love. So, when the good JACK started up the hill, loving GILL generously offered to accompany him. Probably the other children looked out of the windows after them, and laughed, and jeered, and wondered whither they were going; but, observing the pail, concluded they were going

"To fetch a pail of water,"

which they were willing JACK should do, as it would save them the possibility of being ordered to do it; not that there was a probability of such a command being given, but there was a slight danger that the thing might happen in case JACK was occupied otherwise when the water was needed. But now that he had gone for it, they were all right, and rejoiced exceedingly thereat.

Meanwhile the two little sympathizing companions toiled up the steep hill, drinking in with every inhalation of the balmy air copious draughts of the new-found elixir of life. "Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,"^[2] and their hearts melted beneath each tender glance. The little chubby hands that grasped the handle of the pail timidly crept closer together, and by the time they had reached the rugged top, it needed but one warm embrace to mingle the two souls into one, henceforth forever.

This was done.

Tremblingly they drew back, blushing, casting modest glances at each other; and then, to aid them in recovering from their confusion, turned their attention to the water, which reflected back two happy, smiling faces. Filling the pail with the dimpled liquid mirror, they turned their steps homeward.

Light at heart and intoxicated with bliss, poor JACK, ever unfortunate, dashed his foot against a stone, and thus it was that

"JACK fell down and broke his crown."

[Oh! what a fall was there, my countrywomen!] Fearful were the shrieks that rent the mountain air as he rolled down the hillside. The pail they had carried so carefully was overturned and rent asunder, and the trembling water spilled upon the smiling hill-side—fit emblem of their vanishing hopes.

Down went the roley-poley boy, like a dumpling down a cellar-door; crashing his head against the cruel rocks that stood in stony heartedness in his way, and dashing his brains out against their hard sides. His loving companion, eyes and mouth dilated with horror, stood still and rigid, gazing upon the fearful descent, and its tragic ending, then throwing her arms aloft, and giving a fearful shriek of agony that thrilled with horror the hearts of the hearers—if there were any—cast herself down in exact imitation of the fall of her hero, rolled over and over as he did, and ended by mingling her blood with his upon the same stones.

His crown was broken diagonally; *hers* slantindicularly; that was the only difference. Her suicidal act is commemorated in the line,

"And GILL came tumbling after."

The catastrophe was witnessed by the assembled family, who hastened to the bleeding victims of parental injustice, and endeavored to do all that was possible to restore life to the mangled forms of the two who loved when living, and in death were not divided.

But all in vain. They were dead, and not till then did the family appreciate the beautiful, self-denying, heroic disposition of the little martyr, JACK.

The two innocent forms were buried side by side, and the whole country round mourned the fate of the infant lovers.

Painters preserved their pictures on canvas, and poets sung them at eventide. The beauties of their life, and their tragic death, were given by the poet-laureate of the day in the words I have just transcribed; and such an impression did these make on the minds of the inhabitants, that the whole population took them to heart, and, with tears in their eyes, taught them to their children, even unto the third and fourth generations.

Alas! it was reserved for our day and generation to gabble them over unthinking, carelessly unmindful of the fearful fate the words describe.

Repentant ones, drop to their memory a tear, even now! It is not too late!

[2]

Original, by some other fellow.



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN OUR ARMY OF THE FUTURE.
"NONE BUT THE BRAVE," ETC.

LETTER FROM A CROAKER.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: You have not, I believe, informed your readers, one of whom I have the honor to be, as to whether you have yet united yourself to any Designing Female. As this is a matter peculiarly interesting to many of your readers, all of whom, I have not the least doubt, are interested in your welfare, I would advise some statement on your part, respecting it.

I trust, my dear sir, that, if you are as yet free, you will take the well-intended advice of a sufferer, and steer entirely clear of the shoals and quicksands peculiar to the life of a married man, by never embarking in the matrimonial ship.

Do not misunderstand me. I lived happily, very happily, with my sainted BELINDA—it must be

confessed that she had a striking partiality for sardines, which caused considerable of a decrease in the profits of my wholesale and retail grocery establishment. I cherish no resentment on that account, but, as you probably well know, one of the discomforts of matrimonial existence is children.

Sir, I have a daughter, who is considered passably good-looking by certain appreciative individuals. Since the unfortunate demise of my lamented wife, the profits of the mercantile establishment of which I am proprietor have largely increased, and as REBECCA is my only child, there is a considerable prospect of her bringing to the man who espouses her, a comfortable dowry, and probably a share in my business.

