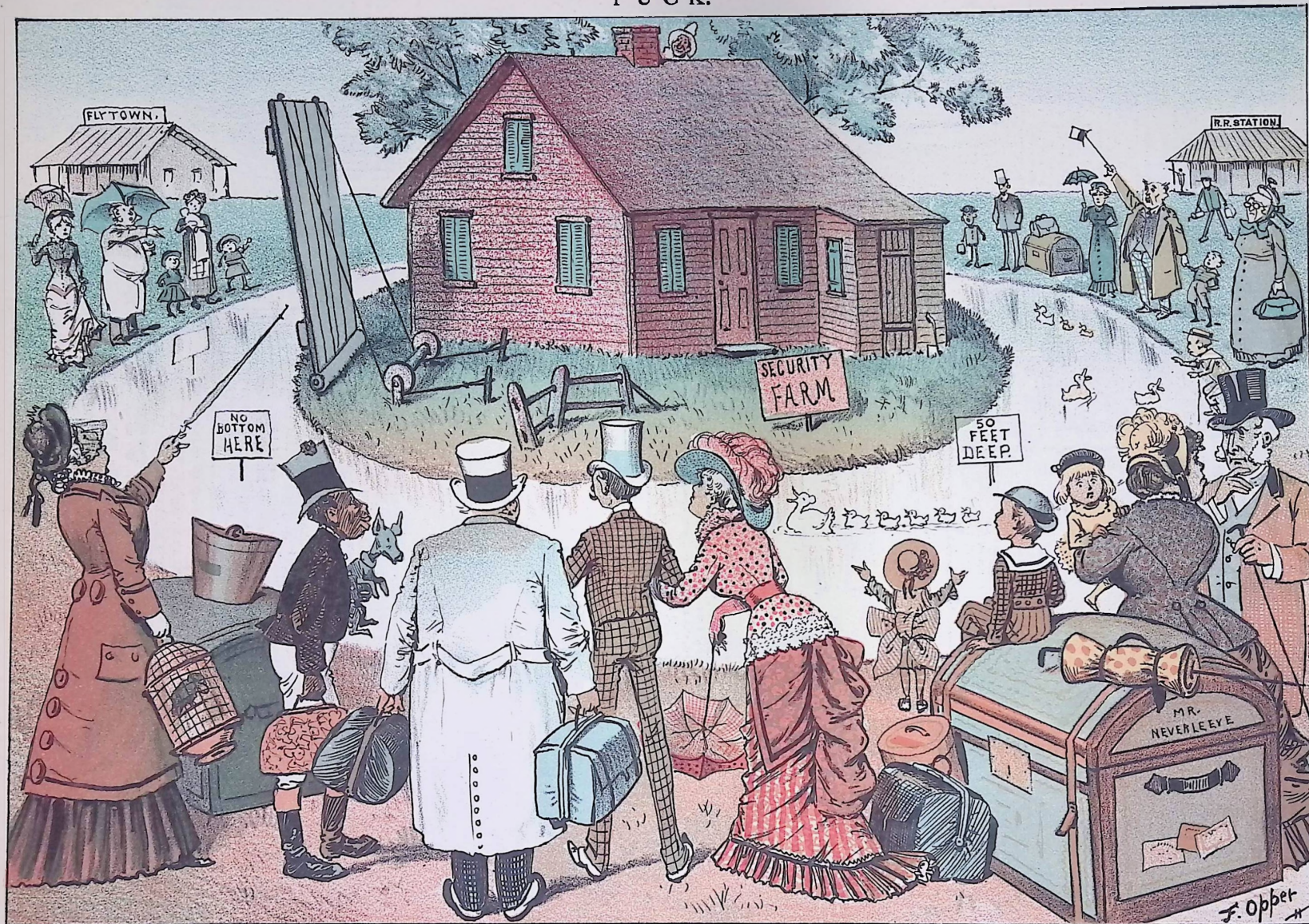




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MAYER MERKEL & OTTMANN LITH 23-25 WARREN ST. NY.

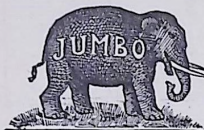
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Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are
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It is terribly aggravating to a man who
makes a business of stealing dogs, advertising
them as found, and making owners pay hand-
somerly for the care he gives them, to get hold
of a mastiff that eats three dollars' worth of
meat, costs one dollar to advertise, and turns
out to have escaped from the dog-catcher.—
Boston Post.

A SALZBURG wine-dealer converted three
thousand casks of wine into fifty-two thousand
by adding one thing and another. And yet
some persons don't believe in miracles.—*Norris-
town Herald.*

THE swan, we have been told, sings just be-
fore dying. When we heard Miss Uppasee
vocalize the other evening, we couldn't help
wishing she was a swan.—*Boston Transcript.*

Now THAT potatoes are so high it is a wonder
that the girls do not use them in trimming their
bonnets.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

John McGinness says: Dr. Benson, I will pray for
you as long as I live, because you took pity on me
when I was sick and in the hospital, and sent me
two boxes of your Celery and Ohomomilo Pills,
and they cured me of Sclatona, Neuralgia and
Nervous Weakness.

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Issue of 1860.

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large premiums of

60,000, 10,000, 5,000,

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draw one of the larger premiums, must be redeemed with at least

120 Florins,

as there are no blanks, and every bond must draw something.
The next drawing takes place on the

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and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of August is
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date. Country orders sent in registered letters and enclosing \$5,
will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
For orders, circulars, and any other information, address

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[Established in 1874.]

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ASTONISHING CURES!

NOT
WIRES.

REDUCED SIZE.



Washington, D. C., May 10, '82
I feel it my duty to make the
following statement. My sister
had been a great sufferer from
Chronic Rheumatism for MANY
YEARS and could find no relief
from medicines or applica-
tions. She has been using your
Electric Flesh Brush for a short
time, and is RELIEVED FROM
ALL PAIN, and is perfectly
cured. She is willing you
should give this publicity, and
expresses gratitude.
Mrs. Eliza Lane Parker.

Stop dosing
a while and
try this
really excel-
lent cure.

This remarkable Brush, which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially endorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Honorable W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily. The back of the Brush is made of a new material resembling chamois, beautifully curved and closely matted. It is a combination of substance producing permanent Electro-Magnetic Current. Always doing good, it cannot harm, while its application gives a most agreeable sensation, there being no shock or unpleasant feeling whatever. Its power can always be tested by the silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

IT CURES

Rheumatism and Diseases of the Blood—Nervous Complaints
—Neuralgia—Toothache—Malarial Lameness—Palpitation—
Paralysis and Pains caused by Impaired Circulation. It
promptly alleviates Indigestion—Constipation—Kidney and
Liver Troubles—quickly removes those "Back Aches" peculiar
to Ladies, and imparts wonderful vigor to the whole body.

It keeps the skin healthy, beautifies the complexion, and acts immediately on the blood, nerves, and tissues.
People of sedentary habits and impaired nervous power, will find it a valuable companion.

Proprietors: The Pall Mall Electric Association of London.
New York Branch: 842 Broadway.

