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Various**

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Punchinello, Vol. 1, No. 13, June 25, 1870

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Vol. I.

No. 13.



SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

PUBLISHED BY THE

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD,
 By ORPHEUS C. KERR.

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

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THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

CHAPTER V.

MR. MCLAUGHLIN AND FRIEND.

JOHN BUMSTEAD, on his way home along the unsteady turnpike—upon which he is sure there will be a dreadful accident some day, for want of railings—is suddenly brought to an unsettled pause in his career by the spectacle of Old Mortarity leaning against the low fence of the pauper burial-ground, with a shapeless boy throwing stones at him in the moonlight. The stones seem never to hit the venerable JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, and at each miss the spry monkey of the moonlight sings "Sold again," and casts another missile still further from the mark. One of these goes violently to the nose of Mr. BUMSTEAD, who, after a momentary enjoyment of the evening fireworks thus lighted off, makes a wrathful rush at the playful child, and lifts him from the ground by his ragged collar, like a diminished suit of Mr. GREELEY'S customary habiliments.

"Miserable snipe," demands BUMSTEAD, eyeing his trophy gloomily, and giving him a turn or two as though he were a mackerel under inspection, "what are you doing to that gooroleman?"

"Oh, come now!" says the lad, sparring at him in the air, "you just lemme be, or I'll fetch you a wipe in the jaw. I ain't doing nothink; and he's werry good to me, he is."

Mr. BUMSTEAD drops the presumptuous viper, but immediately seizes him by an ear and leads him to MCLAUGHLIN, whom he asks: "Do you know this insect?"

"SMALLEY," says MCLAUGHLIN, with a nod.

"Is that the name of the sardine?"

"Blagyerboots," adds MCLAUGHLIN.

"Shine 'em up, red hot," explains the boy. "I'm one of them fellers." Here he breaks away and hops out again into the road, singing:

"Áina, maina, mona, Mike,
Bassalona, bona, strike!
Hay, way, crown, rack,
Hallico, ballico, we—wo—wack!"

—which he evidently intends as a kind of Hitalian; for, simultaneously, he aims a stone at JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, grazes Mr. BUMSTEAD'S whiskers instead, and in another instant a sound of breaking glass is heard in the distance.

"Peace, young scorpion!" says Mr. BUMSTEAD, with a commanding gesture. "JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, let me see you home. The road is too unsteady to-night for an old man like you. Let me see you home, far as my house, at least."

"Thank you, sir, I'd make better time alone. When you came up, sir, Old Mortarity was meditating on this bone-farm," says Mr. MCLAUGHLIN, pointing with a trowel, which he had drawn from his pocket, into the pauper burial-ground. "He was thinking of the many laid here when the Alms-House over yonder used to be open *as* a Alms-House.

I've patched up all these graves, as well as them in the Ritual churchyard, and know 'em all, sir. Over there, Editor of Country Journal; next, Stockholder in Erie; next, Gentleman who Undertook to be Guided in His Agriculture by Mr. GREELEY'S 'What I Know about Farming;' next, Original Projector of American Punch; next, Proprietor of Rural Newspaper; next, another Projector of American Punch—indeed, all the rest of that row is American *Punches*; next, Conductor of Rustic Daily; next, Manager of Italian Opera; next, Stockholder in Morris and Essex; next, American Novelist; next, Husband of Literary Woman; next, Pastor of Southern Church; next, Conductor of Provincial Press.—I know 'em ALL sir," says Old Mortarity, with exquisite pathos, "and if a flower could spring up for every tear a friendless old man has dropped upon their neglected graves, you couldn't see the wooden head-boards for the roses."

"Tharsverytrue," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, much affected—"Not see 'em for your noses—beaut'ful idea! You're a gooroleman, sir. Here comes SMALLEY again."

"I ain't doing nothink, and you're all the time wanting me to move on, and he's werry good to me, he is," whimpers SMALLEY, throwing a stone at Mr. BUMSTEAD and hitting Old Mortarity.

"Didn't I tell you to always aim at *me*?" cries the latter, angrily rubbing the place. "Don't I give you a penny a night to aim right at me?"

"I only chucked once at him," says the youth, penitently.

"You see, Mr. BUMSTEAD," explains JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, "I give him an Object in life. I am that Object, and it pays me. If you've ever noticed these boys, sir, they never hit what they aim at. If they throw at a pigeon or a tree, the stone goes through a garret window. If they throw at a dog, it hits some passer-by on the leg. If they throw at each other, it takes you in the back as you're turnin' a corner. I used to be getting hit all over every night from SMALLEY'S aiming at dogs, and pigeons, and boys like himself; but now I hire him to aim at me, exclusively, and I'm all safe.—There he goes, now, misses me, and breaks another winder."

"Here, SMALLEY," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, as another stone, aimed at MCLAUGHLIN, strikes himself, "take this other penny, and aim at *both* of us."

Thus perfectly protected from painful contusion, although the air continues full of stones, Mr. BUMSTEAD takes JOHN MCLAUGHLIN'S arm, as they move onward, to protect the old man from harm, and is so careful to pick out the choice parts of the road for him that their progress is digressive in the extreme.

"I have heard," says Mr. BUMSTEAD, "that at one end of the pauper burial-ground there still remains the cellar of a former chapel to the Alms-House, and that you have broken through into it, and got a stepladder to go down. Isthashso?"

"Yes; and there's coffins down there."

"Yours is a hic-stremely strange life, JOHN MCLAUGHLIN."

"It's certainly a very damp one," says MCLAUGHLIN, silently urging his strange companion to support a little more of his own weight in walking. "But it has its science. Over in the Ritualistic burial-yard, I tap the wall of a vault with my trowel-handle, and if the sound is hollow I say to myself: 'Not full yet.' Say it's the First of May, and I tap a coffin, and don't hear anything more in it, I say: 'Either you're not a woman in there, or, if you are, you never kept house.'—Because, you see, if it was a woman that ever kept house, it would take but the least thing in the world to make her insist upon 'moving' on the First of May."

"Won'rful!" says Mr. BUMSTEAD. "Sometime when you're sober, JOHN MCLAUGHLIN, I'll do a grave or two with you."

On their way they reach a bar-room, into which Mr. BUMSTEAD is anxious to take Old Mortarity, for the purpose of getting something to make the latter stronger for his remaining walk. Failing in his ardent entreaties to this end—even after desperately offering to eat a few cloves himself for the sake of company—he coldly bids the stone-cutter good-night, and starts haughtily in a series of spirals for his own home. Suddenly catching sight of SMALLEY in the distance, he furiously grasps a stone to throw at him; but, allowing his arm to describe too much of a circle before parting with

the stone, the latter strikes the back of his own head, and he goes on, much confused.

Arriving in his own room, and arising from the all-fours attitude in which, from eccentricity, he has ascended the stairs, Mr. BUMSTEAD takes from a cupboard a curious, antique flask, and nearly fills a tumbler from its amber-hued contents. He drinks the potion with something like frenzy; then softly steals to the door of a room opening into his own, and looks in upon EDWIN DROOD. Calm and untroubled lies his nephew there, in pleasant dreams. "They are both asleep," whispers Mr. BUMSTEAD to himself. He goes back to his own bed, accompanied unconsciously by a chair caught in his coat-tail; puts on his hat, opens an umbrella over his head, and lies down to dread serpentine visions.

CHAPTER VI.

INSURANCE IN GOSPELER'S GULCH.

The Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON (OCTAVIUS, because there had been seven other little SIMPSONS, who all took after their father when he died of mumps, like seven kittens after the parental tail,) having thrown himself all over the room with a pair of dumb-bells much too strong for him, and taken a seidlitz powder to oblige his dyspepsia, was now parting his back hair before a looking-glass. An unimpeachably consumptive style of clerical beauty did the mirror reflect; the countenance contracting to an expression of almost malevolent piety when the comb went over a bump, and relaxing to an open-mouthed charity for all mankind, amounting nearly to imbecility, when the more complex requirements of the parting process compelled twists of the head scarcely compatible with even so much as a squint at the glass.

It being breakfast time, Mrs. SIMPSON—mother of OCTAVIUS—was just down for the meal, and surveyed the operation with a look of undisguised anxiety.

"You'll break one of them yet, some morning, OCTAVE," said the old lady.

"Do what, OLDY?" asked the writhing Gospeler, apparently speaking out of his right ear.

"You'll break either the comb, or your neck, some morning."

Rendered momentarily irritable by this aggravating remark, the Reverend OCTAVIUS made a jab with the comb at the old lady's false-front, pulling it down quite askew over her left eye; but, upon the sudden entrance of a servant with the tea-pot, he made precipitate pretence that his hand was upon his mother's head to give her a morning blessing.

