

✿ ✿ An account of ✿ ✿

Peter Coddle's

✿ Visit to ✿

✿ *New York* ✿

*This is a korreet account of my trip,
Peter Coddle.*

RULES FOR PLAYING

One person is selected to read the story. This person evenly distributes the cards among the players. The players keep the cards in a pile, face downwards, and do not select or pick out the cards, but take them in regular order as they lie in the pile. The reader pauses at each — in the narrative and the players in rotation, beginning at the left hand of the reader, read their cards, one for each —, thus making the story complete. After reading a card lay it aside. As the cards never come twice in the same order an endless and comical variation in the narrative is secured.

INTRODUCTORY

Mr. Peter Coddle of Verdantville, upon reaching his majority, determined to strike out for himself and seek his fortune in the world. This resolution had been formulating itself in his mind for several years; so, soon after his twenty-first birthday, he donned his Sunday suit, and, with his old clothes and trinkets packed up in his valise, and his savings of some forty-five dollars in his pocket, he bade adieu to the scenes of his childhood and left for New York. In a very few days the good people of Verdantville were astonished at finding Peter again in their midst, dirty and very ragged, and with a dejected and bewildered countenance. His language was such a mixture of saw-mills, electric lights, bull-frogs, suspension bridges, elevated railroads, and cranberry meadows, that the people all wondered what had befallen him. Jim Sharp, the driver, said he knew what was the matter well enough—he, himself, had been to New York too many times to be caught in any such a way, and added that, in

his opinion, Peter had been drugged and robbed. Dr. Bluster said it was a case that required heroic treatment—that Peter needed bleeding, a mustard plaster at his chest, and a blue pill every ten minutes. Others thought him insane. We will not decide the question ourselves, but will give you the narrative, that you may draw your own conclusions.

THE NARRATIVE

Behold Peter Coddle in holiday attire, with his personal property in his ample valise, his money, and a tin-type of Betsy Simonds in his breast pocket, trudging along the road, one Monday morning in May, bound for the Cranberry Center depot. As he went he hummed the old song about —, and said to himself, "Such a morning as this ought to make — feel as gay as —." As he reached the top of the hill, he turned to take a parting view of Verdantville, exclaiming: "Rest, quiet town, till I return rich enough to buy —, —, and —, and settle down with Betsy to enjoy my good fortune." Peter walked on a mile or more, when he stopped to rest by a spring and nibble — that his mother had given him, which tasted better, he thought, than — fried in —.

Deacon Squibbs came up, and pulling in his old^d white horse, said: "Hello, Coddle, what are^{re} you doing there? Get up here and ride with wash-stand

you don't put your feet into this basket and smash — that's in it. Don't put the valise on the blanket, as there is —, and —, under it." The deacon told Peter he was going to town to see about selling — and — that he had sent down the day before. He questioned Peter as to his plans; and Peter said they would not see him around those parts again till he could afford to own —, and —, and ask no favors of any one.

Peter reached the station just in time for the train; he bought his ticket through to New York and got aboard. The seats were well filled, and Peter was obliged to sit with an old woman who had for baggage —, —, and —, and in the rack overhead —. This left no room for Peter's valise, and but little for his feet. The woman inquired what Cranberry Center was noted for. He asked her if she had never heard of —. She replied, No, and asked him if he liked —. He said he had never eaten any, and wanted to know if it tasted like —. After a while Peter fell asleep. How long he slept, we know not; but he was awakened by the man behind him punching him, and asking if he was running a fog-horn by the job, snoring was like —. Peter was bewildered,

