

Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 21, August 20, 1870 eBook

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CANTO III.

“JACK and GILL went up the bill
To fetch a pail of water;
JACK fell down and broke his crown,
And GILL came tumbling after.”

How many persons there are who read those lines without giving one moment's thought to their hidden beauty. Love, obedience, and devotion unto death, are here portrayed; and yet people will repeat the lines of the melancholy muse with a smile on their faces, and even teach it to their young children as a sort of joyful lyric.

My own infant-mind was tampered with in the same manner; and after I had committed the poem to memory I was proudly called up by my fond and doting parents to display my infantile acquirements before admiring visitors. The result might have been foreknown. All my infancy and youth passed away, and I never once perceived the hidden worth of these lines till I had tumbled down a hill myself, cracked my crown, and was laid up with it a week or more. During that time I had leisure to muse on the fate of poor JACK. When my mind expanded so as to take in all the sublimity of his devotion and death, my heart was filled with admiration and astonishment, and I resolved I would make one effort to rescue the memory of poor JACK and loving GILL from the oblivion it seemed to be falling into, in the greater admiration people gave to the musical style of the writer.

“JACK and GILL went up the hill.”

Here you see the obedient, loving, long-suffering, put-upon drudge of his brothers and sisters—we will take the liberty of giving him a few of each as we are a little more generous than the author—who was compelled (not the author, but JACK,) to do all the chores, fetch and carry, 'tend and wait, bear the heat and burden of the day, and be the JACK for all of them. He was not dignified by the respectable title of JOHN, or JONATHAN, but was poor simple JACK.

Virtue will always be rewarded, however, and even freckle-faced, red-headed JACK had one friend, blue-eyed, tender-hearted GILL, who, seeing the unhesitating obedience he rendered to all, forthwith concluded that one so lone and sad could appreciate true friendship and understand the motives that prompted her to give, unsolicited, her gushing love. So, when the good JACK started up the hill, loving GILL generously offered to accompany him. Probably the other children looked out of the windows after them, and laughed, and jeered, and wondered whither they were going; but, observing the pail, concluded they were going

“To fetch a pail of water,”



which they were willing JACK should do, as it would save them the possibility of being ordered to do it; not that there was a probability of such a command being given, but there was a slight danger that the thing might happen in case JACK was occupied otherwise when the water was needed. But now that he had gone for it, they were all right, and rejoiced exceedingly thereat.

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Meanwhile the two little sympathizing companions toiled up the steep hill, drinking in with every inhalation of the balmy air copious draughts of the new-found elixir of life. “Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,”[2] and their hearts melted beneath each tender glance. The little chubby hands that grasped the handle of the pail timidly crept closer together, and by the time they had reached the rugged top, it needed but one warm embrace to mingle the two souls into one, henceforth forever.

This was done.

Tremblingly they drew back, blushing, casting modest glances at each other; and then, to aid them in recovering from their confusion, turned their attention to the water, which reflected back two happy, smiling faces. Filling the pail with the dimpled liquid mirror, they turned their steps homeward.

Light at heart and intoxicated with bliss, poor JACK, ever unfortunate, dashed his foot against a stone, and thus it was that

“JACK fell down and broke his crown.”

[Oh! what a fall was there, my countrywomen!] Fearful were the shrieks that rent the mountain air as he rolled down the hillside. The pail they had carried so carefully was overturned and rent asunder, and the trembling water spilled upon the smiling hill-side—fit emblem of their vanishing hopes.

Down went the roley-poley boy, like a dumpling down a cellar-door; crashing his head against the cruel rocks that stood in stony heartedness in his way, and dashing his brains out against their hard sides. His loving companion, eyes and month dilated with horror, stood still and rigid, gazing upon the fearful descent, and its tragic ending, then throwing her arms aloft, and giving a fearful shriek of agony that thrilled with horror the hearts of the hearers—if there were any—cast herself down in exact imitation of the fall of her hero, rolled over and over as he did, and ended by mingling her blood with his upon the same stones.

His crown was broken diagonally; *hers* slantindicularly; that was the only difference. Her suicidal act is commemorated in the line,

“And GILL came tumbling after.”