I keep no man-servant, and after my daughter retires—generally at the witching hour of two in the morning,—I am obliged to hobble down stairs, extinguish the lights, cover the fire, lock up the house, and ascertain whether it is perfectly fire and burglar-proof for the time being.

Were this, sir, the only annoyance to which I am subjected, my wrath would probably expend itself in a little growling, but hardly have I reposed myself upon my couch, ere my ear catches an infernal tooting and twanging and whispering, and a broken-winded German band, engaged by an admirer of my REBECCA, strikes up some outrageous *pot pourri*, or something of that sort, and sleep, disgusted, flees my pillow.

Last night—or rather this morning—they came again. Their discordant symphonies roused me to desperation. I seized a bucket of slops, and, opening the window, dashed the contents in the direction of the music; the full force of the deluge striking a fat, froggy-looking little Dutchman, who was puffing and blowing at a bassoon infinitely larger than himself. He was just launching out into a prodigious strain, but it expired while yet in the bloom of youth. He remained for a short time in the famous posture of the Colossus of Rhodes, vainly endeavoring to shake off the cigar-stumps and other little *et ceteras* which were clinging to him like cerements, uttering the while unintelligible oaths. Then he struck for his *domus et placens uxor* at as rapid a rate as his little dumpy legs could carry him.

If they come to-night—if they dare to come—I will give them a dose which they will remember.

My dear sir, what can I do to rid myself of these annoyances? The girl has been to boarding-school, and so can't be sent there again. She has no friends or relations whom it would be advisable to put her off upon. Assist me then, in this, the hour of my tribulation, and you, my dear Mr. PUNCHINELLO, will merit the lasting gratitude of an

UNHAPPY FATHER.

[The best thing an "Unhappy Father" can do, under the circumstances, is to learn to play upon the bass horn, and then, should the brazen serenaders again make their appearance, he can give them blow for blow.—ED. PUNCHINELLO.]

That Iron "Dog."

The latest bit of intelligence given by the police regarding the "dog" so much spoken of in connection with the Twenty-third street murder, is that it is not, as at first stated, the kind of instrument used by shipwrights. In other words, the police have discovered that it is not a Water-dog, though, up to the present date, they have not been able to prove it a Bloodhound.

Severe Penalty.

A newspaper gravely informs us that "the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has refused the Writ of Error in the case of Dr. SHOEPPE, convicted of the murder of Mr. STEINNEKE, *and will be hanged.*"

Can nothing be done to save this Court? One may say they had no business to refuse the Writ. But, at any rate, we are of opinion that the punishment is excessive.



WONDERFUL TOUR DE FORCE,
 PERFORMED "ON THE BEACH AT LONG BEACH,"
 BY PROFESSOR JAMES FISK, JR., THE GREAT AMERICAN ATHLETE.

HIRAM GREEN ON JERSEY MUSQUITOES.

A Hard-fought Battle—Musquitoes have no Sting that Jersey Lightning cannot Cure.

New Jarsey is noted among her sister countries, as bein' responsible for 2 of the most destructive things ever got up.

The first is of the animal kingdom, and varyin in size from a 3 year old snappin' turtle, to a lode of hay.

It has a bayonet its nose, in which is a skwirt gun charged with pizen.

It has no hesitation, whatsoever, of shovin' it's pitch-fork into a human bein', and when a feller feels it, it makes him think old SOLFERINO has come for him, and no mistake.

The sirname of this sleep-distroyin' animile, is Muskeeter. And they like their meet raw.

Misery Number 2 is a beverage manufactured from the compound extract of chain litenin on the wing, and ile of vitril. It is then flavored with earysipelas and 7 yeer itch, when it is ready to lay out it's man.

I was on a visit to Jarsey, a short time ago, and if ever a man was justified in cussin' the day he ever sot foot onto the classick red shores of New Jarsey, (which soil, by the way, is so greasy that all the red-headed New Jarsey gals use it for hair ile, while for greasin' a pancake griddle it can't be beat,) it was the undersined.

The first nite I was in that furrin climb, after hangin' my close over a chair, and droppin' my false teeth in a tumbler of water, I retired in a sober and morril condition.

"Balmy sleep, sweet nater's hair restorer," which sentiment I cote from Mr. DICKENS, who, I understand from the Bosting clergy, is now sizzlin', hadn't yet folded me in her embrace.

Strains of melody, surpassin' by severil lengths the meliffloous discordant notes of the one-armed hand organist's most sublimerest seemfunny, sircharged the atmosfeer. Ever and anon the red-hot breezes kissed the honest old man's innocent cheek, and slobbered grate capsules of odoriferous moisture, which ran in little silvery streams from his reclinin' form. Yes! verily, great pearls hung pendant from his nasal protuberants.

