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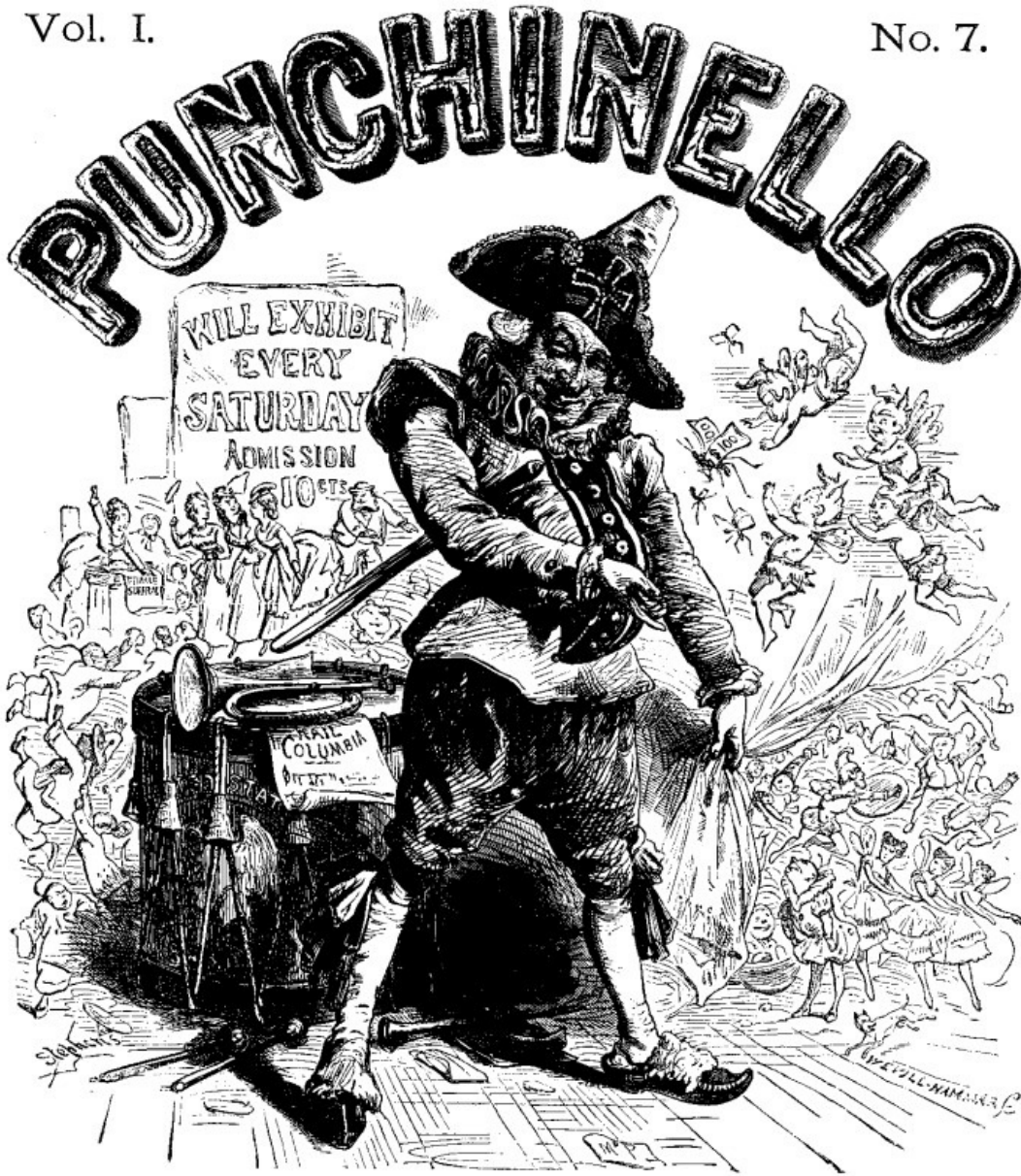
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Vol. I. No. 7.

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## THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



**B**ATHOS and pathos are closely allied in sound as well as in sense. Mr. FECHTER evidently regards them as completely identical; and in his acting, as in his pronunciation, uniformly prefers the former to the latter. He has recently exemplified this by his personation of CLAUDE MELNOTTE, in that most tawdry specimen of the cotton-velvet drama, the LADY OF LYONS. This melancholy event took place a few nights since at the French Theatre, that mausoleum of the illegitimate French drama. Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ, an actress who deserves the highest praise, and who would receive it were it not that a doubt as to the proper pronunciation of her name prevents the bashful critic from mentioning her when flushed with the generous enthusiasm of beer, played PAULINE, and a number of Uncertain People played the dickens with the rest of the *dramatis personæ*. Every one knows the play, and no one cares to hear how the Uncertain People mangled it. The audience naturally took no interest in it until the third scene of the first act was reached, and shouts of "Long live CLAUDE MELNOTTE" were heard from behind the scenes. After which everybody remarked, "Now he's coming," and rubbed their lorgnettes with looks of expectation and corners of pocket-handkerchiefs.

*Enter* CLAUDE. "Gif me choy, dear mutter, I've won the brize."

*Mother*. "Humph! What's the wally of it, my boy?"

CLAUDE. "Every thing. It is wealth—the 'ope of vame—the ambition to pe worthier of PAULINE. Ah! I lofe her! I 'ave sent a boem to her. My messenger ought efen now to be returned."

*Enter* GASPAR. "CLAUDE, your verses are returned! With kicks! I could show the marks of them, were it proper to do so in the presence of a mixed audience!"

*Mother*. "Now you are cured, Claude."

CLAUDE. "So! I do sgatter her image to the winds. I will peat her menial ruffians. I will do a fariety of voolish actions. What 'ave we 'ere? A ledder? (*Reads it.*) BEAUSEANT bromises I shall marry her! Oh! refenge and lofe! I will marry her, and pully her afterwards." (*Curtain.*)

*Young Lady, who reads Dickens*. "How sweet he is! So romantic! I do love this sweet, lovely play so much."

*Accompanying Young Man, who regards himself a critic on the ground that he once knew a ticket-speculator*. "Yes. It is one of the best plays out. It's so full of gags, you know."

*Young Lady*. "Gags? What are they?"

*Accompanying young man, who, etc.* "Gags is the professional name for nice tabloze. Scenes where they stand round in good positions, you know."

*Enthusiastic Man, who has come in with a pass*. "Well! I've never seen any acting like FECHTER'S before. It's magnificent."

*Veteran Play-goer*. "I hope I'll never see anything like it again. He reminds me of a bull with delirium tremens in a china shop."

*Rest of the Audience*. "Only four more acts. Thank goodness we've got through with one."

*Act II. Enter Uncertain People. They recite in a timid and indistinct tone the prescribed fustian. They are followed by* CLAUDE, PAULINE, *and others.*

CLAUDE. "These are peautiful gartens. Who blanned them?"

*Mdme. DESCHAPPELLES*. "A gardener named CLAUDE MELNOTTE. He wrote verses to my daughter. Ha! ha! Also, he! he!"

CLAUDE. "This GLAUDE must be a monsous imbudent berson."

PAULINE. "Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como."

CLAUDE. "A balace lifting to eternal summer its marple walls, from out a closuy power of goolest voliage, musigal with pirds. Dost like the bigture?"

*Enter Mdme. DESCHAPPELLES*. "Oh! Prince, you must fly. The minions of the Directory are laying for you. Take my daughter; marry her, and go to Como." (*He takes her and flies R.U.E. Curtain.*)

*Young Lady, who reads Dickens (wiping away the tear of imbecility).* "How sweet! how sweet!"

*Accompanying Young Man.* "Yes. It is so natural and touching. I have never seen a finer actor behind the footlights."

*Everybody else.* "Hey! What's that you say? Asleep? Of course I wasn't."

*Act III. Enter Uncertain Persons as before. They ultimately go out again. Applause. Enter CLAUDE, his MOTHER, and PAULINE.*

*Mother.* "This young man is of poor but honest parents. Know you not that you are wedded to my son, CLAUDE MELNOTTE?"

PAULINE. "Your son? Hold, hold me, somebody!"

CLAUDE. "Leave us, mutter. Have pity on us." (*The old lady leaves.*)

CLAUDE. "Now, lady, 'ear me."

PAULINE. "Hear thee? Her son! Do fiends usually indulge in the luxury of parents? Speak!"