TESTIMONIALS.

ATWOOD'S PHARMACY, Broadway, New York, May 15, 1882.
They give splendid satisfaction, and many have come back and bought the second, third, and fourth one.
I have tried many customers praise them highly, and from my own personal knowledge I know of most
remarkable cures attending their use. I cordially recommend them to the public. HENRY W. ATWOOD.

Dear Sir:—I have used Dr. Scott's Electric Flesh Brush upon myself. I have derived great benefit
from it. C. T. BLISS, M.D.

I prescribe it for my patients, with the happiest results. Its cures are unquestionable.
DR. JOHN GAVETT GIBSON, F.R.C.S.

Better than all liniments and oils, we cannot too highly recommend it to the afflicted
"Surgical Gazette."

For some time past I have suffered with Rheumatism in my knee, I tried your Brush, and the result
astonished me: in less than three minutes the pain disappeared, and I have not had it since. Wishing to
convince myself still further, I took it to my place of business and cured two workmen of Neuralgia and a
third of Toothache. I am now satisfied with the virtue of your Brush, and do not hesitate to speak a good
word for it to suffering humanity. Yours respectfully, JESSE M. HARRIS.

Space forbids our publishing innumerable letters of praise and gratitude from those using our Brush.
On application, we will send you a list of testimonials to any address.

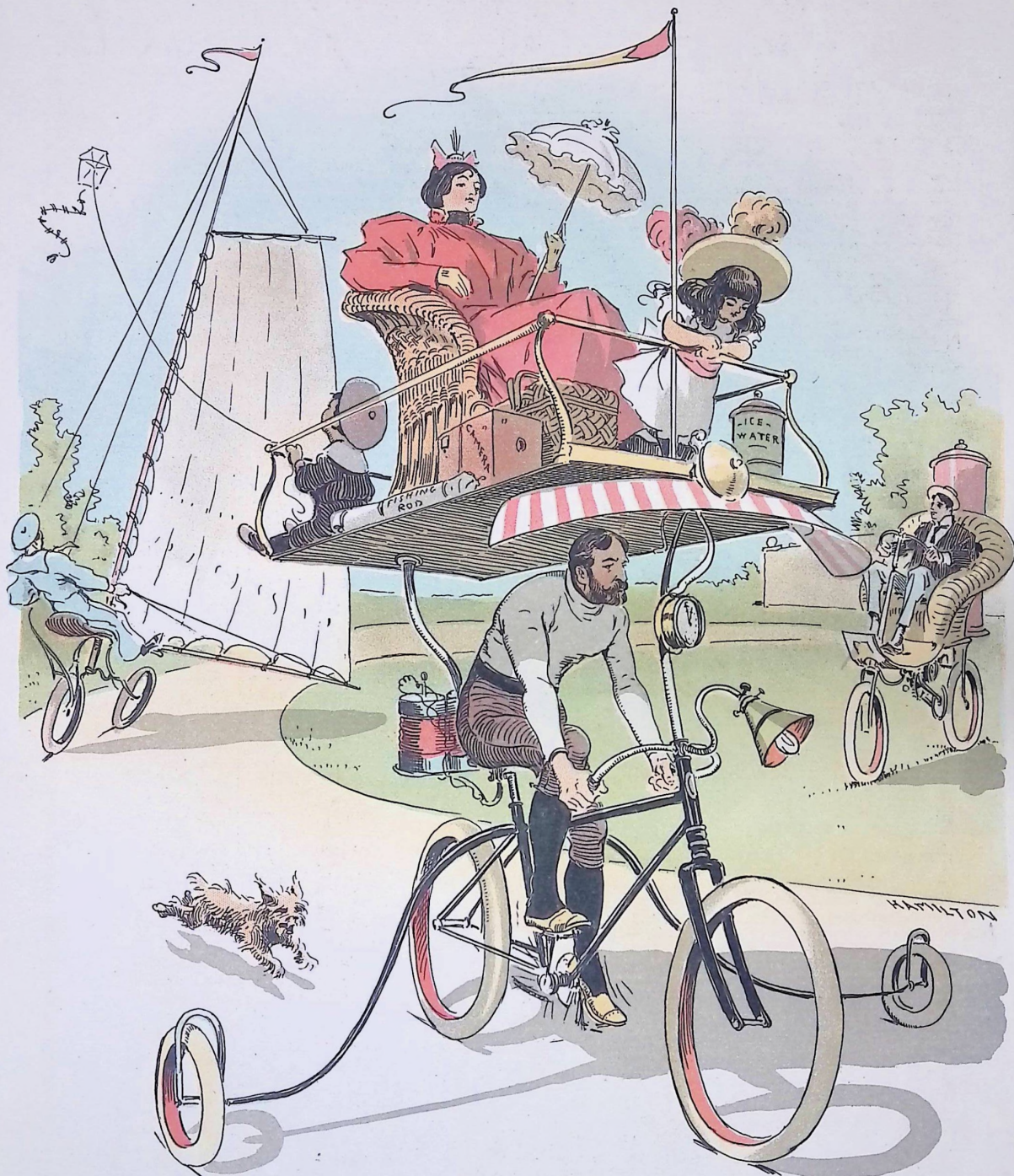
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We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of \$3.00, which will
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Enclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D.,
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Send for circular of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush and Comb.



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WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.



Judge

W. J. ARNOLD, BERNHARD GILLAM,
J. M. GREGORY, Editor.

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NOW THE HEN lays the painted egg.

NEW SCRIPTURE—The house without a few bicycles in it is only half blessed.

BROTHER MCKINLEY went south to see how much the frost had hurt the oranges.

SENATOR FAIR became engaged to Phoebe Cousins and immediately went home and died.

MISS WILLARD tells at great length how she learned to ride the bicycle. Silas Wegg would have called the description "The rise and fall-off."

THE NEWSPAPERS gave news of the sickness of Victoria under very big heads; but we doubt if they were larger than that of Albert Edward.

AN ODE in Kate Field's Washington to the departed congress begins, "No bustle at the capitol." The writer forgets the ladies of the lobby.

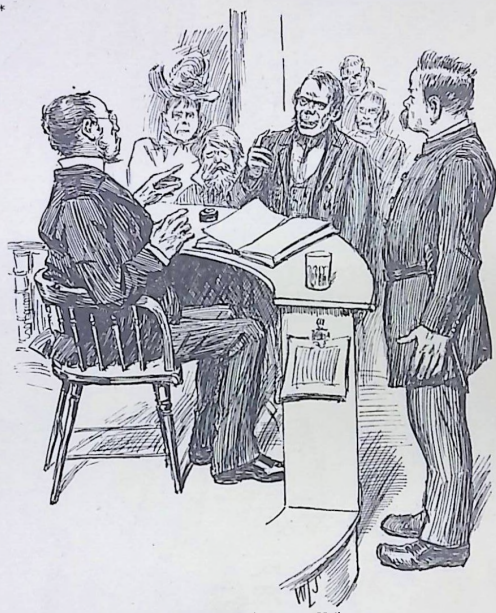
WE JUDGE from the over-informed newspapers that, laboring under the displeasure of Cleveland and the offensive criticism of the people, Judge Gresham is between the devil and the Spanish government.