In other words, I hadent gone to sleep, but lay their sweatin' like an ice waggon, while the well-known battle song of famished Muskeeters fell onto my ear. The music seized; and a regiment of Jarsey Muskeeters, all armed to the teeth and wearin' cowhide butes, marched single-file into my open window.

The Kernal, a gray-headed old war-worn vetenary, alited from his hoss, and tide the animal to the bed-post.

The Commander then mounted ontop of the wash-stand, and helpin' hissself to a chaw of tobacker out of my box, which lay aside him, the old scoundrel commenced firin' his tobacker juice in my new white hat. "See here, Kernal," said I, somewhat riled at seein' him make a spittoon of my best 'stove-pipe,' "if it's all the same to you, spose'n you eject your vile secretion out of the winder."

"Cork up, old man," said the impudent raskle, "or ile spit on ye and drown you."

All about the room the privates were sacreligously misusing my property.

One red-headed old Muskeeter, who was so full of somebody's blood he couldn't hardly waddle, was seated in the rockin'-chair, and with my specturcols on his nose, was readin' a copy of PUNCHINELLO, and laffin' as if heed bust.

Another chap had got my jack-nife, and was amusin' hissself by slashin' holes in my bloo cotton umbreller, which two other Muskeeters had shoved up, and was a settin' under, engaged in tyin' my panterloon legs into hard nots.

Another scallawag had jammed my coat part way into my butes, and was pourin' water into 'em out from the wash-pitcher, and I am sorry to say it, evry darned Muskeeter was up to some mean trick, which would put to blush, even a member of the New Jarsey legislater.

Suddenly the Kernal hollered:

"To arms!"

And every Muskeeter fell into line about my bedside.

"Charge bagonets!" said the Kernal. At which the hul lot went for me. Their pizened wepins entered my flesh.

They charged onto my bald head. Rammed their bayonets into my arms—my back—my side—and there wasen't a place bigger'n a cent, which they didn't fill with pizen.

There I lay, groanin' for mercy.

But Jersey Muskeeters, not dealin' in that article, don't know what it is.

Like the new collector MURFY, when choppin' off the heads of FENTON offis holders, mercy hain't their lay, about these times.

At this juncture a company of draggoons clinchin' their pesky bills into me, dragged me off onto the floor.

And then such a horrible laff they would give, when I would strike for them and miss hittin'.

There I lay on the floor, puffin' and blowin' like a steem ingine, while the hull army was dancin' a war dance around my prostrate figger, and the old Kernal was cuttin' down a double shuffle on the wash-stand, which made the crockery rattle.

I kicked at 'em as they would charge on my feet and l—limbs. I grabbed at 'em, as they charged on my face—arms—and shoulders.

Slap! bang! kick! sware!

I couldn't stand it much longer.

As a big corpulent feller, who, I should judge, was gittin' readdy to jine a Fat mans club, went over me, I caught him by the heel.

I hung on to him with my best holt

He dragged me all over the floor.

My head struck the bedposts, and other furniture.

3 other Muskeeters got straddle of me, and as if I was a hoss, spurred me up purty lively.

All of a sudden the Muskeeter I was hangin' to give a yank, and drew out his foot, left his bute in my hand.

Brandishin' the bute about my head, I cleared at lot of Muskeeters.

Jumpin' to my feet I made things fly for a minuit, pilin' up the killed and wounded in a promiscuous heap.

Seein' the Kernal settin' up there enjoyin' the fun, I let fly the bute at him.

Smash! went the lookin-glass.

The venerable commanding Muskeeter had dodged, and was settin' on the burow, with his thumb on his nose, wrigglin' his fingers at me in a very ongentlemanly manner.

There I was again unarmed, dancin' about, swelled up like a base ball player on match day.

"Blood IARGO!" was the cry.

I tride to make a masked battery with a piller. It was no protection again Jarsey Muskeeters.

As RACHEL mourned for her step-mother, I sighed for me home.

"Why, oh why," I cride, "did I leave old Skeensboro?"

A widder wearin' a borrowed suit of mornin'—eleven children cryin' because the governor had been chawed up by Muskeeters crowded into my thoughts.

The army was gettin' reddy to charge onto me agin, and avenge their fallen comrags.

Suddenly a brite thought struck me.

I ceased a sheet and waved it for a flag of truce.

The order wasen't given.

"Kernal," said I, "before we continue this fite, let's take a drink all around, and I'll stand treat."

"Done," said he, "trot out your benzine."

I opened the burow drawer, and took out a black bottle.

