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## WHAT IS LIFE?

WHAT is life? Go ask the club man, sucking idly at his cane;

Gazing at the ox-eyed damsels, through his club's broad window pane;

"Life's a round of thoughtful dinners," will his languid answer be;

"Varied by some games at poker, till the hours are 'sma' and 'wee.'"

Life's a whirl of drums and parties, till the nervous frame breaks down;

"Tis a ceaseless drudge, a dying in the hard, relentless town;

Life's a boudoir to the "ticker's" stern, immutable decrees;

"Tis a serving at hard labor, since old Adam lost our ease.

Life's the sparkle of the vintage, which we quaff—alleged champagne;

"Tis the germ of wit which leavens; 'tis the flash amidst the rain;

Life's the nervous force that makes us differ from the states effete—

Be it ours to catch its image, as it speeds on twinkling feet.

"MAN, that is born of woman," says the prayer-book, "hath but a short time to live and is full of misery."

It does not take long to teach us that this is true; many who are still young can appreciate a great man's saying, "that life has its two children—birth and death—and is bound to prize them equally."

For, with whom of us all has fate dealt so kindly that he has never felt the misery in life, and felt it enough to welcome kindly the knowledge that it has a certain end.

Sadness comes to us unbidden, and when it goes away, it chooses its own time and not ours. Often it is good for us. Many a guest that we take with rapture to our bosoms does a far less kindly office than the grief we shun.

Still, we shun it, and we do well. However faithfully the plant is watered, it will not thrive without the sunshine. To that it turns, and grows toward it, and when it finds it, buds and blossoms and does its work.

Fun is very good for men, and, provided it is of the right sort, the more they have of it, the better.

We wish to have some fun in this paper, and to have it as nearly of the right sort as may be. And while we do not pledge ourselves to invariable jocularity, we shall try to domesticate as much as possible of the casual cheerfulness that is drifting about in an unfriendly world.

We shall have something to say about religion, about politics, fashion, society, literature, the stage, the stock exchange, and the police station, and we will speak out what is in our mind as fairly, as truthfully, and as decently as we know how. And if wisdom does not die with us, so much the better, for some whom we resemble died young, either because the gods loved them, or for other reasons.

We shall endeavor to be neither too sweet to live, nor too good to be true, and incidentally it may not be unfit for us to record how much we admire the judgment of the person who, when bidden to choose the form of the death which had been decreed to him, was modestly content to be snuffed out by old age.

ON New Year's day Gen. Butler became Governor of Massachusetts. We confess that we have a feeling of pleasure in seeing a person who has known his mind so long, get what he has wanted. To comment upon his personal qualities would be like painting the lily, for he has been commented upon more vigorously and more variously than any of his contemporaries that we can recall—unless it is Mr. Beecher. Whatever, be it good or bad, has not been said of him was not worth saying. Whatever his friends or his foes will not offer to prove that he has done seemed certainly not worth proving.

There are respectable men in Massachusetts to whom the New Year brought feelings which have seldom been paralleled since the Jews sat by the rivers of Babylon. Governor Butler has somehow failed to win their esteem. It may soften their sorrow to remember, when they think of their Chief Magistrate, that God is angry with the wicked every day; and when they regard themselves, to consider how likely it is that He is only displeased with the Righteous now and then when they require discipline. And then let them try to remember wherein lie their political errors.

Persons who think well of General Butler now, are likely, we believe, to continue in that opinion, for he has the ability to make a good Governor, and why should he not?

MANY good people of New York are greatly shocked at the idea of the representation of the Passion Play, and wish it to be suppressed. We think it would be wiser to let the undesirable drama die a natural death than to be over hasty in stifling it.

It has been premised that scarcely anything would more rudely disturb the sense of religious propriety in the community than Mr. Morse's proposed venture, unless it might be the actual coming of Our Lord, and a repetition of that seemingly indiscreet choice of associates, and apparent disregard of the Sabbath which is reported to have scandalized respectable people in Jerusalem so many centuries ago.

ONE of the charms of humor is that it is often accidental; or rather, that an accident gives an incident a humorous turn. For instance, the Salvation Army was parading through the streets the other evening with a bass drum and tambourines, selling copies of their official paper, the *War Cry*, when it happened upon the rear of a target company returning from an excursion. As if the whole affair had been arranged in advance, the wagon containing the calcium light of the target company halted, the Salvation Army fell in behind the excursionists, the wagon took its place at the rear of the procession, and the target company, with its

band playing airs from Harrigan and Hart's comedies, gravely escorted the Salvation Army, the members of which were singing hymns to the accompaniment of their drum and tambourines, to the barracks of the army at Christopher and Bedford streets. "The utmost cordiality prevailed."