WE FEEL authorized to remark that Mr. Goodwin, comedian, doesn't believe in tightness on the stage. He wore a pair of his at one performance, and publicly apologized for it the very next night.

MR. WHISTLER will observe that the New York Press says he was a cadet at West Point when our war broke out, and went abroad to get away from it. Now we do not believe that Mr. Whistler is a Robert Acres.

HAPPINESS in married life, according to Roger A. Pryor, must not be expected until the close of the silver wedding. That is very discouraging. It might be well to have the silver wedding precede the marriage ceremony.

A SHOW-BILL represents Gladstone shaking hands with James J. Corbett, while several kings and a few queens look on from the background with speechless envy; so that, after all, there are better things than being president of the United States.



A HOMICIDAL "AX."

JUDGE (slightly rattled)—"Now if I understand you aright the plaintiff threatened your life with an axe before you struck him."
DEFENDANT—"Yis, yer anner. He threatened t'ax me woife did she know Oi wuz gittin' twelve darters a wake whin she t'inks Oi'm only gittin' noine."

UPS AND DOWNS.

THE MAGNIFICENCE of "Ouida" in giving wealth to her characters equaled the generosity of Dumas and Disraeli in their relations with theirs. How these things pass away! Now Ouida is penniless and Dumas and Disraeli have less than a shroud to their backs.

HOT BLOOD.

THERE IS SIGNIFICANCE in the cablegram of William C. Whitney that his blood boils. It might be well for David B. Hill to start a fire under himself. The American idea may have much to do with the next national campaign; and the Democratic party has served English interests too faithfully and too long.

THE BIKE.

THE BICYCLE is the only successful flying-machine. Recently several persons have injured themselves in trying the kind that has wings, but they are expecting too much. Nobody is going to be an angel before death; and the flight of the wheel is rapid and safe enough for anybody. What says the wise man of it?—"It eats not, but how it spins!" and Solomon with all his rapidity could not go half as fast or far."

THE NEXT WAR.

AS THE JUDGE has said, frequently and impressively, the next war in which this country will engage will begin in South America. And it may involve a good deal of fighting. One foreign nation alone would not be likely to invite such a war, and there are very pronounced foreign interests south of the country which fought Louis Napoleon, and shot Maximilian.

OUR OWN PROTECTION.

WHEN ENGLAND comes to Venezuela with war in view there ought to be immediate business for our war-vessels. That she has designs in Nicaragua appears more evident day by day. There has recently been a great revival of Jacksonism. There ought to be a resurrection of the common-sense patriotism of James Monroe. There isn't room on this side of the Atlantic ocean for anything in government that is not American.

HERE!

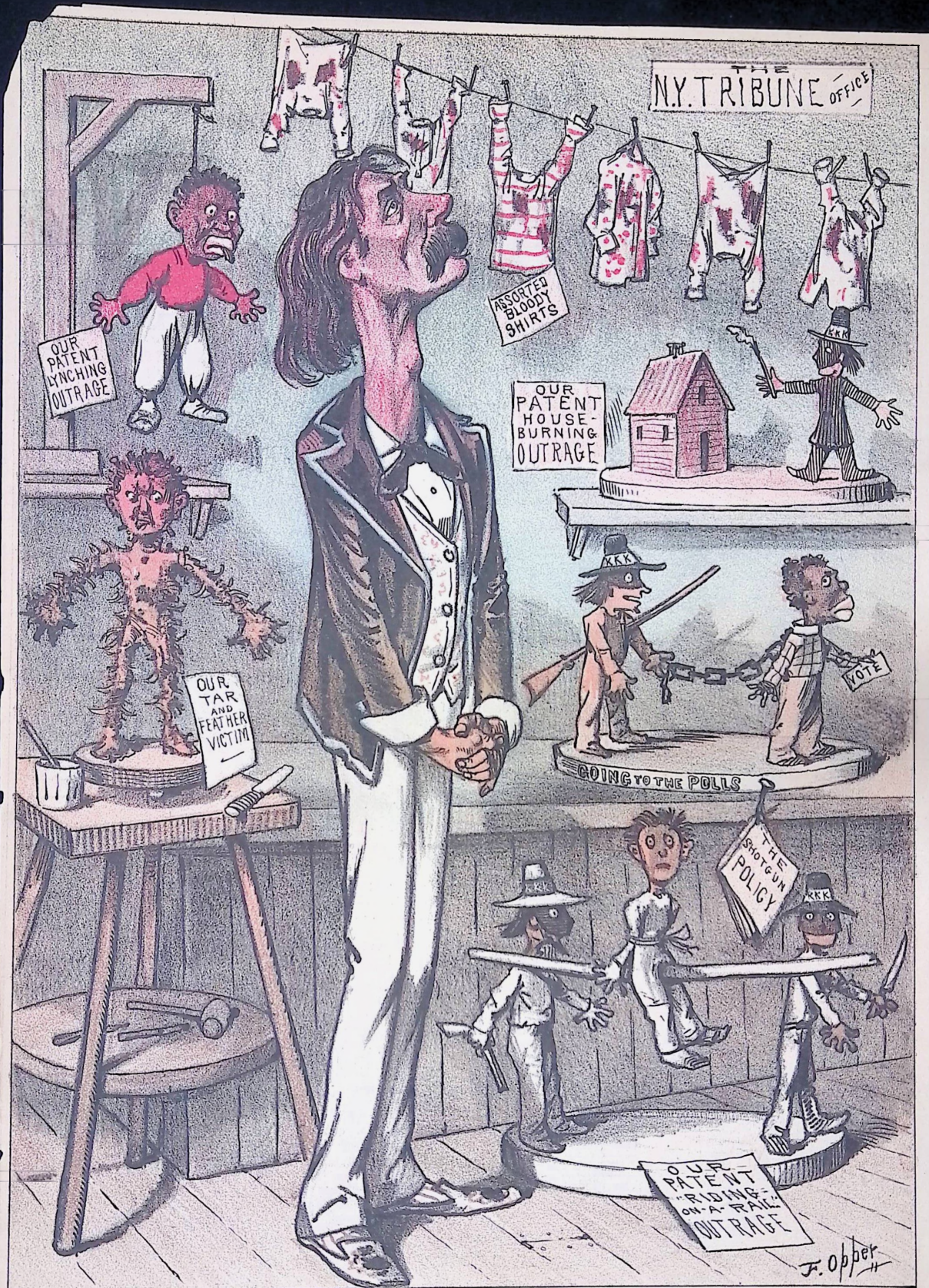
THE SPRING CRAZE has come to the fiery and half-trained beast. He belongs to the circus and he has half killed his spring man. The destruction would have been complete had not the man got wedged in his tusks so that he could get neither up nor down until they had brought a pile-driver and a derrick. Need we look for violets after that, or listen for frogs, or doubt our ears in view of the organ-grinder, or question the sight of the large wagon with the household goods? Nay, nay! The spring is here.