I pulled the cork and filled all the glasses, then poured a lot into the wash-bowl, when I handed the bottle to the Kernal.

"Make ready! Take aim! Drink!" Down went the licker.

I laffed a revengeful laff, as every condemned Muskeeter turned up their heels and cride:

"Water—send my bones back to Chiny—mother dear, I'm comein', 300,000 strong—we die—by the hand—of Jarsey—lite—"

And Jarsey litenin', more powerful than the chassepo gun of France or the needle-gun of Prushy, had done its work, and the old man was saved to the world!

It was 3 days before any close would again fit me.

I looked more like a big balloon than a human bein', I was swelled up so with the pizen.

My blessin's on the head of the individual who invented Jarsey litenin'. Nothin else would have saved the Lait Gustise's valuable life.

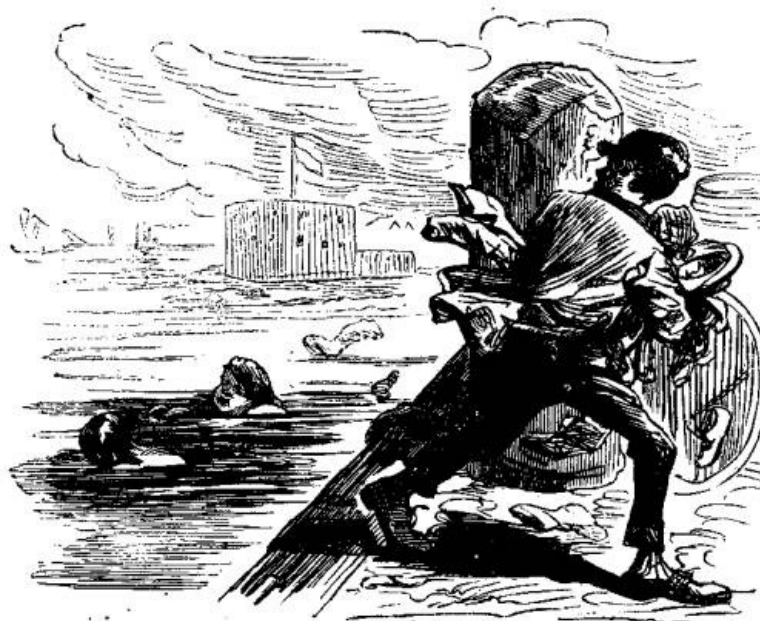
Ever of thow,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

From our own Correspondent.

Rumors of war from Europe must always be expected, for how can we get Pacific news by Atlantic Telegraph?



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC,

First Small Bather. "WOULDN'T OUR MAMS GIVE US FITS IF THEY CAUGHT US SWIMMIN'?"

Second Ditto. "I'LL BET YER!"

(But neither of the happy little truants knows that a thief is running off with their clothes.)

REFORM IN JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Since the thrilling moment when GUTTENBURG made his celebrated discovery, numbers of persons have tried their hands—and undoubtedly their heads also—at Books for the Young. Hitherto, many of them have evinced a sad lack of judgment in respect of matter.

Would you believe it, in this highly moral and virtuous age? they have actually written stories!—stories that were not true! They haven't seemed to care a button whether they told the truth or not! Where can they have contracted the deadly heresy that imagination, feeling, and affection, are good things, deserving encouragement? Mark the effect of these pernicious teachings! Hundreds and thousands—nay, fellow mortal, *millions* of children,—now walk the earth, believing in fairies, giants, ogres, and such-like unreal personages, and yet unable (we blush to say it!) to tell why the globe we live on is flattened at the poles! Is it not a serious question whether children who persistently ignore what is true and important, but cherish fondly these abominable fables, may not ultimately be lost?

But, thanks to the recent growth of practical sense—or the decline of the inventive faculty—in writers for the young, a better day is dawning, and there is still some hope for the world. Men of sense and morality are coming forward: they dedicate their minds to this service—those practical minds whence will be extracted the only true pabulum for the growing intellect. It is to minds of this stamp—so truly the antipodes of all that is youthful, spontaneous, and child-like, (in a word:

frivolous,) that we must look for those solid works which, in the Millennium that is coming, will perfectly supplant what may be termed, without levity, the "Cock and Bull" system of juvenile entertainment. Worldly people may consider this stuff graceful and touching, sweet and loveable; but it is nevertheless clearly mischievous, else pious and proper persons wouldn't have said so, time and again.