They were a striking pair to sit at breakfast together in Gospeler's Gulch, Bumsteadville: she with her superb old nut-cracker countenance, and he with the dyspepsia of more than thirty summers causing him to deal gently with the fish-balls. They sat within sound of the bell of the Ritualistic Church, the ringing of which was forever deluding the peasantry of the surrounding country into the idea that they could certainly hear their missing cows at last (hence the name of the church—Saint Cow's); while the sonorous hee-hawing of an occasional Nature's Congressman in some distant field reminded them of the outer political world.

"Here is Mr. SCHENCK'S letter," said Mrs. SIMPSON, handing an open epistle across the table, as she spoke to her son, "and you might read it aloud, my OCTAVE."

Taking the tea-cup off his face, the Reverend OCTAVIUS accepted the missive, which was written from "A Perfect Stranger's Parlor, New York," and began reading thus: "Dear Ma-a-dam—

I wri-i-te in the-e Chai-ai-ai-air—"

—"Dear me, OCTAVE," interrupted the old lady, "can't you read even a letter without Intoning—and to the tone of 'Old Hundredth,' too?"

"I'm afraid not, dear OLDY," responded the Gospeler. "I'm so much in the habit of it. You're not so ritualistic yourself, and may be able to do better."

"Give it back to me, my sing-sing-sonny," said the old lady; who at once read as follows: "DEAR MADAM, I write from the chair which I have now occupied for six hours, in the house of a man whom I never saw before in my life, but who comes next in the Directory to the obstinate but finally conquered being under whose roof I resolutely passed the greater part of yesterday. He sits near me in another chair, so much weakened that he can just reply to me in whispers, and I believe that a few hours more of my talk will leave him no choice between dying of exhaustion at my feet and taking a Policy in the Boreal Life Insurance Company, of which I am Agent. I have spoken to my wards, MONTGOMERY and MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON, concerning MAGNOLIA'S being placed at school in the Macassar, and MONTGOMERY'S acceptance of your son, OCTAVIUS, as his tutor, and shall take them with me to Bumsteadville to-morrow, for such disposition. Hoping, Madam, that neither you nor your son will much longer fly into the face of Providence by declining to insure your lives, through me, in the Boreal, I have the honor to be Yours, for two Premiums, MELANCTHON SCHENCK."

"Well, OLDY," said OCTAVIUS, with dismal countenance, "do you think we'll have to do it?"

"Do what?" asked the old lady.

"Let him Insure us."

"I'm afraid it will come to that yet, OCTAVE. I've known persons to die under him."

"Well, well, Heaven's will be done," muttered the patient Gospeler. "And now, mother, we must do something to make the first coming of these young strangers seem cheerful to them. We must give a little dinner-party here, and invite Miss CAROWTHERS, and BUMSTEAD and his nephew, and the Flowerpot. Don't you think the codfish will go round?"

"Yes, dear: that is, if you and I take the spine," replied the old lady.

So the party of reception was arranged, and the invitations hurried out.

At about half an hour before dinner there was a sound in the air of Bumsteadville as of a powerful stump-speaker addressing a mass-meeting in the distance; rapidly intensifying to stentorian phrases, such as—"provide for your miserable surviving offspring"—"lower rates than any other company"—"full amount cheerfully paid upon hearing of your death"—until a hack appeared coming down the crossroad descending into Gospeler's Gulch, and stopped at the Gospeler's door. As the faint driver, trembling with nervous debility from great excess of deathly admonition addressed to him, through the front window of his hack, all the way from the ferry, checked his horses in one feeble gasp of remaining strength, the Reverend OCTAVIUS stepped forth from the doorway to greet Mr. SCHENCK and the dark-complexioned, sharp-eyed young brother and sister who came with him.

"Now remember, fellow," said Mr. SCHENCK to the driver, after he had come out of the vehicle, shaking his cane menacingly at him as he spoke, "I've warned you, in time, to prepare for death, and given you a Schedule of our rates to read to your family. If you should die of apoplexy in a week, as you probably will, your wife must pick rags, and your children play a harp and fiddle. Dream of it, think of it, dissolute man, and take a Policy in the Boreal."

As the worn-out hackman, too despondent at thought of his impending decease and family-bankruptcy to make any other answer than a groan, drove wretchedly away, the genial Mr. SCHENCK hoarsely introduced the young PENDRAGONS to the Gospeler, and went with them after the latter into the house.

The Reverend OCTAVIUS SIMPSON, with dire forebodings of the discomfiture of his dear old nut-cracker of a mother, did the honors of a general introduction with a perfect failure of a smile; and, thenceforth, until dinner was over, Mr. SCHENCK was the Egyptian festal skeleton that continually reminded the banqueters of their latter ends.

"Great Heavens! what signs of the seeds of the tomb do I not see all around me here," observed Mr. SCHENCK, in a deep base voice, as he helped himself to more codfish. "Here is my friend, Mr. SIMPSON, withering under our very eyes with Dyspepsia. In Mr. BUMSTEAD'S manly eye you can perceive Congestion of the Brain. General Debility marked the venerable Mrs. SIMPSON for its own. Miss POTTS and MAGNOLIA can bloom and eat caramels now; but what will be their anguish when malignant Small Pox rages, as it surely must, next month! Mr. DROOD and MONTGOMERY are rejoicing in the health and thin legs of youth; but how many lobster salads are there between them and fatal Cholera Morbus? As for Miss ELIZABETH CADY CAROWTHERS, there, her Skeleton is already coming through at the shoulders."—"Oh, my friends!" exclaimed the ghastly Mr. SCHENCK, with beautiful enthusiasm, "Insure while yet, there is time; that the kindred, or friends, whom you will all leave behind, probably within the next three months, may have something to keep them from the Poor-House, or, its dread alternative—Crime!" He considerably paused until the shuddering was over, and then added, with melting softness—"I'll leave a few of our Schedules with you."

When, at last, this boon-companion said that he must go, it was surprising to see with what passionate cordiality everybody helped him off. Mr. BUMSTEAD frenziedly crammed his hat upon his beaming head, and, with one eager blow on the top, drove it far down over his ears; FLORA POTTS and MAGNOLIA thrust each a buckskin glove far up either sleeve; Miss CAROWTHERS frantically stuck one of his overshoes under each arm; Mr. DROOD wildly dragged his coat over his form, without troubling him at all about the sleeves, and breathlessly buttoned it to the neck; and the Reverend OCTAVIUS and MONTGOMERY hurried him forth by the shoulders, as though the house were on fire and he the very last to be snatched from the falling beams.

These latter two then almost ran with him to the livery stable where he was to obtain a hack for the ferry; leaving him in charge of the livery man—who, by the way, he at once frightened into a Boreal Policy, by a few felicitous remarks (while the hack was preparing) upon the curious recent fatality of Heart-Disease amongst middle-aged podgy men with bulbous noses.

(To be Continued.)

THE FEROCITY OF FAILURE.

It is not, everybody knows, pleasant to fail; and of all failures, it is the most aggravating to an editor to have the juvenile newspaper of his own begetting expire at an early age. Such has been the melancholy fate of *The Hancock (Ky.) Messenger*. "Ah!" says the wretched editor in his farewell address, "if I could but write the obituary of several of the miserable skinflints of this town." Such being his passionate emotions, and such the wild bitterness of his revengeful spirit, it is greatly to be wondered at that with rifle, bowie-knife or pistol, he did not rush into the streets of Hancock, and, having run a muck through those thoroughfares, and having slaughtered quite a large number of the "miserable skin-flints," that he did not then retire to his den, there and then to compose the obituaries aforesaid. It must be confessed that this gentleman appears to be more bilious than brave.



AS TIRBS HAS OFTEN REMARKED TO MRS. T.: "IT ISN'T HIS DISPOSITION TO SHIRK ANY LITTLE DOMESTIC DUTY, BUT HOW ABOUT MEETING ONE'S BACHELOR ACQUAINTANCES, YOU KNOW?"

SONG OF THE CHICAGO LAWYER.

Divorces, Ho! Divorces!
 Ye sorry lords, come one and all!
 Afflicted wives, come at my call!
 I have a balm for all the smarts
 And pains of unrequited hearts;
 I have a cure for every ill
 That matrimonial feuds instil—
 Come ye unto my call!

Here, pretty one!
 I know your lord refused to buy
 That velvet dress, no reason why—
 He is a brute! There, do not cry,
 I'll drive the tear-drop from your eye,
 And you again, fair one, shall be
 From such a selfish thralldom free—
 Take courage, then—look up!

This way, good sir—
 Is raging, wild insanity;
 Ha! ha! my friend, is that the plea?
 Oh, well, we've doctors by the score

Will prove it twenty times, or more,
Or, if it may His Honor please,
Will swear the moon is made of cheese—
Come on, good sir, come on!