CLAUDE. "Gurse me. Thy gurse would plast me less than thy forgifeness." (*He rants in broken English with unintelligible rapidity for next half-hour, until his mother puts an end to the universal misery by carrying Pauline off to bed. Curtain.*)

*Young Lady, who reads Dickens.* "Oh, how sweetly pretty!"

*Accompanying Young Man.* "Yes. He is even a better actor than MCKEAN BUCHANAN."

*Voices from all Parts of the House.* "Let's go home. I can't stand two more acts of this sort of thing."

One of these voices was the soft, silvery and modest voice of MATADOR, who went out, and sitting upon a convenient hydrant, (not one of the infamous cast-iron abortions with an unpleasant knob on the cover,) contemplated the midnight stars, and seriously meditated upon Mr. FECHTER. And in spite of a previous unhesitating belief in Mr. DICKENS' critical judgment, and in spite of a desire to find in Mr. FECHTER the greatest actor of the age, he could not perceive in what respect that distinguished gentleman deserves his world-wide reputation. Is his manner natural? Is his elocution even tolerably good? Is his pronunciation of English words any thing but barely intelligible? To these questions a mental echo answered with a melancholy negative. And when the occupant of the meditative hydrant demanded to know what single merit could be found in Mr. FECHTER'S acting, his only answer was a suggestion from a prosaic policeman that he cease to put idiotic questions to the unoffending lamp-post.

There are those—and enough of them to fill any theatre—who sincerely admire Mr. FECHTER; but it is impossible to resist the conviction that their admiration is only a dutiful acquiescence in the judgment of Mr. DICKENS. With the utmost desire to do no injustice to a genial gentleman, who conscientiously strives to carry out his theories of what acting should be, the undersigned is forced to confess that Mr. FECHTER in an English play is a spectacle so hopelessly and earnestly absurd, as to call for commiseration rather than for the laughter which it would deserve were it professedly a burlesque entertainment.

MATADOR.

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## **EXCELSIOR.**

*The Gold Hill Daily News, of Nevada, has found a big sapphire—a regular Koh-i-noor of gems. It says:*

"While at San Francisco, a few weeks ago, we had the pleasure of seeing the SANGALLI ballet troupe at MAGUIRE'S Opera House, and the artistic, glowing beauties of the Sapphire dance yet pleausurably linger in our memory."

The dance in question, which the Gold Hill editor describes as "a higher order of the famous 'Can-can,'" is new to us. It makes us feel "blue" to think that we have never seen the Sapphire dance. "Higher" than the Can-can! Good gracious! if heels go higher in the Sapphire than in the Can-can, may we not be pardoned for inquiring, "What next?"

---

## **Nought for Nought.**

Alas! that poor SYPHER should CIPHER to gala A seat he must evermore Sigh for in vain; But why should we Sigh for poor SYPHER'S defeat, When his friends couldn't CIPHER him into his seat.

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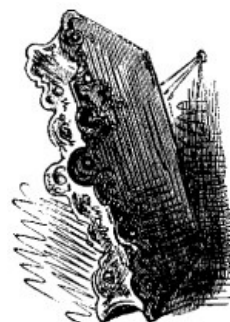
## THE FINE ARTS IN PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA, April 12.



Dear PUNCHINELLO: A few days since I received a card of invitation for admission to a private view of a very fine collection of pictures, by European and American artists. I visited the galleries, accompanied by an amateur friend who has a fine artistic education, having travelled some six months on the Continent. Being engaged in the picture-auction business, I am not altogether a tyro in art, and determined to send you a few notes taken on the spot, the combined effort of amateur friend and myself. The walk to the gallery, extending over a half-hour in time, was taken up by my amateur friend aforesaid, with an endeavor to give me some general ideas, more than initiative, with reference to art matters. For instance, he said the public liked glitter and varnish in a picture, but it does not follow on that account that the picture is good. He then mentioned the "Mimminée-Pimminée" style, and the "Pre-Raffaelite" style, and the Rarée shows of art, and I had the whole subject so jumbled up that my artistic ideas became quite confused. He made a quotation, giving me to understand that it was not original; it ran as follows: "Indifferent pictures, like dull people, must be absolutely moral." I am not sufficiently informed to quite comprehend this selection from another man, but as we were at the time about entering the galleries, I remained quietly ignorant.

The first picture that attracted our admiration was a "Sheep scene," by Lambdin. Every particular hair on the old ram is well made out. The frame on the picture is beautifully embossed, with a rich velvet border of sea-green mandarin pattern.



The next picture worthy of notice is a "Street in Venice," by Canal-etti—a singular specimen of this artist's first manner. The figure at the crossing is rendered with great feeling. It is needless to mention that the street is covered with water, which is beautifully clear and transparent, showing the depth of mud and slime during the dry season. The frame is ornamented with flowers in relief, and gilt in the very best manner.



"A Musical Party," by Bass-ano, is very highly finished, especially the party, who have evidently been inhaling stimulants. This picture is painted on a gold ground, and is considered a rare specimen of Italian art. It was formerly in the Campo-Santo-di-Pisa collection.

The frame is the blue-lotus pattern, very curiously gilt and chased. This style of frame would sell without difficulty.

The picture called the "Star of the East," by WEST, has a scalloped frame in the Tuscan style, with extra fine enamelling. This is a very singular picture. It must be admitted that this frame is finished with great care.



There is a frame made from a curious kind of wood, on a picture by CONSTABLE, entitled the "Midnight Arrest." The picture is certainly a matchless gem, very low in tone. The mosaic border to the frame is quite unique in its design.

Among the works by American artists, we notice some remarkably fine productions. The picture by a lady amateur, entitled, "The Toilet of a Girl of the Period," demonstrates the progress our artists are making in genre painting. The subject is rendered with great purity of feeling, and the smelling-bottle in the foreground adds greatly to the spirit of the composition. The frame is highly ornamented with scarce Japan gold, elaborately chased in a superior manner.

There is a picture by Miss T—n, called the "Blonde's Revenge," that evinces talent of a superior order. This picture has been noticed by various New-York and Western journals, but I do not consider with any degree of justice to its surpassing merits. The color is equal to a beautifully polished Pompeian brass door-plate; the drawing is immense, though truth must compel us to say that the costumes are rather slighted. The principal figure of the group, which is taken from a French model, seems to stand right out from the canvas; this I consider a very high point of



excellence. Visitors should be cautioned against approaching this picture.

I regret that time will not permit me to give you any further notice of this collection, but I will endeavor to get my amateur friend to go often and obtain notes for me. Unless I accompany him, however, I fear he will not pay sufficient attention to the frames.

Yours, G.



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### "Cometh Up as a Flower."

Very likely it does; but there is one thing that don't go down as the Flour—and that's the price of bread.

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### ASTRONOMICAL CONVERSATIONS.

[BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESIDING ON THE PLANET VENUS.]

#### No. II.

*D.* OH, FATHER, what funny things are caused by the revolution of a planet!

*F.* Well, revolutions are not always such funny things, as those wretched creatures on the earth up there must have found out by this time.

*D.* How dry you are, pa! I didn't mean the revolutions on a planet, but the revolutions of a planet.

*F.* Well, a distinction, I admit. But what are you driving at?

*D.* Several things. For instance, seven revolutions of the planet Earth produce a new number of PUNCHINELLO—a funny thing, as you often say yourself.

*F.* Well put, truly.

*D.* And seven revolutions also give rise to the Revolution itself, which (being a woman all Right in head and heart) I regard as about the funniest thing going.

*F.* "Funny," child? Why, I never saw any thing less so. It is dreadfully serious. It is even sanguinary; sadder still, abusive and vulgar. What is there comical about coarseness?

*D.* You don't take my idea, father. It is funny, because it assumes so much. It does not realize that womanly modesty is the great obstacle to its success, and that if it was as well endowed with that quality as the average of American women, it would promptly cease to revolve.

*F.* Why, HELENE! what has set you off? Where did you pick up this nonsense? What can you possibly know of Women's Rights, as I believe they call the new Movement?



*D.* Why shouldn't I know something about it, when it has been in your mouth for months? And ain't I a woman? Besides, don't we women know some things by instinct?

*F.* Well, well, child! I wish you could know Astronomy by instinct; for I begin to see I've a job before me, if only to keep you to the point.

*D.* The Compass-point, do you mean, father?

*F.* No; the Study-point. Do you call this studying Astronomy?

*D.* I think, pa, I like the practical part best.

*F.* Ah, that which allows you to study the Fashions in Broadway! Well, woman is woman, I believe, the Universe over! But, come; a short lesson, to begin with. Here is a fine view of Saturn, with his Rings.