For our part, we may as well confess that our sympathies go out undividedly toward that important class who are averse to Nonsense,—more particularly *book*-nonsense,—which they can't stand, and won't stand, and there's an end of it. There is something exceedingly winning, to us, in that sturdy sense, that thirst for mathematical precision, that impatience of theory, that positive and self-reliant—we don't mind saying, somewhat dogmatical—air, that sternness of feature, thinness of lip, and coldness of eye, which belong to the best examples. We respect even the humbler ones; for they at least hate sentiment, they do not comprehend or approve of humor, and they never relish wit. What does a taste for these qualities indicate, but an idle and frivolous mind, devoted to trifles: and how fatal is such a taste, in the pursuit of wealth and respectability!

Fantastic people have much to say of the "affections," the "graces and amenities of life," "soul-culture," and the like. We cannot too deeply deplore their fatuity, in giving prominence to such abstractions. As for children, the most we can concede is, that they have a natural—though, of course, depraved—taste for stories: yes, we will say that this fondness is irrepressible. But, what we really must insist on, is, that in gratifying that fondness, you give them *true* stories. Where is the carefully trained and upright soul that would not reject "JACK, the Giant-killer," or "Goody Two-shoes," if it could substitute (say, from "New and True Stories for Children,") a tale as thrilling as this:

"When I was a boy, I said to my uncle one day, 'How did you get your finger cut off?' and he said, 'I was chopping a stick one evening, and the hatchet cut off my finger.'"

Blessings, blessings on the man who thus embalmed this touching incident! Who does not see that the reign of fiction is over!

That the parental portion of the public may judge what the future has in store for their little ones (who, we hope, will be men and women far sooner than their ancestors were,) we present them with a fragrant nosegay (pshaw! we mean, a shovel-full) of samples, commending them, should they wish for more, to the nearest Sabbath-school library.

Ah, it is a touching thing, to see some great philanthropist come forward, at the call of Duty and his Publisher (perhaps also quickened by the hollow sound emitted by his treasure-box), and compress himself into the absurdly small compass of a few pages 18mo., in order to afford himself the exalted pleasure of holding simple and godly converse with children at large!

"All truth—no fiction." What further guarantee would you have? How replete with useful matter must not a book with *that* assurance be! Let us read:

"The Indians cannot build a ship. They do not know how to get iron from the mines, *and they do not know enough.*

"Besides, they do not like to work, and like to fight *better* than to work.

"When they want to sail, they burn off a log of wood, and make it hollow by burning and scraping it with sharp stones."

Now we ask, does not this satisfy your ideal of food for the youthful mind? Observe that it is simple, direct, graphic, satisfying. It cannot enfeeble the intellect. It will be useful. There is something tangible about it. The child at once perceives that if the Indians knew how to "get iron from the mines," and "knew enough" in general, they would build ships, in spite of their distaste for work. There can be no doubt that this is "all truth—no fiction," for Indians are sadly in want of ships. They like to sail; for we learn that "when they want to sail" they are so wild for it, that they even go to the length of "burning off a log of wood, and making it hollow by burning and scraping it with sharp stones." We thus perceive the significance of the apothegm, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The day is not far distant when children will think as much of the new literature as they formerly did of certain worm-lozenges, for which they were said to "cry."

And where everything has been inspired by the love of Truth, even the cuts may teach something. If "a canoe," contrary to the general impression, is at least as long as "a ship," it is very important that children should so understand it; and if "a pin-fish" is really as big as "a shark," no mistaken deference to the feelings of the latter should make us hesitate to say so.

No child, we are convinced, is too young to get ideas of science. In one of the model books we are pleased to find this great truth distinctly recognized:

"'Is there anything like a lever about a wheelbarrow?' said his father. 'O yes, sir,' said JAMES. 'The axle; and the wheel is the prop, the load is the weight, and the power is

your hand."

This, we should say, speaks for itself.

Nor is a child ever too young to get ideas of thrift. One of our writers for infants observes, after explaining that the Dutch reclaimed the whole of Holland from the sea by means of dykes, "they worked hard, saved their money, and so grew rich." Any child can take such hints.

Neither is it wholly amiss to demonstrate that a child can't put a clock in his pocket. For it is plain that he would else be trying to do so sometime.

Now, where in the "Arabian Nights" do you find anything like this?—We answer, triumphantly, Nowhere!