Good morning, pious friend!
You wish for ministerial aid
To prove the flaws? Be not afraid—
The ministerial conscience leads
Sometimes to proving of misdeeds,
Which less exalted minds would hold
It nobler to have left untold;
But duty, sir, is stern.

Divorces, Ho! Divorces!
We'll put them through at Dexter speed,
And, this late day, there is no need
Of flying off to Indiana
In such a helter-skelter manner;
We're going to have a train, you know,
'Twill stop, (with patients passing through,)
Five minutes for divorces.

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You can make your tents waterproof by Pitching them.

MORE MYTHOLOGY.

APOLLO. This gentlemanly deity was the manager of the Sun. By this statement we do not mean to imply that he had any connection with the *Sun* of the present day over which Mr. DANA presides, although his fondness for a good lyre has led many to suppose that he was the patron of the classic journalists. The Sun which was in APOLLO'S charge was the same respectable luminary which has been seen at London no less than three different times during the present century, and which daily shines upon this free and happy republic. What APOLLO'S duties as keeper of the Sun were, is not precisely known. Probably he was required to superintend the scouring and brightening of the solar disk. At any rate, since he gave up his office, the Sun has become freckled over with ugly spots, the cause of which no modern astronomer has yet discerned;—the scientific chaps, with their customary want of common sense, having never once surmised that these spots were simply rust occasioned by a lack of proper scouring. The theory that APOLLO really did scour the Sun is substantiated by the ancient legend that he used to scour the heavens in a swift chariot drawn by several coursers. The greater is universally admitted to contain the less—except in the solitary instance of the nutmeg grater, which generally contains nothing but dust.—Hence the deity who scoured the entire Heavens would unquestionably scour that small portion which we call the Sun. This is an argument which will convince any one but a strong-minded woman or a Protectionist.

APOLLO, as we have already said, was very fond of the lyre. He was also an archer—not the one who shot at a crow, although his name does begin with "A," but an archer who was addicted to drawing a very long and ornamental bow. This is doubtless another reason why he is believed to have been the guide, counsellor, and friend of the journalists of the period. Indeed, so firm is the belief, even at the present day, in his honorary connection with journalism, that one of our best known editors, whose personal appearance strikingly resembles that of the best statues of APOLLO, is frequently called, by way of compliment, "the APOLLO of the press." Need we say that we refer to Mr. HORACE GREELEY, who receives this title quite as much on account of his professional eminence, as because of his resemblance to the APOLLO BELVIDERE?

APOLLO was the first individual, mortal or immortal, who became a public lecturer, and—after the manner of our most popular lyceum lecturers—propounded unintelligible conundrums to the confiding public. He had a Hall at Delphi, where he used to speak upon "The Lesson of the Hour," and his oracular sayings were every bit as valuable as those of RALPH WALDO EMERSON himself. People used to ask him all manner of questions, precisely as they now ask questions of the editors of newspapers. Now-a-days if a girl wants to know what she shall do to change the color of her hair, she writes to the editor of PUNCHINELLO, and receives a satisfactory answer. Had she lived two thousand years ago, however, she would have gone to Delphi and asked APOLLO, who would have oracularly answered, "Dye." As APOLLO never wrote his prescriptions, the girl would have been uncertain whether he meant to say "Dye" or "Die," and after the manner of her sex, would, of course, have chosen the wrong interpretation, and have immediately drowned herself. By such responses as these, APOLLO sometimes accomplished much good, though usually his oracular sayings were as useless as those of the Veteran Observer.

THE CROWING HENS.

The ladies, bless 'em! are disgusted with man management, and seek to inaugurate a season of Miss management.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

Gen. BUTLER'S failure to profit by his investment in the Lynn shoe-manufacture, may at this time be justly regarded as another proof that wealth has wings and "shoe-flies" away.

(This is one of the other Poems.)

BY A HALF-RED DENIZEN OF THE WEST.

PART III.

PELLEAS, when he left ETTARRE'S gate,
Through all the lonely woods went groaning great;
And there, while driv'ling round in doleful plight,
He met monk PERCEVALE, reformed knight;
A wise old fox. You'd never catch him in
A tavern, Sundays, drinking milky gin!
PELLEAS button-holed him, and said he,
"As good as GUINEVERE I thought my she!"
Then PERCEVALE, pure soul! did laugh serene.
"My friend," said he, "you must be precious green.
As good as our queen, you thought your she!
I'll bet she's all of that, whoe'er she be."
PELLEAS dropped his jaw and clenched his fist,
Then through his white calcaveous teeth he hissed:

"She'll die, she'll go to burning flame!
She'll mix her ancient blood with shame!
The wind is howling in turret and tree."

"That's so," said PERCEVALE, "but you or I
Can't help all that, you know. So friend, good bye."

In darkest woods—down in a lonely dell,
A peanut woman sat—her wares to sell.
But brave PELLEAS, turning not aside,
O'er that poor woman and her stall did ride.
And as he wildly dashed along, pell-mell,
To all the night-bugs thusly he did yell:

Rosy is the West!
Rosy is the South,
Hard enough her cheek,
False enough her mouth.

When the happy Yes
Comes from lips and eyes,
Pass and blush the news
That the lady lies.

While thus PELLEAS kept his crazy course,
And tried his best to founder his poor horse
Out from the city came brave LANCELOT,
His steed just on a comfortable trot.
And as he rode thus gaily, all alone,
He loudly sang, in his fine baritone,
"There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as
mine.

There's GALAHAD and ARTHUR; GERAINTE and old MERLINE,
But none so gay as LANCELOT, in all the land, they say;
For I'm with the Queen all day, Mother! I'm with the Queen all day."

But when PELLEAS, riding wild, he heard,
To stop his song the thought to him occurred;
And shouting loud, he cried, "Who's there? Hello!
What now? Hold up! Look out! Hi-yi! Ho, Ho!
Pull up, young man, and tell me who you be."
PELLEAS stopped, and thus gave answer he:
"I'm just exactly what my fancy suits;
I'm FECHTER'S Hamlet, and I'm CLARKE'S De Boots;
I'm Champagne CHARLEY, and I'm SUSAN ANTHONY, you know—or any other

man."

"If that's the case," said LANCELOT, "we'll fight."
"Well," said PELLEAS, "that suits me, all right."
Said LANCELOT, "As anxious you appear,
Just make a ring out in this meadow here.
I'm somewhat drowsy, and to sleep I'll go.
Just wake me when you're ready, friend, and so,
Comrade, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn.
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn."

PELLEAS now worked hard, marked out a ring,
And made it smooth and nice as anything;
He dug and sodded it, and after that
He got a roller and he rolled it flat.
When all was done, he blew a warlike catch,
And LANCELOT skipped up, and toed the scratch.
Down went their visors—each fell back a space,
And on they came at a tremendous pace.
They met! A crash! And LANCELOT, proud knight,
He knocked PELLEAS higher than a kite!

The mighty din of battle scarce did cease,
When came old PERCEVALE, who yelled, "Police!"
He might have yelled forever; they came not.
The victor sneered, "My name is LANCELOT."
Then said PELLEAS, "Well, suppose it be,
It makes no earthly difference to me."
As glum PELLEAS on the ground did sit,
Said PERCEVALE, "Young man, git up and git!"
Then cried the other, "Easy 'tis to talk—
I'd like to know how ever I can walk.

Broke, broke, broke!
Are three of my bones, oh see!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me."

Then PERCEVALE, he took him on his back,
And in the Queen's wide hall, down dumped him,—smack!
"Hello!" cried GUINEVERE, "here's been a fight!
And I not there! Young man, it serves you right!"
PELLEAS got upon his pins once more,
And thus he sang, while hobbling to the door:

"O ho! good Lady GUINEVERE
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile, though they never saved a cent.
Remember that, and should you find
Time on your hands too heavy go,
Oh! teach the orphan girl to read,
Oh! teach the orphan boy to sew!"

(THE END.)



WAT CUM SNECST?

OR

The Oriental Mule.

A SKELETON DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY D. BOSSYCOW, ESQ.

[Managers who purchase this great sensation have the right to substitute any other title, to suit their special tastes, abilities or otherwise. Also to fill up the list of characters, ditto, ditto, ditto.]

CHARACTERS (absolutely necessary.)

CLEONI *A Young Man in Love.*

LUCY *A do. Woman do, do.*

GIMFRISKY *Prince of Eareigh.*

ACT I.

Room in a Cottage.

CLEONI. Ah! Oh! my beloved, 'tis well!

LUCY. Hush! no more. I see it all.

CLEONI. Cans't thou see my mother?

LUCY. I cannest.

