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Various**

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1870 ***

Punchinello, Vol. 1, No. 2

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Vol. I.

No. 2.



SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

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THE UMBRELLA.

A VIEW OF THE SHADY SIDE OF LIFE.



RIPE pippin falling upon the head of Sir ISAAC NEWTON (a clear case of hard cider on the brain) suggested the laws of gravitation. An elderly countryman passing my window this clear bright day, attended by his faithful umbrella, suggested the following reflections.

The term Umbrella comes from the Latin *umbra*, a shade—the whole signifying “keep shady.”

This definition well describes the nature of the article; for, as it undoubtedly “keeps shady” in fine weather when the sun is fervent, so it is apt to “keep

shady” in rainy weather, when most wanted.

It is as difficult to say when the umbrella came, or where it came from, as it is to tell where it goes to. Rumor hath it, however, that it came in (that is, out of the rain) with NOAH. The story (as given us by an antiquarian relative) says that when the Ark was built the camelopard was forgotten, and it was found necessary to cut a hole in the roof to accommodate the animal's neck. This done, SHEM sat upon the roof and held an umbrella. SHEM thus *raised* the umbrella. Then our further question follows, Where did he raise it? Evidently he raised the umbrella on the Ark.

These theories seem to us to be entitled to serious consideration; and certainly it is a reasonable belief that, as the present suffering from the high price of clothing is due to the sin of our first parents, so the umbrella is the curse entailed by royalty, coming in with the First Reign spoken of in history.

The umbrella appears again in ancient time in connection with DANIEL, who, it is said, carried one into the lions' den. The authority for this is a historical painting that has fallen into the hands of an itinerant showman. A curious fact is stated with reference to this picture, namely, that DANIEL so closely resembled the lions in personal appearance that it was necessary for the showman to state that “DANIEL might easily be distinguished from the lions on account of the blue cotton umbrella under his right arm.”

For what purpose this umbrella may have been carried we can only surmise.

The most probable theory is, that it was to be used there to intimidate the

lions, as it has since been used toward mad bulls and other ferocious beasts.

We have now taken hold pretty firmly of what may be called the handle of the umbrella. We have learned that, as ADAM raised CAIN, NOAH raised the umbrella, and DANIEL carried one.

We have learned further that the umbrella carried by DANIEL was a blue cotton umbrella—undoubtedly the most primitive type of the umbrella.

It is one of this class that your country friend brings down with him, that darkeneth the heavens as with a canopy and maketh you ashamed of your company. It is such an umbrella as this that is to be found or might have been found, in ancient days, in every old farm-house—one that covered the whole household when it went to church, occupying as much room when closed as would the tent of an Arab.

We have heard it said that it was the impossibility of two umbrellas of this nature passing each other on a narrow road which led to the invention of covered wagons.

There is nothing lovely about a blue cotton umbrella, though there may have been *under* it at times and seasons. Skeletons of the species, much faded as to color, much weakened as to whalebone, may still be found here and there in backwoods settlements, where they are known as "umbrells;" there are but few perfect specimens in existence.

The present style of the umbrella is varied, and sometimes elegant. The cover is of silk; the ribs are of steel oftener than of bone, and the handle is wrought into divers quaint and beautiful shapes. The most common kind is the *hooked umbrella*. Most people have hooked umbrellas—or, if this statement be offensive to any one, we will say that most people have had umbrellas hooked. The chance resemblance of this expression to one signifying to obstruct illegally that which properly belongs to another, reminds us to speak of the singular fact that the umbrella is not property. This is important. It rests on judicial decision, and becomes more important when we remember that by similar decision the negro is property, and that, therefore, until emancipation, the umbrella was superior to the negro. The judicial decision cited will be found reported in *Vanity Fair*, liber 3, page 265, and was on this wise: A man being arraigned for stealing an umbrella, pleaded that it rained at the time, and he had no umbrella. On these grounds he was discharged, and the judge took the umbrella. (We may notice here how closely this decision has been followed, even down to modern times, and touching other matters than umbrellas.)

This established the fact that the umbrella was not property that could be bought, sold, and stolen, but a free gift of the manufacturer to universal creation. The right of ownership in umbrellas ranked henceforward with our right to own the American continent, being merely a right by discovery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Mr. Pugsby. "I THINK, MY DEAR, WE'VE GIVEN HIM LAUDANUM ENOUGH, SUPPOSE WE TRY A LITTLE STRYCHNINE?"
Mrs. Pugsby. "BUT MIGHTN'T THAT HURT HIM?"

Depressing for Chicago.

The Chicago press has given up all hopes of the PRINCE OF WALES since he has proved his innocence in regard to Lady MORDAUNT. Chicago had begun to look upon him with mildly patronizing favor, when he was accused of a share in a really first-class divorce case; but now that his innocence is established, there is no longer any extenuating circumstance which can induce Chicago to overlook the infamous crime of his royal birth.

Latest from the Isthmus of Suez.

Of all men, the followers of MOHAMMED are the most candid; since no matter of what you accuse them, they always acknowledge the Koran.

Right and Left.

Because the P. & O. Directors have suspended their EYRE, we are not called upon to suspend our anger. We decline to believe that he can justify himself in leaving the Oneida, however blameless he may have been in the matter of the collision. Because the Oneida was Left it does not follow that the Bombay was Right.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

Mr. BOUCICAULT might properly be called the author of the elementary



Drama. Not because his plays, like elementary lessons in French, are peculiarly aggravating to the well-regulated mind, but because of his fondness for employing one of the elements of nature—fire, water, or golden hair—in the production of the sensation which invariably takes place in the fourth or fifth act of each of his popular dramas. In the *Streets of New-York*, he made a hit by firing a building at the spectacularly disposed audience. In *Formosa*, he gave us a boat-race; and in *Lost at Sea*, now running at WALLACK'S, he has renewed his former fondness for playing with fire. The following condensed version of this play is offered to the readers of PUNCHINELLO, with the assurance that, though it may be a little more coherent than the unabridged edition, it is a faithful picture of the sort of thing that Mr. BOUCICAULT, aided and abetted by Mr. WALLACK, thinks proper to offer to the public.

LOST AT SEA.

ACT I. Scene 1. Enter Virtuous Banker. "I have embezzled WALTER CORAM'S money, and he is coming from India to claim it. I am a ruined man."

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "Not so. WALTER CORAM is lost at sea, and we will keep the money."

Virtuous Banker. "Thank heaven! I am not found out, and can remain an honest man as usual."

Scene 2. Enter Comic Villain. "I am just released from prison and must soon meet my wife." (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*)

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "Not so. WALTER, CORAM is lost at sea. Personate him, draw his money, and share it with me."

Comic Villain. "I will." (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*)

Scene 3. Enter Miss Effie Germon. (*Aside.*) "I am supposed to be a virtuous and vagabond boy. I hate to show my ankles in ragged trowsers, but I must." (*Shows them. Applause*)

Enter Daughter of Comic Villain. "I love the unprincipled clerk; but there is a sick stranger up-stairs who pokes the fire in a way that I can hardly resist. Be firm, my heart. Shall I be untrue to my own unprincipled ——" "

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "Not so. WALTER CORAM is lost at sea, and I must leave these valuable boxes in your hands for safe-keeping." (*Leaves the boxes, and then leaves himself.*)

Enter Sick Stranger. "I am WALTER CORAM. Those are my boxes. Somebody is personating me. Big thing on somebody. Let him go ahead."