THE descent of the Goths and the Vandals upon Rome was a harmless holiday performance compared with the rush of greedy politicians upon Albany this week. Cleveland receives a great deal of sympathy, but who would decline the task of parcelling out 300 fat offices among his friends, and drawing \$30,000 salary during the next three years? Even the husband of a fashionable actress might see something to envy in the Buffalo bachelor's new condition.

THE New York banco men have a reputation for shrewdness and audacity quite undeserved. How cheap "Drexel" must have felt when he realized that he had been outwitted by a person of the calibre of Oscar Wilde! A few more incidents of this sort and grave apprehensions may well be entertained for the future of America.

WE observe that some ladies of New York, interested in the success of the Bartholdi statue fund, are to produce "Was He Right" at the Academy, February 3d. Our own judgment is that if he stayed in on two pairs, he made a mistake, and no amount of fashionable patronage can gloss over the error. Let us hope he was not forced—like Bartholdi—to show the hand before the game could go on.

MEETING an old Knickerbocker lady the other day, one of the bluest of the blue-bloodes, she descended on the degenerate practices of the day most eloquently. "I remember," said the dame, "that in my father's house on New Year there always stood by the open fire in the dining-room a huge silver tankard of hot punch." "Of what was it compounded?" we ventured to inquire. "That I can tell exactly," averred the relic of an age that is dead. "It was in the proportion of one quart Santa Cruz, one quart cognac, a dozen lemons and half a pint of water!" Ah! there were giants in those days.

#### BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

"DOWN with it, dear, it's just a swallow,"  
The mother cries in anxious haste;  
"And see! this gun drop that's to follow  
Will quite remove the nauseous taste."  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Your Oscar; careless of his flavor,  
We took, nor looked so much as glum;  
Dear Brit., our pluck deserved your favor—  
Thanks for the Jersey sugar-plum.  
Britannia dear, we have earned your favor.



#### A XIX. CENTURY LOVER.

BELLA: So you were engaged to both of us at once! Very honorable, I am sure; and as for me—  
AUGUSTUS: O! Well, what's the use of making a scene? Father says our house is going to suspend payment before March, and I knew one of you, at least, would break off with me then, and things would have been all right again.

#### THE BALLAD OF A BORE.

YES, we shall miss him very much,  
Despite his faults, for he was such  
A wonderfully, perfect bore;  
A human auger, so to speak,  
And one that, by a curious freak,  
As it grew duller, pierced the more.  
The Honorable Alfred Tot—  
It was our hero's mournful lot  
To bear this tragic name—set sail  
Upon a whimsical sea-lark;  
His oily words, poured round the bark,  
He knew would still the wildest gale.  
But his relentless larynx brought  
A fate of which he'd never thought;  
A few weeks out, the captain died,  
By vapid chat completely floored;  
The crew fled madly—overbored;  
And Tot was left in lonely pride.  
Yet he kept up, through sun or fog,  
The ship's and his own mono-logue;  
He talked the storm down, and at last,

With many a pensive, lingering qualm,  
Amid a wide and dead-tired calm,  
On Patagonia's shore was cast.  
The ill-bred natives planned to eat him—  
That was the only way to beat him.  
They wished to banquet him; and what,  
In view of their scant larder-shelf,  
Could do more honor to himself,  
Than to serve him up, smoking hot?

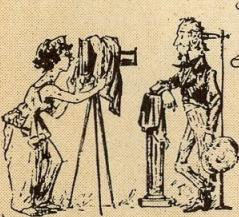
"But," said their chief, "life's very dull;  
Take heed, take heed, before you call  
So fair a flower as this. If we  
Should slay him now, no doubt it would  
Be quite exciting, but how should  
We next enliven our *ennui*?"

That saved the captive's life. And now,  
Pondering it o'er with thoughtful brow,  
I'm led to this profound belief:  
We do not kill our bores, because  
We know, each time they hold their jaws,  
Our *ennui* finds such sweet relief.

## THE MACAULAYFLOWER PAPERS.

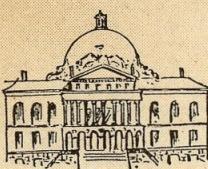
## A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

## CHAPTER I.



**I**PURPOSE to write the history of our country from the accession of Chester Arthur down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which in a few months alienated a loyal people from the House of Stalwarts. I shall trace the long struggle between the party of Tweedle Dum and the party of Tweedle Dee; and the manner in which the people eluded both and left them warring lonely on the desert plain. All this interspersed with occasional Songs and Dances.

It was an age not guilable, an era non-assessable, an age impredicable by any power of Boss. Politics were a wild and Hubbly sea, torn by cyclones and Free Trade winds, whence Blaine and Sherman escaping, looked back upon the raging deep with broken spirits and with contrite 'arts. It was a time of neo-paganism; of Swinburne, Walt Whitman, and of Oscar Wilde; a time of minor poets and of minor arts. Beecher, like new Philammon, had left the Five Points of Calvinism for the more elegant Agnostic heights. The culte of Venus Anadyomene, rising once more from the Eastern Sea, on the deck of a Cunarder, had been revived. Her worship had not, like other religions, a long and painful origin among the lower classes. Hoary Patriarchs sat at her feet; she all but included the family circle dancing class; her mysterious rites were celebrated by the freshest Cream de la Union Club.