The catastrophe was witnessed by the assembled family, who hastened to the bleeding victims of parental injustice, and endeavored to do all that was possible to restore life to the mangled forms of the two who loved when living, and in death were not divided.

But all in vain. They were dead, and not till then did the family appreciate the beautiful, self-denying, heroic disposition of the little martyr, JACK.



The two innocent forms were buried side by side, and the whole country round mourned the fate of the infant lovers.

Painters preserved their pictures on canvas, and poets sung them at eventide. The beauties of their life, and their tragic death, were given by the poet-laureate of the day in the words I have just transcribed; and such an impression did these make on the minds of the inhabitants, that the whole population took them to heart, and, with tears in their eyes, taught them to their children, even unto the third and fourth generations.



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Alas! it was reserved for our day and generation to gabble them over unthinking, carelessly unmindful of the fearful fate the words describe.

Repentant ones, drop to their memory a tear, even now! It is not too late!

[Footnote 2: Original, by some other fellow.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IN OUR ARMY OF THE FUTURE. "NONE BUT THE BRAVE," ETC.]

* * * * *

LETTER FROM A CROAKER.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: You have not, I believe, informed your readers, one of whom I have the honor to be, as to whether you have yet united yourself to any Designing Female. As this is a matter peculiarly interesting to many of your readers, all of whom, I have not the least doubt, are interested in your welfare, I would advise some statement on your part, respecting it.

I trust, my dear sir, that, if you are as yet free, you will take the well-intended advice of a sufferer, and steer entirely clear of the shoals and quicksands peculiar to the life of a married man, by never embarking in the matrimonial ship.

Do not misunderstand me. I lived happily, very happily, with my sainted BELINDA—it must be confessed that she had a striking partiality for sardines, which caused considerable of a decrease in the profits of my wholesale and retail grocery establishment. I cherish no resentment on that account, but, as you probably well know, one of the discomforts of matrimonial existence is children.

Sir, I have a daughter, who is considered passably good-looking by certain appreciative individuals. Since the unfortunate demise of my lamented wife, the profits of the mercantile establishment of which I am proprietor have largely increased, and as REBECCA is my only child, there is a considerable prospect of her bringing to the man who espouses her, a comfortable dowry, and probably a share in my business.

I keep no man-servant, and after my daughter retires—generally at the witching hour of two in the morning,—I am obliged to hobble down stairs, extinguish the lights, cover the fire, lock up the house, and ascertain whether it is perfectly fire and burglar-proof for the time being.



Were this, sir, the only annoyance to which I am subjected, my wrath would probably expend itself in a little growling, but hardly have I reposed myself upon my couch, ere my ear catches an infernal tooting and twanging and whispering, and a broken-winded German band, engaged by an admirer of my REBECCA, strikes up some outrageous *pot pourri*, or something of that sort, and sleep, disgusted, flees my pillow.



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Last night—or rather this morning—they came again. Their discordant symphonies roused me to desperation. I seized a bucket of slops, and; opening the window, dashed the contents in the direction of the music; the full force of the deluge striking a fat, froggy-looking little Dutchman, who was puffing and blowing at a bassoon infinitely larger than himself. He was just launching out into a prodigious strain, but it expired while yet in the bloom of youth. He remained for a short time in the famous posture of the Colossus of Rhodes, vainly endeavoring to shake off the cigar-stumps and other little *et ceteras* which were clinging to him like cerements, uttering the while unintelligible oaths. Then he struck for his *domus et placens uxor* at as rapid a rate as his little dumpy legs could carry him.

If they come to-night—if they dare to come—I will give them a dose which they will remember.

My dear sir, what can I do to rid myself of these annoyances? The girl has been to boarding-school, and so can't be sent there again. She has no friends or relations whom it would be advisable to put her off upon. Assist me then, in this, the hour of my tribulation, and you, my dear Mr. PUNCHINELLO, will merit the lasting gratitude of an

UNHAPPY FATHER.

[The best thing an “Unhappy Father” can do, under the circumstances, is to learn to play upon the bass horn, and then, should the brazen serenaders again make their appearance, he can give them blow for blow.—ED. PUNCHINELLO.]