(Curtain.)

Young Lady in the Audience. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON perfectly lovely?"

Accompanying Bostonian Youth. "Yes; but you should see RISTORI in *Marie Antoinette*. There is a sweetness and light about the great tragedienne which ——"

Heavy old Party, to contiguous Young Man. "Don't think much of this; do you? Now, in TOM PLACIDS's day——" *Contiguous and aggrieved Young Man pleads an engagement and hastily goes out.*

ACT II. *Scene 1. Virtuous Banker's Villa, Comic Villain, Unprincipled Clerk, and Wealthy Heroine dining with the Banker.*

Enter Original Coram. "I am WALTER CORAM; but I can't prove it, the villains having stolen my bootjack."

Enter Comic Villain, who smashes in his hat, and swears.

Original Coram. (Approaching him.) "This is WALTER CORAM, I believe? I knew you in India. We boarded together. Don't you remember old FUTTYGHUR ALLAHABAD, and the rest of our set?"

Comic Villain, in great mental torture. "Certainly; of course: I said so at the time." (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*) (*Exeunt omnes, in search of Virtuous Banker.*)

Scene 2. Enter Miss Effie Germon, by climbing over the wall.

"I hate to climb over the wall and show my ankles in these nasty trowsers, but I must." (*Shows them. Applause.*)

Enter Daughter of Comic Villain. "Great Heavings! What do I see? My beloved clerk offering himself to the wealthy heroine? I must faint!" (*Faints.*)

Enter aristocratic lover of wealthy heroine, and catches the faintress in his arms. Wealthy heroine catches him in the act. Tableau of virtuous indignation. (Curtain)

Young Lady before-named. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON perfectly sweet?"

Bostonian Youth. "Yes; but RISTORI——"

Mighty Young Men. "Let's go out for drinks."

ACT III. *Scene 1. Enter Daughter of Comic Villain.* "My clerk is false, and I don't care a straw for him. Consequently, I will drown myself."

Enter Original Coram. "I am WALTER CORAM; but I can't prove it, the villains having stolen my Calcutta latch-key. Better not drown yourself, my dear. You'll find it beastly wet. Don't do it." (*She doesn't do it.*) (*Curtain.*)

Young Lady before-named. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON perfectly beautiful?"

Bostonian Youth. "Yes. But at her age RISTORI——"

Heavy old Party murmurs in his sleep of ELLEN TREE. More young men go out to get drinks.

ACT IV. *Scene 1. Enter Virtuous Banker.* "All is lost. There is a run on the bank ——"

Enter Unprincipled Clerk. "WALTER CORAM presents check for £7 4 S. We have no funds. Shall we pay it?"

Enter Original Coram. (Aside.) "I am WALTER CORAM; but I can't prove it, the villains having taken my other handkerchief. (*To the Banker.*) Sir, you once gave me a penny, and you have since embezzled my fortune. How can I repay such noble conduct? Here is a bag of gold. Take it and pay your creditors."

Scene 2. Enter Unprincipled Clerk and Comic Villain.

Unprincipled Clerk. "The original CORAM has turned up. We must turn him down again. I will burn him in his bed to-night."

Comic Villain. "Burn him; but don't attempt any violence." (*Swears and smashes in his hat.*)

Scene 4. Enter Original Coram. "I am WALTER COHAM; but I can't prove it—I forget precisely why. What is this in my coffee? Opium! It is, by SIVA, VISHNU, and others! They would fain drug my drink. Ha! Ha! I have drank, eaten, smoked, chewed, and snuffed opium for ninety years. I like it. So did my parents. I am, so to speak, the child of poppy. Ha! What do I see? Flames twenty feet high all around me! Can this be fire? The wretches mean to burn me alive! (*Aside—And they'll do it too, some night, if Moss don't keep a sharp look-out after those lazy carpenters.*)"

Enter Miss Effie German. (Aside.) "I must get on the roof and drag CORAM out. I hate to do it; for I shall have to show my ankles in these horrid trowsers. But I suppose I must." (*Gets on the roof with Comic Villain's Daughter, shows ankles, lifts up roof and saves Coram, amid whirlwinds of applause and smoke.—Curtain*)

Young Lady before-named. "Isn't EFFIE GERMON *too* lovely?"

Bostonian Youth. "Yes. RISTORI is, however ——"

Heavy old Party. "This fire business is dangerous, sir. Never saw it done at the old Park. EDMUND KEAN would ——"

ACT V. *Enter Original Coram.* "I am WALTER CORAM. I can now prove it by simply mentioning the fact. I love the daughter of the Comic Villain, and will marry her."

Unprincipled Clerk. "All is lost except WALTER CORAM, who ought to be. I will go to Australia, at once." (*He goes.*)

Comic Villain, (smashes his hat over his eyes and swears).

Virtuous Banker. "Bless you, my children. I forgive you all the injuries I have done you." (*Curtain.*)

Every body in the audience. "How do you like—Real fire; STODDAHT'S faces are—Real fire; EFFIE GERMON is—Real fire; Come and take—Real fire; JIM WALLACK is always at home in—Real fire; There is nothing in the play but—Real fire."

Misanthropic Critic, to gentlemanly Treasurer. "Can I have two seats for to-morrow night?"

Treasurer. "All sold, sir. Play draws better than *Ours!*"

Misanthropic Critic. Well! no matter. I only wanted to send my mother-in-law, knowing that the house must take fire some night. However,

I'll read the play to her instead; if she survives that, she isn't mortal.

Suggestion kindly made to Manager Moss.—Have the fire scene take place in the first act, and let all the *dramatis personae* perish in the flames. Thus shall the audience be spared the vulgar profanity of STODDART'S "Comic Villain," the absurdity of WALLACK'S "Coram," the twaddle of HIELD'S "Virtuous Banker," and the impossible imbecility of FISHER'S "Unprincipled Clerk." Miss GERMON in trowsers, and Miss HENRIQUES in tears, are very nice; but they do not quite redeem the wretchedness of the play. The sooner Mr. Moss gives up his present flame and returns to his early love—legitimate comedy—the better.

MATADOR.

HOW TO BEHAVE AT A THEATRE.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I take it you are willing to receive useful information. Of course you are—Why? Because, while you may be humorous, you intend also to be sensible. I have in my day been to the theatre not a little. I have seen many plays and many audiences. I know—or, at least, think I do—what is good acting, and—what good manners. Suffer me, then, briefly to give you a few hints as to how an audience should behave. I shall charge nothing for the information, though I am frank to insinuate that it is worth a deal—of the value, perhaps, of a great deal table.

First. Always take a lady with you to the play. It will please her, whatever the bother to you. Besides, you will then be talked to. If you make a mess of it in trying to unravel the plot, she will essentially aid you in that direction. Nothing like a woman for a plot—especially if you desire to plunge head foremost into one.

Second. If you have any loud conversation to indulge in, do it while the play is going on. Possibly it may disturb your neighbors; but you do not ask them to hear it. Hail Columbia! isn't this a free country? If you have any private and confidential affairs to talk over, the theatre is the place in which to do it. Possibly strangers may not comprehend all the bearings; but that is not your fault. You do your best—who can do better?

Third. If you have an overcoat or any other garment, throw it across the adjoining or front seat. Never mind any protests of frown or word. Should not people be willing to accommodate? Of course they should. Prove it by putting your dripping umbrella against the lady with the nice moire antique silk. It may ruffle her temper; but that's her business, not yours; she shouldn't be ridiculous because well dressed.