The State House in Boston.

The great Butler was chosen Governor of the Bay State. When, for the first time in his life, he attended church, he was accompanied by the cadets of Boston's noblest families. Then, indeed, it was said that Massa-

chussets was rotten to the Corps. Well and truly might the poet sing :

*When Butler was asked to account for  
The funds of the State on the Bay,  
He folded one eye like an Arab  
And silently stole away.*

The influence of the universities, strongholds of conservatism, was as naught. Harvard was compelled by the government to confer upon Butler her highest degree of nobility. With true Attic astuteness the venerable University enacted a law making her degrees revocable, and had him by the hair; for on the evening of Commencement she revoked his LL.D., for disorderly conduct in the yard. But let us not anticipate.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken, if I were merely to treat of the rise and fall of administrations, of debates in Congress, of the growth of the American Navy. Other phenomena, equally mighty and far-reaching, are found in the social history of the time. This is no Drum-and-Trumpet history; rather, Pig-and-Whistle. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I succeed in placing before the Wabashers of the twentieth century a true tintype of the America of their grandmothers.

I cannot better close this introductory chapter than by introducing the song and chorus, sung as a Christmas carol, upon the Assembly of the Forty-seventh Congress.

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

**G**OD help ye, merry Congressman, may nothing you dismay:  
"I have a word or two to say,  
"I would not wait another day,  
"Judge Folger has come back to stay,  
"Ship-Chandler wants the navy,  
Though most of us have got to go," CHORUS: "Your Excellency,  
Ave!"

"The Boy stood on the rotting deck, but, tell me, where is he?  
"Upon a foreign strand I see  
"(In far New Jersey, it must be),  
"A carcass bleaching by the sea—"  
CHORUS: "It isn't our fault, don't blame us,  
Ave ARTHUR CESAR, morituri salutamus!"

"The tariff, now. It needs reform—" CHORUS (*Interrupting*):  
"It do! It do, indeed;  
"We long have seen that pressing need—" PRES.: "Then Hubbell's crop has run to seed,  
"Long time the shirt has ceased to bleed,  
"The Party's atrabilious;  
"The River and the Harbor Bill—" CHORUS: "Oh, don't!  
You make us bilious!"

"And as for Civil Serv—" "O, sir, we loved it as a child!  
"We nuzzled it from a bottle mild,  
"Twas in our arms that first it smiled,  
"Its infant prattle druv us wild,  
"We never were impervious!"  
"The G. O. P. was slow, but, oh! we all are snivel-servious!"



## WHAT HINDERS.

**D**OES the young man love the girl?  
Oh, so much!  
Will he tell her so?  
Not he.  
Why not?  
Because he is not prepared to follow it up.  
State the case.

Let  $x$  = his income, of which  $3x$  is given to him, and the rest is earned. It costs him for himself alone  $5x$ , yearly, to live, and he is very careful. His grandmother is dead. If he should marry he would have to live in Hoboken and black his own boots. And he could not buy any more flowers.

*What is best for him to do?  
It is best for him to move on.  
And does the young girl think so?  
No, but she will, presently.  
Would it not have been lucky for these young people if they had been born poor?  
Every time.*

## ESTRANGED.

**S**IR Hubert, Montressor, Fitz Eustace, Montrose, From the crown of his head to the tips of his toes Was as doughty a warrior as never knew fear;— Provided no foe was unpleasantly near.

The Lady Alicia, Edith, De Vere, In birth, wit and beauty had never a peer.

Her fortune was large and she was not to blame  
If her feet might be characterized as the same.

Sir Hubert was handsome, was gallant, was young;  
In a baritone voice, he his madrigals sung.  
It could not be termed, with veracity pure,  
But an one was deaf, one could barely endure.

The Lady Alicia, 'tis needless to say,  
Had suitors in plenty, for favors to pray.  
A smile, or a word was sufficient award  
To make its recipient as proud as a lord.

Sir Hubert was ogled by maiden and dame;  
The story, wherever he went, was the same.  
They languished and anguished; they sighed and they pined:  
And hated each other it may be divined.

But Lady Alicia, smile as she might,  
Had never a ghost of a grin for our knight;  
And Hubert, though singing by night  
and by day,  
'Neath Alicia's casement ne'er warbled a lay.

It might have been scorn, and it might have been pique,  
That blushes for him never mantled her cheek.  
It might have been pique, and it might have been scorn,  
That love in his heart for her never was born.

Be that as it may, he ne'er sued for her hand.  
But fell a crusader in Palestine land.  
Be that as it may, she was wed to an Earl,  
Arousing the envy of many a girl.