* * * * *

That Iron “Dog.”

The latest bit of intelligence given by the police regarding the “dog” so much spoken of in connection with the Twenty-third street murder, is that it is not, as at first stated, the kind of instrument used by shipwrights. In other words, the police have discovered that it is not a Water-dog, though, up to the present date, they have not been able to prove it a Bloodhound.

* * * * *

Severe Penalty.

A newspaper gravely informs us that “the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has refused the Writ of Error in the case of Dr. SHOEPPE, convicted of the murder of Mr. STEINNEKE, *and will be hanged.*”

Can nothing be done to save this Court? One may say they had no business to refuse the Writ. But, at any rate, we are of opinion that the punishment is excessive.



* * * * *

[Illustration: WONDERFUL TOUR DE FORCE,
PERFORMED "ON THE BEACH AT LONG BEACH," BY PROFESSOR JAMES FISK,
JR.,
THE GREAT AMERICAN ATHLETE.]

* * * * *

HIRAM GREEN ON JERSEY MUSQUITOES.

A Hard-fought Battle—Musquitoes have no Sting that Jersey Lightning cannot Cure.

New Jarsey is noted among her sister countries, as bein' responsible for 2 of the most destructive things ever got up.

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The first is of the animal kingdom, and varyin in size from a 3 year old snappin' turtle, to a lode of hay.

It has a bayonet its nose, in which is a skwirt gun charged with pizen.

It has no hesitation, whatsoever, of shovin' it's pitch-fork into a human bein', and when a feller feels it, it makes him think old SOLFERINO has come for him, and no mistake.

The sirname of this sleep-distroyin' animile, is Muskeeter. And they like their meet raw.

Misery Number 2 is a beverage manufactured from the compound extract of chain litenin on the wing, and ile of vitril. It is then flavored with earysipelas and 7 year itch, when it is ready to lay out it's man.

I was on a visit to Jarsey, a short time ago, and if ever a man was justified in cussin' the day he ever sot foot onto the classick red shores of New Jarsey, (which soil, by the way, is so greasy that all the red-headed New Jarsey gals use it for hair ile, while for greasin' a pancake griddle it can't be beat,) it was the undersined.

The first nite I was in that furrin climb, after hangin' my close over a chair, and droppin' my false teeth in a tumbler of water, I retired in a sober and morril condition.

"Balmy sleep, sweet nater's hair restorer," which sentiment I cote from Mr. DICKENS, who, I understand from the Bosting clergy, is now sizzlin', hadn't yet folded me in her embrace.

Strains of melody, surpassin' by severil lengths the meliffloous discordant notes of the one-armed hand organist's most sublimerest seemfunny, sircharged the atmosfeer. Ever and anon the red-hot breezes kissed the honest old man's innocent cheek, and slobbered grate capsules of odoriferous moisture, which ran in little silvery streams from his reclinin' form. Yes! verily, great pearls hung pendant from his nasal protuberants.

In other words, I hadent gone to sleep, but lay their sweatin' like an ice waggon, while the well-known battle song of famished Muskeeters fell onto my ear. The music seized; and a regiment of Jarsey Muskeeters, all armed to the teeth and wearin' cowhide butes, marched single-file into my open window.

The Kernal, a gray-headed old war-worn vetenary, alited from his hoss, and tide the animal to the bed-post.

The Commander then mounted ontop of the wash-stand, and helpin' hissself to a chaw of tobacker out of my box, which lay aside him, the old scoundrel commenced firin' his tobacker juice in my new white hat. "See here, Kernal," said I, somewhat riled at seein' him make a spittoon of my best 'stove-pipe,' "if it's all the same to you, spouse'n you eject your vile secretion out of the winder."



“Cork up, old man,” said the impudent raskle, “or ile spit on ye and drown you.”

All about the room the privates were sacreligously misusing my property.

One red-headed old Muskeeter, who was so full of somebody’s blood he couldn’t hardly waddle, was seated in the rockin’-chair, and with my specturcols on his nose, was readin’ a copy of PUNCHINELLO, and laffin’ as if heed bust.