(They suddenly rush into each other's arms, where they remain in two swoons; in the meanwhile the cottage is burned to the ground. Curtain falls for two minutes, and upon its rising the Ninth Regiment is discovered en bivouac on the ruins, its commander, the PRINCE, reclining gracefully on the ground.)

(Background, river Amazin, mouth wide open.) Solo on the banjo, "Rest, Traveller, Rest," by PAREPA ROSA.

ACT II.

Room in hotel at San Francisco.

GIMFRISKY. Revenge? Aye, 'tis sweet. But see! they come!

LUCY. How now? But yesterday you said—

CLEONI. Hush, dearest, the time will come when—

(A rumbling noise is heard, and soon the whole building is shaken into remarkably small ruins.)

[Half an hour is supposed to elapse, for refreshments, and when the curtain rises, GIMFRISKY, who has emerged through a diminutive hole, is discovered in the costume of AJAX defying the lightning, or something of that sort, singing—

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble, O," "From quarries near to Tuckahoe."]

ACT III.

Steamer on the Sound.

LUCY. How keiyind it was to give us free passes to our cottage by the sea.

CLEONI. *I don't see it in that light.*

LUCY. But when once more—

Enter GIMFRISKY, singing, "Will you come into my parlor, my pretty little fly?"

[Here the stage simultaneously opens, and the noble steamer sinks out of sight, leaving only the top of one of the smoke-pipes in view, from which emerges BILLY BIRCH, who sings to slow and solemn music:

"Down, down, down, Derry down," "Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear."]

ACT IV.

At the base of Mount Vesuvius.

Enter the PRINCE of EAREIGH, heavily enveloped in an elegant black velvet opera cloak.

GIMFRISKY. They think they have eluded me, and although this is a hard place to make a corner, I'll be—

LUCY. What a beautiful—(LUCY and CLEONI *having entered*, R.H.)

CLEONI. Yes, here will we dwell until—But what form is that?

[The PRINCE here throws off the aforesaid black velvet opera cloak, and appears in a dress somewhat à la Sing Sing and Charlestown, to wit, one-half in an Admiral's uniform, the other half being that of a military officer.]

GIMFRISKY. My dear friends, I have no refreshments here to offer you, but I will show you the crater, if you will follow me.

LUCY. Lead on, thou gay and festive youth.

CLEONI. This gittin' up is somewhat rugged—

GIMFRISKY. Aye, but I'm used to that kind of business; but here we are at the top.

[At this moment an awful eruption takes place, and all are enveloped in smoke. Soon this clears away, and above the crater appear two huge paws, holding the PRINCE head downwards, while LUCY and CLEONI may be seen in loving embrace, sitting under a balloon, and steering due West.]

Epilogue by C. SUMNER, Esq.,—"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Curtain falls to slow and solemn music.

A LONG SHOT.

MR. DISRAELI, in "LOTHAIR," introduces a roving Oxford professor, whom he characterizes as a "social parasite." Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is a roving Oxford professor, who happens now to be amongst us, and who immediately places upon his head, and ties tightly under his chin, the cap hung out by the author of LOTHAIR. According to Mr. SMITH'S letter to the gay LOTHAIRIO, published in the *Tribune*, the cap fits him to a hair, whereupon he ungratefully shakes his fist at the donor of it

across the Atlantic, and stigmatizes him as a coward. This may lead to a long-shot duel between the aggressor and the aggrieved. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, for instance, who, in addition to being a roving professor, seems to have become a raving professor, may go so far as to jerk the word "coward!" at the teeth of Mr. DISRAELI, through the Atlantic cable. "Glad the cap fits!" would probably be the prompt response from the trans-Atlantic party; and thus the culminating Billingsgate might be bandied about beneath the ocean until all the mermaids turned to fish-wives, and learned to be so vile in their language as to shock even VENUS ANADYOMENE, and send her blushing away to the darkest grottoes of the deep.

ORGANIZING AN ORGAN.

To Mr. PUNCHINELLO'S great disgust, the managers of the coming Beethoven Festival in New York sent to Boston to borrow the great organ used in the Coliseum. Fortunately it is found that there is not time to move the monster here, and put it up. Now let us have an organ that is an organ—something entirely original—an organ with meerschaum pipes, specie-paying banks of keys, stops calculated to produce a maximum of go, with the Rev. Mr. BELLOWS to furnish the music power and the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER to supply the wind. Let us have an organ which will surpass all other organs in the world, whether the same be political, phrenological or physical!

ERRATUM.

A Bavarian Princess has been announced as lecturing in this city on the "Equality of Women."

For "Equality of Women" read "He quality of Women."



A RURAL NUISANCE.

"AND WE MUST SUMMON THE LAW TO OUR AID. * * * IT CAN HELP US MATERIALLY IN OUR WARFARE WITH THE COWARDLY VAGABONDS WHO TRAVERSE OUR FIELDS WITH MUSKET OR RIFLE, BLAZING AWAY AT EVERY UNSUSPECTING ROBIN OR THBUSH THAT THEY CAN DISCOVER. MAKE IT TRESPASS, PUNISHABLE WITH FINE AND IMPRISONMENT, TO SHOOT ON ANOTHER'S LAND WITHOUT HIS EXPRESS PERMISSION, AND THE COWARDLY MASSACRE OF THE FARMERS' HUMBLE ALLIES WOULD BE CHECKED AT ONCE."

[Mr. GREELEY'S "What I Know about Farming," Tribune, June 4.

PHILADELVINGS.

It would be a good thing for New Yorkers, when they feel a little dull, to take a run over to Philadelphia and be amused. The good Quakers have all the hail-holes in their windows mended now, and they are as lively as ever. Among other things, they have two rival variety theatres, "Fox's" and the "Chestnut;" and the efforts of each of these to excel the other creates the greatest excitement among the young Broadbrims. Each establishment is continually adding something new and wonderful to its attractions. A week or so ago the weather was very warm, and the vegetable theatre announced that it was the coolest place in the city. The next week it was damp and cold, and the animal establishment declared that its building was the hottest in town. One has a *danseuse* who spins around so fast that she bores a hole in the floor of the stage with her toe; and to emulate this, the other produces sixty danseuses, all imported from Europe, who spin around so fast that you cannot see them at all. They are all there on the stage, but from the rising to the falling of the curtain, their velocity is such that they are absolutely invisible. The one announces no tedious waits; the other no tiresome measures. Fox guarantees no jokes of his stale; but this statement is ridiculed in the Chestnut bur-letta. The one advertises itself as the cradle of wit, but the other does not abate its scoffin' a whit. The one has a fountain of real water and MORLACCHI; while the other would have the Gulf Stream, if it did not lack MAURY.

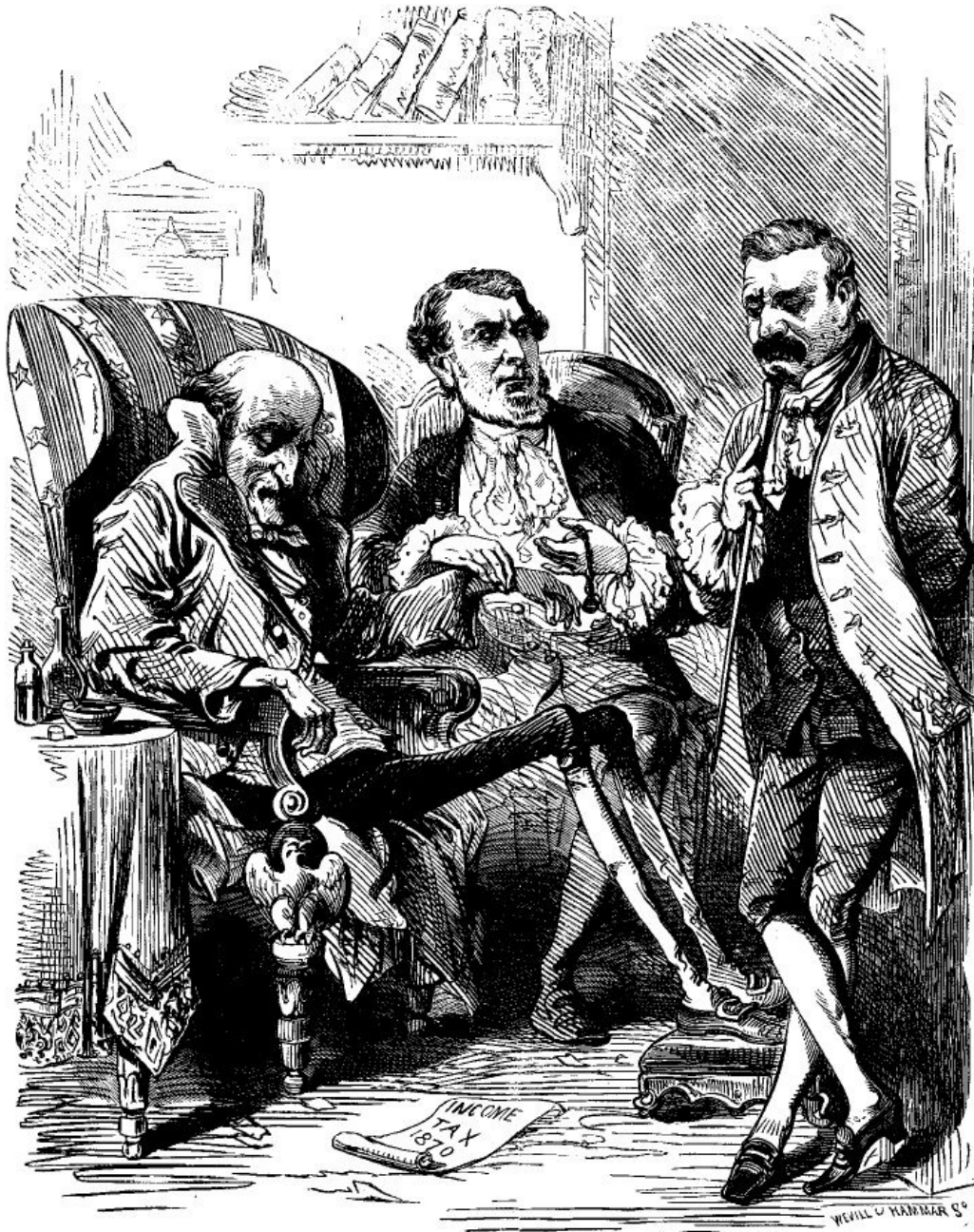
But these are not the only peculiarities of Philadelphia amusements. A short time ago, the Conchological Society of that city gave a concert. Did anybody ever hear of a Conchological Concert before? This affair was a success, owing, perhaps, to its novel programme. "Shells of Ocean" was of course sung as a solo, a duet, and a chorus; and SHELLEY'S "Nightingale" was set to music and played as a 'cello solo. A variation, for