No sign from the lady!—no word from the knight!  
But who knows the torture their hearts held from sight?  
Love's secrets are sacred; so draw we the veil,  
And leave them to rest in oblivion's pale.

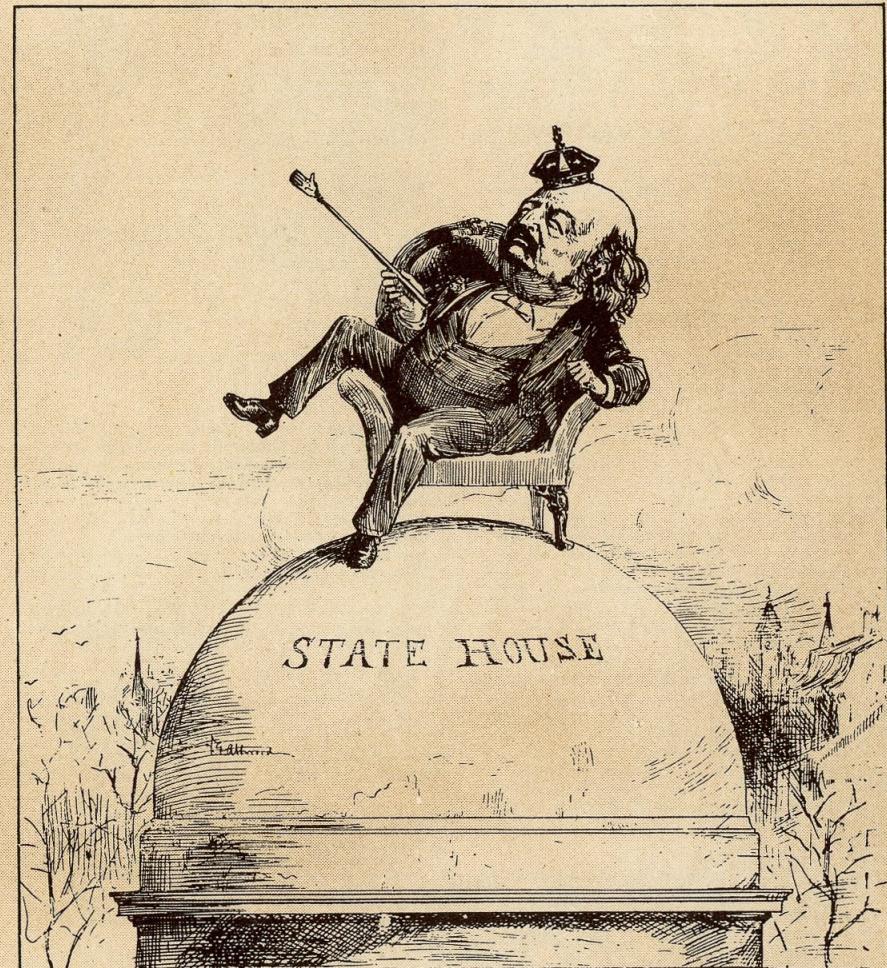
*NOTE.—In the writer's private opinion (please to use stamp for same!), the principal reason they did not coalesce, was that while he died in 1850 and something, she was not born till 1848. Still this is mere conjecture.*



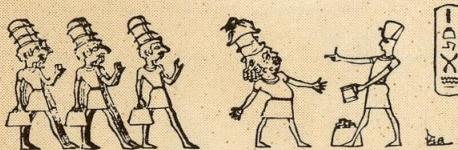
ARE THESE BRITONS?

OR, IS IT A FIELD DAY OF THE M--D-W BR--K HUNT?

HUNTING PROVERB, (by the fox)—What's one's meet is another's poison.



AT LAST.



QUESTIONS IN HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

B STANDS for Benjamin; Who originally answered to that name?

The favorite son of Jacob the Patriarch. What became of him?

He went South to visit his relation.

Did his relation make it pleasant for him?

Exceedingly pleasant.

After his baggage had been checked for home what was found in it?

Divers family plate.

Did he attain to special distinction in after life?

There is no record of it.

But is the name he bore still famous?

Yes.

Why?

Because it is the name of a truly great man.

Is he also a truly good man?

Oh, yes!

Why do you think so?

Because he has a right appreciation of the value of truth.

How does he show this?

By making a little of it go a great ways.

Is he a favorite son too?

Yes. He is the favorite son of Massachusetts.

And did he ever go South?

He did.

Did he have an experience like that of his namesake in the matter of family plate?

So it is said.

And what happened to him?

It is said that he got his reward.

And that was?

Said to be the plate.

Does not this seem to indicate that the world is older than it was?

It does.

Is he a prudent man?

So prudent that it is believed that he does not let his left eye know what his right eye seeth.

And what facilitates this marvellous discretion?