Fourth. Try and drop your opera-glass half a dozen times of an evening. If it makes a great racket—as of course it will—and rolls a score of seats off, hasten at once to obtain possession of the frisky instrument. Let these little episodes be done at a crisis in the play where the finest points are being evolved.

Fifth. Of course you carry a cane—a very ponderous cane. What for? To use it, obviously. Contrive to do so when every body is silent. What's the use in being demonstrative in a crowd? It don't pay. Besides, you dog, you know your *forte* is in being odd. Odd fellow-you. See it in your brain—only half of one. Make a point to bring down your cane when there is none, (point, not cane,) and shout out "Good!" or "Bravo!" when you have reason to believe other people are going to be quiet.

Sixth. Never go in till after a play begins, and invariably leave in the middle of an act, and in the most engaging scene.

These are but a few hints. However, I trust they are good as far as they

go. I may send you a half-dozen more. In the mean time I remain

Yours, truly,

O. FOGY.

PROSPECTUS.

It shall be our highest ambition to realize our own wishes and to fulfil our own predictions.

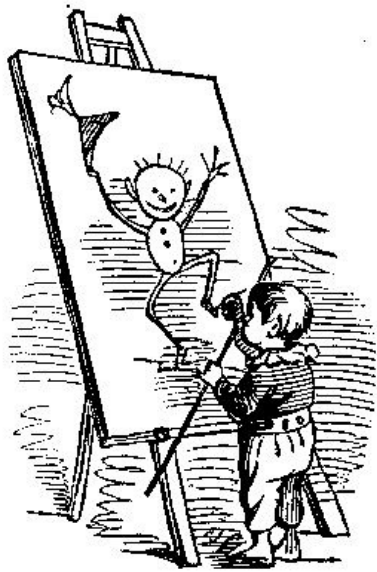
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(Faithful preceptress.)—"Now do you know where the gluteal muscle is?"

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OUR PHOTOGRAPH;

Or, if preferred, Luther's wedding-ring and mug; or, our own wedding-ring, with the mugs of our wife and children.

For *Club Rates*, refer to a Justice of the Peace.

Answer to Correspondents: Sketch not available.

V. H. to Punchinello.

The following letter, received by the French cable, explains itself. After the perusal of it, America warms toward France:

HAUTEVILLE PARK, March 25, 1870.

To THE EDITOR OF THE PUNCHINELLO:

MONSIEUR: The advance copy of your journal has stormed my heart. I owe it one happy day.

Europe trembles. They light their torches sinister, those trans-alpine vacillationists. The church, already less tranquil, dis-segregates itself. We laugh.

To your journal there is a future, and there will be a past.

The age has its pulsations, and it never forgets.

I, too, remember.

There is also blood. Upon it already glitters the dust of glory.

Monsieur! I salute you and your *confreres*!

Accept my homage and my emotion.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE HABITS OF GREAT MEN.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Almost since the world began, people have been interested in and entertained by gossip respecting the personal habits and individual idiosyncrasies of popular writers and orators. It is a universal and undying characteristic of human nature. No age has been exempt from it from

PLINY'S time down to BEECHER'S. It may suitably be called the scarlet-fever of curiosity, and rash indeed must be the writer who refuses or neglects to furnish any food for the scandal-monger's maw. While we deprecate in the strongest terms the custom which persists in lifting the veil of personality from the forehead of the great, respect for traditional usages and obligation to the present, as well as veneration for the future, impels us to reveal some things that are not generally known concerning the men who are playing "leading business" on the world's great stage of to-day.

For instance, mankind is generally ignorant of the fact that Mr. SUMNER bathes twice a day in a compound, two thirds of which is water and one third milk, and that he dictates most of his speeches to a stenographer while reclining in the bath-tub. WENDELL PHILLIPS is said to have written the greater portion of his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts" on the backs of old envelopes while waiting for a train in the Boston depot. Mr. GEORGE W. CURTIS prepares his mind for writing by sleeping with his head encased in a nightcap lined with leaves of lavender and rose. GRANT, it is said, accomplishes most of his writing while under the influence of either opium or chloroform, which will account for the soothing character of his state papers. WALT WHITMAN writes most of his poetry in the dissecting-room of the Medical College, where he has a desk fitted up in close proximity to the operating table. Mr. DANA is said to write most of his editorials in one of the parlors of the Manhattan Club, arrayed in black broadcloth from the sole of his head to the crown of his foot, his hands encased in corn-colored kids, a piece of chewing-gum in his mouth, and a bottle of Cherry Pectoral by his side. The report that he eats fish every morning for his breakfast is untrue: he rejects FISH. COLFAX writes all his speeches and lectures with his feet in hot water, and his head wrapped in a moist towel. His greatest vice, next to being Vice-President, is to insist upon having his writing desk in front of a mirror. BUTLER accomplishes most of his literary labor over a dish of soup, which he absorbs through the medium of two of his favorite weapons, thus keeping both his hands employed, and dictating to an amanuensis every time his mouth enjoys a vacation. BEECHER has several methods by which he prepares his mind to write a sermon: By riding up and down Broadway on the top of a stage; visiting the Academy of Anatomy, or spending a few hours at the Bloomingdale Retreat. Neither HOLMES nor WHITTIER are able to write a line of poetry until they are brought in contact with the blood of freshly-slain animals; while, on the other hand, LONGFELLOW'S only dissipation previous to poetic effort, is a dish of baked beans. FORNEY vexes his gigantic intellect with iced water and tobacco, (of the latter, "two papers, both daily.") Mr. TILTON composes as he reposes in his night-dress, with his hair powdered and "a strawberry mark upon his left arm." Mr. PARTON writes with his toes, his hands being employed meanwhile knitting hoods for the destitute children of Alaska. Mr. P. is a philanthropist. BAYARD TAYLOR writes only in his sleep or while in a trance state—notwithstanding the fact that he lives in the State of Pennsylvania. He will then dictate enough to require the services of three or four stenographers, and in the morning is ready to attend to the laborious and exacting duties attached to the position of stockholder in the New-York *Tribune*. Mr. GREELEY conceives some of his most brilliant editorial articles while churning the mercurial milk of the Chappaqua farm into butter; or vexing the gracious grain with the flying flail; or listening to the pensive murmurings of the plaintive pigs, and the whispered cadences of the kindly cattle. RICHARD GRANT WHITE can't write, it is said, until a towel moistened with Cologne water is applied to his nostrils. Sometimes, however, he varies the monotony of this method by riding several miles in a Third Avenue car, which produces a similar effect. OAKEY HALL writes his best things while riding on horseback in Central Park; his saddle being arranged with a writing-desk accompaniment; and while OAKEY dashes off the sentences, his horse furnishes the Stops. And just here we propose to stop furnishing further revelations concerning the men whose deeds have made their names famous in current national and local history.



Taking the Cue.

There is a strong disposition among those of our diplomats who may be able to talk a little "pigeon English," to obtain the Chinese position left vacant by Mr. BURLINGAME. Most of these gentlemen can point the Moral of the matter—the sixty thousand dollars a year—but whether any of them would adorn the Tail, is quite another affair.

Questions for H.G.

Is not the *Tribune* influenced by its negrophilism in denouncing PIERRE BONAPARTE as an assassin? Had the victim been a BLANC instead of a NOIR, would Mr. GREELEY have felt quite as much sympathy for him?

