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by Various**

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# THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

AN ADAPTATION.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FOR THE BEST.

Miss CAROWTHERS'S educational hotbed of female innocence was about to undergo desolation by the temporary dispersal of its intellectual buds and blossoms to their native soils, therefrom to fill home-atmospheres with the mental fragrance of "all the branches." Holiday Week drew near, when, as Miss CAROWTHERS Ritually expressed it, "all who were true believers of the American Church of England in their hearts would softly celebrate the devout Yearly Festival of Apostolic Christianity, by decking the Only True Church with symbolical evergreens over places where the paint was scratched off, and receiving New Year's Calls without intoxicating liquors." In honor of this approaching solemn season of peace on earth, good will to young men, the discipline of Macassar Female College was slightly relaxed: Bible-studies were no longer rigorously inflicted as a punishment for criminal absence of all punctuation from English Composition, and any Young Lady whose father was good pay could actually sneeze in her teacup without being locked into her own room on bread-and-water until she was truly penitent for her sin and wished she was a Christian. Consequently, an air of unusual license pervaded the Alms-House; woman's rights meetings were held at the heads of stairways to declare, that, whereas MARY AMANDA PARKINSON'S male second-cousin has promised to meet her at the railroad station, and thereby made her pretend to us that the letter was from her father, when all the time ANN LOUISA BAKER accidentally caught sight of the words "My Precious MOLLY" while looking for her scissors in the wrong drawer, and therefore, be it Resolved, that we wish he knew about one shoulder being a little higher than the other, (as she *knows* the dressmaker told her,) and about that one red whisker under the left hand corner of her chin which she might as well stop trying to keep cut off; dark assemblages resembling walking lobsters were convened in special dormitories at night, to compare brothers and tell how they Byronically said that they never should care for women again after what they had sacrificed for them in the horse-cars without so much as a "Thank you, sir," but if they ever *could* be brought to liking a girl now, it would be on account of her not pretending to care for anything but money and a husband's early grave; and very white parties of pleasure were organized in the halls, at ghostly hours, to go down to the cupboard for a mince-pie under pretense of hearing burglars, and subsequently to drink the mince-pie from curl-papers, accompanied by whispers of "H'sh! don't eat the crust so loud, or Miss CAROWTHERS 'll think it's a man."

In addition to these signs of impending freedom, trunks were packed in the rooms, with an adeptness of getting in things with springs twice as wide as any trunk, and of laying cologne-bottles, fans, and brushes, between objects with ruffles so as to perfectly protect the latter, that would have put the most conceited old bachelor to shame. Affected tenderly by thoughts of a separation which, so ridiculously uncertain is human life, might be forever, the young ladies who couldn't bear each other, and had been quite sorry for each other because she couldn't help it with such a natural disposition and rough forehead as hers, poor thing!--graciously made-up with each other, in case they should not meet again until in Heaven.--You will not think any more, HENRIETTA TOMLINSON, of what I told you about AUGUSTUS SMITH'S remarks to me that Sunday coming out of chapel. I *didn't* let you know before, my dear, but when he had the impudence to say that one of your eyebrows was longer than the other, and

that you had a sleepy look as though a little more in the upper-story wouldn't hurt you, I stood up for you, and told him he ought to be ashamed to talk so on Sunday about you, after you'd taken such pains to please him. That's just all there was about that whole thing, HENRIETTA, dear, and now I hope we may part friends.--Why *shouldn't* we, MARTHA JENKINS? I'm sure *I've* never been the one to be unfriendly, and when Mr. SMITH told *me*, that he guessed my friend Miss JENKINS didn't know how much she walked like a camel, I was as sarcastic as I could be, and said I didn't know before that *gentlemen* ever made *fun* of natural deformities.--Yes, HENRIETTA, my love, I know how you've *always*, te-he! spoken well of *everybody* behind their backs. Gentlemen give *you* their confidence as soon as they see you, without a *bit* of fishing for it on *your* part, and then you have a chance to befriend your poor friends.--Oh, well, MARTHA, darling, there's no need of your getting provoked because I wouldn't hear you called a camel--he! he!--after you'd been so angelic with him about stepping on the middle back-breadth of your poplin--"Oh, *never* mind it at *all*! Mayistah SA-MITH; it's of *No-o* consequence!" Te-he-he-he! When *is* it to come off, Miss TOMLINSON? When does your AUGUSTUS finally reward your *perseverance* with his big red hand?--I haven't asked him yet, Precious! out of regard for your feelings. He's *so* sensitive about having any one think he's *jilted* her; quite ridiculous, I tell him.--HENRIETTA TOMLINSON! you--you'd get on your *knees* to make a man look at you: EVERYbody says *that!*--But then, you know, MARTHA JENKINS, there are persons who wouldn't be looked at much, even if they did go on their knees for it, *lovey*.--M'm'm! Ph'h'h! Please keep by your *own* trunk, HENRIETTA. I don't want anything *stolen*, Miss!--He! he! Of course I'll go, MARTHA. There's so *much* danger of my stealing your old rags!--*Don't* provoke me to slap you, Miss!--Who are *you* pushing against, *Camel?*--Aow-aouw-k!--Ah-h-h!--R-r-r-r'p, sl'p, p'l-l Miss CROWTHERS' coming!--And thus to usher in the merry, merry Christmas time of peace on earth, good will to young men.

At noon on the Saturday preceding Holiday-Week, Miss CAROWTHERS, assisted by her adjutant, Mrs. PILLSBURY, had a Reception in the Cackleorium, when emaciated lemonade and tenacious gingerbread were passed around, and the serene conqueror of Breachy, Mr. BLODGETT, addressed the assembled sweetness. Ladies, the wheel of Time, who, you know, is usually represented as a venerable man of Jewish aspect with a scythe, had brought around once more a festival appealing to all the finer feelings of our imperfect nature. Throbbled there a heart in any of our bos-hem!--in any of the superstructures of our waists, that did not respond with joy and gladness to the sentiment of such a season? In view of Christmas, Ladies, did we say, in the words of--an acceptable Ritualistic translation from the Breviary--

"Day of vengeance, without morrow,  
Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,  
As from saint and seer we borrow?"

No; that was not our style. We saw in Christmas a happy time to forgive all our friends, to forget all our enemies at the groaning board, and to keep on remembering the poor. Might we find all our relatives well in the homes we were about to revisit, and ready to liquidate our little semi-annual expenses of tuition. Might we find neighborhoods willing to take the resumption of piano-practicing in the forgiving spirit of the Christmas-time, and to accept the singing of Italian airs, at late hours, with the tops of windows down, as occurrences not to be profanely criticized in sleepless beds at a time of year when all animosities should be repressed. With love for all mankind, Ladies, where it was strictly proper, we would now separate until after the Holidays, wishing each other a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Then ensued leave-takings all around; terminating with a delicate consciousness on the part of each young lady present that she was not to be entirely without escort on her way to her home, inasmuch as there was a BILL prepared to go with her and be presented to her parents.

A number of times had FLORA POTTS witnessed this usual breaking up, without any other sensation at herself being left behind in the Alms-House than one of relief from incessant attempts of dearest friends to find out what Mr. E. DROOD wrote about longing to clasp her again, in his last; and on this occasion she came near being really happy in having her dear MAGNOLIA PENDRAGON to remain with her. MAGNOLIA had never mentioned EDWIN'S name since the virtual compact between herself, and her brother, and Mr. SIMPSON, on the Pond shore; which was, perhaps, carrying

woman's friendship rather too far to the other extreme:--she might as least have said, "Are you thinking of something commencing with a D.?" once in a while:--but the Flowerpot, while slightly wondering, of course, found a pleasant change in a companion of her own sex and age who was not always raising the D. in conversation.