the piano, on CRABB ROBINSON'S diary, was also given. The "Conquering Hero" was sung, and indeed the music dealers declared that to furnish suitable selections for the performers at this concert, they had stripped their shelves. Many of the "Hard Shell" Baptists took an active part in the affair, and SHELTON MCKENZIE was one of its principal supporters. It is pleasant to learn that the proceeds of the concert were satisfactory, for the members of the society were obliged to shell out liberally in order to get it up. A little disturbance was created at one time, by an unruly boy, who became clamorous for an *encore*, and remonstrances only made the young cub boisterous, but one of the officers threatening to knock him higher than a conchite on Mount Lebanon, he quieted down. The hall was illuminated by *tentaculites*, and presented a brilliant appearance. Most of the audience resided out at Chelton Heights, and a heavy rain, which came up after the performance, made them very glad to reach the shelter of their homes.

The Presbyterians had a lively time among the Quakers for a couple of weeks. As they are now a united body, "Old School" and "New School" are things of the past. But it must not be supposed that reference is made to old SCHOOL of the *Evening Star*. He is not a thing of the past; and it is one of the pleasantest recreations of the Philadelphians to sit at their front windows and listen to his thirty thousand newsboys sing together their vesper hymn—"Star of the Ee-e-e-vening! Doub-ull-sheet-Star!"

Another peculiarity of Philadelphia is the way it utilizes its Fire Department. Not long ago, a company of firemen, returning from a fire, beheld a man trying to break into a house. The company immediately comprehended that it was its duty to arrest that man. And so the Head Man he blew his horn, and away they went, "apparatus" and all, after the burglar, who had now taken to his heels. The bells rang, the men shouted; and amid cries of "Sock her down, boys! Roll her, boys, roll her! Hi! yi! yi!" the novel chase went on. But, as they could not overtake the fleet-footed thief, a stream of water was played upon him, but without stopping him. A hook-and-ladder company now coming up, an effort was made to clap a ladder against the fugitive, but it could not be done. And, after all, he escaped.

But to prevent too great an emigration of "the dangerous class" to Philadelphia, it may be stated that that city does not rely entirely upon its Fire Department to catch its thieves.



THE BLOOD-MONEY.

Dr. Schenck. "HOW IS UNCLE SAM'S INCOME PULSE?"

Dr. Delano. "VERY LOW. WE HAVE BLED HIM PRETTY FREELY, BUT MUST KEEP BLEEDING HIM TO THE LAST DROP."

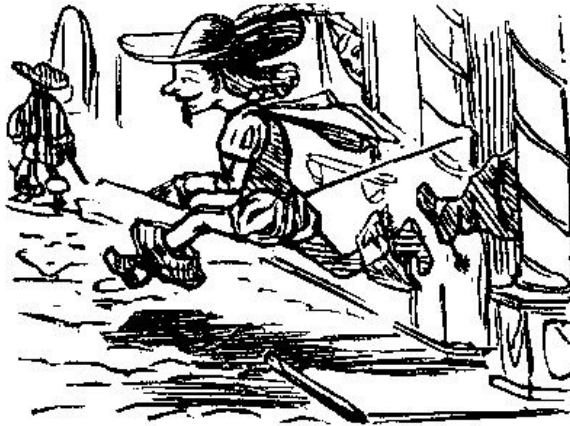
LINES BY A HAPLESS SWAIN.

In ancient times, when suitors went to woo,
And heartless maids would send them hopeless back,
Lest the fond swains their courtship should renew,
The cruel belles would tender them the "sack."





And if one dared again renew the suit,
By ill success made desperate and bolder,
He fared still worse. From pa he gets a boot,
From her—poor fellow!—only a cold shoulder.



Our modern usage in the Court of Love
Is, when the youth by some fair maid is smitten,
In token of his suit he sends a glove;
His suit rejected—she returns a “mitten.”

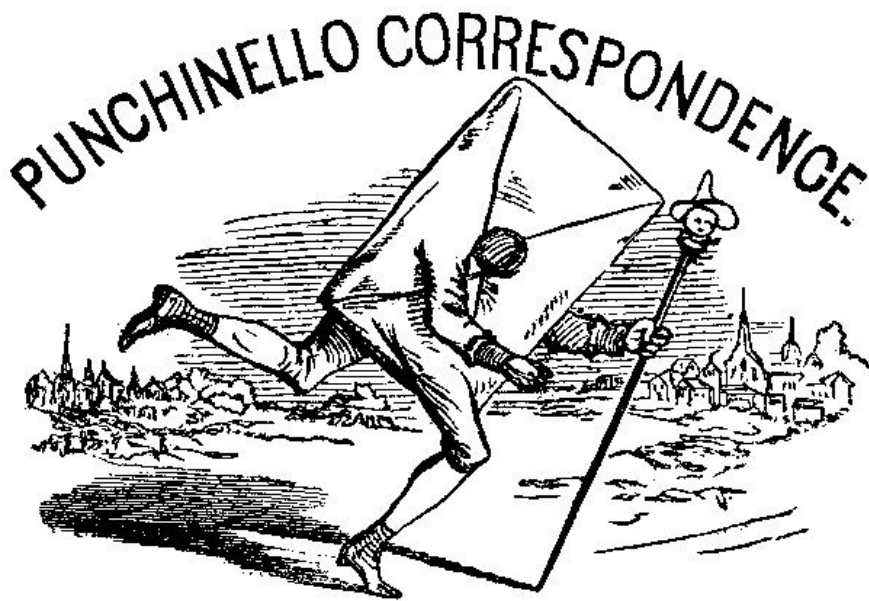


Such is my hapless case, oh! cruel fair
Who sent this mitten—emblem of my fate;
But why the dickens didn't you send a pair—
For what's the use of one, without a mate?

PROPOSED MATCH.

The bull-frog weighing six pounds, recently captured at Bedford, Ind. has been

forwarded to the office of Punchinello, where it may now be seen without charge. We have made arrangements with Mr. Gilmore, late of the late Boston Coliseum, to put this fine artist through a regular musical course, and he will appear in the orchestra at the New-York Beethoven Festival, in a new overture entitled "The Music of the Marshes." This piece will contain several obligato passages written expressly for our Bull-Frog. After this, we shall challenge Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN to compete in public speaking with the Frog of PUNCHINELLO, for a purse of \$20,000—Mr. TRAIN to speak ten minutes solo; the Frog to croak ten minutes; and then both to speak and croak in duet also for ten minutes—the most sonorous performer to take the money.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maud Miller.—Move to Chicago and get a divorce. No doubt the Judge would take the hint.

Algernon Sw-nb—ne.—We are obliged to decline your contribution. The verses are very pretty, but the morals of our paper must be preserved.