*D.* "Rings?" Are they anything like the New-York Rings you have read about?

*F.* Well, yes; no, not exactly; but a Ring within a Ring, is a phrase that applies to both subjects, just now.

*D.* Oh, pshaw! I thought you meant finger-rings! What does Saturn want of Rings?

*F.* And what does New-York want of 'em. They are there, and there they'll stay!

*D.* But I mean, what does a gentleman want of rings?

*F.* Don't we find, every where, that the most Saturnine, the dullest, and stupidest, and lowest, are generally the fondest of this sort of ornament?

*D.* Oh, dear! Father, how you do try me! (Do see him, gazing away, when he knows I'm dying to get a squint! He pays me no more attention than though I was a mere ANTHONY! Why, what ails him?) Father! Father, dear! what—what's the matter? Why are you crying?

*F.* Come here, and look; quick! Oh, HELENE; isn't it horrible?

*D.* Why—what is it, father? Console yourself; it is a good way off to say the least! [Looks a moment.] Why, it's those savage Freedmen, I do declare! about to sacrifice that amiable-looking white! A tender-looking man; is he what they call a Ku—Ku—

*F.* Klux? Oh, no. That is a Missionary; and the blacks are not Freedmen, as you suppose, but Cannibals. They are about to roast him. You see the fire?

*D.* Oh, quite distinctly! look, father!—he is making a sign to them. What does it mean?

*F.* [Looking.] It means that he has lost the use of his tongue—probably from fright—but would like to write something.

*D.* Like so many other tongue-tied scribblers! Do they let him?

*F.* Oh, yes; they bring a board, and a piece of chalk.

*D.* How large is the piece?

*F.* The usual size. He is writing.

*D.* What does the poor fellow say?

*F.* He is laconic. He merely writes—

COOK ME RARE.

*D.* Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

*F.* Boo-hoo-hoo-too!

---

## **WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FREE TRADE.**

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: In a paper of such great influence as PUNCHINELLO, vast subjects should be set before the community. I know of none vaster than Free Trade. You see, every body understands that subject and nobody can explain it. I propose, therefore, to turn the light of my penny dip upon it, and to set forth, in concise language, what I know about free trade.

It must be premised that there is a great deal to be said on the other side, and that nothing can be more abominable than free trade to a protectionist, unless it be protection to a free trader.

Free trade is—well—free trade is—well—let me illustrate: cigars made out of cabbages are not nice; not to put too fine a point upon it, they're nasty. We are greater at raising cabbages than we are at sprouting cigar tobacco. Under these circumstances the free trader (he's a smoker, or if he isn't, his aunt or sister is) says we want Havana cigars to enter our lips without the taint of revenue. That's free trade.

Every youth is a free trader. Don't you remember your own youthful follies? If you are of the male persuasion, would you have traded your jack-knife for TOM SMITH'S bull-pup, if there had been a tariff on the pup. Or, if you are of the feminine persuasibility, would you have swapped your crying-doll for BETSY JONSES' ring-tailed cat, if the cat had been compelled to crawl through the custom-house and pay duties? Besides, don't you remember how often your mother deprived you of a second cup of tea, on the plea that it would injure your health? Much as I respect your mamma, I can not refrain from informing you that that plea was false, and that it was the absence of free trade that deprived you of a second cup of China whiskey. Then you know that the lump-sugar, the raisins, the cake, etc., were always locked up in a pantry. All the result, my dear sir, of an absence of free trade.

Now that you have grown up, the result is the same. You must have your soup, and (I do not mean to be pathetic) what is soup without salt? You must travel on the cars, but what are cars without rails? But, alas, salt and rails are in the black list. What do you care, whether or not TOM JONES and BILLY BROWN make money out of their salt and iron mines? You want cheap soup and cheap riding. Then every time that you pay one hundred dollars for your wife's dry-goods, you have the ecstatic pleasure of knowing that you are paying fifty dollars because Mr. JOHN ROBINSON can't make goods as cheap as the English manufacturers.

In the natural state, man is a free trader. When our good Christian brethren give an Indian a string of beads for a buffalo-skin, the Indian charges no custom duties. He don't want to keep beads out of his country. When LOT swapped his wife away for a pillar of salt, the trade was free. When the Americans traded away good ships and cargoes for Alabama claims, not a word was said about the tariff. These, however, are cases in which nature rather gets ahead of civilization.

See the result of the lack of free trade in our country. The brick manufacturers must be protected, so a heavy tariff was placed on the foreign article. Our brick men, finding that they had a soft thing, tried to solve that conundrum which the Israelites gave up: "How do you make bricks without straw?" They made a patent brick, built the Howard Museum in Washington, (was it a museum or a college?) the thing tumbled down, and a Congressional committee sat among its ruins. Poor Gen. HOWARD is in a muddle, and wishes, from the bottom of his heart, that we had free trade in bricks.

Then, morally, see the high position of the free trader. Poor men who must have tea or cigars or English or French manufactures, are never driven to smuggling, where free trade prevails. The free trader would even abolish the tariff of two dollars and a half, imposed on human chattels who land at Castle Garden.

That's all I know about free trade. I thought I knew more. I'm afraid I haven't illuminated the subject; however, I will turn my lantern next week on protection.

LOT.

---



### SHOCKING AFFAIR.

*First Heavy Swell.* "WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD FELLOW?—UNDER THE WEATHER, EH?"

*Second ditto.* "WORSE THAN THAT. *I've burst my shirt-collar!*"

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### OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE.)

Your representative's little speech at the great PUNCHINELLO dinner may be better imagined than described. A few words, however, may give you its *animus*.

"If," said I, "in this illustrious company, one may indulge in a Wellerism"—

"Spell it with a we, sir, if you please," whispered SAMIVEL, who stood right behind me.

I resumed. "I have to say, that my feelings at this hour are too many for me. Perhaps I might add, that the courses have been so also. As my friend SOYER used to observe when we were together in the Crimea, astronomical and gastronomical laws are alike fixed. And one of them is, that the precession of the dinner-plates, and the nutation of the glasses, do not promote the music of the spheres. But, Mr. PUNCH and gentlemen, although not one of the heavenly bodies, indeed altogether terrestrial, one feels, naturally, rounder in his orbit, and a little more likely to see stars, after such a dinner as this, than before. Do I not, indeed, see around me now, all the stars of the intellectual firmament? Are not SIRIUS and ARCTURUS here, in their glory, as well as ORION and the rest? As my old friend CRISPIN would say, their name is legion! I would blaze, gentlemen, too, if possible, in honor of the occasion; but, as I can't Comet, meteors fall in lamentation of my poor ability.

"The day we celebrate is truly a great one. Since the time of OLAF, the Northman, our Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race has loved its jesting philosophers. No fools are they, in fact, even when to that name they 'stoop to conquer.'

'The wise man's folly is anatomized  
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.'

"The sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.

"But, gentlemen, your walls have, if not ears, tongues, to recall the glorious humor and wit of our

race. HOGARTH looks down upon us. ADDISON tells us of dear old Sir ROGER de COVERLEY; I am sure he must have been the grandfather of Mr. PICKWICK. STERNE makes us weep on one side and smile on the other, at the mention of my UNCLE TOBY; GOLDSMITH, at the remembrance of himself. And so does TOM HOOD, the prince of humorists. THACKERAY we all remember; and neither he nor his Vanity Fair will ever be forgotten. DOUGLAS JERROLD, and JOHN LEECH, too—the only tears they ever made men shed were at their graves. And who can fail to feel like a "pendulum betwixt a smile and tear," when he remembers our ARTEMUS WARD? Over the water now we have some yet; of whom we count "the TWAIN one;" and we can get up as good BILLINGS-gate as ever went to market. Then, for right Saxon wit, have we not SAXE himself? And, for the luminous, PETROLEUM, the ex-postmaster of the Cross-roads?

"I represent a name, gentlemen, new with us, yet old in Europe. You are well aware that, in Italy"—

"*That* might 'uv been tuk for granted; as the donkey said ven his dam called him a hass"—whispered, rather loudly, SAMIVEL, behind me.

Now whether it was the Thames atmosphere that had got into my head, or whether it was SAM WELLER'S unexpected remark, I am unable, to this day, to say. But, somehow or other, my speech had, by this time, gone up. So I went down. If the speech was a rocket, I represented a stick. Perhaps JENKINS may yet wake up to the importance to the civilization of the century of reporting in full CHARLES DICKENS' speech, and BULWER'S, and the rest. If so, I will send them on. PUNCHINELLO, however, was honored as he deserves, at this dinner. Now for a little serious news.