A lovely scene was it, and maddening to masculine imagination, when so many of Miss POTTS'S blooming young schoolmates kissed her good-bye in the porch, and gave her a last chance to tell them what he *had* written, then. It was charming to see that willed-away little creature, without her enamel, waving farewell to the stages departing for the ferry; and to hear the disappearing ones calling out to her: "By-bye, FLORA, dear; EDDY ought to see you now with your natural complexion." "*Au revoir*, Pet You'd better hurry in now; here comes a man!"

"Don't stay out in the sun for us, Darling, or the belladonna may lose its effect."

Oh, rosebud-garden of girls! Oh, fresh young blossoms, to which we of the male and cabbage growth are as cheap vegetables! Cling together while ye may in the fair bouquet of sweet school friendship, of musical parlor-sisterhood. So shall your thorns be known only to each other in such fragrant clustering, and never known at all to Men unless they insensately persist in giving you their hands.

While the Flowerpot was thus receiving fond good-byes, EDWIN DROOD, on his way to see her, suffered an indecision of purpose which might have bred disquiet in a more gigantic mind than his. With the package containing the memorial stay-lace in one pocket, and his hands in two others, he strode up the Bumsteadville turnpike in a light overcoat and a brown study. But for good Mr. DIBBLE'S undeniably truthful picture of a modern lover's actual situation, he might have allowed matters to go as they would, and sunk into an early marriage without one prayer to Heaven for mercy. Now, however, that picture troubled him even more than the bump which he had got upon his head from the tilting table in the lawyer's office, and he was disposed to send the stay-lace back to the candid old man. "FLORA and I have about equal intellects," reasoned he to himself. "Shall I leave the whole question to her, or my own decision! One would be about as profound in wisdom as the other. Which? I guess I'll toss-up for it."

He stepped aside from the road, under a leafless tree, and drew from a pocket a badly speckled nickel coin. "Heads for her, tails for me," he said, with some awe in his tone. The tasteful coin was tossed, and "Heads" stared up at him from the frozen ground. "It's her inning," he muttered, and, re-pocketing the money and his hands, went on whistling. Thus the great crises of our laborious human lives are settled by the idle inspiration of a moment, and fate, for good, or evil, comes as it is cent.

The Flowerpot, expecting him, was ready in her walking dress, and, by tacit permission of Miss CAROWTHERS, the two started upon a promenade for the nearest confidential cross-road, each eating half of an apple which Mr. DROOD had brought to disguise his feelings.

"My dear, absurd EDDY," said FLORA, when they had arrived in a secluded lane not far from St. Cow's Church, "I want to give you something very serious, and oh! I'm so ridiculously nervous about doing so,--especially after your giving me this apple."

"Never mind the apple, FLORA. It was the fruit of our First Parents, and has constituted the most available pie of the poor ever since. Don't allow it to fetter your freedom of speech, and please try to eat it without such a gashing noise."

"Thank you, EDDY. You have always been liberal with me. And now are you sure you won't be absurdly angry with me if I give you something?"

He fell away from her a moment, as half anticipating a kiss, but promised that he would restrain his temper.

"Then here you are, EDDY;" and she drew from a pocket in her dress and held out to him a small worsted mitten.

"You give this to me?" he said, accepting it, and tossing it from one hand to the other, as though it were something hot.

"Yes, dear, ridiculous friend; and from this day forth let us give up the cold

indifference of people engaged to each other, and be as truly affectionate as brother and sister."

"Never get married?"

"Not to each other."

Under the ecstatic influence of the moment, the emancipated young bondman began dancing and turning somersaults like one possessed but, quickly remembering himself, hastened to regain a perpendicular position at her side, and coughed energetically, as though, the recent gymnastics had been prescribed for his cold.

"My own sister!" he exclaimed, "a weight is now lifted from both of our minds, and both of us should be the better for the lifting-cure. It is noble in you to let me off so."

"And it's perfectly splendid in you, EDDY, to make no horrid fuss about it."

The beautiful contest of generousities between these two young souls made each as tender toward the other as though the parents of both had been alive and frantically opposed to their mutual attachment.

"We are both sorry that we have ever had any absurd engagement between us," said FLORA, with a manner of exquisite softness, "and now, that we are like brother and sister, we need not be all the time playing the Pretty with each other, and needn't be putting on our best things every time we have to meet. You think that my hair always curls in this way, don't you, EDDY?"

"Why, you don't mean to say, FLORA, that it's *all*--"

--False? No, you absurd thing! But curling irons, and oil, and crimping pins have to be used hours and hours."

"Ha! ha!" laughed EDWIN DROOD, "I see the point; you've had to make-up for me. Now I dare say that you have thought my boots, which I have worn in your company, were the right size for me? They're really one and a half sizes too small, and almost kill me. As for gloves, I never wear any at all except when I come to see you."

"And my complexion, dear brother?"

"Oh, I know all about that, darling sister. I couldn't find any fault with *that*, so long as my own seal-ring, which you thought so rich-looking, was only plated."

The little creature burst into a laugh of delight, and pressed his arm with sisterly enthusiasm. "And we can be perfectly honest with each other; can't we, EDDY? As a partnership for life until death should us part is no longer our object, we have no need to utterly deceive each other in everything."

"No," answered the equally happy young man; "as we're not trying to marry now, we may as well drop the swindle."

"And just suppose we'd gone on and got married," cried the Flowerpot with dancing eyes. "When it was too late, you'd have found out what I really was--"

"And you'd have found *me* out," interrupted EDWIN, vivaciously.

"I should have wanted more expenditure upon myself, for giving me my proper place in society, than you, with your limited means, could have possibly afforded.--"

"And I should have told you it would ruin me--"

"And that would have made me more disappointed in you than ever, and provoked me to call you a pauper-monster.--"

"And then I would have twitted you about being anything but an heiress yourself when I married you--"

--Which would have thrown me into hysterics--"

--Which would have made *me* lock you up in your room, and leave the house--"

--For which *I* would have sued you for an Indiana divorce--"

--Thus driving *me* to commit suicide--"

--"And bringing myself under a cruel public prejudice seriously detrimental to my future prospects."

Gloriously excited and made nearly breathless by their friendly rivalry in thus specifying what must have been the successive results of their union without plenty of money, the animated pair panted at each other in a kind of imaginative intoxication, and then shook hands almost deliriously.

In a moment after, however, Mr. DROOD thrust his hands into his pockets and presented an aspect of sudden discomfiture.

"I forgot about my uncle, JACK BUMSTEAD," he said, uneasily. "It will be a dreadful blow for JACK: he's counted so much upon my having a wife for him to flirt with.-- There he is, now!"

"*Where?*"

"Amongst those trees down there--Look!"

In a small grove, skirting the road some distance behind them, Mr. BUMSTEAD could indeed be seen, dodging wildly from one tree to another in an extraordinary manner, and occasionally leaping high in the air and slashing excitedly around him with his alpaca umbrella. A hoop from a barrel, possibly cast out upon the road by somebody, had, apparently, become entangled around the legs and in the coat-tails of the Ritualistic organist; and he, in his extreme nervous sensibility, precipitately mistaking it for one of his old enemies, the snakes, had evidently fled headlong with it as far as the grove, and was there engaging it in frantic single-combat.

"Oh, take me home, at once, please!" begged FLORA, alarmed at the remarkable sight.

"Poor dear old fellow!" exclaimed her companion, obediently hurrying onward with her, "I shall never have the heart to tell him of our separation, and must leave it to your guardian. He'll think he's been the cause of it, by stealing your heart from me.-- Here he comes!"