U.S.G.—The expression, "The United States is at peace," is ungrammatical, but you did perfectly right in writing to Punchinello before believing it.

Susan B. Anth-ny.—You are mistaken. DARWIN nowhere mentions any process of natural selection by which a woman may in time become a man.

Hon. Benj. Disraeli.—The expression, "I will put a head on you," which you say Prof. G-LDW-N SM-TH uses in a cable dispatch to you, is merely a slang phrase which he has probably learned from his trainer.

Payne Collier.—There is more than one Irishman in SHAKSPEARE. It appears from the text of *Hamlet* that he was on the most friendly terms with the "melancholy Dane," from the familiar way in which the latter addresses him:

Ham. "Now might I do it, PAT." (*Hamlet, Act III, Scene III.*)

It is impossible to say now whether the PAT in question was a Fenian or not.

Jack Ketch.—We think that listening to a debate in the House of Representatives may fairly be considered the worst form of Capitol punishment.

Potter.—No, no. COLENSO was born in England. Though he was Bishop of Natal, it was not his Natal place.

Poetaster.—Was not HAFIZ a Persian poet.

Answer.—Yes. Poor fellow! he spent HAFIZ life in making rhymes.

J. F.—y.—Rumor says that Mr. W.B. OGDEN intends to defer commencing to build the Central Underground Railroad until the new Court House is finished.

WORDS AND THEIR ABUSES.

Mr. THURLOW WEED, in an entertaining article in the *Galaxy* for May, sheds some long-desired light on the origin of the term "governor," as employed by filial affection to denote the paternal parent. On reading this, we were instantly reminded of a little bit of historical philology which Mr. FROUDE has somehow strangely omitted to chronicle in that portion of his delightful romance which is founded on the life of ELIZABETH. This somewhat distinguished lady, in company with Mrs. STOWE, GRACE DARLING, RALEIGH, Dr. FRANKLIN and others, was once taking tea by special invitation in the back parlor at Kenilworth, when the conversation turned on boating. RALEIGH, who, from his experience, was quite at home on that topic, playfully wagered his best peaked ruff that LEICESTER could not prevail on either of the ladies

there present to venture with him on the lake in his new ten-oared lap-streak wherry. The Earl was roughly piqued by this taunt, being secretly proud of his aquatic accomplishments, and, turning hastily to the Queen, he remarked:

"And yet the lady lives who ventures wheresoever I may lead."

"Prithee, brave Earl," interrupted the Queen, in high dudgeon, "will you impart to us her name?"

An awkward pause ensued, when LEICESTER, fixing his aquiline eye piercingly upon ELIZABETH'S face, replied, in a tone of the deepest respect, "YOU, BET!"

This expression has ever since held its place as a maxim of polite conversation.

An Irrational Proceeding

Sending Fenians to Canada without Rations.

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



WATTS PHILLIPS has written a comprehensive drama, entitled NOT GUILTY, and the managers of NIBLO'S GARDEN have produced it. Comprehensive is the best word with which to describe it, since it comprehends an epitome of English history at home and in the colonies during, a period of ten years, together with observations on prison discipline, and the recruiting system, interspersed with comic songs and jokes translated from the Sanscrit. It is a complete guide in morals and manners for the young soldier, the intelligent convict, and the aspiring thief. It is well, it is as follows:

ACT I. *Curtain rises upon a RECRUITING SERGEANT singing an unintelligible song to an admiring group of recruits, consisting of six girls with commendable ankles, and several supes of average awkwardness. The song ended the recruits retire, and the SERGEANT sits down to drink with ROBERT ARNOLD, a virtuous locksmith. Enter SILAS GARRETT.*

SILAS. "I will pretend to be drunk. There is no reason why I should, but still it's a good bit of business." *Staggeres and falls on*

ARNOLD.

ARNOLD. "Wretched being! He deserves nothing, and I will therefore give him my last half-crown. Now, SERGEANT, I will enlist. Let us go and sing more unintelligible songs." *They go. Enter* MRS. ARMITAGE.

MRS. ARMITAGE. "I am starving. My child has eaten nothing for years. Oh, sir, give me something!"

SILAS. "Not I. Go and work. Don't touch me; you look as if you had been riding in a street car." *Rushes away as though pursued by the wicked flea.*

MRS. ARMITAGE. "There is no hope. I will die." *Dies.*

Enter ARNOLD. "Hallo. Do I see a woman? What is the matter, my exhausted friend? Please come to life again!" (*She comes to life.*)

MRS. ARMITAGE. "Neither my child nor I have tasted food for vast and incalculable periods. Help me."

ARNOLD. "I will." (*Helps her home, and rushes out to beg. He successfully strikes a casual supe for five pounds, and remarks*)—"Now she is saved. I will buy a doll for the child. They can make porridge of the internal bran." *He goes for the doll, and* SILAS *re-enters.*

SILAS. "Here are ARNOLD'S skeleton keys. I will steal them, and rob the man in the opposite house." *Robs him and is pursued by the police.*

Scene 2d. MRS. ARMITAGE'S *garret. Enter that interesting and hungry lady.*

MRS. ARMITAGE. "My child is dead; I will die too." (*Dies.*)

Enter ARNOLD. "Here is a doll and other delicacies. Come to life again and eat them." *They come to life and retire to the hall for feasting and revelry. Enter* SILAS.

SILAS. "The police are after me. There is not a moment to lose. I will therefore stop for an hour and arrange things so as to ensure ARNOLD'S arrest, and will then escape through the scuttle." (*He arranges things and then scuttles away. Enter police, after ten minutes of preliminary howling on the staircase, and discovering ARNOLD'S skeleton keys, arrest him.*) *Curtain.*

Everybody in the audience. "I don't begin to see into the plot yet, but we shall in time."

ACT II. *Scene, the Quarries, with convicts at work.* They make elaborate motions with picks at white rocks, and thus dig out considerable black slate. SILAS has become a Warden, no one knows how. The convicts sing and enjoy themselves, with the exception of ARNOLD, who evidently finds prison life too gay and frivolous. Mrs. ARMITAGE, who has become a fashionable lady—no one knows how—enters with a procession of nice girls to watch the joyous prisoners. A COMIC CONVICT, with a fine sense of the fun of the thing, proposes a mutiny. Convicts all mutiny, and ARNOLD and his comic friend escape. They take refuge in a busy highway, and the COMIC CONVICT sings comic songs in order to prevent the police from approaching them. The police—having some little musical taste, wisely keep at a distance. The two convicts rob a drunken soldier of his uniform, and, disguised as officers, go to India. The drunken soldier is arrested as an escaped convict and dragged to prison. The entire population of Great Britain embark for India in a neat pasteboard steamer. Exasperating drums beat until the audience becomes too much confused to notice the astounding evolutions of the military. After a few hours of this sort of thing some intelligent carpenter mutinies and drops the curtain.

Everybody in the audience. "I don't begin to see into this plot yet, but we shall in time."

ACT III.—*Scene, a garden in India.* The heroine who has been locked up during the previous acts, by her aunt, escapes from a window by means of a ladder. She displays much agility, but not a glimpse of ankle. Consequent disappointment in the audience. Enter ARNOLD—now a captain—who makes love to her. Enter COLONEL WILLOUGHBY, and at her earnest request promises not to marry her. The rebellious

Sepoys—who are quite white—attack the GARIBALDI Guard of British Italians, who are quite dark. Sudden arrival of SILAS, much out of breath through having run all the way from England. WILLOUGHBY is killed, and SILAS, who looks precisely like him, (as indeed he ought to, inasmuch as CHARLES WALCOT plays both characters,) puts on his clothes—trousers excepted—and takes command of the troops. A pitched battle with fire-crackers—which are pitched promiscuously on the stage—takes place, with a pleasing slaughter of the white-faced Sepoys. The drummers become obviously frantic, and beat their drums as though they were beating the managers out of a year's salary in advance. The single men of the audience, deafened by the noise, and choked by the smoke, rush out of the theatre for air. They return to find the curtain down, and the act ended.

Everybody in the audience. "I don't begin to see into the plot yet, but we shall in time."

ACT IV.—*Scene, COLONEL WILLOUGHBY'S house in England. Enter COMIC CONVICT and two old pals.*

COMIC CONVICT. "I have found the Warden who used to cane us at the Quarries. We will have him soon." *They hide behind a cabbage. Enter WILLOUGHBY and ARNOLD.*

ARNOLD. "You promised in India to let me marry the heroine."

WILLOUGHBY. "You lie, you villain, you lie."

ARNOLD, "My friend, you are sadly changed. Wait a moment, till everybody comes in and forms a neat group, and I will explain myself." (*Everybody comes in and forms group.*)

WILLOUGHBY, "You are a self-proclaimed liar. Proceed!"