APROPOS OF THE "ONEIDA."—The windiest excuses of the day are those of EYRE.

ARRAH WHAT DOES HE MANE AT ALL?

Scene. The White House.

ROONEY *Loquitur*.

ULYSSES asthore! Good lord, don't he snore!
ULYSSES! ULYSSES, my boy!
There's company here, must see you, me dear,
In spite of this Spanish kill-joy.
This Minister FISH, who, had he his wish,
Wud put your ould ROONEY down-stairs.
Ay, faith if he dar, but bettther by far
The sinner was sayin' his pray'rs.
Arrah what does he mane at all?

Now, ULICK S. GRANT, it's your own self I want,
To patiently listen, mavrone,
To what I've to say, in a fatherly way,
As if you wor child ov my own.
For shure is it time, in prose or in rhyme,
That somebody spoke up, who dar'.
ULYSSES awake! for Liberty's sake,
It's braykin our hearts you are.
Arrah what do you mane at all?

Och, wirrasthrue vo! it's bitther to know
The work that goes an in your name;
The murdher an' ruin, that others are doin'
Whilst you have to showlder the shame!
The grief that is ours, whin you, by the Pow'rs,
Seem traytin it all like a joke,
Like NAYRO, the thief, whin Room was in grief,
That fiddled away in the smoke!
Arrah what do you mane at all?

Och, wake up, ochone! Your innimies groan
The words that cut deep as a sword:
"He's greedy for goold, an by its slaves rooled
ULYSSES is false to his word.
See poor Cuba there, all tattered and bare;
For months at his doore she has stud;
Not a word he replies to her sobs or her sighs,
Nor cares for her tears or her blood!
Arrah what does he mane at all?"

Musha, what's that you say? "Sind the ould fool away."
I'm disturbin' your rest wid my prate;
There's Minister FISH, to consult if I wish,
Who attinds to all matthers of state.
An' Cuba, she too, wid her hulabaloo,
May just as well bundle an' go;
You won't hear us now, wid our murtherin row,
You'll sleep it out whether or no!
Arrah what do we mane at all?

Ah! then, by my sowl, this thratemint is foul—
To put your best frinds to the blush;
An' wor you sinsare, in what you sed there
We'd tie up your whistle, my thrush!
But ULICK, machree, you can't desave me,
By sayin' the word you don't mane;
Or make her beleeve who stands at me sleeve,
In FISH an' his Castles in Spane.
Arrah what do you mane at all?

'Tis late in the day to talk in that way;
We've had ministhers dishes galore,
An' laste to my taste, at the blundherin faste,
The sauce ov that fish one, asthore.
No, ULICK, alan! the work that's in han'
Must be done by yourself, if at all.
Your cooks, by my troth, are burnin' the broth,
We smell it out here in the hall!
Arrah what do you mane at all?

No, ULICK, my boy, rise up to our joy,
An' make a clane sweep ov the crowd
Of tinkerin tools, an' blundherin fools,
That put your wits undher a cloud.
Rise up in your might, an' sthrike for the right!
Let England an' Spain hear us talk;
Give FISH his conjay, an' ROONEY will stay;
You'll then see who's cock ov the walk!
Arrah what do you mane at all?

Lave Britain alone; if she won't pay, mavrone,
She's puttin' her head into debt.
If I know the books, the way the thing looks,
She'll pay us, wid intherest, yet!
Ay, faith he did say, so wise in his day—
That noble ould Graycian, PHILANDER—
That sauce for the goose, if well kept for use,
Was just as good sauce for the gandher!
Arrah what did he mane at all?

But Spain, the ould wulf, for her tricks in the Gulf,
Her robbery, murdher, and worse,
Her debt, she must see, is put down C.O.D.,
Wid Cuba relaysed from her curse.
Ay, FISH, you may sweat, an' SUMNER may threat,
An' burst his crack'd head in the row;
The People have spoke, that's fire an' not smoke!
An' this must be finished, an' now.
Arrah what do you mane at all?

Och! ULICK, awake, for Liberty's sake!
If not for your ROONEY, asthore;
The Godiss is here, but thrimbles wid fear
Ov the cowld-blooded Thing at the doore.
She sez that your name a by-word of shame
Will be to the nations onborn,
If you lie there anmov'd whilst the flag that you lov'd
Is flouted by Spaniards wid scorn.
Arrah what do you mane at all?

She sez, an' wid grief, her love for the chief,
That fought neath her bannir so long,
Will turn into hate, that will cling to the fate
Ov him who now sides wid the wrong.
She sez ov all woes that misery knows,
The grief ov the wronger's the worst
Who houlds back his ban' from a sufferin' lan'
An' laves her to tyrants accurs'd!
Arrah what do you mane at all?

Ah! *that* stirs your blood; I thought that it wud.
Your rizin', me bouchal; it's done!
Go on wid your pray'rs! I'm kickin' down-stairs
This ould Spanish mack'rel, for fun.
Sweet Liberty here, and Cuba, my dear!

You'll stay for the bite an' the sup?
An' pardon my joy; since I've woke up the boy
I don't know what ind ov me's up!
Arrah what did he mane at all?

Travellers' Tales.

No one now believes that DR. LIVINGSTONE was burnt for sorcery. The originator of the report could have made a more plausible story by asserting that LIVINGSTONE refused to marry the daughter of an African chief, and was consequently put to death. This would have been strictly in accordance with the customs of the African aristocracy, and would also have called forth general admiration for the man who preferred to burn rather than to marry.

City Hamlets vs. Rural Ditto.

The leading cities of late have grown almost wild with excitement over their HAMLETS; but in country localities, the hamlets are marked for quietude, and a refreshing freedom from all that is stagey, except, perhaps, stage-coaches.



THE NEW-YORK ANTI-ORANGE-PEEL AND BANANA-SKIN ASSOCIATION, AS THEY APPEAR IN THEIR GREAT HUMANITARIAN FEAT OF CLEARING THE SIDE-WALKS.

ORANGE-PEEL, ET. CETERA.

PUNCHINELLO, ever ready to hail with acclamation all that is for the welfare of his fellow-men, is delighted to learn that an "Anti-Orange-peel-and-Banana-skin Association" has been organized in the city of New-York. The great number of severe accidents annually caused by the idiotic custom of casting orange-peel and such other lubricious integuments recklessly about the side-walks, has long furnished a topic for public animadversion. Some of our leading citizens have taken the matter in hand—or, to speak more correctly, on foot. The picture at the top of this page gives a life-like representation of the Association referred to, engaged in their benevolent work of removing from the side-walk with their Boots all such fragments as might tend to the development of Slippers. The Association has PUNCHINELLO'S best wishes. The Orange-Outangs who render the side-walks dangerous have his worst.

HAMLET FROM A RURAL POINT.

The Great FECHTER as HAMLET has given us another proof of the brilliant imagination of Mr. DICKENS. The play is so well known that a synopsis of it is unnecessary. Yet a few words on the subject.

An economical mother in high society permits baked meats left from a funeral festival to be served at a subsequent entertainment. Her son takes umbrage at this; becomes morose and sullen; affects spiritualism and private theatricals. This leads to serious family difficulties, culminating in a domestic broil of unusual violence. The intellectual aim of the piece is to show the extraordinary loquacity of a Danish Prince. The moral inculcated by it is, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." It is replete with quotations from the best authors, and contains many passages of marked ability. Its literary merit is unquestionable, though it lacks the vivacity of BOUCICAULT, and possesses no situation of such intense interest as the scene in ROSINA MEADOWS where the heroine starts for Boston.