They had barely time to conceal themselves in the Macassar porch, when, with umbrella in full play, and the barrel-hoop half-way up to his waist, Mr. BUMSTEAD came bounding along the turnpike with frenzied agility. "Shoo! 'S'cat, you viper! Get out!" cried he; and stopped, with an unearthly culminating scream of terror, immediately in front of the Alms-House, where the hoop suddenly fell at his feet. A moment he beat his fallen enemy with the umbrella, as though madly striving to actually hammer it into the earth; then, as suddenly, suspended his attack, stooped low to eye his victim more closely, and, with a fierce pounce, had it in his grasp. "Was it only thiss?" he hissed, holding it at arm's length: "Sold again: signed, J. BUMSTEAD." And, hanging it over his umbrella, he stalked moodily onward.

"What a struggle his whole lonely life is!" said EDWIN DROOD, coming out from the porch.

FLORA'S parting look, as she entered the door, was as though she had said, "Oh! don't you understand?" But the young man went away unconscious of its meaning.

*(To be Continued.)*

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**"THE NEXT THING TO IT."**

SCENE—NORTH ADAMS.

*Butcher, (who is not quite prepared for the new order of things, to Chinese delegation:)* "WELL, WE'RE JUST OUT OF DOG, BUT WE'VE SOME FIRST-RATE SAUSAGES."

---

**A SEASONABLE PARODY.**

Three women went waddling out into the surf,  
Out into the surf at Newport town;  
Each wore a bath suit of the very best,  
Costing as much as a wedding-gown.  
For men must work, and women must lave,  
And what men earn their wives don't save,  
Though husbands they be moaning.

Three brokers sat up at three high desks,  
And balanced their books as the sun went down;  
Each "poring" o'er ledgers that wouldn't come straight,  
Each wrapped in a study disgustingly brown.  
For men must sweat, and women keep cool,  
And woman will ever be fashion's fool,  
Though husbands they be moaning.

Three names are struck from the Gold Board's books,  
Three brokers' sign-boards are taken down;  
Three men are busy "seeing their friends,"  
Borrowing money to get out of town.  
For men must break if women must waste,  
And it costs a deal to be "people of taste,"  
So good-bye to the fools and their moaning.

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## OUR PORTFOLIO.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: You may have heard of a slight breeze recently stirring at the Custom House, consequent upon the removal of Mr. GRINNELL and the appointment of the Hon. THOMAS MURPHY. The savage feelings which this event aroused have sufficiently subsided to allow a plain statement of the causes which led to it. At the time, it was the opinion of many that our worthy Chief Magistrate, convinced that things were getting along too smoothly in this State, had determined to infuse new life into both men and measures here. He didn't find it such a hard job "infusing" the measures, but when he came to the men all the usual machinery failed, and he had to get out a new patent battering-ram to wake them up. Such, I say, at least, was the popular impression, confirmed by the subsequent appearance of the persons against whom its operations were directed; but the initiated knew better. A few months ago a private commission, whose expenses were defrayed out of the Secret Service Fund, was sent to California to explore the region thereabouts for any hitherto undiscovered connection of the GRANT genealogical tree. For a long time the search was in vain, but finally the commission unearthed a chap in the mining district, who hadn't heard of LEE'S surrender yet, but whose sister had married a nephew of Mrs. GRANT'S brother-in-law. The poor fellow was promptly captured, combed and curried, and shipped East via Pacific Railroad, with a label across his back inscribed,

"Care of HIS EXCELLENCY, U. S. GRANT,  
C.O.D."  
*Washington, D.C.*

On his arrival the express charges were duly paid, and he was billeted at the White House, while orders were sent to the heads of the different departments to report what vacancies existed. Brief replies were returned from each, to the effect that another straw laid on the camel's back would break it, and, moved by a constitutional antipathy to breaking camel's backs, the President desisted from his efforts in those quarters. In this dilemma, the usual recourse was had to the New York Custom House, and Mr. GRINNELL was sounded as to what he could do for the last of the GRANTS. This is what he wrote:

"Not even standing-room left. I have more branches of your genealogical tree now than would serve to thatch the Capitol. The federal turkey at this port is stuffed to bursting. You may think that the old Exchange Building, which we now occupy, is a secure building, and so it is, but I don't think it could hold me if another 'connection' is coming. My blue book divides these family contributions to the service of the country into three orders, viz.: 'GRANT,' 'DENT,' and 'SHARPE.' Of the order 'GRANT' I have fifteen in the cellar, forty-seven on the first and second floors, and ten in the attic; of the order 'DENT,' nineteen on the two floors, seven in the attic, and seventeen in the cellar, and of the order 'SHARPE,' so many that I have engaged the Lightning Calculator of the *World* to compute them. Your Excellency will perceive that my situation is something like that of a commander

who is troubled with too many officers, and if I should be attacked you will Grant that it would take some pretty Sharp practice to make even a Dent in the armor of my adversary.

"The best I can do is to request you to authorize the creation of a new office, such as Supervision of Custom House Cobwebs, Keeper of the Water Tanks, or Statistician of Distilled Spirits consumed by Revenue Officers during the ensuing fiscal year, and then, on condition that he will never show his face in my office again, I will appoint your California offering to the place.

Your disgusted friend and servant,

MOSES."

When the President read this epistle, he was so agitated that he put the lighted end of his segar in his mouth, but did not discover his mistake until Secretary FISH observed the ashes coming from his nose, and with an air of mock solicitude asked:

"Does your Excellency experience any internal symptoms of a volcanic character, for I perceive that the crater is working?" pointing to the Presidential olfactory, while the owner sneezed a fresh volley of ashes through it.

"It don't make any difference if I do," tartly responded ULYSSES, "but I tell you what it is, FISH, I'm going to build a little volcano under MOSE GRINNELL'S chair that'll 'hist' *somebody* when it breaks out." Saying which he threw the late Collector's missive towards the piscatorial premier, and hurriedly left the room.

The above is a genuine narrative, collected from authoritative data, and may be relied upon when all other means of ascertaining the truth fail.

Yours, historically,

DICK TINTO.

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## **THE WATERING PLACES.**

### **PUNCHINELLO'S VACATIONS.**

On the portico of the Mountain House, in the Catskills, Mr. PUNCHINELLO had the honor of being welcomed by Prof. AGASSIZ, Mr. P. had just arrived, and his valise was in his hand; but the Professor insisted on a little conversation with him.

"In spite of the crowds at these summer resorts," said this learned man, "one seldom meets with any one who takes an interest in science."

Mr. P. bowed, and mentally resolved to rub up his stock of polytechnology for the occasion.

"I am glad, Mr. PUNCHINELLO," continued the Professor, "that you have not neglected science in your excellent journal. You have had some admirable treatises on natural history. The country is your debtor, sir."

Mr. P. bowed again, and hoped, in his inmost heart, that the country would soon pay up.

"I must admit that I am disappointed here--in several ways. In the first place, I have not found a single glacier."

"No glaciers!" cried Mr. P., in surprise.

"No sir, not one, and I can find no sign of the Triassic period."

"Oh no!" said Mr. P. "Not now. That was several years ago, when GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, COLORADO JEWETT, and DAN RICE's celebrated little donkey were here. They're all gone now."

The Professor looked up a little surprised at these remarks, but went on with his complaints. "And not a trace of cleavable pyroxene," said he.

"Pie rock!" said Mr. P. to himself. "I'm glad it isn't seen. Have these geologists got to that?"

"I hoped, too," continued the Professor, "to get a little scoria."

"Oh!" said Mr. P. "You wanted to run up a little score here. Well sir, I think, in your case, that might be done--in fact, I've no doubt of it."

"I fear you do not quite understand me," said the Professor. "I have not found here what I had expected. To be sure, I met with a little gneiss----"

"Ah! a little niece," said Mr. P., rubbing his hands. "Well, now, that must be pleasant I am very glad indeed to hear it. It will certainly make the place much more agreeable for you."