### **GREAT BRITAIN.**

JOHN SMITH, Esq., (son of the *elder* Smith,) finds it necessary to contradict the rumor that he is going to the United States. He is fearful lest there may, possibly, be another person of the same name in America; which might cause confusion.

On dit that one of VICTORIA'S daughters was to be engaged to be married to a young member of the house of ORANGE. But it is believed now to have been a sour orange.

Rev. Mr. MACKONCHIE has been warned by the Bishop of London that he must reform his ritual, in some particulars. The Bishop is especially incensed at the censer; and waxes censorious about the wax lights. He insists that Father MACKONCHIE must use Stearine or Spermaceti. Moreover, when water is mixed with wine, it must not come from the East River; and the wine must be red. Blue wine will do if he can find any.

Church parties are much excited about Mr. MIALL'S Church-liberation scheme. But why so? Will not any Rev. who has a living, say, "Who takes my living takes away *my all!*" A bad pun; but a good argument. They should not *miaul* about it, at any rate.

### **FRANCE.**

PIERRE BONAPARTE has gone to be king of the Feejee Islands. It has been stipulated that he shall not shoot more than one man in a month; and part of the tenderloin is to be given always to his Majesty's Prime Minister.

M. GUERRONIER'S remark in the Senate, April 19th, requires explanation. He said that "Europe can be tranquil only when France is satisfied." He was alluding to the necessity of an early supply of copies of PUNCHINELLO; without which that excitable population can not be kept in a satisfactory state. I have made arrangements to have them forwarded accordingly.

### **GERMANY.**

POTOCKIS, new Minister of Public Instruction, has offered his resignation. The reason is that a deputation of the professors and teachers called on him to say that it would take their pupils a year to learn how to spell his name. It is TSCHABUSHNIGG. —PRIME.

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### **POOR CAPTAIN EYRE.**

It is really outrageous to find fault with poor Captain EYRE. If ever a man had a full and perfect defence to the accusations which are made against him, EYRE is that man. Not content with offering one excuse, he offers a large and varied assortment of excuses, any one of which ought to be quite satisfactory. For example he asserts:

That instead of running into the Oneida, the Oneida ran into him.

That his ship struck the Oneida so lightly that he never knew there had been any collision.

That he saw the Oneida just after he had run into her, and that she did not appear to have lost any thing but her skylights.

That he stopped his engines and blew his whistle, in order to show that he was ready to offer any needed assistance to the Oneida.

That the reason why he did not stop his engines and offer assistance, was that the collision had so injured his own ship that he thought best to make at once for the nearest port.

That he never dreamed that any assistance was wanted, and therefore did not offer it.

That he would have gone to the assistance of the Oneida had not one of his lady passengers been so frightened by the collision that she begged him to make all possible speed to land her.

That not a single one of his passengers knew there had been a collision, so light was the shock of the contact.

That it was only a Yankee ship, any how, and that it is all "blarsted" nonsense to make a fuss about it.

Captain EYRE has returned to England, and asks, on the above grounds, that he be reinstated in command of his ship. It would be absurd to refuse so just a request. His defence could not well be more full unless he were to strengthen it with an alibi. If Mr. SOLOMON PELL still pursues the practice of the law, Captain EYRE should at once employ that eminent barrister to prove an alibi for him. His justification would then be too conclusive to admit of question.

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### CRITICISM OF THE PERIOD.

[AFTER THE MANNER OF THE "NATION."]

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*—The demand for a new edition of this cumbrous piece of blank verse, proves what we have often said, that the want, in CROMWELLS time, of a literary journal of the character of the *Nation* has had a permanent effect upon literature. Had we been in existence when that obstinate and pedantic old Puritan wrote, we might have suppressed him. Still, there is no knowing what women and children will not read. While MILTON'S lines certainly measure generally about the same length, it is preposterous to call by the name of poetry what could be written in prose with so little modification. It is true that the same objection might be applied to HOMER and SHAKSPEARE. The former has the advantage of being written in Greek, so that very few people can read it. SHAKSPEARE has a popularity that is partly accounted for by the low taste of the people who have gone to the theatre to hear SIDDONS rave and GARRICK declaim, or who will persist in admiring MACREADY and BOOTH.

As to MILTON, we have detected, with the aid of foot-notes to an old edition, a multitude of the most absolute plagiarisms from various authors. From the Bible mainly, and also from the Greek and Latin poets, he has taken nearly all his ideas; and every one of the words he uses are to be found in the dictionary. Talk of originality, after that! His conceptions also are sometimes absurd; for instance, the Address to Light. No one, who has not been stultified by theological nebulosities, ought to fail to know, as *we* knew when we first began to go to school, that a blind man cannot see anything at all. Therefore it is an insult to the understanding, and paltering with all the rational inductions of modern science, for an educated writer, stone blind, to say a word about light.

In fact, the whole plot of the poem flies in the face of the cultivation of the Nineteenth Century. Such ideas as Paradise, Adam and Eve, and angels, are getting obsolete. While it is not to be expected that ordinary persons should have the intelligence or learning of the Editor and contributors of the *Nation*, we yet wonder that they are not always ready to abide by the instruction we are prepared to give them, at the small price of five dollars a year. Subscriptions received at this office.

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### INTERIOR ILLUMINATION.

It gives us joy to state that the celebrated Dr. MILIO (of whom we have never heard before) has invented a means of illuminating men's interiors. The doctor lives in Russia; and he takes you and throws inside of you "a concentrated beam of electric light;" and then he sees exactly what particular pill you want, and he gives it to you, and you go away (after paying him) exultant! This quite does away with the necessity of a bow-window in the bosom, so much desired by a certain ancient philosopher.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO begs leave most respectfully to announce that he has determined to import, at any expense whatever, one of Dr. MILIO'S Concentrated Electric Beamers. With this Dr. PUNCHINELLO does not intend to engage in private practice. His purpose is to throw the light directly into the Body Politic, whether the B.P. requests him to do it or not. Dr. P. confidently

expects to make some most extraordinary discoveries of various diseases—of greed, foolish ambition, ossification of the heart, moral leprosy, chronic stupidity, latent idiocy, and that very common and often unsuspected complaint usually known as Humbug. (*Humbugna Communis*.) His fee in no case will exceed ten cents per week; and patients WILL BE illuminated by the year.

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### THE DREADFUL STATE OF THINGS OUT WEST.

A dispatch received at this office from the office of the *Chicago Tribune* states that the utmost public distress is prevailing in St. Louis. A frightful pestilence is raging, complete anarchy prevails, most of the merchants have gone into insolvency, and ruin stares St. Louis in the face in the most aggravating way.

A dispatch from the *St. Louis Democrat* states that the utmost public distress is prevailing in Chicago. A frightful pestilence is raging, complete anarchy prevails, most of the merchants have gone into insolvency, etc., etc.

A dispatch, from the *Cincinnati Gazette* states that the utmost public distress is prevailing in both, St. Louis and Chicago. A frightful pestilence is raging, complete anarchy prevails, most of the merchants have gone into insolvency, etc., etc., etc.

The most painful part of the matter, in Mr. PUNCHINELLO'S benevolent eyes, is that each city appears to be perfectly delighted with the misfortunes and miseries of both the others. Instead of getting up subscriptions for each other, they chuckle and crow in a perfectly fiendish manner. Until they can behave better, we shall postpone the subscription which we propose to open in their behalf.



### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

(From the Daily Press.)