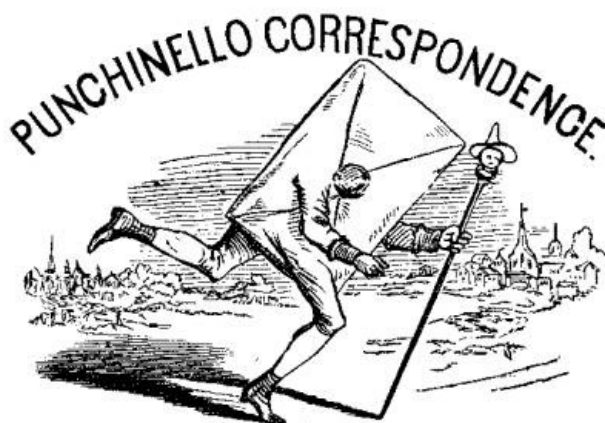
"JAMES,' said his father, 'do not shut up hot water too tight, and take care when it is over the fire.'

"A lady was boiling coffee one day, and kept the cover on the coffee-pot too long. When she took it off, the water turned to steam, and flew up in her face, and took the skin off.

"Do you know how they make the wheels of a steamboat move? They shut up water tight in a great kettle and heat it. Then they open a hole which has a heavy iron bar in it, the steam lifts it, in trying to get out. That bar moves a lever, and the lever moves the wheels.

"Machines are wonderful things."

This fact the reader must distinctly realize. And doesn't he realize that the days of JACK, the Giant-killer, and Little Red Riding Hood, are about over? We want truth. The only question is, (as FESTUS observed), What is Truth?



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Derrick.—There is a superstition afloat that, if you see a ladder hoisted against a house, and, instead of passing outside the ladder you pass under it, some accident or affliction will befall you. What about this?

Answer.—It all depends upon circumstances. If, while passing under the ladder, a hod of bricks should fall through it and strike you on the head, then an "accident or affliction" shall have befallen you: otherwise not.

Nincompoop.—I hear a great deal about the "log" of the *Cambria*. Can you tell me how it is likely to be disposed of?

Answer.—It is to be manufactured into snuff-boxes for the officers and crew of the *Dauntless*, as a delicate admission that they are up to snuff and not to be sneezed at.

Nick of the Pick.—What is the best way of securing one's self from the bodily damages to which all persons who attend pic-nic parties now seem to be liable?

Answer.—Don't go to pic-nic parties. Rough it at home.

John Brown.—We cannot insert jokes on the number of SMITHS in the world—except as advertisements. For lowest rates see terms on the cover.

Hircus.—We are sorry to say that your remarks on Baby Farming are not based upon facts. In nine cases out of ten it has nothing whatever to do with Husbandry.

Acorn.—As this is the seventh time you have written to us, asking whether corns can be cured by cutting, so it must be the last. The thing palls, and we must now try whether ACORN cannot be got rid of by cutting.

Horseman.—No; we never remember to have met a man who did not "know all about a horse." If such a man can be found, his fortune and that of the finder are assured.

Seeker.—It may be true that man changes once in every seven years but that will hardly excuse you from paying your tailor's bill contracted in 1862, on the ground that you are not the same man.

Fond Mother.—None but a brutal bachelor would object to a "sweet little baby," merely because it was bald-headed.

Sempronius.—Would you advise me to commit suicide by hanging?

Answer.—No. If you are really bound to hang, we would advise you to hang about some nice young female person's neck instead of by your own: it's pleasanter.

Wacks.—Yes, the Alaska seal contracts will undoubtedly include the great Seal of the United States.

"Talented" Author.—We do not pay for rejected communications.

Many Inquirers.—We can furnish back numbers to a limited extent; future ones by the cargo, or steamboat.

FINANCIAL.

WALL STREET, AUGUST 2ND.

Respected Sir: Acting upon your suggestion that, despite the repugnance with which the truly artistic mind must ever view it, Commerce was a rising institution, and that amongst the thousands of the refined and haughty who read PUNCHINELLO with feelings of astonishment and awe, there were some misguided men whose energies had been perverted to the pursuit of filthy lucre, your contributor yesterday descended into the purlieus of the city in quest of information wherewith to pander to the tastes of the debased few.

It would be useless to point out to you that 10 A.M. is not the hour at which it is the custom of Y.C. to tear himself from his luxurious conch. His conception of the exalted has always been associated with late breakfasts. On this memorable occasion, however, duty and a bell-boy called him; and at the extraordinary hour to which he has referred he arose and set about his investigations.

A party of distinguished and sorrowing friends accompanied him as far as BANG'S. The regard which he cherishes for poetry and art had hitherto marked out this pleasant hostelry as the utmost limit of his down-town perambulations. The conversation of his distinguished friends was elevating: the potatoes in which they drank their good wishes were equally, if not more so. Having deposited \$2.35 for safe-keeping with a trusted friend, your contributor hailed a Wall Street stage and sped fearlessly to his destination. He has gone through the ordeal safely. Annexed are the result of his labors, in the shape of bulletins which were forwarded to but never acknowledged by a frivolous and unfeeling editor.