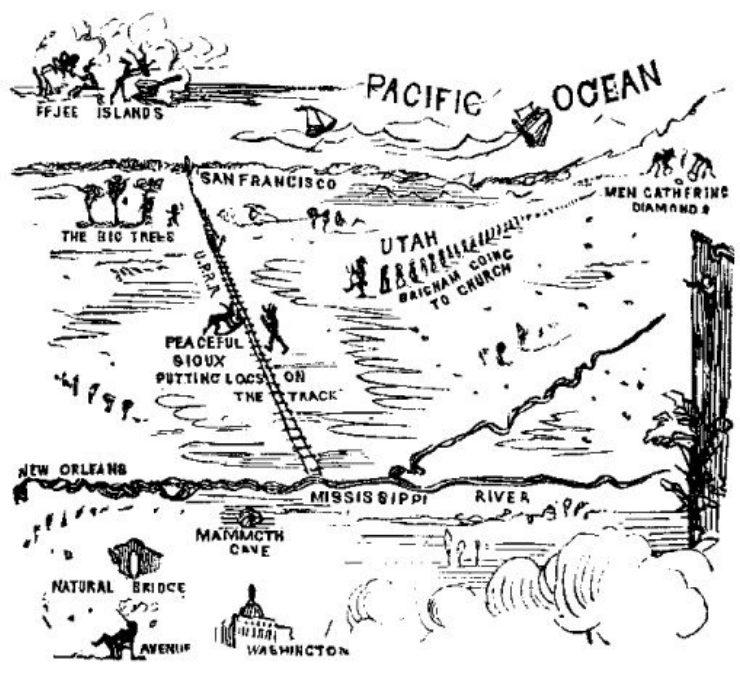
"Yes,--" said the Professor, "but it don't amount to much. I wanted particularly to find on these mountains some traces of their having once been a part of the shores of the ocean----"

"Oh!" cried Mr. P., "I can help you there. I can show you a fine BEACH,--if that is what you want."

"You can?" exclaimed the Professor. "With shells?"

"I don't know about that," said Mr. P., "but there he is, in the bar-room--he keeps the house--and you can ask him yourself about the shells."

Mr. P. now took occasion to hurry after the waiter to his room, but he heard the muttered thunder of a German-storm below him as he rapidly climbed the stairs. He had a very nice room in the extreme upper part of the house, and the view was charming.



To the East one could see the Hudson-"winding like a silver thread;" the distant Bay of Fundy; and the foggy shores of Newfoundland.

To the South were distinctly visible the blue Juniata; the bold arch of the Natural Bridge; and the long lines of shipping at New Orleans; while in the West, the setting sun could be seen glowing upon the walls of the Yo Semite, and gilding the tops of the big trees in the Mariposa valley.

After feasting his eyes on this magnificent prospect, Mr. P. came down-stairs to feast on something which owed its enchantment to a cooking-range, and not to a range of distance. He met the Professor at the bottom of the stairs, and hastened to pacify him by inquiries about some little bushes that he had just gathered.

"That is laurel," said the learned man, grumly.

"Indeed!" said Mr. P. "We make lard of that in New York."

"Lard?" cried the Professor. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, yes, certainly!" said Mr. P.

"Have you never heard of the great LORILLARD manufacturing establishment?"

"Never;" said AGASSIZ, "and I'll go and see it the very day I reach the city."



The next day Mr. P. made the ascent of High Peak. Everybody does that; and so, with a small party, Mr. P. started out--gaily enough. On reaching the place where the heavy climbing begins, they met the New York Fat Men's Club coming down, and the peculiar appearance of the members deterred most of Mr. P.'s party from attempting the great feat. It was proposed that Mr. P. alone should make the ascent. He assented--and being thus, in a manner, ordered up--went it alone.

It was not an easy thing--that climbing of High Peak--as any one will be apt to conclude after attentively studying this picture of the ascent. But an indomitable will can conquer all obstacles that are not too much for it, and at last Mr. P. balanced himself on the extreme point of the Peak. The view was so glorious that he instantly hastened down to inform his companions that they too must not miss it upon any account. Several of them, JOHN BINGHAM, of Ohio; SIMON CAMERON, and HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, objected very strongly to the proposed climb, as they were never in the habit of occupying very high ground. But Mr. P. insisted that they would there obtain what they needed more than anything else in the world, and he begged their pardon if he referred to extended views. So at last they all went up, and when they reached the topmost point Mr. P. placed himself so as to cut off his companions' retreat, and then he delivered to them a discourse that they will not soon forget.

When from his remarks, and the practical illustration which lay beneath them, they had been made aware that it was a great country of varied interests, and not a few little sections, for which they should legislate, Mr. P. let them down.

The following morning, after testing an admirable



specimen of horn-blending--offered him by Mr. BEACH, and not Prof. AGASSIZ, Mr. P. set out alone for the Kauterskill Falls. His trip was wonderful. He went in a wagon. The scene was sublime. At one place he came across a bevy of New York artists sketching the scenery, and their sensations when he suddenly cut off their north light must have been peculiar. But they regained their accustomed pallor as the old horse struggled manfully, and the danger passed away.

At last, after an exciting ride over roads that had perhaps never been trod before by human wheels, Mr. P. reached the great Kauterskill Falls--that lovely freak of nature which has been celebrated in all ages, and of which the poet says:

"The noble splash Niagara gives,  
In thee, fair Kauterskill, still lives;  
All but the mighty roar and size.  
And clamor of wild hackmen's cries."





This view of the Falls is from a sketch by Mr. P. himself.

(He will send a beautiful chromo of it--seventeen and a fourteenth by eighteen and thirteen fifteenths of an inch--life size,--and a copy of the paper for nine years, for thirty-four dollars and a quarter--postage paid.)

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## COMIC ZOOLOGY.

### GENUS FELIS.--THE LION.

The Lion is a Cat, and has probably been a greater Scourge to humanity than any other of the feline race, with the exception of the nine-tailed variety, now almost extinct. He is known in Africa as the *Rad*, an Arabic word signifying thunder, and not, as the superficial philologist might suppose, a contraction of the name of a political party in this country that at present enjoys the Lion's share of the spoils. It is true that some of the American Rads are immense brutes, but in other respects they do not bear much resemblance to the "lord with a big head" which infests the African and Asiatic continents. Much has been said of the pluck and endurance of the Lion, but his heart often fails him in the hour of danger, and he sometimes Caves in without showing as much Bottom as is displayed by his counterfeit presentment on the stage. In short, like the Noble Savage of our own wilds, his moral attributes have been greatly exaggerated. He prowls through the woods at night in search of the herbivora which constitute his prey, but generally vanishes at the appearance of Aurora. The Rad also makes tremendous havoc among the stock in many parts of the East, but has never been known to molest the Bullock in Georgia.

Among the sports who have particularly distinguished themselves as assailants of the Lion, may be mentioned SAMSON, HERCULES, NIMROD, JULES GERARD, Captain CUMMING, Sir SAMUEL BAKER, VAN AMBURGH, and CHARLES SUMNER, of Massachusetts. The last named gentleman, who is not generally looked upon as an ardent votary of the Chase, some time ago attacked the British Lion (*Leo Britannicus*) with tremendous ferocity, injuring that somewhat superannuated beast as much as it was possible to do with a short range air-gun at the distance of three thousand miles. For a moment the shaggy monster looked angrily across the Main at Massachusetts, but was soon satisfied that his antagonist was feinting, whereupon he yawned, winked lazily at an adjacent Unicorn, and relapsed into his customary state of doze. He evidently regards American Lion-shooters as a Motley throng, from whom nothing serious is to be apprehended.