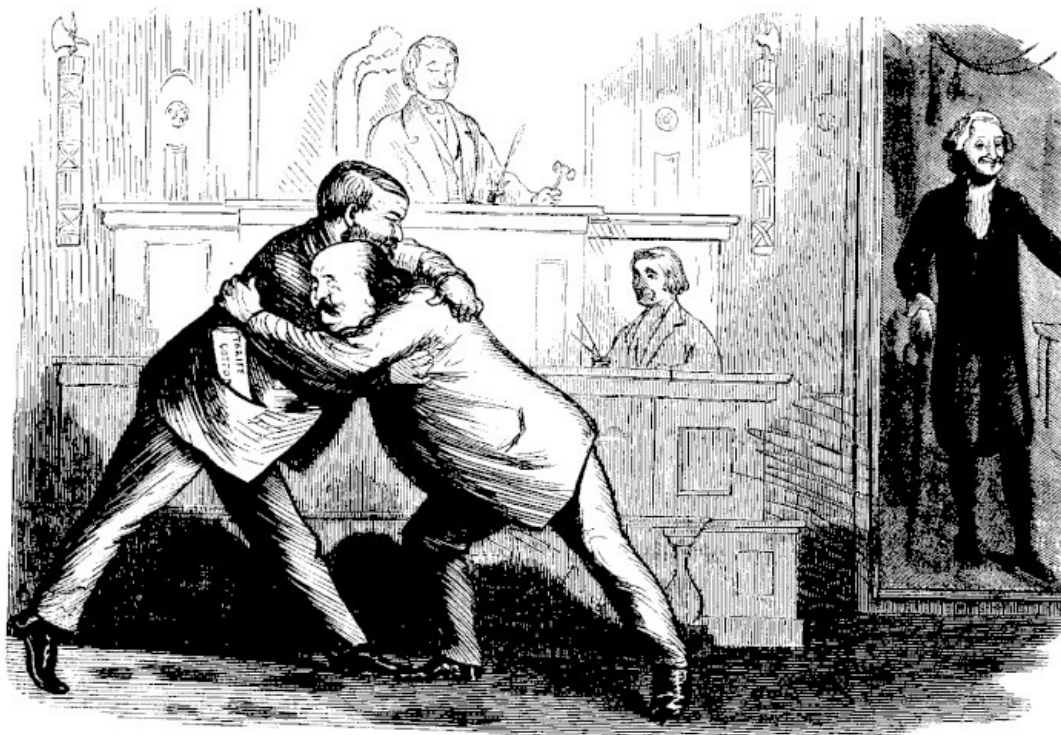
"THE WINNER OF A \$25,000 PRIZE IN THE HAVANA LOTTERY IS A BOOT-BLACK OF BROOKLYN."

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### A Capital Letter.

The property-holder who Lets his houses at reduced rents.

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### A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN CONGRESS.

THE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN GENERAL BUTLER AND GENERAL SCHENCK, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE TARIFF BILL.

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### COLONEL FISK'S SOLILOQUY.

THE NINTH TEMPTATION.

Would I were young enough, to go to school,  
Or could but pitch upon some golden rule  
For knowing what I am, and what to do,  
When to the public gaze I am on view.  
I'm Colonel, Admiral, and President,  
A theatre manager, and resident  
Director of the Opera House, and mine  
Are Erie and the Boston steamboat line.  
Of merchant, banker, broker, every shade  
Am I; in fact, a Jack of every trade.  
More varied than the hues of the Chameleon;  
Far heavier than Ossa piled on Pelion  
Are all my duties! Really it's confusing,  
At times, to a degree that's quite amusing.  
When am I this, when that, when which, when what?  
And am I always FISK, or am I not?  
Thus, constantly I get into a fix,  
And one thing with another sadly mix;  
Many a time absurd mistakes I've made  
In giving orders. When I'm on Parade,  
And ought to say, "Fours Right," by Jove! I'm certain  
To holloa out, "Come, hurry up that curtain!"  
Going to Providence the other night,  
I ordered all the hands, "Dress to the Right!"  
I saw my error, and called out again,  
"Hold on! I meant to say, The Ladies' Chain."  
At Matinée the other afternoon,  
When all the violins seemed well in tune,  
I sang out to the Bell Boy, "What's the hitch?  
If the Express is due, you'd better switch!"  
My order seemed the boy to overwhelm—  
"Lubber!" I cried, "why don't you port your helm?"  
I made a speech the other night at mess,  
And what my toast was, nobody will guess;  
It should have been, "The Union"—'twas, "Be cheery,  
Boys! the toast we have to drink is—Erie."

The boys laughed loudly, being the right, sort,  
And said, "Why, Admiral! you're hard a *port*."  
One time, when GOULD and I were on the cars,  
I thought th' officials of the train were tars;  
Told them to "Coil that rope and clean the scuppers,  
And then go down below and get your suppers."  
This must be changed, or my good name will suffer,  
And folks will say, JIM FISK is but a duffer.  
To feel myself a fool and lose my head,  
Too, takes the gilding off the gingerbread;  
And makes me ask myself the reason why  
On earth I have so many fish to fry?  
The fact is, what I touch must have a risk  
Of failure, or it wouldn't suit JIM FISK,  
I'll conquer this, too—keep a secretary  
To help me out when I'm in a quandary.  
I will not budge! My banner is unfurled,  
Proclaiming FISK the Problem of the world.

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### **Query for Lawyers.**

If a man throws a huge stone at his wife's head, would he escape punishment on the plea that he only meant to Rock her to sleep?

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### **A Spring Blossom.**

Blossom Rock, in San Francisco Harbor, has just been blown up with gunpowder. Of course Blossom Rock went "up as a Flower".

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### **Justice in the New Territory.**

Whatever lack of law there may be in Alaska, PUNCHINELLO is quite sure that there is Just-ice enough in that domain to satisfy all demands.

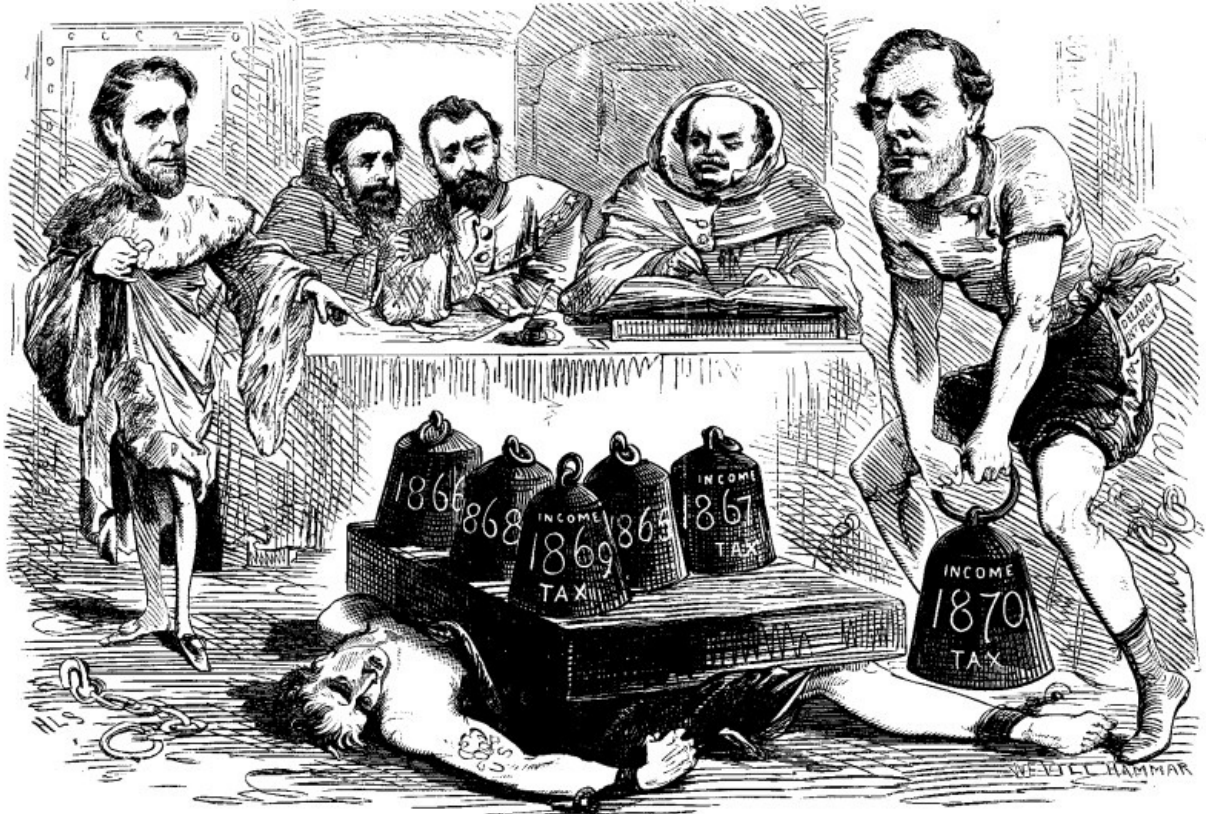
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### **A Rumor.**

It is rumored that the Fenian Organization have offered Mr. FECHTER the position of Head Centre, in recognition of the merciless manner in which he mangles the Queen's English.

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### THE FINANCIAL INQUISITION.

*Grand Inquisitor*, U. S. GRANT. *Associate Inquisitors*, G. S. BOUTWELL, F.E. SPINNER, JOHN SHERMAN. *Executioner*, C. DELANO.