WALL STREET, 10-1/2 A.M.—The market opened briskly with a tendency towards DELMONICO'S for early refreshments. Eye-openers in active demand. Brokers have undergone an improvement.

11 A.M.—On the strength of a rumor that a gold dollar had been seen in an up-town jewelry store, gold declined 1.105.

11.15 A.M.—In consequence of a report that Col. JAS. FISK, JR., has secured a lease of Plymouth Church, and is already engaged in negotiations with several popular preachers, Eries advanced one-half per cent.

HALF-PAST ELEVEN A.M.—A reaction has commenced in Eries, it being given out that Madame KATHI LANNER had sustained an injury which would necessitate her withdrawal from the Grand Opera House.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.—Just heard some fellow saying, "St. Paul preferred." Couldn't catch the rest. It seems important. What did St. Paul prefer. Look it up, and send me word.

HALF-PAST TWELVE.—Market excited over a dog-fight. How about St. Paul?

ONE.—Police on the scene. Market relapsed. Anything of St. Paul yet? Send me what's-his-name's Commentaries on the Scriptures.

HALF-PAST ONE.—News has been received here that Commodore VANDERBILT was recently seen in the neighborhood of the Croton reservoir. In view of the anticipated watering process, N.Y.C. securities are buoyant. Many, however, would prefer their stock straight. But what was it St. Paul preferred? Do tell.

TWO O'CLOCK.—Immense excitement has been created on 'Change by a report that JAY GOULD had been observed discussing Corn with a prominent Government official. A second panic is predicted.

QUARTER PAST TWO.—Later advices confirm the above report. The place of their meeting is said to have been the Erie Restaurant. Great anxiety is felt among heavy speculators.

HALT-PAST TWO.—It is now ascertained that the Corn they were discussing was Hot Corn at lunch. A feeling of greater security prevails.

THREE O'CLOCK.—Intelligence has just reached here that a dime-piece was received in change this morning at a Broadway drinking saloon. Gold has receded one per cent, in consequence. Eries quiet, Judge BARNARD being out of town.

P.S. I haven't found out what St. Paul preferred. What's-his-name don't mention it in his Commentaries.

HALF-PAST THREE.—Sudden demand for New York Amusement Co.'s Stock. HARRY PALMER to reopen Tammany with a grand scalping scene in which the TWEED tribe of Indians will appear in aboriginal costume. NORTON, GENET, and *confrères* have kindly consented to perform their original rôles of *The Victims*.

P.S. Unless I receive some definite information concerning that preference of St. Paul's, I shall feel it incumbent on me to vacate my post of Financial Editor.

FOUR O'CLOCK.—On receipt of reassuring news from Europe, the market has advanced to DELMONICO'S, where wet goods are quoted from 10 cents upwards. Champagne brisk, with large sales. Counter-sales (sandwiches, etc.,) extensive. Change in greenbacks greasy.

P.S. Asked a fellow what St. Paul preferred. He said, "St. Paul Preferred Dividends, you Know." Perhaps St. Paul did. A great many stockholders do. But what stock did St. Paul hold? Was it Mariposa or—"Only just taken one, but, as you observe, the weather *is* confounded hot—so I don't mind if I—"

GREENBAYS.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

Crispin won't do the work himself, and won't let John Chinaman do it.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

We have just received from "DICK TINTO," our special correspondent at the seat of war, the following metrical production said to have been written by HENRI ROCHEFORT in prison, but suppressed in obedience to orders from the Emperor. PUNCHINELLO felicitates his readers upon the enterprise which enables him to lay it before them, and flatters himself that the enormous trouble and expense involved in hauling it to this side of the Atlantic, will not prevent him from doing it again—if necessary.

AU PRINCE IMPERIAL.

SCENE.—*A square fronting the Bureau of the chemin de fer for Chalons and Metz. Time, Midi.*

The Prince Imperial, en route for the seat of war, is seated upon a milk-white steed. Beneath his left arm he convulsively carries a struggling game-cock, with gigantic gaffs, while his right hand feebly clutches a lance, the napping of whose pennant in his face appears to give him great annoyance and suggests the services of a "Shoo-fly." Around him throng the ladies of the Imperial bed-chamber and a cohort of nurses, who cover his legs with kisses, and then dart furtively between his horse's *jambes* as if to escape the pressure of the crowd. Just beyond these a throng of hucksters, market-women, butchers, bakers, etc., vociferously urge him to accept their votive offerings of garden truck, carrots, cabbages, parsnips, haunches of beef, baskets of French rolls and the like, all of which the Prince proudly declines, whereupon the vast concourse breaks forth into this wild chant to the air of

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

From fountains bright at fair Versailles,
And gardens of St. Cloud—
With a rooster of the Gallic breed
To cock-a-doodle-do—

Behold! our Prince Imperial comes,
And in his hands a lance,
That erst he'll cross with German spears
For glory and for France.