Several varieties of the Lion have been domesticated in this country, the principal of which is the Black African, mentioned by GERARD as the most formidable of the

leonine tribe. Here, however, it is tolerably tame, and breeds faster than in Congo or Dahomey. There are two specimens (whelps) in the West Point Menagerie, and one of more venerable appearance, with a full mane (black and curly) in the Zoological Collection at the Capitol in Washington. Of this breed there are supposed to be about three millions in our Southern provinces. Some persons are of opinion that the Lion predestined to lie down with the snow-white lamb, in the millennium, is the Black African species, and from the fact that instances of this kind of union are even now of frequent occurrence, some people believe that the Reign of the Saints on Earth has already commenced. *Nous verrons.*

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## **URBS IN RURE.**

Having been often importuned for advice, by inexperienced persons who are about to visit the country, Mr. PUNCHINELLO has concluded to make a full exposition of his ideas on the subject of rural summerings, as follows:

When you pack your wardrobes put a few spring-beds in your trunk. You will find them less depressing than the ordinary summer beds out of town. A hair mattress or two may be stowed in the odd corners of your travelling bag.

Arrange, if possible, for a regular supply of Croton. The ablutionary fluid is most difficult to be had in places where water is abundant. It is mostly reserved for scenic purposes, and for the promotion of "the mill-wheel's hum."

Smokers should not lumber their baggage with Partagas. Connecticut supplies all summer resorts with the finest Havana segars.

If you cannot live without Kissingen you had better take with you the necessary ingredients, and prepare your beverage yourself. Country dispensaries dispense with such drinks.

No gentleman should go out of town without half a dozen high hats, in separate packages. They are just the thing for summer rambles in the woods. But remember to touch your beaver where the hemlock boughs are low. White duck is recommended for travelling suits. If the weather should moderate unexpectedly you can procure caloric at the kitchen fire. The finest kid gloves are to be worn on fishing excursions.

Ladies should have with them as much jewelry as possible, borrowed or otherwise. A few five-thousand-dollar dresses will be appropriate when you go out to see the sun rise. The sun is quite fastidious about such things, and warmly approves an effective toilette.

It will not be necessary to carry with you opera librettos. Any well-regulated country tavern can furnish everything of that sort that you will require.

Have a few billiard-balls in your pocket, however. In cloudy weather you can improvise a game on the dining-room table. Travelling Chinamen will probably furnish you with queues.

If you should be invited to try the fruit of the oak tree, on the theory that it is the American filbert,--very superior,--you can take your friend's word for it, without eating.

Get up early in the morning and go out to shoot Welsh rabbits for breakfast. The exercise will improve your appetite.

Find out all the novelties you can. It is a good thing to watch the black cat fish. Feelin' weary of that sport, you can sit on the rocks and tell the servant to bring you the evening paper on a silver salver.



Observe carefully the auriferous sunsets among the mountains. You will thus be enabled to determine with sufficient accuracy how gold is "closing" in New York.

Finally, write occasional letters to the *Evening Babble*. If your name is JONES, sign yourself "SENOJ." This thin disguise will be very pretty and will deceive your most intimate friends. Say in your correspondence that the tables of the house where you stay are "loaded with all the luxuries of the season." If convenient, show your letters to the landlord, whisper to him, "JONES *fecit*," and explain the little joke about the signature. This courtesy may somewhat alleviate your board bill.



### VICISSITUDES OF THE NATIONAL GAME.

SKETCH OF LATE MATCH AT GOAT'S HILL, BETWEEN RIVAL CLUBS "BARE LEGS" AND "BULLY BOYS." UMPIRE UNDERTOOK TO RESERVE HIS DECISION UPON A "FLY CATCH." "BULLY BOYS" TOOK GAME INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, SETTLING IT AND THEIR OPPONENTS FOR ONE SEASON AT LEAST.

**MY TURKISH BATH.**

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: It happened to be eleven o'clock some time during yesterday forenoon.

I generally take something at that hour.

Yesterday I took a Turkish Bath.

I took a horse-car. (That, however, is neither here nor there: but it got within two blocks of there at 11.25.) I ran up the steps of the T.B. establishment, and wired the inmates. The door flew open, and an ideal voter, erst a chattel (I hope I am not obscure in this deeply interesting portion of the narrative) pointed his thumb over his shoulder, displayed a choice assortment of ivory, and chuckled with great natural ease. I supposed this to be a custom with the colored population of Turkey, and passed on.

Everything was Turkish. I was struck with the order of the bath: also the scimitary of the apartments. As I think I before remarked,--I passed on.

The M.D. proprietor shook hands with me very cordially. I also shook hands with him. I told him that I wanted no ceremony; but if agreeable to him, I would gird up my loins and go in. He intimated that the only ceremony was to fund a small portion of the contents of my pocket-book. I am a little hard of hearing,--and I passed on.

An assistant, in the light and airy costume which I have so often noticed in Central Africa, in midsummer, beckoned to me, after I had laid aside a quantity of goods, (belonging to my tailor, and other downtown business men,) and I followed him.

The room we entered was heated by what I took to be a successful furnace. I must have been mistaken, however, for I understood the assistant to apologise because, by reason of a defect in the flues, they had been able to get the temperature up only to about 475 degrees that morning. I was a little disappointed, but simply suggested that the thermometer was Fair in Height; but if I felt chilly I would send out for some blankets.

He laid me on a slatted conch.

I experienced a gentle glow.

Afterwards, (I don't know why, exactly, I have always attributed it to the temperature,) I felt hot--hotter--Hottentotter! It seemed as though the equator ran right along the line of my back-bone.

I didn't care.

I couldn't recollect whether my name was SHADRACH, MESHACH, or ABEDNEGO; but I was baking and sizzling just as furiously as though I had paid in advance. My pores were opening, and the perspiration was immense. A red bandanna handkerchief would have been swamped.

There was a bald-headed man next me. He said he had been lying there three weeks, and he was going home next Saturday if he didn't strike oil. I grappled with the allusion, and replied that that was a poor opening any way, and I didn't believe I could myself lie there so coolly.

Waiting till my identity was pretty much gone, I dropped into another marble hall. The assistant (to whom my warmest thanks are due) scooped up what was left of me and laid me on a slab.

The assistant said I needed him, but, to the best of my recollection, he kneaded me. He went all over me, taking up a collection, and did first-rate. I threw off all reserve--about half a pound, I should judge. He seemed to take a fancy to me. I never knew a man to get so intimate on short acquaintance.

We talked rationally on a good many subjects.

He said he barely got a living there. I was surprised. I supposed he managed to scrape together a good deal in the course of a year.

He said he wanted to go into some wholesale house. I ventured to predict that success awaited him in the rubber business. In fact, we kept up quite a stream of conversation,

which he supplemented with a hose that played over me in a gentle, leisurely manner, as if I were fully insured.

He then shoved me into a deep-water tank where the "Rules for Restoring Persons apparently Drowned" whizzed through my mind, and I came very near forgetting that I didn't know how to swim. I managed, however, to fish myself out in season to observe the bald-headed ANANIAS, who murmured that he had been laid upon the table and should take a peel!

I came out to the drying-room, and made them think I was General GRANT, by calling for a cigar. I drank a cup of coffee. After a while I rattled into my clothes and felt better. So much so, that I did what I seldom do, walked clean home.

If I live to be ninety-eight years old, and am pensioned by Congress, the explanation which I shall give to the country at large is that it is due to that Turkish Bath. I can't tell you what I owe to it.

SARFIELD YOUNG.

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**DEATH OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."**

*Mother Bull.* "WELL, I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF IT. IT ALWAYS WERE A PUNY, SICKLY LITTLE THING."  
*Mother Nap.* "AND TO THINK HOW I HAVE NURSED IT AND NURSED IT!"