Mr. FECHTER presents HAMLET as a perfect "flaxy;" partly in deference to the present popularity of the tint, and partly to show a marked contrast with his OTHELLO, which character he always makes up as a male brunette. His countenance is of great breadth and flexibility, ranging in its full compass from the Placid Babe to the Outraged Congressman. His voice extends from B flat *profundo* to the *ut de poitrine piccolo*. The emotional nature of HAMLET gives him opportunity to exhibit both of these wonderful organs, and in *tutta forza* passages, where he forces them to their utmost power, the effect is exhilarating.

Mr. FECHTER is polished. He does not hesitate to correct the sometimes rude and occasionally offensive remarks of HAMLET. Mr. FECHTER is refined. He permits "no maggots in a dead dog." He substitutes "trichinae in prospective pork." Fashionable patrons will appreciate this. They cherish poodles, particularly post-mortem; they disdain swine. Mr. FECHTER is polite. He excludes "the insolence of office," and "the cutpurse of the empire and the rule." Collector BAILEY'S "fetch" sits in front. Mr. FECHTER is fastidious. He omits the prefatory remarks to "assume a virtue," but urges his mother to seek relief in Chicago. Considering her frivolous conduct and the acrid colloquy consequent upon the comparison of photographs, this is filial as well as affectionate.

Minor actors must, of course, be precluded from liberties with the text; but presuming the alterations in question to be the result of a consultation with Mr. DICKENS, we must rejoice that SHAKESPEARE is being toned to good society. We commend the improved readings to the delicate susceptibilities of the community.

Mr. FECHTER is a great genius. Distinguished talent is occasionally needed to elevate the national taste. How we have outraged theatrical proprieties by applauding WALLACK and BOOTH and DAVENPORT!

FORREST, forget us. FECHTER,
forgive us.

Epitaph on a Defunct Boarding-House.

Peace to its Hashes!

Apropos of Small-salaried Husbands, who have Extravagant Wives.

"A little earning is a dangerous thing."

The Mormon's Motto

Bring 'em Young.



OUR EFFICIENT NAVY DEPARTMENT.

Admiral Porter. THE QUEEN HAS TAKEN YOUR JACK. YOU NEVER could PROTECT YOUR JACK, MR. SECRETARY.

(And they go on with their little game, never heeding the signal of distress from the Oneida.)

JUMBLES.

Truth to tell, I *don't* like neighbors. I *do* like civilization. The trouble is, neighbors are not always civilized. PUNCHINELLO will be impressed with the fact before becoming a single weekling. The first floor may be ever so nice, quiet, well-dressed, proper folks—but those dreadful musical people in the attic! I hate musical people; that is, when in the chrysalis state of learning. Practice makes perfect,



indeed; but practice also makes a great deal of noise. Noise is another of my constitutional dislikes. If these matters must be divided, give me the melody, and whoever else will, may take the noise. The truth is, my dear PUNCHINELLO—and I may as well begin calling you what the public will do one of these early days—there is nothing like notes. But bank-notes are my weakness. My weakness in that direction is, I may confidently state, very strong. The ladies are not the only greenbacks that are accepted at sight; and acceptable to it. The bank on which I should like to dwell—do you not guess it?—is the auriferous National. Those musical neighbors—how they do play, though! But, to borrow from Mr. SLANG, my queer neighbor opposite, they have about played out. Our gentlemanly landlord—all landlords are so very gentlemanly, kind, good, and considerate—Mr. GRABB, says it don't pay to keep such tenants.

"Mr. GRABB, pay—pray, why don't it pay?"

"Why, Mr. TODD, why, sir—because *they* don't pay. D'ye see it, Mr. TODD?"

Mr. TODD did see it.

"Music hath charms," and all that fine thing; but it can't evidently charm a landlord, as at present constructed, into the faith that the notes of a fiddle, a clarionet, a bugle, or a trombone are negotiable at the corner grocery, or in Wall and State streets.

Going from bars to banks is a distance. But when I go anywhere, I like to have it distant. The enjoyment is invariably greater. It saves my tailors, hatters, restaurant keepers, and some others, the expense and trouble of too much correspondence. Such isn't good for the brain—especially where it is small, and easily overtaxed. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." May I ask, is or was distance in the brokerage line that it lent enchantment to the view? and what might possibly have been the conditions on which the loan was made? The man who leaves his country for its (and his) good has an especial fondness for the distant. The further off the nearer he feels like home. Australia is an El Dorado—the antipodes a celestial region. The intervening sea is one over which the most penetrating of argus-eyed policemen or sheriffs, can not see. Australia—is it not the land of gold? Who that has poached a pile does not gravitate there, as the needle to the pole? Of course, I do not mean the sewing-machine needle.

Some people think California greater. I don't. The greatness of a country does not in all cases turn on its great rogues. New-York and Washington may not assent; but, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, isn't it so? These may give it character,

but of the sort nobody is anxious to carry in his pocket as a wedge by which to enter good, genteel society. "Character," says a leading mind, "is every thing." Quite true; and if of the right sort, will take a man speedily to the noose. Bidly can get the most stunning of characters at the first corner for half a week's wages or—stealings. As a general thing, I don't believe in characters, and for the reason that a large portion of my acquaintances—I go into society a great deal—do not appear to have a bit of the article. They say it is unnecessary; that "society" don't demand it; and that to have it is like travelling with baggage which is mere rubbish. My elastic but excellent friend JENKINS says the only sense that can be put on society market to practical advantage is the uncommon scamp. Common sense, so-called, is a drug. Old Mr. MATTEROFACT—who heeds him or his? He's always pushed into the corner, or crowded to the back seat. Sensible people, the world being judges, are a mistake. They were born and educated that way. They don't definitely belong anywhere. Trespassers, interlopers, impertinents—why should they be tolerated? Doesn't CONGRESSMAN SURFACE, of the Forty-fourth District, rule the roast? Isn't Mrs. SIMPLE the pattern Woman of the Swell-Front avenue? Who so charming as Widow MILKWATER? Common sense might have done once, but that was when the world was younger and yet more old-fashioned. It isn't available now. Rust never shines. Out upon it, or let it get out. The best place, I would suggest, is out of town—and in the woods. Strangers always make people feel uncomfortable.

Need I hint just now that it is Lent? Lent is suggestive. It suggests some of my best books. Books are the best of friends. They are honest. They say what they feel, and feel what they say. Like other blessings, too, they often take to wings and fly; and it proves to be a fly that never returns. A good book is a joy forever. The only sad thing about it is, that it keeps lent all the time—not so much piously as profanely. Am I my brother's keeper? No. But my brother is quite too often a keeper of mine—of mine own choice authors. The best of friends are, of course—like the best of steaks—rather rare. Like honest men they count only one in ten thousand—an extremely small per cent in a commercial point of view. Books—what should we do without them? What may we not do with them, if it were not for the season of Lent?