An obliquity of vision.

Which is explained—how?

It is believed that his eye-teeth came through with such a definite impetus as to draw his organs of sight out of focus.

Can he see as much as another man?

Yes; twice as much as most men.

And does he want everything he sees?

Not everything. He does not want Senator Hoar. Why not? Because he has no use for him. Does he get what he wants? Frequently.

Do you remember what the Patriarch said of the original Benjamin and his tribe? Yes. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

Now do you think that the favorite son of Massachusetts is a Benjaminite in disguise?

No. Not in disguise? What is said of Benjamin in Massachusetts? It is said that he is a liar, a thief and a scoundrel.

Does it hurt Benjamin? No, it does not hurt him a bit. It makes him solid with the masses.

Do the people love him? They do. Because he is said to be bad?

No. Some love him because they think he is better than he looks. Of those who believe he is a scoundrel do any love him?

Yes. Why? Because they believe he is *their* scoundrel. And are they not afraid he will steal from them?

No! They think he is able to steal from some one else. Are there any who think Ben. has true religion?

Yes. Why? Because he looks out for the Widow. And the fatherless?

Yes. He is an orphan.

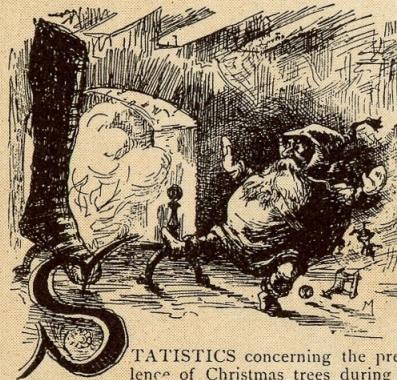
EIGHTY-TWO AND EIGHTY-THREE.

I T cometh in, the New Year, Farewell, with heavy heart— Welcome to '83! Farewell to '82! Year Of blended gloom and glee, Unto the grand old party, Of foreign stars and sillies, Don Cameron, to you; Of Oscars and of Lilies, To Beecher's orthodoxy, Blaine's policy and Chili's, To Mr. French's proxy, Blind pools and A.D.T. To Superintendent Vaux—say, Why didn't Lane go too?

Farewell, war horse and hobby, (The latter far more fell!) To Tewfik and to Arabi, To Gould and to Cornell, To Tel-el-Kebir's soldier, To Secretary Folger, To Chalmers—who'll uphold yer Hereafter, rebel yell? Who office-cats assessed.

And here is looking at you, Young year we henceforth own, That brings Bartholdi's statue, And Wiggins's cyclone. May we all 'scape the latter (The man's as mad as a hatter!) And LIFE such shadows scatter As lie 'thwart the threshold-stone!

TREES AND STOCKINGS.



TATISTICS concerning the prevalence of Christmas trees during the recent Christmas season show a marked increase in the number of trees used in New England and in the West, and a decrease in the number of those used in this city and its vicinity.

The Christmas tree is conceded to be German in its origin. Why the Germans originally adopted the fashion of hanging cheap candles and inexpensive presents on small evergreen trees, does not particularly concern us. Probably the thrifty Germans perceived that the Christmas tree was more economical than the Christmas stocking; but in the absence of any trustworthy data in regard to the stockings of the fatherland, it is impossible to arrive at any decision. All that we certainly know is that the Germans invented and used the Christmas tree, and that it was gradually adopted to a greater or less extent by other nations.

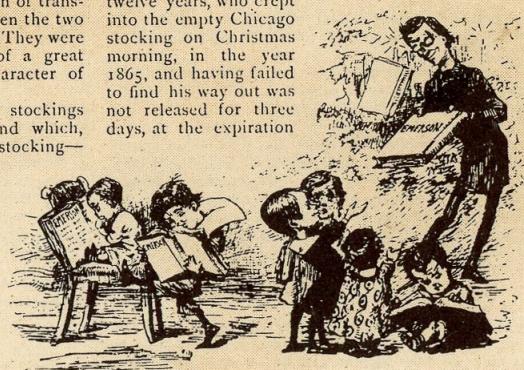
The introduction of the Christmas tree into New England followed soon after the introduction of transcendental philosophy. The relation between the two was not, however, that of cause and effect. They were both the results, or perhaps the incidents, of a great change which had naturally altered the character of the New England stocking.