ASSOCIATE SHERMAN. "WELL, UNCLE SAM DOES STAND A GOOD DEAL OF PRESSURE. EXECUTIONER, KEEP PILING THE WEIGHTS ON."

### NOW WE SHALL HAVE IT.

It has always been one of the sorrows of our life that we were prevented (by business) from being present at the building of the Tower of Babel. To say nothing of the great knowledge which we should have acquired of the ancient languages, it would have been jolly to have marked the foreman of the works swearing at the laborers in Syriac, while they answered him in Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Chinese tongue. However, as a next best thing, we shall attend the meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association, which will be held in Washington during the next session of Congress. We have as much regard as any body for the drums of our ears; but for the sake of a new sensation, we shall be willing to risk them. We can imagine at this moment, the astounding effect of the Grand Double Palaver! All the Senators and Representatives are either barking, or howling, or screaming, or shouting, or yelling in the Capitol, while, to complete the elocutionary duet, all the American women are simultaneously indulging the unruly and unbridled member. What the precise effect will be we don't profess to say; but we confidently predict some valuable discovery in the science of acoustics.

### FORTY-FOUR TO FOURTEEN.

[IN WHICH THE YOUNG MEN OF THE PERIOD ARE TAKEN IN HAND.]

Forty-four is going to talk (with a pen) to Fourteen. I am a female; and forty-four, as just hinted, is my age. Fourteen is also a female—just the age I was once. How I recollect that day! I was full of romance and hope; now I've no romance, little hope, and some wrinkles. It is a fine thing to be fourteen. I should like to go back there, and make a long visit. But that can't be. How much I wish it could! If only there were life-renewers as well as hair-renewers! They called me pretty at fourteen—said I had pretty ways, (one of them was one hundred and thirty-five avoirdupois,) and would certainly be a belle. But I proved too much for that. One hundred and seventy-five cut off all hope. I sighed, ate nothing, studied poetry, did a good deal of melancholy by moonlight and otherwise, but nothing came of it. I made myself as agreeable as possible; but it was the old story—I was too much for 'em—I mean the young men of the period. I dressed and gave parties. I took lessons in singing of Sig. Folderol, and in dancing of Mons. Pigeonwing, and could sing cavatinas

and gallop galops with the best of them. Ma said I was an angel, and Pa declared I was perfect. But none of the young men said so. My dear Fourteen, it may be just so with you. Your ma and pa may say you are angelic and perfect; but where's the use of it, if nobody else can be made to see it? I tried my best to catch the young men in my net. But, provoking things, they wouldn't be caught. Between ourselves—mind, don't blab it out—young men are the greatest noodles that were ever put upon the face of the earth. I never yet saw one that could be depended upon to stand by. I am sure, as you know, no one ever stood by me—when there was a parson at hand. At fourteen I didn't much care where they stood, if it wasn't on my corns. Twenty years later I shouldn't have been so particular. But I don't much mind now, bless you! You went at forty-four. There's nothing to these young men. All talk, pretence, audacity, and paper collar, I assure you. I've studied all of them. They are the same now as then. Human nature, you know, my dear Fourteen, is the same yesterday, to-day, and week after next. I used to think it wasn't; now I know it is. These young men—monsters that they are—will pour the nectar of compliments over your face, and the acid and canker of abuse down your back; and all in the same breath, if they get a chance. Pray have an eye and an ear out for them. If you go to Long Branch, or Newport, or Saratoga, or the White Mountains this summer, just look out for them. They are dreadful creatures at home in the cities, but doubly dreadful at these resorts. You are young, simple, unsophisticated. I was at your age. But I soon got over such weaknesses. You must very soon, or be a ninny. "Simple," "artless," "unsophisticated," and such terms mean simply softness. Whatever else you are, or are not, don't be soft. The mistake of my fruitless life has been that I believed, in other years, all that was told me by the other sex. They said to my face that I was a beauty; at Mr. Jones's, they said I was a fright. They said I sang like a Patti; at Brown's, I screeched like an owl. They said I danced like Terpsichore; at Smith's, they declared I wobbled round like any other lame duck. They said my taste in dress was the pink of perfection; at the Duzenbury's, I was scandalously deficient in every thing of the sort. It's a way the young men of that day had with all the girls; and they go the same vile way now. Pray don't have any thing to do with them. I don't, and I wouldn't for the world. Folks say I'm prejudiced against em; but it isn't so—I hate 'em. It is healthy to hate what is hateful. It is healthy to hate a bundle of broadcloth, kerseymere, buttons, and brass, and it's my delight by day and dream by night. I'm forty-four—you're fourteen. I've seen the world—you haven't. You look through rosy glasses; I through the clear, naked eye. My advice to you on the young men question is this: Discount nine words in every ten spoken to you as absolute trash—the gush of mere evaporative sentiment. If you are called pretty, graceful, accomplished, neat in dress, comely in person, that your eyes sparkle like diamonds, and your lips are poetic, with whole volumes of such, just make up your mind that there are plenty of fools around trying to make a sillier one than themselves. It may seem very fine for the moment, but it will realize something very different afterward. Suppose you are not caught up? All the better. I'm forty-four, independent, free, a slave to no man nor monkey. Better live, to write your own tale than be the abject one to another. Better be forty-four and yourself, than a cipher belonging to some body else. Far better beware of the young men than be worn by them. At least so thinks and says

FORTY-FOUR.

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## A NEW RAILWAY PROJECT.

While every one agrees that a railway running through the city of New-York, and transporting passengers with rapidity from one end of the island to the other, is an absolute necessity, no one has yet hit upon a plan which satisfies the public. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals objects to the Elevated Road, on the ground (though it is in the air) that the cars will continually run off the track, and, falling on the horses and dogs in the street below, crush them to a fatal jelly. The Arcade plan is objectionable to the shop-keepers, inasmuch as it will change the great thoroughfare into a street consisting exclusively of cellars, thereby driving the buyers elsewhere. Conservative people, who like old things, naturally dislike the Pneumatic Railway, and vehemently assert that "they'll be blowed if they travel over it," which will undoubtedly prove to be true. Evidently a new plan must be devised if every body is to be satisfied. That plan PUNCHINELLO rather flatters himself that he has invented.

It does not seem to have yet occurred to any one that we are not necessarily shut up to the single plan of fitting a railway to the city. Why can we not fit the city to the railway? Every body remembers that when the Mountain wouldn't come to MOHAMED, that eminent preacher went to the mountain. Here we have a precedent worth following. To build any sort of railway in New-York will take time and money. Why, then, should we do it when there are plenty of nice railways already built in every part of the country? There is a very nice railway completed and in running order from Pokertown, in Montana territory, to Euchrebend, just across the line in Idaho. All we have to do is to box up our buildings, together with the Central Park, the sewers, the docks, and the Tammany Hall General Committee, and express them through to Pokertown. The city can then be set up on each side of the Pokertown and Euchrebend Railway, and then we shall have the desired state of things—a railway running through the heart of our city. This plan is both novel and easy. At all events it is easy of execution in comparison with the Arcade plan, and it presents no features to which any one can reasonably object. Drawings of the city as it will appear when this plan has been carried out are now in process of publication, and will soon be for

sale at this office. (N. B.—Shares in the Pokertown and Euchrebend Railway, and lost along the route of that admirable road, also for sale on application to the gentleman whose able pen presents this scheme to our readers.)

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### "Curses Come Home," etc.

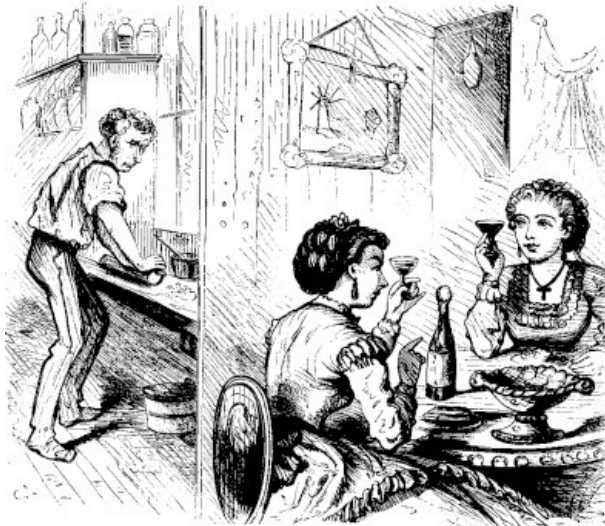
The gay young men of New-York are said to be terribly addicted to the use of *absinthe*. They pick up the vice in Paris, and hence arises the singular paradox that, even after they return home, they still continue to be Absinthees.