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**HIRAM GREEN WRITES TO NAPOLEON.**

**HIS OPINION OF THE CAUSE OF THE WAR--REVIEWS THE LATE WAR FOR THE UNION--A FEW SUGGESTIONS.**

SKEENSBORO, NYE ONTO VARMONT, *July--18 Seventy.*

FREND LEWIS:--How does the Emperor bizzness pay about these times?

Wouldn't you rather be door-keeper in some well payin' Circus, than rool on the Thrown of Frants about now?

Haint your present birth enuff to occashunly make a man forgit the 3rd Commandment, and use Congresshunal langwige freely?

I see, by the papers, you're up on your mussle, and are about to cave in Prushy's head, unless Prushy nocks you out of time.

You've got a very ingenious brain, my friend.

What you don't know, DANIEL WEBSTER never rote in his Dickshunary.

Feelin' bad about BENDITTY gettin' his smell-o-factory snubbed by King WILLIAM, haint what you got up this ere war for.

I can see through your little dodge, my Royal friend.

Things was gettin' too warm for your Imperial top-knot.

Them little jewels, which rested upon your brow, didn't set easy, and was makin' Corns on your figger head.

Your subjects was spilin' for a fite--and as sure as your borned, nothin' but a forrin war would keep you from follerin' in the footsteps of LEWIS the 16th, and keep the Boneypart Die-nasty on its pins.

A good chance turnin' up, you got up a *nasty* war, so the Prints Imperial would *die* off of the Thrown.

"Eh! how's that for Hi'?"

Yes, LEWIS, you are a bitter pill to swaller, and no mistake.

I, the Lait Gustise says so.

Us folks over here hain't so much on the war as we was. We've had our stomach full of war.

Nootrality is what ales us jist now, altho' I must confess we don't go quite so heavy on it as England did doorin' our family quarrel. England was so afrade she couldn't preserve her nootrality alone, that she fitted up the Alabarmy to help her. And some other folks I know of was so fast to perserve *her* nootrality, that she came over to Mexico so as to be near bye to do it, but if this court hain't laborin' under a teckinal error a few Pea-crackers traded off their soger overcotes for white pine ones. And the rest of 'em scratched gravel pooty lively for *lay bell France*.

I'm afrade I can't jerk soft sawder when I git hold of a goose quil. Guess not.

When you kill off all your present army, you must git up a draft.

When we had our war here, a man who didn't stand his little draft didn't amount to shucks. Altho' we had more cripples and able-bodied loonatics here them times, than since. The enthusiasm got up to that pitch, that when an enrolling officer would pass down the streets, crowds would rush after him, and with tears in their eyes and a \$300 bill in their hand, beg the enrolling officer to let them die for their blessed country--by sendin' a substitoot. Patriotism ran so high, that altho' a man hadn't a dollar to his back or a shirt in his pocket, he marched gallantly to the war meetins, and voted to assess his rich nabor to raise money for the purpose of buyin' substitoots with which to prosecute the war.

Them was the times as tride men's soles, and made the shoomakers laff, who done the toppin'.

Jumpin' bounties paid them times.

The bold patriot and able-bodied hero who couldn't jump his two bounties a week, beside his bord and washin', wasn't warmed by the fires of 1776.

Yes, sir; the self-sacrificing contractor, doorin' that eventful period, by cuttin' down the poor sewin' wimmen's wages, partriotically furnished the Government a superior lot of pastebord shoes for \$27.00 a pair, and a nice cool shoddy overcote for \$97.00 apiece.

Having received the reward of a gratefool country, he is resting from his patriotick labors at Saratogy or Long Branch.

Seein' that you have got a war on your hands, I hope it will pay better than your Plebiscotum, altho' I don't know whether that 'ere article resembles a bile or a brick meetin' house.

I understand you have mobilized your army.

My advice is to unmobilize 'em again, and get 'em in line.

I don't believe in mobs.

They are apt to get mixed, and popp off each other.

Millingtery disipline is a commander's best holt.

Little FILL SHERIDAN is comin' over to see you fite.

FILLIP is a plucky little cuss. He allers used to fite in the Calvary.

I don't believe he likes Infant-ry, for he remains onmarried.

If "Old 20 miles away" calls on you, tell him I've got a gal, smarter'n a 2 year colt, he can have by the askin'. She's a good cook, and can do up a shirt *el commee faw*, and you know what that is, better'n I do.

Don't appint your wife Re-gent. It will be a sorry day for you, if you do.

I appinted Mrs. G. in that position durin' the Honey moon of our wedded life, and the old gal has hung onto the Specter ever since, and she wields it with a cast-iron hand. As somebody says:

Give a woman an inch, and you'll get 'el.

Remember your grate uncle.

He was a able sojer, and could worry down hard tack and mule beef ekal to the best of 'em.

But Waterloo ukered the old man, and the "Head of the army" pegged out at Saint Heleny.

Look out that his nefew don't get served ditto.

As I've writ you considerable on public affairs, I will adres you a few lines on private ones.

Mrs. GREEN would like to borrow a new fashioned caliker dress pattern of UGEENY.

MARIAR bought a ticket in a church lottery, and drew a new fast collers caliker.

Would you have her make it up with a pancake attached to back of it, or would you put a pendelum on it?

She thought of having it scolloped, but in hot weather scollops are apt to spile unless cookt, and I think a *roosh* of oyster shells would be rather more *distangue*.

My wife makes all her own dresses; but I suppose, as you get good wages, like as not your woman has some one to do the fittin', while she runs up the seams on a sewin' machine.

Take good care of yourself.

Don't drink ice water this hot weather without temperin' it with brandy. When "this cruel war is over" come and see us, and believe me, my dear Imperial rooler--duke of

the Empire--and master of the royal Household of Frog Eaters,

Ewers:

HIRAM GREEN, ESQ.,

*Lait Gustise of the Peece.*

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THE LAST CASE OF "SHOO! FLY."

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### PLIGHT BY THE SEA.

*Charles.* "O THAT LAST DIP! SPEAK, NOW, MY DEAREST JANE, AND SAY THOU WILT BE MINE FOREVER."  
*Jane.* "I AM THINE, DEAREST! EVER, EVER THINE!—BUT SAY, WILT THOU NOT GIVE ME ANOTHER DIP?"  
*Charles, (vulgar wretch!)* "YOU BET!"

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## RAMBLINGS.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I infer that you never visited Slunkville, Vermont. Still, it is not strange, for many very estimable people have not done so, and still they are happy.

It is a very quiet hamlet. More quiet, if possible, than BOOTH'S HAMLET.

I am sojourning here for the summer. Communing with Nature, I believe they call it. I can commune here for five dollars a week and no extra charge for retiring pensively to a babbling brook, and reading MILTON or BYRON, though when my poetic soul hankers most, I prefer Bacon.

I take it fried, about an inch thick, with plenty of ham fat.

I went to hear Parson SLOWBOY last Sunday, on the Coolie question. He handled it without gloves, and, it being very warm, without stockings also. It's a very exciting question just now, almost as exciting as the question, "What'll you take?" and I must say, that, even in the heat of argument, he talked Cool-ie.



The Parson is very zealous, but rather illiterate. During a fervent exhortation he prayed that, "all the undiscovered and uninhabited isles of the sea might become converted," and on another occasion he began with,--"Oh, Lord, thou art a merciful sinner."

But he means well, and that is everything. A man knocked me down once, and stamped on my head several times. But he meant well because he thought I was another fellow. He apologised so politely that I actually felt cheap because he hadn't done it a little more.

But I'm afraid we shall lose Parson SLOWBOY. He's had a call. He hates to go, but he says it's his duty; the call is so loud.