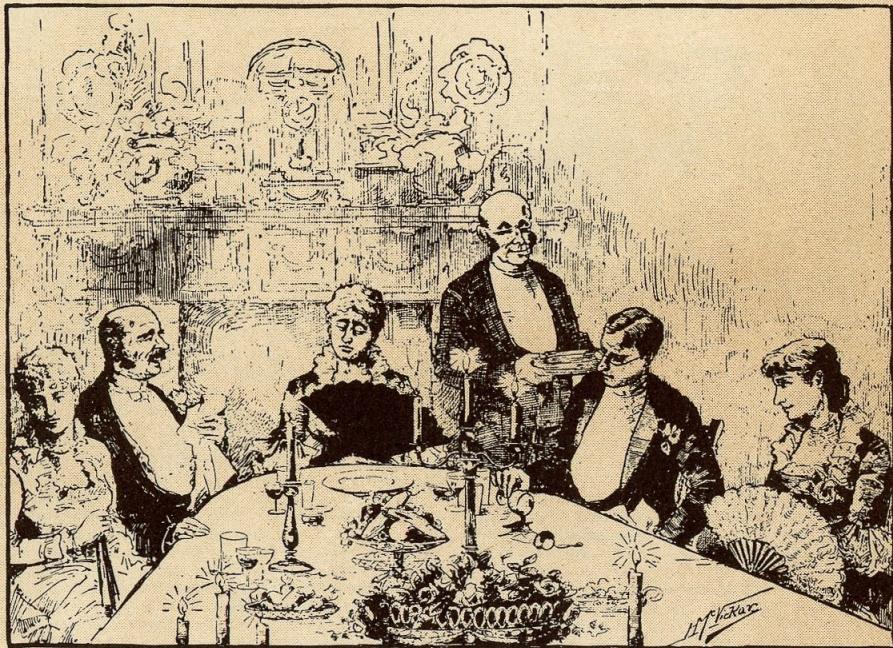
In the early days of New England the stockings which were hung up on Christmas Eve—and which, as a matter of course, was a full-grown stocking—was able to contain a fair and satisfactory quantity of presents. There was room in its extremity for a large-sized apple, and the capacity of the rest of the stocking for gingerbread, candy and small toys was all that could be desired. There was a time, however, when this capacity was so far reduced that the Christmas stocking became an insufficiently hollow mockery. It could contain only the smallest sized apple, and no toys worth having could be crowded into its contracted body. The result was indisput-

able and growing juvenile dissatisfaction, and as the only possible measure of relief the Christmas tree was introduced. There was no lack of room on its capacious branches, and the New England stocking, conscious of its imperfections, shrank timidly into obscurity. The very name of the Christmas stocking is now held to be improper in the most refined New England circles, and New England children, as they gaze in joy and wonder at their Christmas trees glowing with lights, and blossoming with copies of Emerson's works, and bags of oatmeal and beans, would laugh in derision at the bare idea of a stocking large enough to hold those alluring delicacies.

While the popularity of the Christmas tree in New England is thus easily explained, an entirely different cause has led to the introduction of the Christmas tree into the thriving cities and towns of the West. The Western people are proverbially liberal, but even liberal people, if they are wise, stop short of bankruptcy. The Western mother or sister who undertook to fill her personal stocking with Christmas presents, found the task a laborious and costly one. It is said—on the irreproachable authority of the Chicago press—that in Cincinnati and St. Louis, the pumpkin entirely superseded the traditional apple as the proper article with which to begin the storing of a stocking; and St. Louis papers have pictured with much pathos the Chicago matron in the act of employing pound after pound of candy, and a vast succession of bulky toys, into the insatiable maw of a stocking that no effort could fill. Moreover, when the Western Christmas stocking was partially filled, it required the muscular energy of a strong man to move it, and it was necessary to place it on the floor under the bed of the child for whom it was intended, for the reason that it was unsafe to suspend such a heavy weight to any article of furniture. Accidents of a really serious character often occurred in connection with these overgrown Christmas stockings, and even when they were emptied they were still sources of danger, as was shown by the miserable fate of the small boy, aged twelve years, who crept into the empty Chicago stocking on Christmas morning, in the year 1865, and having failed to find his way out was

not released for three days, at the expiration of the early days of New England the stockings which were hung up on Christmas Eve—and which, as a matter of course, was a full-grown stocking—was able to contain a fair and satisfactory quantity of presents. There was room in its extremity for a large-sized apple, and the capacity of the rest of the stocking for gingerbread, candy and small toys was all that could be desired. There was a time, however, when this capacity was so far reduced that the Christmas stocking became an insufficiently hollow mockery. It could contain only the smallest sized apple, and no toys worth having could be crowded into its contracted body. The result was indisput-





IT IS A POOR RULE, ETC.

[Horror of Mrs. CLENDENNING DE PEYSTER at her absent-minded guest, who, having spilled salt on the table-cloth, pours on claret to take out the stain.]

of which he was fortunately discovered by a washer-woman, and saved from an untimely death by starvation.

That the Western people should, in the interests of humanity and economy, have substituted the Christmas tree for the Christmas stocking, was what might have been expected in view of the intelligence and enterprise of the West. The Christmas tree is now almost universal in all the leading Western cities, and it is only when a fond husband desires to give his wife a sewing-machine, or his daughter a seal skin dolman, that he suggests the hanging of a Christmas stocking. Thus, for reasons utterly dissimilar, the Christmas tree has virtually driven out the Christmas stocking both in New England and in the West, and there is little probability that in either locality the stocking will ever again come into favor.

