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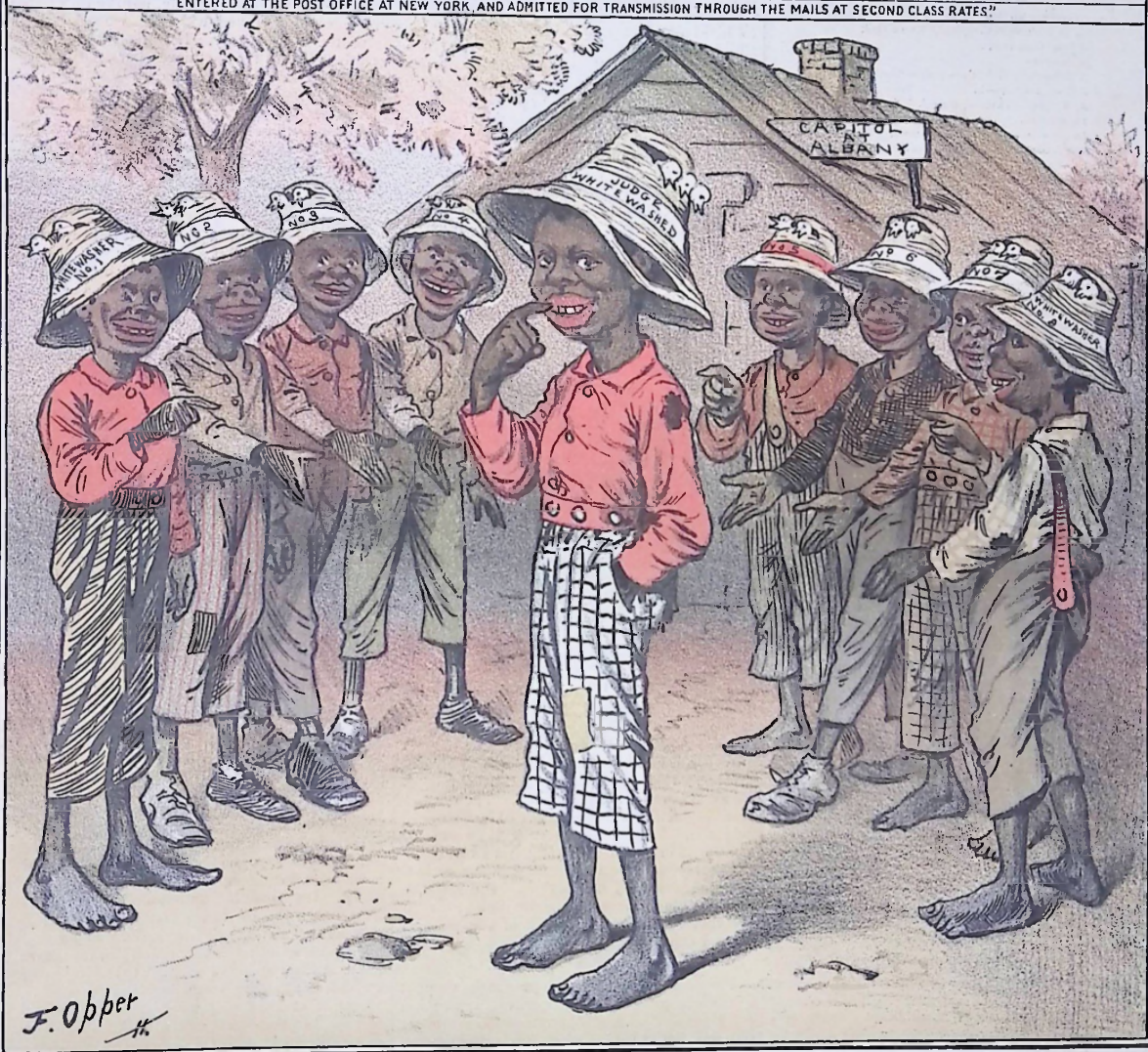


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THE INNOCENTS.

"He hain't seen nuffin o' yer chickens—he's as innercent as we is!"

PUCK.

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IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

There is such a thing as being too hospitable. It is a very beautiful and benevolent thing to go out into the highways and byways and invite everybody who will come to labor in your vineyard. But it is possible to overdo it; and we in this country may as well begin to ask ourselves if we have not already overdone it. For, there is no use in denying it, there are Americans, and there have been Americans since the beginning; and we whose grandfathers and great-grandfathers fought to have a country of their own have at least something to say about the government of this country. The foreigner who, Americanized or not Americanized, dwells here in peace and avails himself of the privileges which are his by law, should remember that he enjoys his freedom by the grace of Americans, and that this country is not for Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans or Italians or Irishmen, but for Americans—born here or elsewhere it matters not; but Americans in thought and feeling.

In these days it is considered very disgraceful to have the faintest sympathy with the doctrines of the dead and-gone Know-Nothing party. But Know Nothingism is not the abomination of desolation, by a good deal. There is a great deal of sound sense in the idea that America is for Americans. Whoever comes here, be he

from Natal or from Nova Zembla, has to renounce in heart, as well as in word, allegiance to all powers, principalities or potentates, if he would be deserving of the title of American citizen. He should not come here to trouble himself and others with the dissensions and grievances of his native land. If he is a German, he should forget '48; if he is a Frenchman, he should forget '71; if he is an Irishman, he should forget 1780. His one duty—his whole duty—is to America, and to America alone.