THE SCARLET NOVEL.

THE SCARLET LETTER is reproduced in "The Manxman," in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and in "The Little Minister." It is the old story of the too-humble woman dragging the great man down through the mutual sin. There is nothing in literature more painfully just, judged from the old theological standpoint; but the new woman, in justice to herself, will reverse the situation, the unhappy greatness being with her sex and the wretched humility with the other. There has been too much of the scarlet woman. We shall presently have the scarlet man.

THE BONNET.

WE HAVE BEEN looking for Easter literature without a bonnet in it, and it has not come. The bonnet caps the climax of every verse and every paragraph, as well as of every woman. It is too small, too large, too little and too largely adorned. There is but one thing about it as to which all agree, and that is that it costs too much. Shall we ever have pleasantry in Easter literature without that bonnet? Shall there be aught of that kind without those mean allusions to woman's extravagance and vanity? Well, shall we have a Christmas without a Santa Claus, or a night without a sun, or a winter without snow? Let the bonnet in! It has come to stay.



THE BANKRUPT OUTRAGE MILL.

WHITELAW:—"It's no use trying to please the public. My stock of outrages is complete—but they won't take!"

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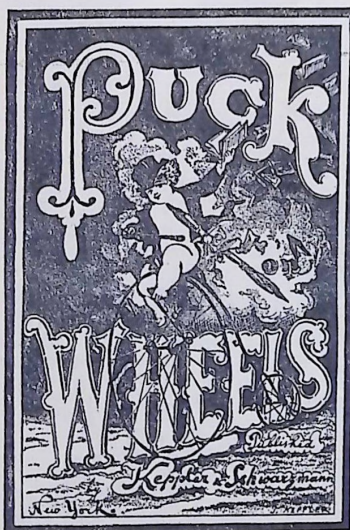
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NOW READY:



Price, 25 Cents.

THE BEETLE.—AN AFFECTATION.

The shrilling locust slowly sheathes
His dagger-voice, and creeps away
Beneath the brooding leaves where breathes
The dying zephyr of the day.
One naked star has waded through
The purple shallows of the night,
And faltering as falls the dew
It drips its misty light.
O'er garden-blooms,
On tides of musk
The beetle booms adown the glooms,
And bumps along the dusk.

The katydid is rasping at
The silence from the tangled broom;
On drunken wings the flitting bat
Goes staggering athwart the gloom:
The toad-stool bulges through the weeds;
And lavishly to left and right,
The fire-flies like golden seeds
Are sown about the night.
O'er folded blooms,
On floods of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms,
And bumps along the dusk.

The primrose flares its baby-hands
Wide open as the empty moon.
Slow-lifted from the underland,
Drifts up the azure-arched lagoon.
The shadows on the garden-walk
Are frayed with rifts of silver light,
And trickling down the poppy-stalk
The dew-drop streaks the night.
O'er slumbrous blooms,
On swirls of musk,
The beetle booms adown the glooms,
And bumps along the dusk.

—J. W. Riley, in the *Kokomo Tribune*.

AN exchange aptly remarks: "To catch the rose-flushed dawns of one hundred Junes is so rare an individual experience that when it comes in our midst we wonder and mark it." We do, we do; "rose-flushed dawns" are so very rare, that even the Hon. Robert G. Schenck, sometime poker plenipotentiary and author extraordinary to the Court of St. James, makes no mention of it in his charming brochure on draw-poker. Straight flushes and flushes bobtailed are known and appreciated of all men, but the "rose flush" is so seldom seen that we do indeed wonder and mark it. But what a passion for play a man must have to put in one hundred Junes at Poker! Wonder what he was doing during nose-flushed dawns of January and December.—*Boston Post*.

The *Tribune* asks what the *World* means by "putting quotation marks around Garfield's title of General." The *World* means to invite attention to the interesting circumstance that just as soon as General Hancock had been nominated at Cincinnati, the *Tribune* and other Radical organs suddenly discovered that "the day for military candidates is passed." This being thus, common politeness requires the Democratic party to give "General" Garfield the option of regarding himself either as a military candidate or as a non-military candidate. His supporters are clearly at sea on the subject. When anybody mentions Gettysburg in connection with the Presidency, they all with one accord cry out that "General" Garfield is a statesman. When the *Credit Mobilier* is alluded to, they loudly insist with the *Philadelphia Telegraph* that "Garfield is the martial equal of Hancock."—*N. Y. World*.

Don't use stimulants, but nature's real brain and nerve food—Hop Bitters.

Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco, is the only Genuine Durham Tobacco, and is manufactured only of the very finest and best raw material, selected with great care.

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4 Set Reeds, \$65.
Pianos \$125 and upwards sent on trial. Catalogue free.
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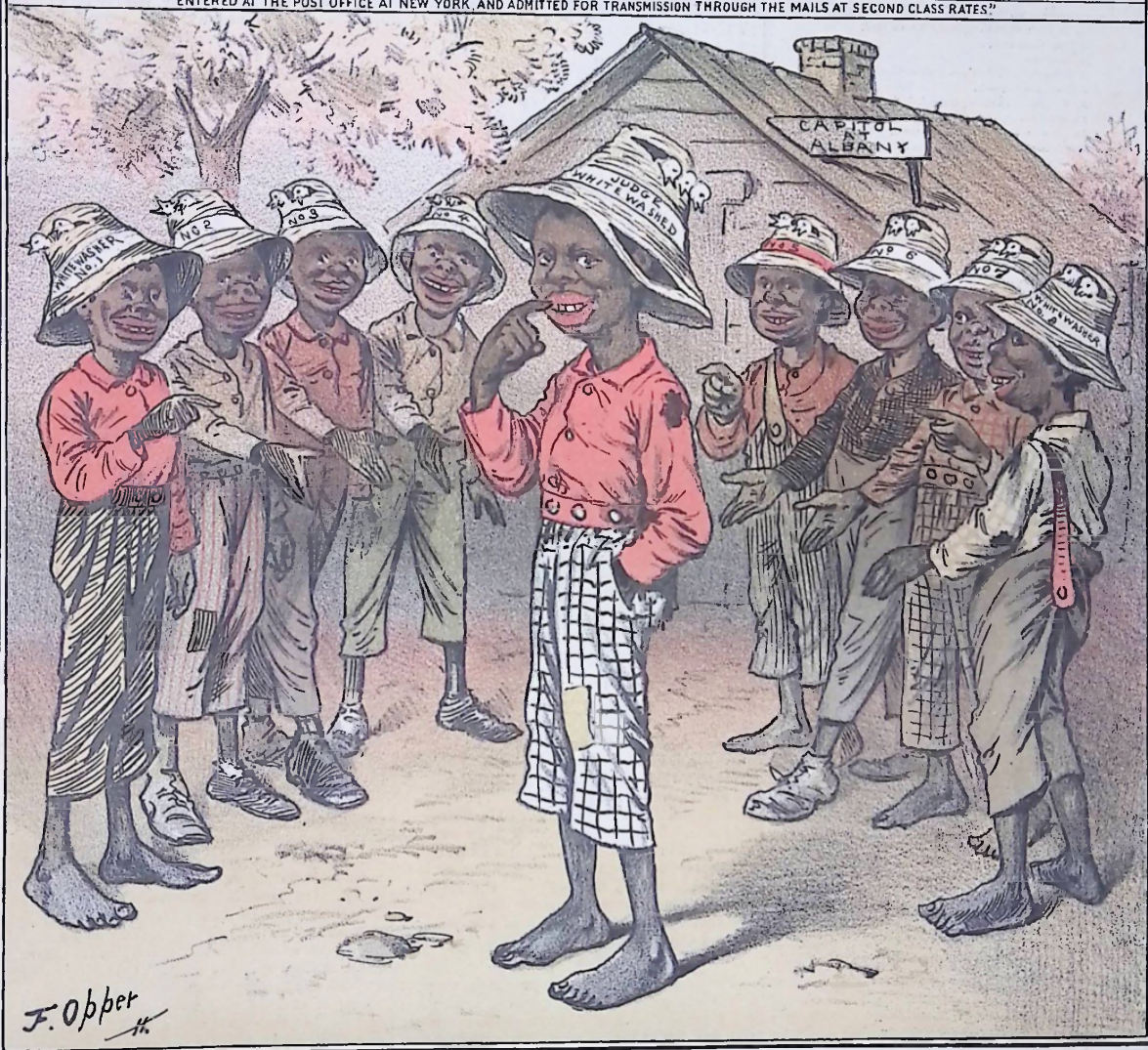