said he felt as though — would taste good. The man back of him promised him that and —, if he would only keep awake. At the next station the old lady left the train, and Peter had the whole seat to himself. He moved up to the window and looked out with interest upon the fleeting objects. He saw —, and —, suspended across the road, and a crowd gathered about —, and cheering lustily. At another town he saw a man chasing — which had just escaped from a butcher's wagon. As the train neared the metropolis, the towns and buildings increased. Peter had never seen so much before in all his life. His head felt like —, and his heart beat like—. Arriving at the station, he was soon surrounded by a wrangling crowd of hackmen, who each wanted to carry him. "This way to Jersey City!" "To Fulton Ferry!" "To any part of the city!" "To any of the hotels!" Peter heard one driver remark he looked like —; but paying no attention to this, he got out of the crowd, and was soon in a horse-car on his way to the Bowery. Here, after some hunting, he found a cheap boarding-house, to which he had been directed by the depot-master at Cranberry Center. The room contained a cheap-looking bed, a wash-stand

with a broken pitcher, a cracked looking-glass, —, —, and —.

Peter sat down, and, collecting his thoughts, said it seemed stranger than — that he was really in New York. Presently the bell rang, and he went down to supper. Instead of the pork and beans and cold boiled victuals of Verdantville, he found upon the table hash made from —, —, also a dish of — at each plate. The man next to Peter asked him if he was an old resident of New York. Peter told him No. The man said he thought he was, as he had a self-possessed look, like — at an auction, and an expression to his countenance like —, at a woman's rights meeting. The man said he was a jeweler by trade, and had that day made —, designed after —. Peter asked if there was a chance for him at his shop. The man replied, those who could bring samples of —, —, and —, in miniature, of their own manufacture, might stand a chance for a job. Peter, being fatigued, retired soon after supper, and dreamed the electric light in the street was — with claws like —, was ready to pounce upon him with — if he did not give up —. This caused Peter to cry out for — to protect him. Some one

pounded at the door, and said if he did not keep quiet the rest of the night, they would throw — and — at him.

After breakfast, Peter started out to see the sights. A bootblack directed him to the Brooklyn Bridge, remarking he could go over it by paying —. Peter soon found the bridge and walked out upon it. The sensation was a strange one to him; he could see all over Manhattan Island. On the Tribune building he could see — above —; Trinity steeple looked like —; the Western Union building looked like —; the shot-tower loomed up, resembling —. The shipping in the river received a full share of Peter's attention. He told one of the bridge police it made his head feel like —, and as light as —, to look down into the river.

Peter had heard of Castle Garden, so he turned his steps toward the Battery. On the way he purchased — from a street peddler; he also priced — and —.

At the Battery he found a miscellaneous collection of persons, many of whom appeared to be loafers waiting for —. A fussy little tug steamed by towing a barge loaded with — and —. One of

the loafers cried out, "There comes the City of Rome!" Peter asked what that was, and a man told him it was a large ocean steamer. Peter looked in the direction indicated and saw an object which looked like — on —; as it drew nearer it resembled — more than anything else. He also saw a fire-boat tied up at the Battery; it had —, —, —, and other appliances for extinguishing fires.

Peter inquired of a policeman the way to Central Park. He told him to take the Elevated Road. Peter, accordingly, started up the iron stairs leading to the station. A man with — in his arms crowded by muttering something about losing —, if he missed the train.

At the news-stand in the station Peter purchased —, and —, also —, which he put in his pocket to carry home. By advice of the gate-tender he went into the rear car, in order to obtain a good view of the road. After the train was well under way, Peter became frightened upon looking down into the street. He told a gentleman it made his head swim like —; and — in an express wagon looked like —. It seemed odd looking into the second-story windows. At one place a woman was sewing — upon —,

while upon the window sill, spread out to dry, was —. At Grand street several persons left the train, and others took their places. One lady had for a knob to her parasol —; suspended from a chain at her belt was —. The gentleman with her had for a charm on his watch chain —. Peter was much struck by the appearance of this couple, and felt sorry when they left at the 42d Street Transfer. The lady noticed Peter's enchantment, and upon leaving handed him —, at which he replied, she was as kind as —.