I am something of a politician. My friends do not think I am. But they are prejudiced—friends always are. I go, on principle, for the greatest good of the greatest number. You know that humble, initial figure. I confess to a love of loaves and fishes. A nice French loaf, and a delicious salmon in the suburbs of green peas—who wouldn't be a politician about that time? I have run for office—and at least half a dozen times. But, bless you, I never caught it. Some big, burly, brainless cur of a fellow was always ahead of me. Very queer in politics—the less the head the more one gets ahead. A head is little or nothing; but face, cheek, assurance—such is much; is every thing. What are politics but audacity? what professions of public good but pretences for private pap? I like politics. Politics, however, don't seem to like me. I call myself a patriot; but, strangely enough, or otherwise, I have never been called to fill a patriot's office—say for \$5000 and upward per year. As for a patriot's grave—it's a fine thing, no doubt, but I have never regarded it as my "mission" to fill that. It affects one's activity and usefulness, and cuts off going to FECHTER BOOTH, *Frou-Frou*, the *Twelve Temptations*, and opera. I declined all such honors during the war, and on principle; the principal thing being that I had no taste for lead and iron. Iron, I know, is good for the blood; but taken in bullets, it lessens instead of increases the circulation. These metals are quite too much for a delicate stomach. Shells as a drink I like; shells as bombs I do *not* like. They are unhealthy. As a beverage I can surround it several times a day, and bless the climate that grows it, and the cask that makes it. But of shells, as of company, I prefer to make my choice. I, too, have my choice of office. I am strong and can draw well. My *forte* is drawing salary. That may not be the highest form of art, but it is unquestionably artful. Moreover, it

is the one mankind, if it could, would cultivate with the most assiduity.
It is the plaster every man would put to his back.

As a politician I believe in myself first, my pocket second, my country
third. This platform is strong and satisfactory—at least to your friend,

TIMOTHY TODD.

ALBANY COCK-ROBINS.

Who killed the Charter?
I, says the *Herald*,
With wit *à la* JERROLD.
As Assemblymen I ferruled,
And I killed the Charter.

Who killed the Charter?
I, says the *World*,
With my blunders hurled
And black flag unfurled,
And I killed the Charter.

Who killed the Charter?
I, says the *Sun*,
With my sensation fun,
Or my Sol-ferino gun,
And I killed the Charter.

Who killed the Charter?
I, says PUNCHINELLO,
With my wit so mellow,
I was the very fellow
Who killed off the Charter.

THE DWARF DEJECTED.

A pathetic recital for the benefit of you, or me, or any other snail who
may want a tortoise-shell.

In what year, or under what king Bezoman, lived he, no matter. Suffice it
to know he still survives.

Once he was happy!

Once, whene'er the eventide flooded the earth with effulgent glory, and
each little star began to wonder who I was, to the loftiest turret of his
quite commodious castle this dwarf would climb, and muse upon sciology and
the cosmic forces.

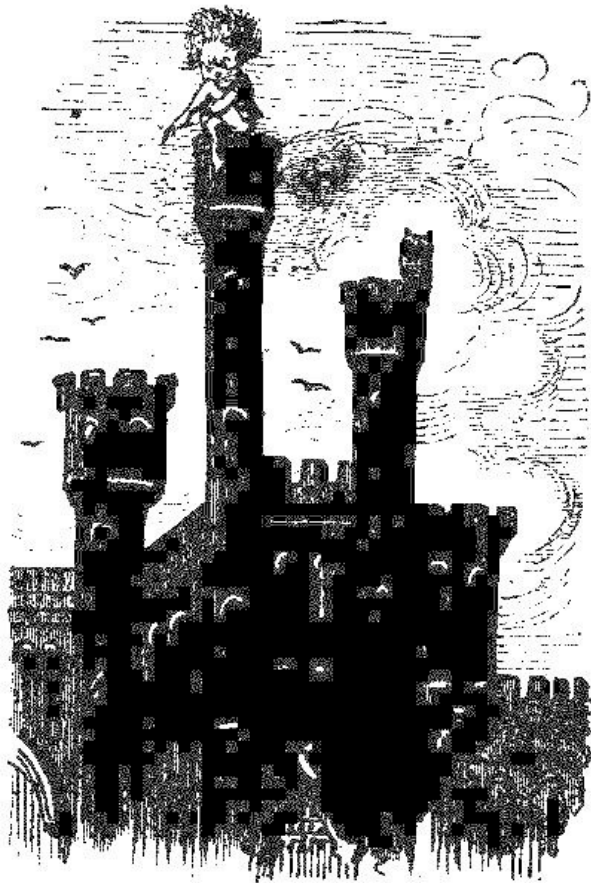
"Oh! Life is joy—is peace to me!" would he
cry, ever and anon.

And ever an anonymous owl would
scream, "To whoo? To whoo?"

Upon one eventful eve he sat upon his
turret.

Gazing around, he sprang upon his feet.

"What, ho!" he cried, as a glimmer of light



shot across the surface of the lake, "What, ho! A light in the ship-house! 'Tis the red light of danger! I forbode."

Glancing around and beneath him, he perceived that the stucco was peeling from his favorite turret. "Here is danger, indeed!" he said; and loudly shouted for his ah! too dilatory servant to bring the ladder by which he ascended and descended his lofty pinnacle. At last the servant came, and he was a new and somewhat weighty waiter youth.

"Ah! big lad—!" then said the dwarf.

"I am glad, good sir," replied the boy.

"I would have the big ladder!" cried his master.

"I can't be gladder," said the boy.

The dwarf looked pityingly down upon the youth for several moments.

"Are you a natural-born fool?" said he.

The boy advanced to the edge of the roof, made a bow, placed one arm at right angles before him, while the other hung by his side, and thus he sang his song:

"I've never been to public school,
My vaccination did not take.
Perhaps I will grow up a fool;
But that my heart will never break.

I would not win in learning's race,
Nor e'er be rich and lose my looks;
I think that a small-pocked face
Is worse than e'en small pocket-books.
Then, didy fol, la, la, la, la!—"

"Stop!" cried the now enraged dwarf. "Begone! ere I, base boy! shall heave the turret down."

"Certainly," replied the youth. "Big, ornary, base boy shall leave thee to rot down. Oh! yes; of course, of course!" And away he went.

The Court fool came at last and let his master down.

"Oh! ho!" said he of the motley, as the dwarf came slowly down the ladder. "Thou art now the first descendant of thy house."

The dwarf laughed, and fell the rest of the way. "No matter!" he cried, rubbing his shins. "My house shall follow me. It shall come down too. I am going to have it all built up anew."

"Bravo!" said the clown. "I thought you were too happy."

On the next day the door-bell of the castle rang, and soon a varlet came to fast inform my lord the dwarf that in the parlor waited now a giant, and on the card he gave his name was written, "S.T. Mate." The dwarf unto his parlor quick repaired, and there, upon some dozen chairs the giant sat, smiling benign.

"Hail to thee! good Sir Dwarf," spake the mammoth, and rising and folding his arms across his breast, he sang, in royal bass, his song:

"I hear that thou, O neighbor brave!
Thy edifice anew would build.
I come to much vain labor save.
If thou to hear me now art willed."

"Proceed," said the dwarf, seating himself upon a piano-stool, and screwing himself up until he was near the ceiling and on a level with the singer's head. The giant proceeded:

"If thou shouldst build thy house thyself,
The cost thou surely ne'er would know;
But if I take the job, my friend.
You'll see where every cent will go."

"I like that," said the dwarf. "Pray sing some more."

"I'll tell you just what it will cost;
And all that you will have to do
Will be to travel for a time,
Whilst I your castle build anew."

"That's capital!" cried the delighted dwarf. "It would suit me exactly. Warble me yet other wood notes wild."

The giant sang on:

"A castle such as you will want
Will cost you eighty pounds—or so.
I'll charge you nothing for my time;
You'll see where every cent will go."