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IN PREPARATION:

PUCK ON WHEELS

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 A Mesquite.
 A Melancholy Reflection—poem—Another Crank.
 A Conceit—poem—L.
 An Epicurean Fancy—poem—J. S., Jr.
 PUCKRINGS.
 La Mascotte—poem—A. E. Watrous.
 The National Game—Ernest Harvier.
 Come to the Wrong Shop—illustrated.
 There He Is Again—illustrated.
 Impression du Cointree—poem—Parsnip.
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 Faint Lunch.
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 "Crushed Again!"—illustrated.
 Hildegarde's Folly; or, The Vengeance of a Life.
 ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
 Their City Boarders.
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 Impressions du Bowery—poem—F. I. C.
 Concerning Crows—Paul Pastnor.
 The Strawberry-Short-Cake Season—illustrated.
 PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

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.



A FABLE WHICH IS NOT ALL A FABLE,
SHOWING HOW A LAMB, BY NOT BEING A BLACK SHEEP, DID THWART THE PACK OF WOLVES WHICH CAN BE FOUND AT NEARLY EVERY SAVINGS-BANK DOOR.

WORKING-WOMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.

This is an age prolific in benevolent enterprises. Never before in the history of the world has there been a time when men and women of position and wealth have evinced such a widespread interest in the welfare of their poorer fellow-creatures. How far this is owing to the influence of the Christian religion, or to the increasing wisdom and intelligence which pervade that in all nations and communities the good of one is the good of all, and *vice versa*, it is impossible to say; but certainly never before have the interdependence of rich and poor, and the duty of the former to sympathize with and alleviate the burdens of the latter, if both are to continue in conditions of peace and well-being, been so fully realized.

Among the many associations whose aim and object are to succor the poor and helpless, and whose strength does not suffice to enable them to fight their own battles with the world successfully, few, considering its limited means, have effected more good than the Working-women's Protective Union. This society was established by a number of noble-hearted and benevolent people for the relief and protection of working-women, of whatever nationality, creed, or color, from every species of oppression and wrong. Its members have not designed to offer their beneficiaries anything in the way of charity, but simply to protect them from injustice. This it endeavors to achieve by furnishing legal advice and information, by investigating every complaint of fraud, by the prompt enforcement of justice, by the collection of wages earned but withheld, and by considering every application for employment, and striving to obtain suitable work or other aid for all who are struggling to help themselves.

There is a certain resemblance between this organization and the German Legal Aid Society, which suggests that it might have been modelled upon the latter. It has been said that Germany is a country which is governed to death, but it is one in which justice may be obtained by the poor in equal measure as by the rich. It was the want of that care, doubtless, which a paternal government, with a vast and intricate machinery at its command, endeavors to exercise over its lowest subjects, that induced wealthy and thoughtful Germans to establish in New York a society for the benefit of their fellow-countrymen who come to our shores as poor emigrants. These men, who are among the most intelligent and law-abiding of our citizens, claim that however unjust the laws of the different states of Germany before it was one great empire may have been, the administration of those laws was always most exact. They say that there has been justice between man and man for centuries back through every state, and that it has therefore created in the mass of the people the consciousness that if they have a wrong to complain of, the proper authority will give them redress. There is an anecdote familiar to many, but it illustrates this principle so admirably that it will do to quote it once more:

Frederick the Great built himself the castle of Sans Souci, near Potsdam, and adjoining the grounds there was a mill property which the king wanted for the purpose of extending the park surrounding his beautiful palace, and he sought to purchase it through his agents from the miller, to whom and whose ancestors it had belonged for many years. The miller refused to sell; said no, his parents had lived there; his grandparents had lived there; he had lived there very well himself; he was satisfied with it. The king offered him three times the value of the property; but the miller was obstinate, and would not sell. Finally the king sent for him—and Frederick the Great was known not to be very pleasant in his manner, particularly when he was angry. He was in great wrath, and he walked about with his cane, ready to make the miller feel badly, if he should refuse to sell to him his property. He pompously requested the miller to be seated, saying to him: "Now I offer to you three times the value of your mill. I must have it; and if you will not sell it to me, I shall take it." But the miller was very quiet, and looked up into his Majesty's face. "But, your Majesty, you will not do it."

"But I will," he says. "Why not?" "Because I shall sue you before the Chancery Court," the miller said.

And that was the end of the matter. Frederick the Great, the great autocrat, the monarch who ruled Prussia with an iron hand, did not dare to do an act which would have been so outrageous that a court of justice would have condemned him.

Our German friends insist that when their countrymen come to our shores as mechanics, or farmers, or laboring-men, they bring with them this sense of the prevalence of justice. But when they have been here a short time, all, or many of them at least, very soon find that they are deceived, wronged, or cheated in some way or another, and when they attempt to obtain justice, perhaps they will not succeed in getting it. Some cunning, cynical neighbor of the poor man, who has had the same experience, will say to him: "This is the land of humbug. Do not suppose that you can get justice done here in that way. Do as the smart Yankees do, and you will prosper." In this way, they say, the poor emigrant loses the sense of justice with which he came, and becomes a correspondingly bad citizen.