At Central Park Peter had a fine time; the animals interested him, he never before having had an opportunity of examining them at leisure, as the circus shows that visited Jones' Junction contained but few animals; and then, there was such a crowd, you might as well try to find — in — as to see them all. While watching the lions, one of them suddenly sprang up like — on fire; his eyes glistened like — in the dark, all the animals looked intently towards one end of the building, where a man was feeding out — to the animals from —. When the lions received their share, they took it between their huge paws like —. The keeper gave the

tiger —, and to the leopard —, upon receiving which he jumped upon a shelf and quickly devoured it. To the sea-lion, in the inclosure out-doors, they gave —. The monkey-house was very amusing; a big baboon flew into a rage because a boy gave a monkey —, and made a noise like —; but the monkey only made up a face, as much as to say, "You are —."

A little girl poked — at one of the monkeys, which he quickly snatched, and was at the top of the cage in no time. She said: "You are a horrid ugly thing, as mean as —." Another monkey was swinging wildly on a trapeze, and now and then reaching to pull — away from a neighbor.

After looking at the parrots, eagles, buffaloes, etc., Peter walked through the Park to the Metropolitan Art Museum, where he saw many fine works of art, ancient and modern. At the entrance was the statue of a boy holding — in his hand, while crushed beneath his feet lay —. Near this was a statue of Flora reclining against —, and dispensing —, —, and — with her right hand from a heap in her lap. The old mummy cases looked older than —. In the Art Gallery were pictures of —, —,

and —. One beautiful landscape had — in the foreground. The picture of Napoleon, eating —, was interesting.

Peter next visited the Egyptian Obelisk, close by; and a gentleman translated some of the inscriptions for him. Peter could only remember about Pharaoh, and —, and —, and —, but others were equally curious.

Peter took a horse-car down town, and handed the conductor — by mistake for a five-cent piece, in paying his fare. The conductor asked him if he took him for —, and laughed. A spruce young chap, on the platform, said the mistake reminded him of — trying to look like —.

A nicely-dressed gentleman, having a weed upon his hat, sat down beside Peter, and said: "You must not pay attention to the remarks of vain persons. I see you are a new-comer in New York, and you require great caution not to fall into bad company." He invited Peter to call up to his room with him, which invitation was accepted. They left the car and entered a nicely furnished house, passing to a room which the man called his private office. It being a warm day, he remarked that the water was very poor, being

impregnated with —, which made it taste like —, rendering it as unfit to drink as —, and, being a teetotaler, he had formerly experienced some difficulty, which was now overcome. A clergyman friend in the country had just sent him some temperance cordial, which he desired Peter to try. Peter, being quite thirsty, found no difficulty in quickly disposing of two glasses. The cordial looked and tasted like —. The man asked to be excused a few moments while he wrote a note to one of the city missionaries relating to — and —, which he proposed to contribute for the poor.

Peter soon felt quite drowsy, and, reclining upon the elegant sofa, was soon asleep. How long he slept, we do not know; but when he awoke he felt like — on a muggy day. His Sunday suit was gone, and in its place were clothes that looked bad enough for —. The place was a new one to him, and he tried to walk out, but found the door locked.

A man in uniform appeared and asked Peter if he wanted —. Peter said he did not know where he was. The officer said; "Don't know you have been drunk, eh? We picked you up on Union Square drunker than —." Peter denied he had drank

anything stronger than — and the temperance cordial his benevolent friend gave him. "Humph!" said the officer, "you have been drugged and robbed by a sharper as much too sharp for you as — is for —."

Peter felt real bad, and began to cry, saying — made to order would not compensate him for his loss of clothes, money, and Betsy's tin-type; besides, he could not get a job, looking so much like — on a bender. The officer brought him in some breakfast, and said the city was no place for such tender lambs. They thought he had received punishment enough, and, as he had no money to pay for fines, they would procure a free pass and send him home. So now we find Peter again an humble resident of Verdantville, content to make money in a sure, even, though it be a slow way.

The people got up a donation party and gave him several things. Among the articles were (here read a half-dozen cards remaining unused).