It is two hundred dollars louder than his present salary.

The Lyceum Committee held their annual meeting last week. They are in a flourishing condition, having recently embellished their front door-step with a new and elegant scraper of unique design; and purchased four superb spittoons for the use of the committee. The President announced, amid great cheering, that they would probably open the fall campaign with eleven dollars in the treasury. The course will open with a debate on the question: "Are sardines wholesome when ripened in the shade?"----

She who was among us one short year ago, with her winning smile and gentle simplicity of manner, is now no more. The grass grows green o'er her last resting place, while he who crushed her young life is far away among his dissolute companions.

LUCY JONES was indeed a lovely maiden. The tear rises unbidden to my eye, as I recall her in the artlessness of her maiden beauty, hanging her feet into the mill-pond, or chewing the strings of her sun-bonnet. And when the stagecoach came in she would stand with her apron full of horse-chestnuts, and heave 'em at the passengers.

But the tempter came, and from that time she began to droop.

She continued to droop till she couldn't get any drooper.

And, with the gentle breath of June wafting sweet perfume from a wealth of new-born roses, they laid her away.

And the undertaker's bill was seven dollars and forty-five cents.

Her old man's constitution was never robust, and this was too much.

"I don't complain at the seven dollars," said he, in a voice broken by emotion, "but ain't the forty-five cents rather crowding the mourners?"

This undertaker is an awful lazy man. The neighbors say he was born with his hands in his pockets, and they go so far as to say that 'twould have been a good thing for his wife and family if he'd been still born. But I think this is going too far.

I don't think he ever got over the death of his brother, about a year ago. It was very sudden. Without thinking what he was doing, he sat down on a keg of powder with a lighted pipe in his mouth, and we have no authentic information of his whereabouts since.

The neighbors heard him when he went off, and, amusements being scarce in that section, they proposed to regale themselves with an inquest.

Twenty active boys volunteered to scour the neighborhood in search of a piece of the unfortunate man. Nineteen came back empty-handed.

The twentieth brought a button-hole, and over this the inquest was held.

His brother never took on much, but I know he felt it, for he always calculated to have that pipe when JOHN died. It *was* rather rough, if you examine it critically.

P.S. What'll you charge to publish a little editorial in your paper, saying that I am as genial and polished a gentleman as you ever met, and 'twould be perfectly safe to lend me any amount? I want it for circulation among new acquaintances.

---

## **PARDONABLE SOLICITUDE.**

MR. PUNCHINELLO: Having the most unbounded respect for your Gudgment i wanto know whether you think ther is rely gonto be mutch fiting between the french and the Prooshuns. It will be a important question to me this Year, as i hev Raised over 100 bushel of weat and i think it wood make a diffrens of over \$20 to me, and i think if NAPOLIN gives up without fiting he isen't mutch of a man eny how.

AN AMERICAN FARMER.

[Our correspondent will understand that the question of the continuance of the war depends altogether on the comparative merits of the needle gun and the Chassepot. Possibly our correspondent has not a supply of either of these weapons at hand, but he can test them as follows: Arm yourself with a sewing-machine as a representative of the needle gun; then let one of your neighbors arm himself with a *chasse café* to represent the Chassepot, and then fight it out on that line until the best weapon wins.--ED. PUNCHINELLO.]

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## **THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.**

Perusal of the last Annual Report of the Mercantile Library Association--the forty ninth annual, by the way,-- convinces PUNCHINELLO that matters are all serene in that favorite resort of his. The only "burst" about it appears, according to the report, to arise from a plethora of books, which are bursting each other off from the shelves for want of room. There is something funny in this statement when we read, elsewhere, that 250 copies of "Little Women" have been added to the shelves. Little women are notoriously pugnacious, and, as a matter of 250 copies of the "Old-fashioned Girl" have also found lodgings on the library shelves, no wonder that there was a "muss" on the premises.

So far as the Reading-room is concerned, PUNCHINELLO is glad to know that the reserve with which magazines were kept behind the desk for a year or two past, has given place to a new and better arrangement. One can take up his magazine, now, from a table appropriated to periodicals, just



as if he were in his own house--only more so, as there are not many private mansions that can boast of a supply of 174 magazines, which is just the number taken in at the Reading-room. The only objection to this arrangement, according to PUNCHINELLO'S way of thinking, is that it debars a fellow from the opportunity of addressing himself to one of the fascinating ladies in charge of the room, and having a private lark with her under the pretext of obtaining a magazine.

The Report states that the magazine thief, and the cutter and maimer of newspapers, are characters not as yet altogether unknown to the pleasant acre or two of room appropriated to the readers of such literature. Not unfrequently has PUNCHINELLO, when tumbling about copies of magazines exposed for sale on street tables, detected copies bearing the mark of the Association. Hence it appears that certain mean miscreants keep themselves in tobacco and other cheap luxuries by filching single magazines from the room, and disposing of them in bulk, when they have accumulated as many of them as will fetch fifteen or twenty cents at reduced prices. Meaner, if possible, than said miscreant, is the one who cuts from a paper such paragraph as may be most valuable to him for some inscrutable purpose--a paragraph containing important news, perhaps, from the knowledge of which the next reader is consequently debarred. A roll upon the first layer of a patent pitch pavement, and a subsequent plunge into the show-case of a feather-dealer, would be merely a sportive hint to these reading-room malefactors that their room would be nicer than their company.

PUNCHINELLO is glad that the Directory of the Association have paused on the question of opening the Reading-room on Sundays. The matter with most city people is that their eyes have too much paper and printer's ink forced upon them during the six days of the week. Give the eyes a holiday on Sunday, by all means. Let them rest themselves upon the blue skies and the green meadows; upon the birds, and flowers, and butterflies, in Central Park, and upon everything else that is lovely, including the muslins and sweet things in ribbons of the period.

In conclusion, PUNCHINELLO delights in whiling away an hour or two in the Reading-room of the Mercantile Library Association. There he feels perfectly at home; and if he has a word or two of information to obtain from the dark-eyed young lady in charge of the room, he is always certain to find himself prettily Posted.

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### **AN INTERESTING RELIC.**

A gentleman of this city is in possession of a very curious and elaborate watch-guard made of the Hairs of ANNEKE JANS.

---

### **THE NEW "PROCESS."**

The two-fold plan which contemplates, 1st, Making Ice out of Water; 2nd, Making Money out of Ice, has some features which, we should say, will be of interest to the various Metropolitan Ice Companies. As it can be "no joke" to them, perhaps it should be no joke to us: though, on reflection, we are not so very like. No, no, indeed! As for ourselves, we are liberal. You will never find us taking advantage of the necessities of the public.

The "cream" of the joke, as we see it, is that, owing to the abundance and cheapness of this machine-made ice, the Ice Cream of the future--by containing rather less farina and skim-milk (very good, indeed, in a pudding,)--may be rather more worthy its title, at present so idealistic and humorously preposterous. ("Cream," indeed! Ha! ha!)

Success to the new Process. We "freeze to it" instantaneously, and find that we have left the celebrated Zero at least forty degrees behind.

---

### **THE WRINGER OF THE FUTURE.**

The Yankee who invented everything else has now invented the "Wringer Man's Monitor!" In spite of its name, the Monitor is a machine for the use (and, we suppose, benefit,) of washer-women. "It is so constructed----*so* as to allow the rollers to separate *equally alike* at both ends," observes the tautological inventor. We hope he has been more economical in the expenditure of wringing power than he seems to be in the use of the English language; otherwise, we fear the poor laundresses will find the Monitor a trifle too heavily plated.

What we want (and we here beg the attention of inventive Yankees,) is a machine that will, if possible, wring the truth from current Cable news, and stop just as the lies begin to be squeezed out. Perhaps the stuff won't wash! Then let the main pressure be felt by its inventors and publishers.