Although we are by no means prepared to admit all that is thus advanced, there can be no doubt that in our country the poor do suffer greatly from injustice, and especially women. Where can a poor man in the city of New York, for instance, with his ordinary intelligence only, where can a poor working-woman, with her children at home, if her employer attempt to cheat her, find the shield and protection of the law, or learn the redress for that wrong, unless some one aids her? If she even know enough to make her complaint, for a few dollars she will perhaps be confronted by a lawyer retained by the employer to make the most of the case against the poor man, and the chances are that unless she lawyer herself she will be defrauded,

through some technicality, of what is her just due. There is really very little justice to be obtained by this class of people unless they have some one to take up their cause. The law exists, but how are they to profit by it unless some one helps them to obtain the advice of some learned counsel? To help a case it must be investigated, and by some one who understands the law, if a legal remedy is to be applied. Again, another difficulty to be contended with—and one, perhaps, that is unavoidably connected with our form of government, and with the fact that our legislators are inexperienced men, who make incongruous laws, and thus create a doubt as to what is law—is the uncertainty of the laws in many of the fields of labor, and that, too, in a country whose people maintain that it is governed by law and not by force. It is doubtful if we have not as much complication and as great difficulty in a general way to ascertain what the law is in this country as in any other, and that in spite of the proud boast that our constitutions are all based upon the great principle underlying all civilization, and brought down to us from the English charters—the principle that every man ought to have justice done him; that he ought to be able to have the law for any injury done him in his person, in his property, or in his character; that he ought to be able to obtain justice freely and without purchasing it, and promptly and without delay, conformably to the law.

To make this "ought to be" a fact in the case of unprotected and unfortunate women whose personal appeal to the law would be impossible, is one of the most important of the tasks which the Protective Union has set itself. The success which it has met so far can not be better illustrated than by citing a few instances published in its latest annual report. Two little girls were book-folders, and had been dismissed without the \$2.65 and \$1.16 which they had earned. Their employer was much incensed that the Union should interfere in so trifling a matter, but he soon found that discretion would be better than valor in a bad cause, and the money was paid. Another case was that of a poor girl employed by a fashionable dress-maker. She was very poor, and had a feeble mother and a sick brother depending on her earnings. The five dollars a week promised her would barely buy the commonest necessities of life. For two weeks the payments to her were postponed under plausible excuses, and when want drove her to a positive demand for her money at the end of the third week, she was met by an equally positive avowal that she must complete her engagement "for the season" before she could expect any payment—that they never made payments oftener than once a month, and she had not yet worked even that. What could she do? The last crust had been eaten—they were starving while this employer owed her fifteen dollars! The mother loaned her enough to procure one day's food, and found her other employment, for which she received the money, not excuses, and her claim was put in the law's ponderous mill. The mill ground slowly, but the employer was at last brought face to face with his victim, and the latter received her money.

A third instance, which shows more clearly than any other the value of the aid rendered by the Union, is that of a poor woman named Porter, who on her own account appealed to the law, and found its representative not less of a scoundrel than the employer who endeavored to defraud her of her just due. Mrs. Porter was employed, a year ago, in New York, by a prominent Commissioner in preparing certain rolls of voters, and in rendering other clerical assistance precedent to the election; but the Commissioner did not think that a woman needed pay for her work, and avoided it. A headway lawyer whom she sought of to prosecute the claim for free charge, and she placed it in his hands. While the suit was in progress, Mrs. Porter arranged for removing her home to far-off Colorado. Just before leaving New York she learned that her lawyer had obtained judgment and recovered the money from the Commissioner; but she was at last obliged to leave the city without it, and to content herself with his promise to forward it in a short time. But the money was never sent. The lawyer proved as great a swindler as had the Commissioner. Having heard of the Union, and of its care for the interests of working-women, Mrs. Porter wrote there, giving her experiences, and asking for such help as could be afforded. Proceedings were promptly taken against the lawyer. For a time he evaded and made promises; but when the legal forms had been completed, and he found exposure and disbarment imminent, he sent the money.

The work that has been done by the Protective Union during the sixteen years of its existence is a noble one, and there will be no limits to its usefulness if one-half of the programme which its friends sketch for it can be carried out in the future. It is proposed that a part of its work shall be to ascertain the exact number of working-women there are in New York. These are to be classified, so that it will be possible to tell how many there are engaged in one department of labor, and how many in another, and compare them. Again, it is to be found out how much each gets in each department, and who gets the most, so that it can be seen where the difficulty lies, where there is the most labor, and where the most is needed. The names of employers also are to be recorded, so that the market may be watched, and the demand supplied. Women, it is maintained, have in these days come to be an independent part of the social organization. They are recognized now as bread-winners. They are regarded as possessing certain rights they have never had before, and are therefore entitled to certain protection and certain laws. The necessity of their laboring is understood, and they are fitting themselves to the condition. Women are doing the work of clerks, and they are found in nearly all telegraphic offices. Other avenues are being opened, and their rights as workers should

be protected, their pay regulated according to the value of the work performed, and they themselves taught to respect their position as an independent integral part of the community. Toward these ends nothing can have a greater influence than an organization such as the one under consideration. Another duty which its friends hope to see it perform is that of pointing out to the State ways of performing by legal enactments the task it now struggles with privately and at a disadvantage. There is no reason why laws should not be passed which will enable people to obtain justice more freely and more promptly, and without the burdens that now adhere to it so far as small claims are concerned.

So far, not the least good that the Protective Union has accomplished is the sentiment it has inculcated and the relations it has established between rich and poor that have come under its influence. In the modest rooms at No. 38 Bleecker Street, where the poor worker makes known her story of wrong to sympathetic and helpful friends, are received applications for help of all kinds, the society having an agency for the supply of teachers, seamstresses, dress-makers, and every branch of female labor outside of household service. Here also come wealthy visitors, who, it is hoped, do not fail to leave behind them substantial tokens of good-will; for the Protective Union, like other institutions of its kind, depends upon material help from its friends to carry on its good work. That its work is a good one, one of the best ever set in motion, all must allow. There is about it none of the charity that enables people to throw their burdens upon others. It is based upon the simple principle that justice exists for the poor as well as the rich, and should be placed within their reach. Those that exert themselves to so place it are of the class among which the extortioner and oppressor are looked for. The very fact of the wealthy and the prosperous spending their time and their substance to assist the less fortunate to the enjoyment of a common right is of itself sufficient to establish relations of sympathy and harmony that can not fail to be of great value to both. "When we stand forward in an organized community," writes the Rev. John Hall, "the richest and the best people in the community taking their place in the work; when we throw the shield of protection over the poor working-people; when we tell them that their cause is our cause, that their griefs are ours, that their wrongs are ours, that we are willing to give our time and effort and money to redress their wrongs, and to avert these grievances that oppress them—we are doing something to make these working people feel that the men of property are not their natural enemies; that the people who have means and substance are not their foes, but their friends; that we have one common interest; and that we are to stand together, each seeking to be just and upright and fair to his fellow, in the various places and relations in which it has pleased God to put us. On the ground, therefore, not merely of simple natural justice which we demand for these working people, but upon the broader and wider ground of a wise and intelligent public policy, it is good and proper for us to extend, in effective operation, such an honest, benevolent agency as that which is before you."

OUR RACE-HORSES IN ENGLAND.