The dwarf revolved himself rapidly, and quickly reached the floor.

"The concert's over!" he cried, "and here's a check for eighty pounds. Proceed! Tear down; construct! I leave tonight for foreign parts. Write me when all is done. Adieu."

The interview terminated.

The clown, who had overheard this fair discourse, now left the castle; and retiring to a secluded spot, where—a willow drooped sadly o'er the brook, he laid him down and died.

The dwarf to foreign parts now hied, and when twelve months had passed, and he had had no news of his grand castle, he returned home.

He found the castle finished—all but the roof and walls. The deep cellars, with their marble copings just peeping 'neath the heavy mass of weeds that clustered to their very edge, were dark and solemn. The sly fox slunk along their passages, and grim serpents reared their heads from many a gloomy

corner.

The dwarf, he gazed in silence!

By heavy sighs his breast was heaven, and black thoughts made his soul like Hades!

Anon he mounted in hot haste, and rode unto the giant's castle on the distant hills. By sundown, the dwarf he saw on the horizon a great blue mass, the sight of which did move his inmost being.

"It is his castle!" quoth he, and he gave his steed free rein.

The interview was terrible!

All the domestics fled and hid themselves in distant dells.

At last the dwarf, exhausted by vituperation, sank upon the flagstones of the court-yard. Then folded the giant his arms and sang his song:

"Oh! hear me now, misguided dwarf,
Eight thousand pound more I must ask.
Materials, and labor too,
All rose since I began my task.

Among the things we can't divine.
Are values of such terms as 'so;'
But I've all items entered straight,
Where all the money goes you'll know."

The dwarf gave one quick savage glance at the pocket of the giant, S.T. MATE, and then, without a word, he proudly crossed the drawbridge.

But he had not long left the castle at his back ere dejection crept upon him and never left him more.

The dwarf he did his cellar reach, fainting, almost bereft of speech; and as his men he staggered by, with panting breast and haggard eye,

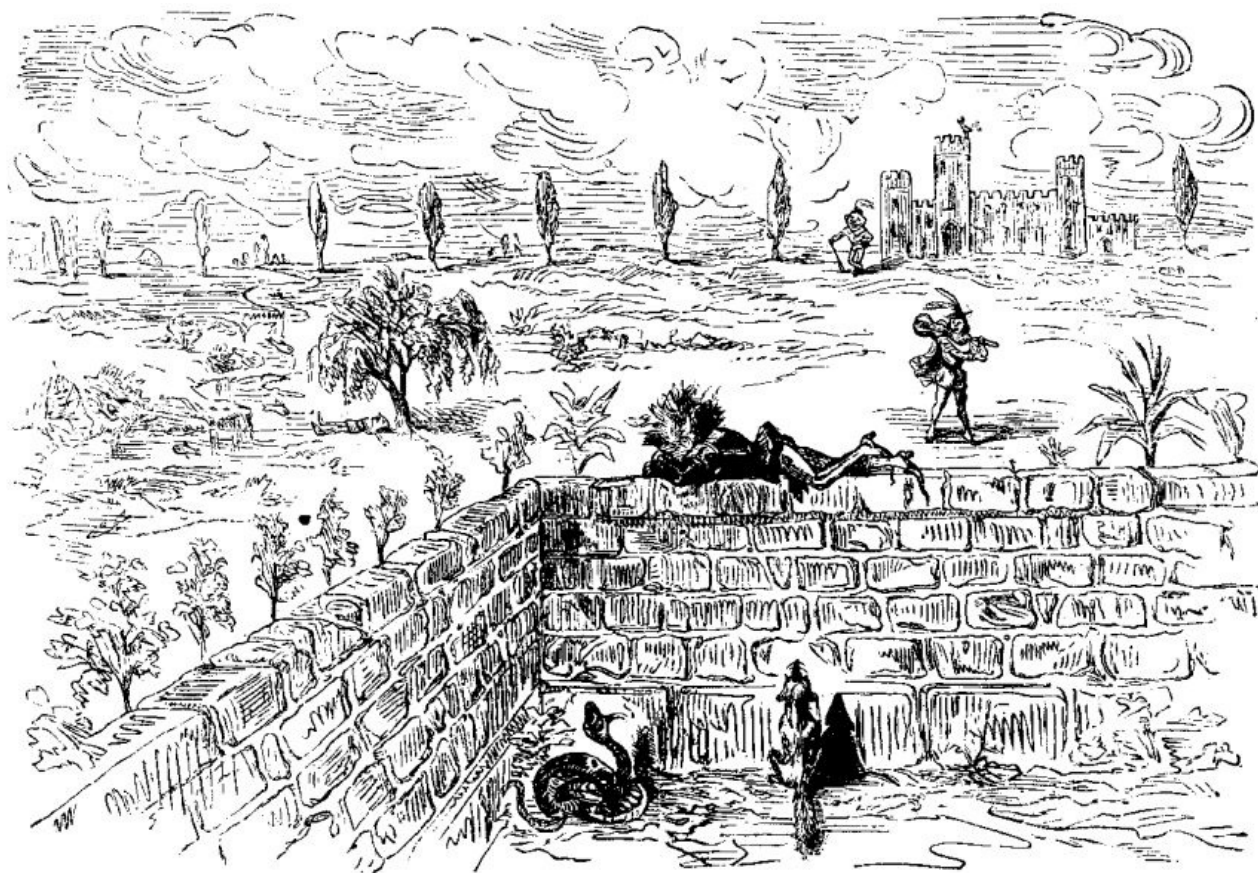
"Minstrel!" he cried, "O laggard! I for deepest depths of Lethe long. Get thy guitar and sing a song!"

The minstrel sang:

"O Estimate!
Thy name is great,
MEDUSA's head thou sure must own.
Do as we will,
Thy coming still
Turns all our hard-earned cash to stone."

The dwarf, now sunk in Lethe's mud, did snore; knowing the sign, the

minstrel then forbore.



ODE TO THE MISSING COLLECTOR.

BY REGALIA REYNA.

Where are *you now*, MR. BAILEY?
We've been looking for you daily,
Sometimes sadly, sometimes gayly,
Ever since the week begun.
Loving you so dear as we do,
Doting on you, doubting for you,
Looking for you, longing for you,
Waiting for you, watching for you,
Fearing you have cut and run,
Ere your heavy task was done
In cigars, and snuff, and rum;
Spoiling for us lots of fun,
And racy items for *The Sun*,
In the seizure rows begun,
And the heavy raids to come.
Think of poor, forsaken KIRBY,
Think of honest-scented HARVEY!
Your desertion, J. F. BAILEY,

"Busts" our glorious Trinity;
Robs the law of subtlety,
Knocks our look for *moietie*,
Knocks that Jersey property!
So much whisky all set free:
Where is SHIELDS to get his fee?
Think of melancholy PUFFER,
What the aged CHILDS must suffer!
JOSHUA F., the noble buffer,
"Lost to sight, to memory dear,"
Think of energetic VAIL
Looking round to get his bail,
While you're riding on a rail,
Or on ocean gayly sail
For UNCLE BULL'S dominion!
How could you thus fly the track
With so many stores to "crack,"
And COLUMBUS at your back
To defy the whiskey pack
And popular opinion?
Whiskey "fellers" feeling badly,
Cigar-sellers smoking madly,
Bondsmen looking sorely, sadly,
If their signatures are clear,
If you will not cost them dear,
If in court they must appear
Mournfully, in doubt and fear.
Oh! you weak, unfeeling cuss,
To get them in this shocking muss;
How their pocket-books will rue it!
J.F.B., how *could* you do it?
Are you putting for the West,
Did you take French leave for Brest,
Have you feathered well your nest,
Do you sweetly take your rest;
Say, whom *do* you like the best—
COOK, or JENKS, or FULLERTON?
Would you, JOSH, believe it true,
At the moment, sir, when you
Waited for that verdict blue,
O'er the wires the message flew,
Paid or franked by BOUTWELL through:
"The gig is up; the cuss won't do.
Put the district Thirty-two
Under General PLEASANTON."
Oh! the vile ingratitude;
Of Statesmen in this latitude;
Worse than DELANO'S attitude.
Say, what is your longitude,
East or West from Washington?