ARNOLD. "You are not WILLOUGHBY. You are—"

COMIC CONVICT. "SILAS GARRETT, the man who stole the money which ARNOLD was thought to have stolen. Police, do your duty." (*The police—not being the real thing, but only supes in police uniform—do their duty and arrest WILLOUGHBY.*) *Somebody remarks that ARNOLD is NOT GUILTY. COMIC CONVICT receives a full pardon, and a matrimonial mania seizes upon everybody. About this time it occurs to the stage manager that the play might as well end. Accordingly it ends.*

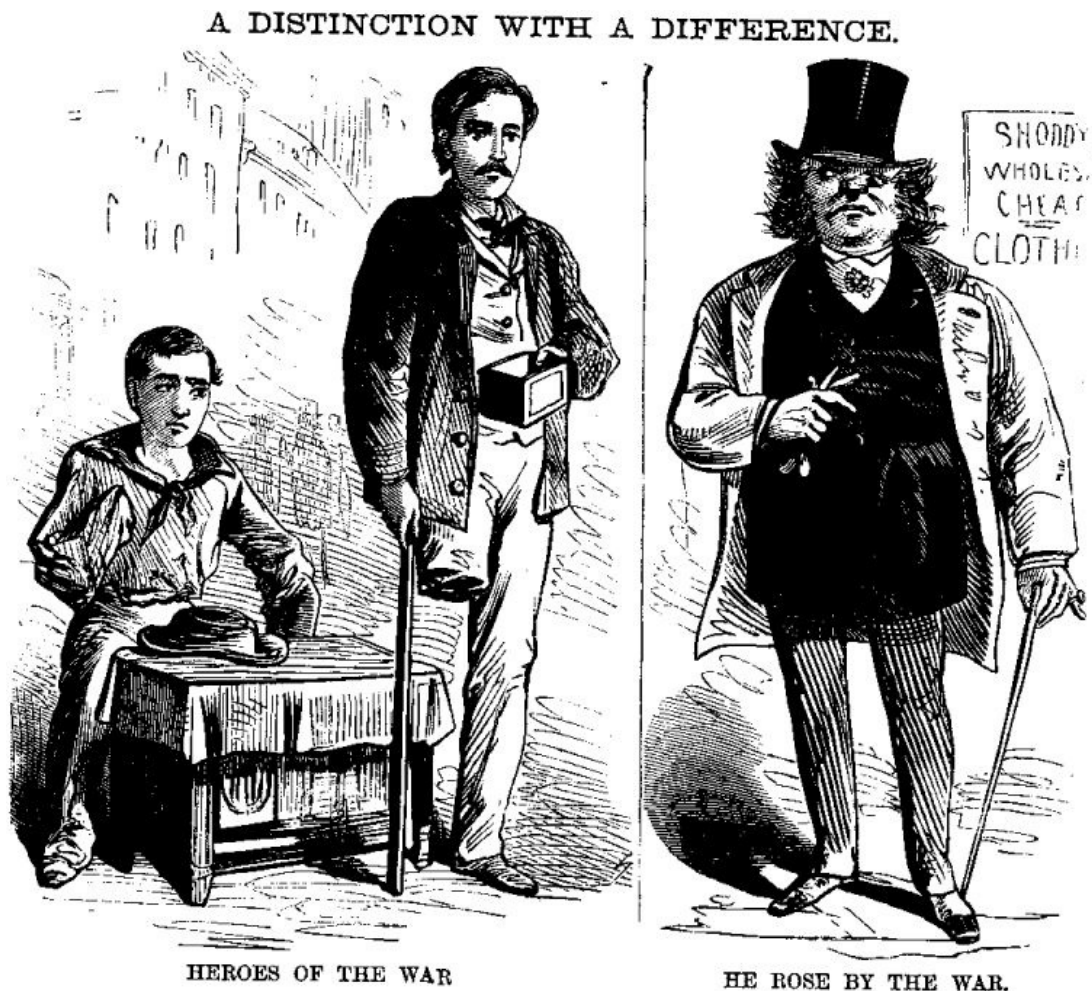
Everybody in the Audience. "I don't begin to see into the plot yet, but if some one would explain why Mrs. ARMITAGE became a fashionable lady with a fondness for looking at convicts; why SILAS became a Warden and afterwards went to India; why ARNOLD passed himself off upon his regiment as an officer, merely because he had stolen a private's clothes; why everybody, whether free or in prison, dead or alive, went to the Quarries, to India, and back again to WILLOUGHBY'S country-seat with unflinching unanimity; why, in short, things were as WATTS PHILLIPS assures us that they were, I might begin to have some idea of what the play is about."

But then—the undersigned would respectfully ask—what would one gain by understanding the play? He would find it noisy and tedious, even if it were intelligible. The admirable acting of Messrs. OWEN FAWCETT and F.F. MACKAY, in the slight and subordinate parts allotted to them, would still be overshadowed by the melodramatic absurdity of Mr. WALCOT. Miss IRENE GAY could not look prettier than she does, nor could Mrs. WALCOT be more thoroughly pleasing; but the drums would be just as intolerable, were the plot as plain as a strong-minded woman. And then, after all, there are many reasons why WATTS PHILLIPS, when unintelligible, is decidedly preferable to WATTS PHILLIPS when made plain to the weakest intellect.

MATADOR.

WHITE LIES.

Most of the complimentary marble busts of departed heroes.



OUR PORTFOLIO.

A few days ago PUNCHINELLO had occasion to call upon that most puissant chief of the tribe Tammany, known in the Indian vernacular as "Big Six." P. had a disagreeable presentiment that his path to the throne of this man's greatness would not be strewn with flowers. He had listened to the melancholy experience of others who went before and came away not only with blighted hopes, but soiled garments and abraded shins. Nevertheless, PUNCHINELLO felt that, as it was his duty, he would not be affrighted by the formidable character of the undertaking, but go and judge of the difficulties in the way for himself. Accordingly he went. Arriving within three hundred yards of the portal which conducted to the charmed circle where "Big Six" held court, he was not astonished at the spectacle of fourteen hundred Irishmen, twenty-seven Germans, and three boys, all crowding, in no little confusion, to get a glimpse of the space behind the door. The approach of PUNCHINELLO was announced by a portly policeman with a

round red nose and a black eye, who hung upon the outskirts and occasionally cursed those Irishmen who seemed to forget the proprieties of the place by making such remarks as—

"Arrah, PADDY O'NEILL, will ye jist keep aff me toes, or be gorrah I'll giv' ye a clout in the shnoot."

"An' do ye take me for a fool, BARNEY RYAN, that I'd be afther lettin' ye do the like o' that?"

"Moind yersilves there!" "Howld yer tongues!" "May the divil ate yez! but the best of yez hashn't the manners of a pig!" Amid such pleasant ebullitions of Celtic amiability, PUNCHINELLO succeeded in carving his way to the door, when it suddenly opened, and a tall, lean, cadaverous man, who looked like the ghost of some Fenian leader, bawled at the top of his voice:

"Go an out o' this, all of yiz; Mr. TWADE won't see another of yiz this blissid day."

It seemed as though the crowd had only been waiting for this signal; for they gave one wild shout, and rushed through the open portal like a pent-up stream breaking its dam.

PUNCHINELLO felt himself lifted from his feet and whirled along with the current. Resistance was useless; but being in the van, he was the first to alight upon the middle of a table covered with papers, before which sat, in a large arm-chair, his eyes wide open with astonishment, and his face red with anger, the great Chief of Tammany.

PUNCHINELLO immediately extricated himself from this ridiculous situation by rolling on to the floor, with all the grace peculiar to him. Then, instantly rising, he grasped "Big Six" by the hand, exclaiming:

"Beg ten thousand pardons, sir, but it wasn't PUNCHINELLO'S motion that he should be laid upon the table."

"No, be Jabers," ejaculated an excited member of the throng; "but it's me, MOIKE FINNEY, that wud lay ye under it!"

"Will you hold your tongue!" shouted Big Six.

"I axes yer Honor's pardon, but be the sowl of me I couldn't help it, with that 'ere spalpeen sprawlin' ferninst me there among yer Honor's papers."

"Put these wretches out," said the Chief, with great dignity, to the officers in attendance.

"Mr. TWADE! Mr. TWADE! an' I have Altherman MOONEY'S wurd for it that ye had that job in the Parek fur me as shure as whiskey's whiskey, so I have," screamed a voice, growing louder as the officers obeyed the injunction of the Chief, and forced the crowd back.

"Och, murther! but I belave it's all a loi, now. I'll see MOONEY, so I will."

Perhaps a hundred such appeals, all at the same time, and all with more or less violence, were hurled at "Big Six," who grasped the back of his chair with the supreme indifference of a man accustomed to such experiences, and calmly surveyed the retreating horde until the last man disappeared across the threshold, and the doors were once again closed.