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### A Logical Sequence.

Paper made from wood cannot be claimed as a modern invention, for Log books, as every body knows, have been used by mariners since ever so long ago.

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### MODERN MATRIMONY.

Young Wife. "YES, DEAR, MY HUSBAND IS ALL I COULD WISH HIM TO BE."

Husband (who is making bread in the back room). "I WISH I COULD SAY AS MUCH FOR HER."

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### ABOUT A BLOCK.

A "COUNTRYMAN" writes to us, asking whether the extension of "Murderer's Block" is among the current city improvements, He says that, on recently visiting this city, he had great difficulty in determining the exact locality of the sanctuary in question. Some said it was in the Eighth Ward; others located it in the Seventeenth. A policeman in East Houston street, in reply to the query, "Which is Murderer's Block?" waved his hand with a gesture indicative of unlimited space, and said, "You are on it." Not pleased with the impeaching tone of this reply, our informant made his way to another ward, where he put the same question to the first policeman who came along. Without giving him a direct reply, the officer winked, shifted his quid of tobacco so as to display his Check to full advantage, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder at indefinite city "slums" behind him. Let the "Countryman" understand that, as things are at present, he may stand almost any where in the city and be within a marble-shot of "Murderer's Block." Perhaps Superintendent JOURDAN is quite aware of this.

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### Neptunian.

Is it correct to speak of the waters of the Black Sea as the colored element?

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**SONG OF THE RETURNED SOLDIER.**

[WITH REMARKS BY PUNCHINELLO.]

I'll hang my harp on the willow-tree,

*(And that's a very sensible thing for him to do. A hand-organ is what he wants now.)*

And I'll off to the wars again;

*(Not much. A fellow with only one leg, and perhaps but half the regulation number of arms, is not wanted in the ranks.)*

My peaceful home has no charms for me,

*(Of course not. He gave up his home and business to go to the wars, and he can't expect to have all these things when he comes back again, you know.)*

The battle-field no pain.

*(A great many other fellows besides him found the battle-field no payin' place.)*

The country I love stands up in her pride,

*(That's so. He's right this time.)*

With a diadem on her brow;

*(Referring probably to what SUMNER calls the "dire Democracy.")*

Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride?

*(Because she wanted men; that's all.)*

She is going to leave me now!

*(By no means. He can play his organ on the corner as long as he wants to.)*

She took me away from my child and wife,

*(That was all right enough. He couldn't take his wife and child into camp.)*

And gave me a shoddy suit;

*(Entirely the fault of the contractors.)*

I quite forgot my good old life,

*(That was perfectly proper. People in camp have to forget that sort of thing.)*

While they taught me to march and shoot.

*(Good lessons; worth learning.)*

She seemed to think me above the men

*(Made him corporal, most probably.)*

Who staid at their homes, you see;

*(And if he fought on principle he was above most of them.)*

Oh, had I jumped the bounty then,

*(Horrible idea!)*

It would have been better for me.

*(That's not so certain. To be sure, in that case he might have got a good office in some of the Departments, or been made a Consul, but why should he complain? He has a first-rate organ, and nobody hinders him from sitting on the corner and grinding it the livelong day, if it pleases him. And then there's the honor! His country may not think about it, nor the people who give him pennies, but if he feels it himself, what more need he want? How ridiculous it is for some persons to insinuate that a rich and powerful people, who can grant hundreds of thousands of dollars to railroad companies, and North Pole expeditions, ought to be ashamed to see their disabled soldiers begging on the corners! Absurd beyond comparison!)*

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## NO GHOST AFTER ALL.

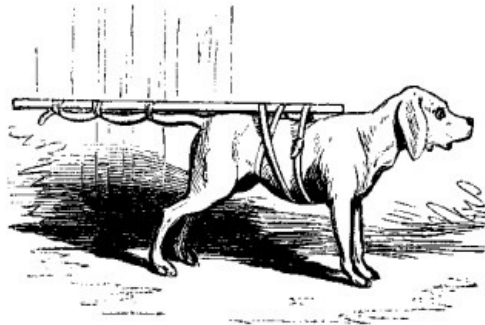
MR. PUNCHINELLO, having been often scared out of his senses (which are usually very good and trustworthy senses,) by double tattoos on his library table, and also by the eccentric movements of the table itself, is happy to announce that, after all, there is nothing in it. There is a Dr. HAMMOND who has sent all necessary explanations to the *North American Review*. We do not understand them at all, but they are highly soothing and satisfactory. It seems that Mr. P. (in common with less distinguished characters) has "a gray tissue." This does not refer to his coat, but to something inside of him which renders him the nervous creature that he is. Well, not to make too scientific a matter of it, it appears that our "gray tissue" operates upon our "spinal cord," and raises the old boy (if we may be allowed the expression) with our brains; and this, in some way, but really we do not exactly see how, produces the raps, and leads us to suppose that we are hearing (dear old lady!) from our grandmother. It is astonishing how simple these mysterious matters appear after a scientific explanation.

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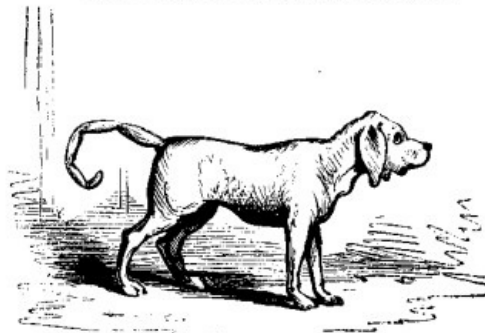
## THE DOG-BREAKER'S DIFFICULTY.



THE DOG'S HEAD IS VERY GOOD FOR A POINTER, BUT THE CONFOUNDED TAIL *will* CURL.



A PLAN IS DEVISED FOR STRAIGHTENING IT.



RESULT.

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## Philological Query.

Is the following sentence, which Mr. PUNCHINELLO finds in that respectable paper, the Boston Advertiser, to be considered as English or Latin?

"The constitutio de fide has been adopted by the Ecumenical Council, nemine contradicente."

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## A Place Appropriately Named.

SIGH-BERIA

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## FISCALITIES.

Let no one read this title—rascalities. Fiscalities are very different things. (*That is to say, out of Wall street.*) PUNCHINELLO always had a strong liking for fiscal subjects, and even now he would be glad to write a fiscal history of the United States, provided he was furnished with specimens of all the various coins, bank-notes, greenbacks, bonds, and such mediums of exchange that have been in circulation from colonial times until now. (*That is to say, he'd like very much to have the coins and things, but if any one takes up this offer, and wants to keep his coins, a money-order for a corresponding amount, or ordinary bills, in a registered letter, will be entirely satisfactory.*) But as he can not write a book this week, he desires to draw the attention of his readers to the fact that fiscal expansion ought to be the great end of man. (*That is to say, it often is, but in a different way from what PUNCHINELLO means.*) For instance, look at Colonel FISK, of the glorious Ninth! Had not his vigorous intellect been closely applied to the great questions of fiscal economy, is it likely that the steady expansion of his corporeal being would have given such a weight to his wisely-planned movements? (*That is to say, if he hadn't got rich he wouldn't have got so fat, and then buildings would not tremble when he drills.*) A man who is perfectly proportioned in a fiscal point of view, can call himself a monarch of the world. The elements will own they are his servants, and the seasons will mould themselves to suit his will. (*That is to say, he can have one hundred and fifty fine young women to dance the Devil's Torchligh Cotillion in his own theatre, and he can sit there, if he wants to, all alone and look at them just as long as he pleases; and not one of them dare stop till he's ready.*) Space bows before such a man, and shrivels itself up into a mere nothing. Land and water are alike to such a one. It matters not to him whether the waves roll beneath his possessions, or the solid ground upholds them.