At last English turf-men are beginning to place American-bred race-horses on an equality with their own thorough-breds. For twenty-four years, since Mr. ROBERT TEX BEAVER took Lexington, Prior, and Princess across the Atlantic for the purpose of trying to elicit the highest honors of the English turf from the native racers, Englishmen have looked upon our horses as inferior to their own, and have handicapped them accordingly, liberally giving them the lightest weights. Up to the splendid triumphs of Parole, this concession to American horses was about fourteen pounds. Now, however, our horses are carefully weighed in the balance, and the full measure of weight assigned them. This places us on equal terms, with the advantage, if any, on the side of the Englishmen; for the change from the blue-grass nursery of our blooded horses, across the blue billows to the frequently fog-covered downs around Newmarket, is not calculated to improve our stock to any great extent.

Notwithstanding the risk and expense of sending thorough-breds across the sea, several of our leading turf-men are filling up stables at Newmarket which are beginning to arouse the attention, if not the admiration, of lovers of the rare old English sport of horse-racing. One of the greatest turf authorities in London said recently: "Mr. LORILLARD's team of race-horses appears to have been the advance guard of a large army of American horses coming to fight us on our own ground for the richest prizes of the English turf. Their enterprise deserves success, and we hope they may achieve it." Another influential authority says, "These Yankee horses are likely to prove just a little puzzling and perplexing to the backers as the season grows." That there is cause for these surmises is shown in the fact that the engagements of American race-horses in England for this year already number more than two hundred and sixty.

The galaxy of horses presented on page 157 may well challenge the admiration of all lovers of fine animals. With one exception, they belong to the stable of Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD. The exception is Spendthrift, the hero of Mr. JAMES R. KEENE's stable. The central figure, Falsetto, is a grand young giant of the turf. He is by Enquirer, the sire of eighteen of last year's winners. His dam, Paralella, is a daughter of Australian, and there are strains of Lexington and Leamington blood in his veins. Falsetto was foaled in 1876 in Kentucky. He did not run as a two-year-old. As a three-

year-old he shot out like a meteor from a group of the fastest youngsters that ever raced in this country. His first race was in Lexington, Kentucky, May 10, 1879, one mile and a quarter, for the Phoenix Hotel Stakes. Ten horses started. Falsetto was hardly thought of. He won in 2:08. His next race was for the Louisville Derby. Here he met Lord Murphy and other first-class horses that had won as two-year-olds. The distance was a mile and a half. Lord Murphy was in front at the finish, with Falsetto second. This was Falsetto's only defeat. His great performances for the Clark Stakes, two miles, in 3:40; the Travers Stakes, one mile and three-quarters, 3:09; and the Kenner Stakes, two miles, 3:35, are too well known to require repetition. In the last two races he met Spendthrift, then supposed to be invincible. The Kentuckians were nearly wild with joy over these victories. Several of them yelled and jumped like maniacs on the quarter stretch. They had sold their fastest colt (Spendthrift) the year previous, and now, with their usual luck, had developed another to vanquish it. Mr. GEORGE LORILLARD remarked to his brother PIERRE that he considered Falsetto a better colt than the Duke of Magenta. Upon this representation Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD purchased Falsetto, paying the highest price ever given for a three-year-old in America—\$18,000. Mr. M. H. SANDFORD, a gentleman who has had large experience in running American horses over English turf, said to the writer last spring that if the Duke of Magenta had kept in the proper form, he would have astonished the Englishmen more than Parole did. He also expressed his belief that a horse with the blood of Lexington in his veins would yet capture the coveted English Derby. Possibly the beautiful bay may garter his white stockings with the precious blue ribbon of the English turf.

Spendthrift is a great chestnut colt. He was foaled in 1876, and bred on the vast ALEXANDER farm, in the heart of the blue-grass region. He was sired by imported Australian, dam Aerolite, by Lexington. He was a wonderful two-year-old, winning all his races, five in number. His best two-year-old performance was a mile race for colts and fillies, in which he defeated Lord Murphy, now his stable companion, in 1:44. Last year, as a three-year-old, he started eight times, winning five races, and coming in second in the others. In one race in which he came in second he was almost pulled to a stand-still in order to allow his stable companion to win, which was allowable under the rules. He was really entitled to six victories. Falsetto was the only horse that could get in front of him. Even then it was claimed that Spendthrift was not himself in his last races. This has been partly confirmed by the fact that he was sent back to Kentucky, where his feet have recovered their original soundness, and his thighs and sinews filled out to an extent that augurs well for an increase of his wonderful speed, endurance, and ability to carry the topmost weights. He is to be sent across the Atlantic in April. The other members of the galaxy are at Newmarket, in full vigor.

Sly Dance is a wonderful filly. She is a large chestnut, not very rich in color, but has all the marks of form which experienced horsemen claim indicate great speed and endurance. She is by War Dance, a son of Lexington. Last season, in her two-year-old form, she ran four races, heading the squadron of young bloods in three, and coming in second in the fourth, when she was beaten by her stable companion, Mistletoe, in a mile run, in the fast time of 1:43.

Mistake is a chestnut colt, unpretensions in size, but has plenty of muscle, tendon, and bone. He is of fair length, with wide hips and immense quarters. He was sired by Waverley, son of Australian. Last year he headed the list of Waverley's winners, starting six times, coming in first in three races, and second in one.

Wallenstein is a handsome chestnut colt, with high head and arched neck. He is also a son of Waverley and a Lexington matron. He started in six contests last season, as a two-year-old, winning four, and coming in second once. In his last race in Jerome Park, October 11, he vanquished a fast field of four and five year olds in a mile dash.

Geraldine is a stylish and game bay filly. She was foaled in 1877. She is by imported Saxon—Girl of the Period. Geraldine never raced in this country. She was bred by Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD at his Rancocas farm, New Jersey, and sent to England in the fall of 1878. She started five times in England last year, winning first, second, and third places. Her greatest victory was at Goodwood, July 30, when she won the Lavant Stakes, value £1030. The betting was ten to one against her.

Pappoose is a fine chestnut filly, full sister to Parole. She was foaled in 1877 by imported Leamington—Maiden, by Lexington. Like Geraldine, she made her maiden races in England last year as a two-year-old, starting six times, and scoring one victory, the first spring two-year-old stakes at Newmarket, April 30.

With the exception of Spendthrift, the above horses will soon be heard from, as they are freely entered in the spring as well as summer races. Spendthrift is to be sent over in the early spring, but will not enter the contests until late in the season.

Following are the principal events in which Mr. LORILLARD's horses are entered: March 15, the Bathany Stakes, Lincoln; March 17, the Lincoln Handicap; March 19, Liverpool Spring Cup; April 14, Newmarket Handicap; April 13, Double Trial Plate; April 16, Newmarket International Handicap; April 21, Great Metropolitan Stakes; April 22, City and Suburban; April 20, Great Surrey Handicap; April 23, the Esher Stakes, Sandown Park; April 27, Prince of Wales Stakes; May 6, the Chester Trades Cup; May 6, the Great Cheshire Stakes; May 11, Newmarket Spring Handicap; May 28, Epsom Gold Cup; June 10, Ascot Gold Cup, and All-aged Stakes.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"You retain the forms of freedom; but, so far as I can gather, there has been a considerable loss of the substance." This was said by Mr. Herbert Spencer to a reporter of the *New York Sun*. Mr. Herbert Spencer is an Englishman, a republican in principle, a man who has devoted his life to philosophic research. What he says is the truth. He has seen it clearly, and he has been in the country but a few weeks or months. He is not like the common Cockney tourist who sums up his opinions on the ways and manners of this blooming country after spending two days at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He is a quiet, sober-minded thinker, a man who never expressed, on any subject, an opinion that was not worth the deep consideration of intelligent men. Now that he has told us the truth, perhaps it would be well for us if we took thought about the matter.