This the Germans and the Frenchmen seem to understand. So do the Swedes and the Dutch and the Spaniards and the Italians and the Russians and all the rest of them, save and except only the two million-and-a-half of Irish, who make more noise and cause more annoyance in Uncle Sam's lodging-house than all the rest of his fifty million lodgers put together. The raw Irishman in America is a nuisance; his son is a curse. They never assimilate; the second generation simply shows an intensification of all the bad qualities of the first. The honest truth is that the Irish have been and are a burden and a misery to this country. All that can be said for them is that they helped us to build our first railroads cheaply; but the Chinese, bad as they are, would have been a cheaper investment than the Irish. These innocent children of the old sod have done more than any others to corrupt our politics, to lower the standard of service in domestic and commercial life; and they have simply used this country as a ground of vantage from which to wage in safety their imbecile and indecent war against the English government. To-day we have a cowardly press, afraid to offend the "Irish vote"—the vote of voters who can't even read, for the most part—a cowardly press crying for the recall of the one honorable, honest and able minister to the Court of St. James's that we have had since Motley. Is it not about time that there was a clearance in Uncle Sam's Lodging-House?

Do the voters of this great State of New York realize the character of two-thirds of the men who are supposed to represent them in the Albany Legislature? They find day after day that measures are carried which are entirely opposed to the interests of the people, while legislation that is absolutely necessary is systematically resisted and defeated. The public is so accustomed to the process that it is taken as a matter of course. The Senate and Assembly at Albany are so little in sympathy with the citizens, that the citizens have come to lose sight of the fact that they had anything to do with electing the members. It is very difficult, indeed, to properly characterize some of these Albany rascals.

Suppose we were to say to the keeper of Sing Sing or Auburn Prison: "Mr. Keeper, the people of the State of New York want some men to make laws for them and to protect their interests. What can you do in that way?" "Well, sir, I think I shall be able to give satisfaction. I have a very choice collection of sneak-thieves and highwaymen. Then I can furnish you with a desirable line of burglars and perjurers. I suppose you have little use for murderers or manslaughterers; but I can confidently recommend a few very superior embezzlers, forgers and horse stealers. The majority of these men have not quite finished their sentences, but in the interests of the public I think I can let them out."

People would recoil with horror at the thought of such fellows as these representing them; and yet a number of the Albany members are not one whit better than these convicts, and deserve

the same punishment. The history of Albany Legislation of late years has never been such as the state could be proud of. It was corrupt enough when the late Mr. Tweed invested extensively in the commodity. Mr. Tweed became the owner of both Houses of Legislature; they were his property and were naturally managed solely in his interests. The present Legislature differs from that of Mr. Tweed of blessed memory; it is anybody's Legislature. Its precious members sell themselves to the highest bidder, or to the men with the longest purse.

We doubt if it ever so much as occurred to any of these shameless scoundrels that they were elected and paid a salary by the people for the purpose of representing the people. What is to be done? For bills opening the doors to greater frauds than ever have been hurried through with corrupt speed. What is to be done after the purification and practical canonization of that model of judicial integrity, the much-maligned Westbrook, who took Mr. Jay Gould under his protecting wing? We fear nothing at present. Yet there is a remedy, and the remedy lies with the people themselves. Let them, before election day, inquire into the character of the men who are so anxious to serve them at Albany. Let them refuse to cast their ballots for the thieves, liars, perjurers, rascals and time-serving vagabonds who have betrayed them at Albany. Let them scratch the names of Alvord and Sharpe, of Grady and Brodsky, of McClelland and Poucher, and a score of others, whenever they have a chance to do it. The voter who, with such warning as this, records his vote for any of these men is as bad as they are.

The faint toot of a war note is heard in Europe, but it is a little too early to prophesy as to whether or not that toot will increase in volume and plunge the Old World into a blood-letting match. This time the trouble is with Egypt, and the British lion is very deeply interested. If there is to be war, the aforementioned lion will not have much fighting to do with negroes or inferior races, but with some European nation whose soldiers wear clothes and suspenders. England has such great Indian interests that it is necessary that Egypt—the highway to India—be governed in a manner to suit her. Just now it does not come up to her standard of government at all, as the Khedive's rule is very shaky—if it exists at all—owing to the enterprising and rebellious conduct of Mr. Arabi Pasha, who professes to act with the approval of the Sultan of Turkey. There will be a conference; but if Egypt is to change hands it is not England that will be left out in the cold, although France is a very convenient ally for Great Britain at this particular juncture.

The death of Garibaldi leaves the world without a life that deserves to be called both heroic and patriotic. No nobler, simple-minded and unselfish man than Garibaldi ever existed. Without understanding politics in their technical sense, he was the embodiment of justice, republicanism and freedom. Of what is called humbler parentage, his name will be remembered when many patrician statesmen and legislators will be forgotten. His career was so varied and romantic that had he lived five hundred years ago the record of his deeds would have been looked upon as doubtful and traditional. Italy owes her national life to him, and he gave her this life in the face of sneers, ridicule and enemies. Garibaldi died as he had lived, in unostentatious simplicity in his island home at Caprera. He scorned titles, orders or ennoblement at the hands of kings or princes. His fame and memory have been exalted and ennobled in the hearts of the millions of lovers of freedom and political equality.