ST. CECILIA sits at the feet of this great exponent of fiscal expansion, and TUBAL CAIN dwells serenely in his court-yards. (*That is to say, just wait until you hear his new brass band!*) Now, who would not be as this financial monarch? Who would not say: "I, too, can do these things?" (*That is to say, which of us would not gladly take every cent the good FISK possesses, and let him beg his bread from door to door, if we only got a decent chance?*) If it were not for such shining examples of the power of wealth and the glories that it is capable of placing before our eyes, the souls of ordinary men would much less frequently be moved to extraordinary effort in the line of pecuniary progress. (*That is to say, if old FISK did not change the ballet in his Twelve Temptations so often, and did not keep on getting new dancers, and dressing them all up different every week or two, we would not have to raise a dollar and half so frequently to go and see the confounded thing.*) But it is of no use to try and calculate the vast advantage of Fiscal expansion. Even with a WEBB'S Adder, PUNCHINELLO could not do the sum, and it's pretty certain that it would make WEBB Sadder, if he tried it. Among other things, a man of fiscal solidity is never unprepared for emergencies, and, if necessary, he can resort to extremities of which ordinary people would never dream. (*That is to say, have you seen FISK'S last legs?*) Therefore, it becomes us all to endeavor to have a share in the prosperity of which we see such a shining example, (*that is to say, PUNCHINELLO does not mean for us all to go buy stock in Erie,*) and mayhap, even the humblest of us may, in time, be able to whistle "Shoo Fly" in marble halls. (*That is to say, even a poor ostler may get along very well if he attentively and industriously waters his stock.*)

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## Interesting to Mr. Bergh.

"Dog's-Ear" shirt-collars (the ones that stick up and are doubled down at the points,) are coming into fashion.

Says young SOLOMONS, the other day, "I want something new in collars; I shall cut my Dog's-ears." And he went and did it; which is decidedly interesting to Mr. BERGH.

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### An Interesting Patient.

New-Haven enjoys an elephant that has corns, and is about to be operated on by a chiroprapist. There is a largeness, approaching to sublimity, in the idea of an elephant with corns, though it naturally suggests the query, "What Boots it?"

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### A Dogged Problem.

If Sir WALTER SCOTT'S dog was worth—say—ten "pounds," what was his Kenilworth?

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## CONDENSED CONGRESS.

### SENATE.



he gentle CHANDLER is occasionally goaded to rage and rhetoric by perfidious Albion. The other day he had one of these deliriums. In the language of the bard.

He shook his fists and he tore his hair Till they really felt afraid; For they couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking.

He wanted to annex the Winnipeg district. It was true that the Winnipeg district was an unmitigated nuisance to England; and probably it would prove an unmitigated nuisance to us if we annexed it. But it would make Great Britain mad. The dearest object of his life was to madden Great Britain. What was Great Britain? What business had she on this continent? None but the right of conquest. It occurred to him that that was all we had ourselves; but that made no difference. His motto was, Great Britain *est* Carthago, or *delenda* must be destroyed, or something of that sort—he

forgot exactly what. He knew we could whip Great Britain, and he wanted to fight her. That is, he wanted some body else to fight her. It would be the proudest moment of his life to serve, exclusively as a sutler, in the grand American army which should go forth to smash Great Britain. Queen VICTORIA was only a woman. Therefore he would fight her single-handed. Let her come on. Let her son, who was a snob, come on. Let Mr. THORNTON come on. Let every body come on. He defied every body. He expectorated upon every body. (Mr. CHANDLER by this time became so earnest that seven Senators were constrained to wait upon him, but it produced no sedative effect.) Mr. CHANDLER kept on in this manner until he had challenged the population of the planet to single combat, and then subsided, and ordered five hundred copies of the morrow's *Globe* to send to various potentates and constituents.

Mr. DRAKE said of course no body minded CHANDLER. But there were some glimmerings of sense in CHANDLER, and he thought the Winnipeg war would be a good thing. Perhaps CHANDLER might be induced to go out there, which would make it pleasant for the Senate. Mr. SUMNER said he was disgusted, not with CHANDLER'S principles, which were excellent, but with his quotation, which was incorrect. He considered correct quotation far more important than correct principles. Every school-boy knew that *delenda est Carthago* was what Mr. CHANDLER attempted to cite. To be sure Mr. CHANDLER was not every school-boy. (Cheers for every School-boy.) Mr. SUMNER took advantage of this occasion to relate several incidents of the life of HANNIBAL, and closed with a protest against the accursed spirit of caste. In support of this view he sent to the clerk's desk, and had read a few chapters from KANT'S Critique of Pure Reason.

### HOUSE.

Schenck scatters members to flight whenever he introduces his tariff bill. This disgusts SCHENCK, and he has been trying to bring back the erring Representatives by the use of the Sergeant-at-Arms and fines. The House has lately amused itself by listening to excuses.

Mr. BUTLER'S name was called. Mr. BUTLER was not there. Mr. SCHENCK proposed to fine him.

Mr. COX objected. Why, he said, should the sweet boon of BUTLER'S absence rouse the anger of SCHENCK. He would suggest an amendment that BUTLER be fined when present and blessed when away. The less they had of BUTLER the better.

Mr. AMES was making money, and therefore he could not come.

Mr. DAVIS was prosecuting MCFARLAND, which he considered better fun than discussing the tariff.

Mr. FITCH had gone to take a bath. Mr. LOGAN said that was ridiculous. He himself had never found it necessary to absent himself on such a ground. No representative of the people ought to take a bath.

He was sorry to see this tendency to aristocracy on the part of members. West Point and the bathtub were undermining our institutions.

Mr. POLAND said that he had been to call on a clergyman. Mr. LOGAN said that was worse if possible than the bath. He much preferred immersion to sprinkling.

Mr. SWEENEY (who is Mr. SWEENEY?) had been superintending the birth of an infant SWEENEY. Mr. KELLEY said a man who would basely look after his young when the fate of pig-iron was trembling in the balance, was unworthy to represent American freemen. What was the interesting situation of any individual, male or female, compared to the interesting situation of "fish-plates." The same fiendish spirit that animated the Confederate armies was still alive. But it now found expression in vile and insidious attacks upon the "scrap-iron" which was the pride of every true American heart. He did not hesitate to say that the man who would vote against an increase of 7000 per cent, *ad valorem*, upon railway iron would, if his cowardly soul would let him, have aimed the pistol of the assassin at the late Mr. LINCOLN.

Mr. LOGAN said there was no occasion for Mr. KELLEY to say any thing about any man from Illinois. He, LOGAN, could take care of that State without KELLEY'S assistance. He had observed with grief and shame that KELLEY had made several more speeches this session than he (LOGAN) had. He did not intend to suffer this in future.

Mr. KELLEY said he voted for his constituents, who were ironmongers; but ho spoke, in an ironical way, for the whole country. He meant to speak early and speak often.

Mr. SCHENCK upheld the income-tax. He said it bore very lightly on Congressmen, for none but honest men were compelled to pay it.

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## OUR LITERARY LEGATE.

Minister MOTLEY is a gentleman, a scholar, and, though last not least, as genial a diner and winer as ever put American legs under a British peer's mahogany. There was a time when he was for avenging British outrage by whipping John Bull out of his boots, but now, clad in a dress-coat of unexceptionable cut, he deprecates the idea of international breaches. As a diplomatist he could scarcely show more indifference to the Alabama claim, if the claim itself were All a Bam. He roars for recompense more gently than a sucking dove. When he presented our little bill a *grand coup* was expected, but the trans-atlantic turtle seems to have shut him up. Listening to compliments on the "Dutch Republic" he forgets his own, and renders but a Flemish account to his country. Not content with following the festive footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, REVERDY, he has made new tracks to every hospitable nobleman's door. The scented soft-soap of adulation is his "particular vanity," and under its soothing influence he seems to be washing his hands of his official responsibilities. In point of fact, MOTLEY has deserted his colors, and, as a diplomat, is by no means up to the American Standard. As it is clear he cannot maintain the *prestige* of the Star Spangled Banner abroad, we call upon the Government to give him Hail Columbia, and order him home.

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## CONS BY A WRECKER.

Where are women wrecked? Off the Silly Islands.  
Where are men wrecked? Some off Port, some Half Seas over,  
some off the Horn, or wherever they Chews.  
Where are rogues wrecked? In the Dock.  
Where are brokers wrecked? On the Breakers.  
Where are children wrecked? Some in Babycome Bay, and some on the Coral Islands.  
Where are bad musicians wrecked? On the Sound.  
Where are would-be sharpers wrecked? On the Mighty Deep.

---

## BOOK NOTICES.

IN SPAIN AND A VISIT TO PORTUGAL. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New-York: HURD &



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A good summer book of nearly three hundred pages. As usual, ANDERSEN is not abstruse in his way of putting things. His narrative is adapted alike for the juvenile mind and for the adult. There is no periphrasis in it. One understands his meaning at a glance; therefore the book should be a very popular one when summer time sets in, and people look for some quiet *délassement* which will not compel them to think.

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