For he is right. We have abolished the plain, old-style King in this country, only to put in his place the Boss, an even more objectionable form of tyrant. For there is some grace of majesty about your King; he is, at the worst, a picturesque object, a national luxury. He throws a certain poetical glamour over the base business of politics. Whatever he may be, in himself—blackguard, idler, incompetent—he is, in some sort, an idol about whom cluster the reverent associations of a foolish, romantic religion. But the Boss has no saving grace whatever. He is a vulgar nuisance, a pot-house hero who, by means of the support of pot-house hero-worshippers of his own kind, is put in a position where he can make a shameful petty trade of what should be a dignified statecraft.

"You think the people have not a sufficient sense of public duty?"

"Well, that is one way of putting it; but there is a more specific way. Probably it will surprise you if I say that the American has not, I think, a sufficiently quick sense of his own claims, and at the same time, as a necessary consequence, not a sufficiently quick sense of the claims of others, for the two traits are organically related.

I observe that you tolerate various small interferences and dictations, which Englishmen are prone to resist. Free institutions can be maintained only by citizens, each of whom is instant to oppose every illegitimate act, every assumption of supremacy, every official excess of power, however trivial it may seem. As *Hamlet* says, there is such a thing as 'greatly to find quarrel in a straw,' when the straw implies a principle. If, as you say of the American, he pauses to consider whether he can afford the time and trouble—whether it will pay—corruption is sure to creep in. All these lapses from higher to lower forms begin in trifling ways; and it is only by incessant watchfulness that they can be prevented. As one of your early statesmen said: 'The price of liberty is eternal vigilance.'—*N. Y. Sun report, Oct. 20th.*

"Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty," in very truth. Americans have slumbered for a long time. At last they begin to show some signs of waking. They turn uneasily in their sleep; the burden of political corruption begins to lie heavy upon them. Sooner or later they will awake. And when they do awake, they will find a delectable job on their hands. Sleeping has cost them a "considerable loss" of their liberty. A republic has only to take forty winks to find itself in danger. Our republic has been sleeping for years. The incubus which has settled down upon it is not to be shaken off in an hour. There is a hard fight before us—a fight against "Bossism" and general corruption, and we ought to be grateful to an intelligent foreigner who utters such a note of warning as Mr. Herbert Spencer has favored us with.

Some Citizens are aroused, and indeed it is about time that they were. The thing to be considered is whether the arousing will be of any use. We have heard something of the same kind before, just before election, but it all came to nothing. A Republican or a Democrat who was to save the country from a headlong dash to perdition was elected, then the excitement subsided and the Republican or Democrat immediately set about either stealing, himself or putting his friends and acquaintances in the most favorable position for doing so. Still, knavery, like other things, cannot last forever, and it does seem as if there was some reason to expect a change.

The gentlemen who are always so ready to relieve the busy citizen from anxiety by undertaking to legislate for him, have of late been rather over-doing the business. They have been voting away millions of money for the improvement of duck-ponds and gutters in a most lively manner. Of course they meant well. They did not want the money or any part of it for themselves; they simply wished to show their constituents how devoted they were to their interests. If this River and Harbor steal was the only reprehensible act of which our politicians had been guilty, we should not have so much to complain of; but, unfortunately, the list is so long that we scarcely know where to begin.

We won't begin at all. The politicians themselves have saved us the necessity; besides, Puck has been hammering away at these abuses for years, consequently the whole world knows all about them. A Citizen party has been formed in this city to take the municipal offices out of the hands of partisan politics. It has our sincere sympathy. We want to see it go in and win. It was late in completing its organization, but there is yet time for it to achieve a victory if all sensible tax-payers will just rally round the flag of independence. It may be—who knows?—the beginning of the end.

It may result in burying in the deep, deep sea for ever and ever all the John Kellies, all

the Irving Halls, all the Tammany Halls, and all the abominable Paddy O'Rafferty combinations and organizations that curse the city. This Citizens' movement may break up that sink of iniquity and extortion, the sheriff's office, by putting a man like Colonel Emmons Clark there, who is above reproach, and who will do anything but respect the traditions of the office. He will certainly not allow the friends and rascals attached to the establishment to appropriate to themselves all the property of an unfortunate debtor that, by process of law, they may lay their hands on.

We are also in favor of Mr. Allan Campbell for Mayor, because we believe that he will make a good Mayor, perhaps better even than Mayor Grace, because he has had more experience in municipal affairs, and he knows just where the thieving is going on. It is true that under the present charter the Mayor has comparatively little power, but what power he has we may be quite sure will be exerted to the utmost by Mr. Allan Campbell in an honest way, and for the benefit of all the tax-payers. "Halls," Kellies and County Democracies are not wanted for the government of this city. We don't want them for the police, we don't want them for coroners, we don't want them for anything.

If our irresponsible politicians must have something on which to exercise their intrigues and air their eloquence, national politics offer a field quite large enough. Republicans and Democrats ought to have nothing to do with paving streets, lighting lamps, supplying water and paying police. All these things are for the benefit of citizens regardless of their political faith. We may be considered hopeful, but we would like to think that even for conducting national politics notorious thieves will be no more wanted, and that a new party will smash up bossism and all the undesirable parties who have helped to disgrace us in the eyes of the world. This breaking-up process has already begun in a small way, for the old methods of machine will not do, and the country is beginning to find it out.

The politician is mutable. As the sunshine changes the colors of the ocean, so does the light of fortune vary the aspect and general character of the politician. He looks upon his friends as so many lemons, which, having been squeezed dry, are of no further use, and consequently only eligible for the ash-barrel. One day the politician goes in quest of a perfect stranger in a coach, and treats him to all kinds of refreshments, and pretends to regard him in the sacred light of friendship. But, after election day, he meets the same man on the street, and never condescends to notice him.

The moral of this little bit of history is that a man should never put his trust in political candidates. If he is bent on selling his vote, he should get as high a price as possible for it, and not sell out for a drink or a five-dollar note. He should demand a yacht, a race-horse and a cottage by the sea, and get them before election day, in order to have them at all. At present the candidates are very friendly. They will agree with you in anything. They are humble enough to-day to go through the eye of a needle on all fours, even as the Biblical camels did; but the day after election they will be cold, implacable and haughty. They will not notice the men who elected them; they will glide around in swell clothes, and, like the dandy Indian in "Burdette's Life of William Penn," put on a good deal of dog. That's why we come out and declare that the politician is reeking with mutability.