"I shall never forget this sight, sir," said PUNCHINELLO. "It's too much for good nature."

"Good nature!" exclaimed the Big Ingin, "why, my dear PUNCHINELLO, I haven't got any of it left. If I had, these cormorants would take me by violence every day in the week. No, no; good nature, indeed! We who sit for the distribution of the public patronage want brazen faces and cast-iron hearts. That's the only way a man can get along here, and if PUNCHINELLO should ever be so miserable as to go through with what I do, let him remember what I said about brazen faces and cast-iron hearts;" and then "Big Six," locking his arm in that of PUNCHINELLO, walked out of the office by a side door.

A MEDICAL MISS.

Miss MARY EDITH PECHEY, a surgical student of the Edinburgh University, complains of one of the professors of that institution, a Dr. CRUM BROWN. This crusty CRUM refuses to award her the HOPE scholarship, and offers her instead a medal of bronze. Miss PECHEY very properly characterizes this conduct as that of a brazen meddler who would deprive her of hope. The quarrel is not yet ended, but it strikingly illustrates the trouble a Crumb can give when it goes the wrong way.

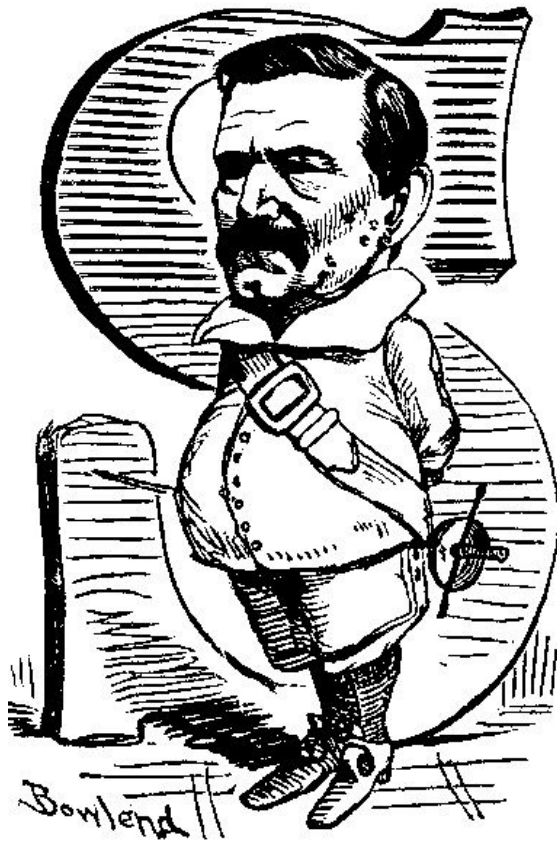
KING CRAFT LOOKING UP.

Probably many of the present suffering monarchs of Europe, being of a superstitious turn, and given to the pondering of portents, will be much revived and stimulated by the news that an animal called "Kingcraft" has won the Derby against fourteen horses with more republican names. What astonishes Mr. PUNCHINELLO is, that a steed with such a name should be reported as having "behaved beautifully throughout the race." With Kingcraft he has not been accustomed to associate the beautiful, but, on the other hand, quite the contrary and *vice-versâ*. Still, it must be admitted that in these latter days, the craft of Kings has frequently been demonstrated by their talent for running; and nobody can have forgotten the remarkable time made on his leaving France, by the fugitive LOUIS PHILLIPPE. When Monsieur L.N.B.'s turn comes he will find it hard work to beat his predecessor.

CONDENSED CONGRESS.

Senate.

Senator MORTON was wrought up about the sufferings of the Jews in Roumania. It might be said that it was none of his business, but he begged to state that many of his constituents were Jews. Under these circumstances he felt it to be the duty of his blood to boil over the recital of the wrongs of



the Jews in Roumania.

Mr. SUMNER was of the opinion that it was a gross outrage, as he also had some Jewish constituents, but as they were not very numerous, the shrewdness of the Massachusetts Christian being ordinarily an overmatch for the shrewdness of the 'Ebrew Jew, his blood only simmered softly over the intelligence. But he had an interest in the question of eternal justice involved, and he was free to say that it was not correct to fry, boil, or in any way cook a Jew as a Jew. Mr. SUMNER then sent to the clerk's desk, and had read the statements of Shylock, which, he observed, were written by the immortal SHAKSPEARE, relative to the endowment of the Israelite with the usual limbs and features of other members of society.

Mr. SPRAGUE mentioned that the Jews were persecuted because they were rich. If the Senate were to allow this sort of thing to go on unrebuked, the whole population of Rhode Island might say of their solvent Senator, "Come, let us kill him, and the Pequashmeag Mills shall be ours." Let the Senate think what an awful privation that would be.

This completely overcame the Senate, and it passed resolutions of inquiry and indignation.

The Indian question came up, closely followed by THAYER, (of Nebraska,) who observed that his constituents had the most rooted objection to being scalped, and that they did not even contemplate with pleasure the prospect of having their horses stolen or their habitations burned down. These feelings were perhaps culpable, but certainly natural, and he wished the Senate would consider them, if it had any sensibilities to spare from the wrongs of the red man.

Mr. MORTON said that he remarked the proceedings of the children of the forest rather in sorrow than in anger. The forefathers of his eminent friends, Scalper of the Pale Face, Stealer of Horses, and Blinker at the Inn, had possessed this continent, and he would not be willing to say that they had not shown as much sense as the present Congress in governing it. If the remembrance of their former glories occasionally instigated them to impale babies and scalp women, we ought to remember the beautiful hymn which begins, "Speak gently to the erring," and give them whiskey and gunpowder, instead of treating them with harshness.

Mr. FERRY was informed that an American citizen had been imprisoned in St. Domingo, and kept there at the suggestion of a United States officer, for fear he should divulge matters prejudicial to the little game for the annexation of that island.

Mr. CHANDLER said any man who objected to that proposition was a vile scoundrel who ought to be imprisoned. If he had his way he would have him hanged. The man who defended such a movement was no better than himself. The annexation of St. Domingo would lead as to perfect bliss, and the man who objected to it would murder his aged mother, or even oppose going to war with Great Britain.

HOUSE.

Mr. SCHENCK remarked that his tariff bill had been beaten, but that he would introduce another bill, which he did. The other bill is the same bill, except that the duty on medullary sutures is reduced one cent per million, and the duty on participial

adjectives is increased one per cent, *ad valorem*, which, as SCHENCK observed, would not bear heavily upon Congressmen.

Mr. COVODE said this bill ought to be passed, because his colleague Mr. WOODWARD, was in sympathy with the red-handed rebels who had tried to displace him, Mr. COVODE.

Mr. WOODWARD wanted to know what COVODE was talking about.

The speaker called Mr. WOODWARD to order, upon the ground that it was notorious that COVODE never talked about anything, and it was unparliamentary and insulting for one member to interrupt another while making a confidential communication to his constituents.

Mr. COVODE further remarked that the bill ought to be passed because all the members who did not agree with him in his estimation of his usefulness were opposed to it.

This affected the House to tears, and they passed the bill, SCHENCK and KELLEY fell upon one another's neck and exchanged tokens of Ohio pig-iron and Pennsylvania coal.

SONG OF THE MOSQUITO.

"Home again—home again—
From a foreign shore!
And oh, it fills my soul with joy,
To greet my friends once more."
[It does, indeed!]

I bring you no new song, my friends,
I wear no fancy clothes;
I know you love me for myself,
For I believe your oaths!
I feel I'm lovely! When I come
For once you're blest indeed.
I know I'm all in all to you;
For me you gladly bleed!

Oh, yes! I am a thing of joy!
My tones are passing sweet;
I thrill you with my melody
So simple, yet complete!
"Ah! there he is!" you softly cry,
And breathless watch my flight—
Unless, indeed, I have you there,
By coming in the night!

It is not every visitor
Who brings a band along!
Who celebrates his friendliness
In melody and song!
It is a graceful compliment,
Which I can well afford
To those who gladly welcome me—
And furnish all my board!

A serenade at dewy eve—
How grateful to the sense!

Who stays to calculate the cost—
The paltry recompense!
"What cheerful little sprite is this
That carols as he goes?"—
You'll learn, my pretty one! when I
Alight upon your nose!

I would not plead for robbery,
I would not use deceit;
And yet, 'tis plain to candid minds,
Philanthropists must eat!
I dare not taste the juicy grape;
But Nature bids me see
The blood that first was wine in you
May turn to wine in me!

'Tis but a tiny drop—a speck,—
One sip is all I've quaffed!
My plethoric old Wall street friend,
Was it an over draft?
Say rather that you took my stock
To "bear," as oft before,
And now are scratching round to raise
A margin for some more!

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