They've ta'en his bib and tucker off,
And set him on a steed;
That he may ride where soldiers ride,
And bleed where soldiers bleed.

They've cut his curls of jetty hair,
And armed him *cap à pie*,
Until he looks as fair a knight
As France could wish to see.

Ho! ladies of the chamber,
Ho! nurses, gather near;
Your *charge* upon a *charger* waits
To shed the parting tear.

Come! kiss him for his mother,
Et pour sa Majesté,
And twine his brow with garlands of
The fadeless *fleurs de lis*.

Voilà! who but a few moons gone
Of babies held the van,
Now wears his spurs and draws his blade
Like any other man!

Then come, ye courtly dames of France,
Oh! take him to your heart,
And cheer as only woman can
Our beardless BONAPARTE;

For ere another sun shall set,
Those lips cannot be kissed;
And through the grove and in the court
Their prattling will be missed.

The light that from those soft blue eyes
Now kindly answers thine,
Will flash where mighty armies tread,
Upon the banks of Rhine.

Yea, hide from him, as best you can,

All womanly alarms,
Nor smile with those who mocking cry,
"Behold! A *babe-in-arms!*"

A babe indeed! Oh! sland'rous tongues,
A Prince fresh from his smock,
Shows *manly* proof if he can stand
The battle shout and shock.

And this is one on whom the gods
Have put their stamp divine:
The latest, and perchance the last
Of Corsica's dread line.

Then for the Prince Imperial
Citoyens loudly cheer:
That his right arm may often bring
Some German to his *bier*;

That distant Rhineland, trembling,
May hear his battle-cry,
And neutral nations wondering ask,
"Oh! *how is this far high?*"

Our private dispatches from the seat of war in Europe are very confusing. The "Seat" appears to be considerably excited, but the "War" takes things easily, and seems to have "switched off" for an indefinite time. It is observed by many that there never was a war precisely like this war, and if it hadn't been for a Dutch female, the Duchess of Flanders, it is fair to suppose that PUNCHINELLO wouldn't have been out of pocket so much for cablegrams. The Duchess took it into her head (and her head appears to have had room for it,) that her blood relative, LEOPOLD, couldn't get his blood up to accept the Spanish Crown. Well, as it turned out, the Duchess was right. Anyhow, she went for L., (a letter by the way, which few Englishman can pronounce in polite society,) and told him that there was

"* * * a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

LEOPOLD said he had heard of that tide; but he didn't believe in always "follerin' on it," no matter what betided. Then the Duchess got up her Dutch spunk, and spoke out pretty freely, saying as much as if LEOPOLD were a tame sort of poodle, and that *she* ought to have been born to wear breeches, just to show him how a man should act in a great crisis like the present.

"Just so," says LEOPOLD, "but you see the 'crisis' is what's the matter. If it wasn't for the 'crisis,' I'd go in for ISABELLA'S old armchair faster than a hungry pig could root up potatoes." FLANDERS saw at a glance how the goose hung, and that her bread would all be dough if something wasn't done, and that quickly. She knew LEOPOLD'S weakness for Schnapps, when he was a boy at Schiedam, and, producing a bottle of the Aromatic elixir, with which she had previously armed herself in expectation of his obstinacy, poured out a glassful and requested him to clear his voice with it. Fifteen minutes after his vocal organs had been thus renewed, LEOPOLD was in a condition to see things in an entirely new light, and hesitated no longer to write the following note to General PRIM:

Dear PRIM: The thing has been satisfactorily explained to me, and I accept. Enclosed find a bottle of Schnapps. You never tasted Schnapps like this. The Duchess says she don't care a cuss for NAP, and that I mustn't neither.

—LEOPOLD, SIGMARINGEN-HOHENZOLLERN.

This is a veritable account of the origin of the European "unpleasantness," and can be certified to any one who will call upon us and examine the original dispatches.

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A PASSAGE FROM CENTRAL PARK.

Whittier's Barefoot Boy. "O GOLLY! WHAT A SHAME FOR
THAT OLD CUSS TO CHUCK THE STUMP OF HIS CIGAR INTO
THE LAKE, 'STEAD OF DROPPING IT WHERE A FELLOW
COULD PICK IT UP!"

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