"Fox"-y.

FECHTER'S wig in HAMLET.

"Echoes of the Clubs."

SOUND of the policemen's *batons* on the sidewalk.

Over and Under.

INDIANA is said to be "going over" her divorce laws. She has certainly gone long enough under them.

Our Bullet-in.

THE government has so many bad guns on hand that it deserves to be called, "A snapper-up of unconsidered Rifles."

Every Little Helps.

THE British newspapers say that ARTHUR HELPS writes the PRINCE OF WALES'S speeches. Now, if ARTHUR HELPS the Prince, who helps ARTHUR?

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

SENATE.



Y particular request, the Georgia bill came up. So did Senator SCHURZ. He approved of almost all propositions which tended to complicate questions, because the more complication the more offices, the more offices the more patronage, and the more patronage the more fees. He knew that it was an alluring precedent which was offered them in the action of the legislature of Georgia, retaining itself for double the term it was elected to serve. But it was the duty of Congress to resist temptation. He used the word duty advisedly. Gentlemen might sneer; but he could tell them that the public would not stand the infliction of such a Senate

as that which he saw before him for a day longer than it was obliged to by law. By disregarding law, he wished to know whether the laws would not be greater than the profits. He admitted that this was a pun; but appealed to PUNCHINELLO upon the point of the propriety of puns. Reform, he would say, was a "plant" of slow growth. He had sown it; and his colleague, Mr. —, had watered it; but it did not seem to thrive in Missouri.

Mr. DRAKE, who has been studying elocution under a graduate of the Old Bowery, and has acquired a most tragic croak, which, with a little rouge and burnt cork, and haggard hair, gives him a truly awful aspect, remarked that the soil of the South was clotted with blood by fiends in human shape, (sensation in the diplomatic gallery.) The metaphor might be meaningless; but it struck him it was strong. These fiends were doubly protected by midnight and the mask. In his own State the Ku-Klux ranged together with the fierce whang-doodle. His own life had been threatened. (Faint applause.) He had received an express package marked in large letters, "D.H." The President of the United States, an expert in express packages, had told him this meant "Dead Head." Was this right? Hah! Bellud!! Gore was henceforth his little game. He would die in his seat. (Great cheering, which rendered the remainder of the senator's remarks inaudible.)

The case of the admission of General AMES as a senator from Mississippi came up. Senator CONKLING said that he had no objection to AMES in

particular; but in Brigadier-General, he considered the principle of letting in men who elected themselves to be bad. Notoriously, General AMES did not live in Mississippi. He considered this rather creditable to General AMES'S good sense than otherwise. But did it not operate as a trivial disqualification against his coming here to represent Mississippi? Besides, if generals were allowed to elect themselves, where would it end? General AUGUR, he believed, commanded the Indian district. He would send himself to the Senate from that region, and be howling about the Piegan massacre and such outrages upon his constituents, with which the Senate had been sickened already. In that case AUGUR, he grieved to say, would be a Bore. Then there is CANBY, who commands in Virginia. CANBY would like to be a senator, no doubt, like other people who never tried it; and he will be if he CANBY. A distinguished friend of his in the other house, whom it would be detrimental to the public service for him to name, if this military representation were to be recognized, instead of sitting for a district in Massachusetts, would represent Dutch Gap. They had already, in his friend from Missouri, a representative of the German Flats; and he submitted that a member from Dutch Gap would be two tonic for the body politic.

Mr. HOWARD was in favor of the admission of AMES. He considered the arguments of the last speaker paltry, and his puns beneath contempt. What difference did it make whether AMES represented Mississippi or not? Mississippi was disloyal, and didn't deserve to have any representative. AMES was a good fellow, and a good officer. Besides, he had been through West-Point and knew something. He understood he played a very fair game of billiards, and he would be an ornament to the Senate. Let us let him in. The Senate had already let in REVELS, who had been sent by AMES; and it was absurd to keep out AMES, who was the master of the REVELS. He considered that, in the language of a manly sport with which senators were familiar, he "saw" Senator CONKLING'S puns, and went several better, though he did not wish to be considered a better himself.

All this time, singular to say, Senator SUMNER remained silent.

HOUSE.

The House had a little amusement over polygamy in Utah. That institution shocks Mr. WARD, of New-York, and naturally also Mr. BUTLER, of Massachusetts. Mr. WARD was astonished to see any member standing up in defence of polygamy in the nineteenth century. If some member should stand up in any other century and defend it, it would not astonish him at all. It was sheer inhumanity to refuse to come to the rescue of our suffering brethren in Utah. How a man who had one wife could consent to see fellow-creatures writhing under the infliction of two or three each, was what, Mr. WARD remarked, got over him. Mr. BUTLER pointed out how much money the Mormons had made.

Mr. Cox did not see why we should interfere by force to prevent a man's marrying as many wives as he chose. Such a man was his own worst enemy; and his crime carried its own punishment.

Mr. HOOPER, of Utah, said the bill was an outrage. By all the wives that he held most sacred, he felt impelled to resent it. MOSES was a polygamist; hence his meekness. If this sort of thing was continued, no man's wives would be safe. His own partners would be torn from him, and turned out upon the world. He scorned to select from among them. Take all or none.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET IN ROME.

The business of catching impecunious counts, of magnetizing bankrupt marquises, and of plucking penniless princes, as practised by American women, appears to absorb all the attention in Rome at present. The rage for

titles is said to be so great among some classes of Americans resident in the Holy City, that the only song one hears at evening parties and receptions is the one commencing,

"When I can read my title clear."

We should not be surprised any day to hear that a marriage market had been opened on one of the plazas of Rome, the quotations of which would read something after this fashion: Husbands dull and declining; American beauties more active; foreign mammas less firm; American securities in great demand; the market in princes somewhat stronger; holders of titles much sought after; brains without money a drug in the market; "bogus" counts at a discount; the genealogy market panicky and falling; the stock of nobility rapidly depreciating; the pedigree exchange market flat and declining, etc., etc. This traffic in titles, this barter in dowries, this swapping of "blood" for dollars, is an offense too rank for words to embody it. The trade in cadetships is mild in comparison with it, because in these commercial transactions with counts, while one party may be the purchaser, both parties are inevitably seen to be sold. The business may only be excusable on the theory that "an even exchange is no robbery." But so long as brains are not bartered for a title, or beauty sacrificed for a pedigree, we should not complain. Of money, there is plenty in America; and, while marquises are in the market, let Shoddy continue to pipe for its own. A fig for Macbeth's philosophy that "blood will have blood." We modify it in these degenerate days to "blood will have money:"

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare;
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair."

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"SHOO FLY, don't bodder me."

"Benedict's Time."

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