---

## **O THAT AIR!**

At the Grand Opera, in Paris, the great excitement is the singing of the "Marseillaise," by Madame SASS. Not many months ago the *Sans-culottes* made the streets ring with this famous air, which was then a revolutionary one, but, since the declaration of war, has flushed up with the deepest dye of imperial purple. On the principle that "What is Sass for the goose is Sass for the gander," Madame S. certainly should not decline to sing the air on "t'other tack," when the time arrives for the *Sans-culottes* to demand it of her.

---

## **SINGULAR MISTAKE.**

On Wednesday of last week a rumor prevailed in the city that most of the waiters in the hotels and restaurants were on a strike. Investigation proved, however, that the rumor arose from the immense number of Waiters congregated at Sandy Hook, waiting for the arrival of the winning yacht.

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## **THE HEAT OF THE MOMENT.**

Just when the weather was at its hottest, a newspaper item kindly stated that "yesterday, the sun's rays were tempered by a strong breeze."

Perhaps so; but they were very ill-tempered.

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## **LOCAL.**

There is in this city a rag-picker so wealthy that he can afford to drink wine every day. It is needless to say that Sack is the wine preferred by him.

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## **SHEAR DISSIPATION.**

A man having his head shorn in hot weather, in order that he may be able to continue

his mad career of mixed drinks with diminished danger.

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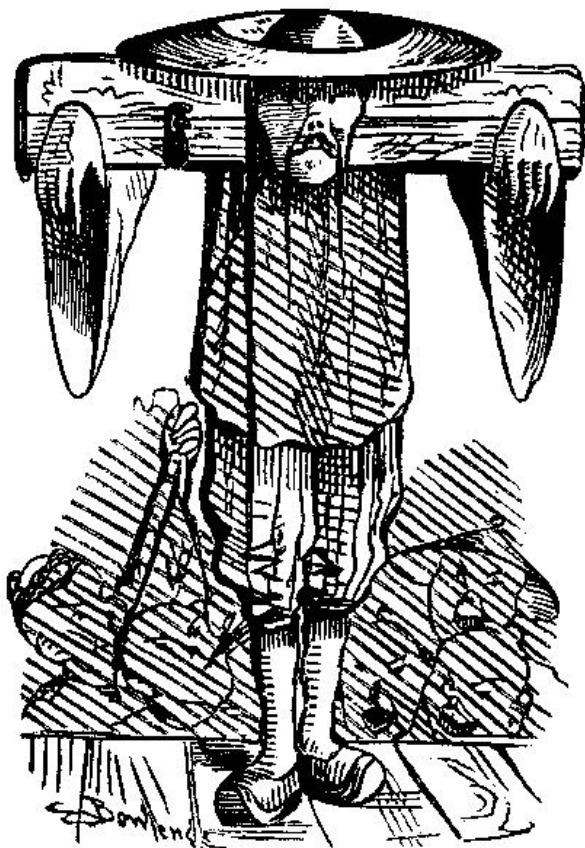
### LATEST FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE WAR SPIRIT IN FRANCE.--Cognac.

THE WAR SPIRIT IN PRUSSIA.--Kornschnapps.

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### A CHINA PATTERN.



There has been much obloquy heaped upon the Chinaman ever since he has become an article of importation. He has been morally pilloried on account of the alleged immorality of his character. Some call him a thief; others impute unto him a kind of sub-cannibalism, inasmuch as he bringeth unto his fleshpots that sagacious canine creature known for ages as the friend and companion of man. There be those who proclaim him liar, thief, counterfeiter, and apt practitioner, generally, in all the branches of infamy and crime. That some of these allegations may be true is more than probable, seeing that the city of New York, alone, not to mention the rest of the world, contains not a few individuals known to be liars, thieves, counterfeiters, and apt practitioners, generally, in all the branches of infamy and crime, and who yet belong to races supposed to be far superior to the Mongolian.

None of the depreciators of the Chinaman, however, have yet impeached him of a fondness for intoxicating liquors. That he smokes opium is neither here nor there, seeing that smoking is not drinking. He stupefies himself to some extent with the drug, it is true, but the stupidity resulting from it is of an amiable and passive kind, quite unlike that of our native or imported rough, whose fiery potations, (word evidently derived from Irish potato,) impel him to imbrue his brass knuckles in blood, if only simply for amusement and to "keep his hand," (with the brass knuckles,) "in." And so, at present, WHANG-HI seems to be a far better citizen than HI! HI! of our low places, nor is there any prospect that he will turn over a new tea-leaf, and forsake his national beverage for the "fire-water" of the Western hemisphere.

Perhaps, in time, our great cities may profit by the presence of JOHN Chinaman

among us as a pattern. O happy day! that on which the pug-nosed, bull-necked, brass-knuckled, beetle-browed, ugly New York rough discards whiskey and takes to opium instead. Ere long the use of the comatose drug would effect such a change in the characteristics of our dangerous classes, that the maintenance of so large a police force as we have at present would no longer be necessary. That they would use the drug to excess there can be no doubt, and that is the main point.

Eventually, the brutes might become absolute Mongolians, and develop tails. That would be a blessed illustration of the gradual development theory! With our roughs all turned to Coolies, happily would glide the swift hours away. Let the government take this view of the matter, with which Mr. PUNCHINELLO has here the pleasure of presenting them. If they cannot abolish whiskey, let them increase the tax upon it, at least, and let them take the duty off opium just so soon as our American Chinaman shall have outgrown the use of that fatal narcotic, and introduced it to the favorable notice of our American rough.



POCAHONTAS SAVING THE LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN SMITH. FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE PAINTED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH, FOR HER MAJESTY, QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND FOR WHICH THE QUEEN BENIGHTED HIM.

With admirable skill, the painter has depicted the heroic maiden as she uttered those memorable words--"Persevere in this measure, and you will lose the confidence of your squaw constituents!" the ladies having pronounced the Captain "perfectly splendid."

In the foreground is seen a wretched widower, clasping with affection an urn, supposed to contain the ashes of his dear departed, who was slain at the polls.

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## **QUERY.**

MR. PUNCHINELLO: On very high authority, (that of the Emperor of France and the King of Prussia,) Providence is on the side of both parties in the present contest. As this is uniformly the case, according to the affirmations of both parties in the war, are we to infer that killing is a laudable pursuit, and that it is only in cases where one side happens to have "heavier artillery" than the other, that Providence actually chooses sides?

Two things I know--the weather is uncommonly warm, and this is an uncommonly tough question; so you may answer at your leisure (indeed, I suppose you would do that any way,)--or not at all: which, I observe, you sometimes do, when the question before you is a little *too* tough.

PARADOX.

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## **OUR POPULARITY.**

It is gratifying to know that PUNCHINELLO is fast becoming an object of interest to all intelligent citizens of this enlightened country. The recent large additions to our subscription list prove how highly we are appreciated. Would it be considered unreasonable of us, however, to ask that something less than twenty per cent, of our new subscriptions should be spared to us by certain parties not wholly unconnected with country post-offices? Not long since, of forty-two subscriptions received from Whitehall, N.Y., in one week, nine copies of PUNCHINELLO No. 16 mysteriously disappeared between that place and New York city. Had the gentlemen who appropriated these papers, in their enthusiasm for PUNCHINELLO, kindly allowed them to go to their destination, instead, and written to us, pleading their inability to purchase copies of the paper, we might, perhaps, have sent them some in consideration of their indigent circumstances. If the abstraction of the papers was intended as a joke--the point of which we do not see, by the bye--we are willing to overlook the offence "just once." Should it be repeated, however, we shall have some reference to make to the proper quarter that will be pertinent to the subject.

---



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