On the other hand New York has never had any need of Christmas trees. To some extent the Christmas tree has been used in families, where the custom

was adopted solely on the ground that it was a German custom, but it has never become really popular, and of late years has been steadily dying out. The stocking in which the Christmas treasures of our small boys and little girls are placed is spacious enough to satisfy any reasonable child, while it is not so large as to overtax the pockets or energies of parents. Could the same sort of stocking be imported and acclimated in New England and the West, Christmas trees would no longer have any excuse for being, and the stocking would be universally accepted as precisely the thing needed to fill every household with juvenile happiness on Christmas morning.

MAY not cleverness be defined as the ability to produce great effects with limited means?

REFLECTION by a Wall street operator :

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views by thy hand no speculator done."



## WALLACK'S.

SOLE IMPORTER, - - - - - MR. LESTER WALLACK.

Doors Open at 7:30. - - - Performance Commences at 8.

For the First Time in This Theatre,  
DION BOUCICAULT'S Brilliant Five Act Comedy,  
entitled,

"OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS."

Will be performed by MR. WALLACK'S Imported Company of  
Cockney Comedians.

### ACT I.

LITTLETON'S CHAMBERS IN THE TEMPLE. The Imported Mr. William Herbert appears as *Littleton Coke*, who is an imitation of *Charles Surface*. The Imported Mr. Buckstone appears as *Charles, his friend*. The Imported Mr. Elton appears as *Bob*, who is an imitation of *Crispin* of old French comedy. They talk mildly and go away. The Unimported but most Important Mr. John Gilbert, appears as *Jesse Rural*, who is an imitation of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The Imported Mr. Flockton appears as *Tom Coke*, who is the old-fashioned and unfashionable stage Yorkshireman. They talk mildly and go away. Curtain.

### INTERMISSION I.

A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (to an old New Yorker): Beg your pardon, sir, but may I trouble you with a question?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Is this Wallack's Theatre, or have I made a mistake?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (smiling quietly): There is no mistake: this is Wallack's.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (in great surprise): But I thought there was a good company at Wallack's?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (calmly): You are a young man from the country, are you not?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Yes, but—

THE OLD NEW YORKER (crushing): I thought so.

### ACT II.

DRAWING-ROOM AT THE EARL OF POMPION'S.

The Imported Mme. Ponisi appears as the Countess of Pompion, with an Imported Skye Terrier. The Imported Miss Coglan appears as *Lady Alice Hawthorne*, who is an imitation of *Lady Gay Spanker*. The Imported Miss Measor appears as *Miss Rocket*. The Unimported but most important Mr. John Gilbert begins to mix those children up, though not a creature knew it. They talk mildly and go away to dinner. Curtain.

### INTERMISSION II.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (taking courage and seeking relief after mental depression): Beg your pardon, sir, but may I trouble you with a question?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I noticed that the Countess of Pompion is acted by a lady called on the bills Madame Ponisi.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Well, sir?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Well, Madame is a

### ACT III.

DRAWING-ROOM AT THE EARL OF POMPION'S.

The Imported Mr. Herbert imitates the Imported Mr. Charles Coglan. The Imported Mr. Flockton imitates the yet-to-be Imported Mr. Henry Irving. The other members of the Imported company show how rude and vulgar the English upper class society may be. The Unimported but most important *Jesse Rural* mixes those children up again. They talk mildly and away to the opera. Curtain.

### INTERMISSION III.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I beg your pardon, sir, but may I trouble you with a question?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Have I a sudden defect in my hearing or do the ladies and gentlemen of the company talk indistinctly?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: There is nothing the matter with your hearing. The trouble is that you are not yet used to the Imported English accent.

### ACT IV.

DRAWING-ROOM AT THE EARL OF POMPION'S.

The Imported Miss Coglan briskly makes love to the Imported Mr. Herbert. The Imported Mr. Buckstone feebly makes love to the Imported Miss Measor. The Unimported but most important *Reverend John Rural* mixes them up a little more. They all talk freely and go away to elope. Curtain.

### INTERMISSION IV.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: It's my turn now. May I ask you a question?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Certainly, sir.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Why did you come here to-night?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I think the main reason was a paragraph in the paper saying that "Old Heads and Young Hearts" was one of those standard comedies for the brilliant performance of which Wallack's Theatre was famous.

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Do you think this a brilliant performance?

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (with emphasis): No, Do you?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (dryly): Do I? Why, I've seen Chas. Mathews as *Littleton Coke*, and John Lester, too.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (with an impertinent curiosity): Then why did you come here to-night?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: On principle. I believe in the theory of counter-irritants. One great grief off-sets another. I'm going to the dentist to-morrow to have a nerve extracted. So I came here to-night.

### ACT V.

EXTERIOR OF GLUEZNEE LODGE.

The Unimported but most important *Jesse Rural* mixes them up again and yet again. The Imported Mr. Herbert, and the Imported Miss Coglan, and the Imported Mr. Buckstone and the Imported Miss Measor represent the Young Hearts who mock at his Old Head. Mr. Gilbert does the one really good bit of acting in the whole performance. Mr. Flockton is also good. The other Imported *Dramatis Personae* marry and are given in marriage. Curtain.

### AFTER THE PLAY.

#### I.

IN THE AISLE.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I beg your pardon again, but may I trouble you with a question?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*Putting on his coat*): Certainly, sir.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: I do not know much about plays, and this is the first time I've ever been to Wallack's, but is not this comedy very hard in its morality and very clumsy in its composition?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: It is, indeed, an unpleasant compound of immaturity and cynicism. I have always considered it the work of a young head and an old heart.

II.

IN THE LOBBY.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Who is that hand-some old man, who looks as though he owned the place?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*Putting on his glasses*): He does. That's John Lester Wallack, himself.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*awed*): Is it, indeed?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: He's going to play here to-morrow. He's just back.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY: Back from where?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Oh, Brooklyn, perhaps, or Jersey City—one of the suburbs—more likely from the Windsor Theatre down in the Bowery, or the Mount Morris Theatre up at Harlem.

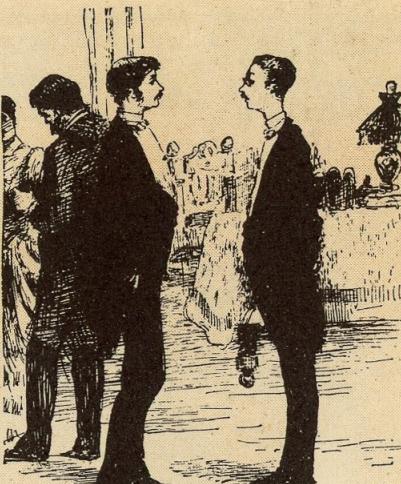
THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*in great surprise*): Does Wallack act anywhere in New York except at his own theatre?

THE OLD NEW YORKER: Don't he? He does, for sure! He acts anywhere. In fact they use him as a sort of disinfectant whenever they turn a variety show into a Temple of the Drama. They get Wallack to play a week, and that consecrates the house.

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY (*passing close to the sole Importer*): What is he standing here for now?

THE OLD NEW YORKER (*lighting his cigar*): He is giving thanks. He is inwardly expressing his indebtedness to Providence, which has made him so short-sighted that he is not able to see how very bad to-night's performance was! (*Jumps on the front platform of a passing car, leaving the Young Man from the Country standing in astonishment in the centre of the street.*)

ARTHUR PENN.



## ALL IS NOT GOLD, ETC.

SCENE—San Francisco Ball.

BUDGE, OF BOSTON (*who had been told that the indigenous young man was indigent, and that only waiters ever got new dress suits*,) to WELL-DRESSED STRANGER: Are you a waiter?

W. D. S.: No! Are you?

To succeed, it is essential to have at the bottom a bit of indifference. You seldom need it, but when you do, you must have it.

It must be fresh and genuine. Bogus indifference is as bad as a bad egg, and is of no use.

It must be very sparingly used. Too much of it devastates life as an onion does an apple pie.

## THE FABLE OF THE FOX AND THE CROW.

The pun is mightier than the sword.

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

The first Christmas was a myrrhy Christmas.

If all flesh is grass, was Adam the fodder of mankind?

Many hands make light work—for some of the hands.

Much Adieu about Nothing.—Two women bidding each other good-bye at Elizabeth, when one is coming in to New York to do an afternoon's shopping.

"Wall street is, after all, the place," you say;

"There one can make a fortune in a day."

But, my friend, tell me is it quite so clear?

One can make there a fortune in a year?



A CROW, having possessed itself of a tempting Piece of Cheese, flew to the top of a Tree, where it was speedily observed by a Fox, who began to cast about how to obtain the coveted Morsel. Affecting, therefore, a profound love of music, the wily Master Reynard asked the Crow if she would not sing. "Certainly," said the silly Bird, but hardly had she uttered a note when, of course, the Cheese fell to the ground, and the Fox pouncing upon it discovered that it was one of the Limburger variety, and fled for his life.

*Moral.*—This fable teaches us the folly of unlocking the stable door before we are sure that there is a steed to be stolen which is worth stealing.

G. T. L.

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## NINTH SEASON.

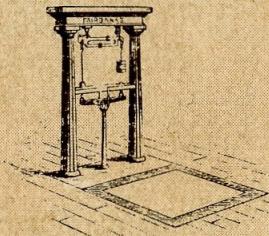
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