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Another chap had got my jack-nife, and was amusin' hisself by slashin' holes in my bloo cotton umbreller, which two other Muskeeters had shoved up, and was a settin' under, engaged in tyin' my panterloon legs into hard nots.

Another scallawag had jammed my coat part way into my butes, and was pourin' water into 'em out from the wash-pitcher, and I am sorry to say it, evry darned Muskeeter was up to some mean trick, which would put to blush, even a member of the New Jarsey legislater.

Suddenly the Kernal hollered:

"To arms!"

And every Muskeeter fell into line about my bedside.

"Charge bagonets!" said the Kernal. At which the hul lot went for me. Their pizened wepins entered my flesh.

They charged onto my bald head. Rammed their bayonets into my arms—my back—my side—and there wasn't a place bigger'n a cent, which they didn't fill with pizen.

There I lay, groanin' for mercy.

But Jersey Muskeeters, not dealin' in that article, don't know what it is.

Like the new collector MURFY, when choppin' off the heads of FENTON offis holders, mercy hain't their lay, about these times.

At this juncture a company of draggoons clinchin' their pesky bills into me, dragged me off onto the floor.

And then such a horrible laff they would give, when I would strike for them and miss hittin'.

There I lay on the floor, puffin' and blowin' like a steem engine, while the hull army was dancin' a war dance around my prostrate figger, and the old Kernal was cuttin' down a double shuffle on the wash-stand, which made the crockery rattle.

I kicked at 'em as they would charge on my feet and I—limbs. I grabbed at 'em, as they charged on my face—arms—and shoulders.

Slap! bang! kick! sware!

I couldn't stand it much longer.



As a big corpulent feller, who, I should judge, was gittin' readdy to jine a Fat mans club, went over me, I caught him by the heel.

I hung on to him with my best holt

He dragged me all over the floor.

My head struck the bedposts, and other furniture.

3 other Muskeeters got straddle of me, and as if I was a hoss, spurred me up purty lively.

All of a sudden the Muskeeter I was hangin' to give a yank, and drew out his foot, left his bute in my hand.

Brandishin' the bute about my head, I cleared at lot of Muskeeters.

Jumpin' to my feet I made things fly for a minuit, pilin' up the killed and wounded in a promiscous heap.

Seein' the Kernal settin' up there enjoyin' the fun, I let fly the bute at him.

Smash! went the lookin-glass.

The venerable commanding Muskeeter had dodged, and was settin' on the burow, with his thumb on his nose, wrigglin' his fingers at me in a very ongentlemanly manner.

There I was again unarmed, dancin' about, swelled up like a base ball player on match day.



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“Blood IARGO!” was the cry.

I tride to make a masked battery with a piller. It was no protection again Jarsey Muskeeters.

As RACHEL mourned for her step-mother, I sighed for me home.

“Why, oh why,” I cride, “did I leave old Skeensboro?”

A widder wearin’ a borrowed suit of mornin’—eleven children cryin’ because the governor had been chawed up by Muskeeters crowded into my thoughts.

The army was gettin’ reddy to charge onto me agin, and avenge their fallen comrags.

Suddenly a brite thought struck me.

I ceased a sheet and waved it for a flag of truce.

The order wasn’t given.

“Kernal,” said I, “before we continue this fite, let’s take a drink all around, and I’ll stand treat.”

“Done,” said he, “trot out your benzine.”

I opened the burow drawer, and took out a black bottle.

I pulled the cork and filled all the glasses, then poured a lot into the wash-bowl, when I handed the bottle to the Kernal.

“Make ready! Take aim! Drink!” Down went the licker.

I laffed a revengeful laff, as every condemned Muskeeter turned up their heels and cride:

“Water—send my bones back to Chiny—mother dear, I’m comein’, 300,000 strong—we die—by the hand—of Jarsey—lite—”

And Jarsey litenin’, more powerful than the chassopo gun of France or the needle-gun of Prushy, had done its work, and the old man was saved to the world!

It was 3 days before any close would again fit me.

I looked more like a big balloon than a human bein’, I was swelled up so with the pizen.



My blessin's on the head of the individual who invented Jarsey litenin'. Nothin else would have saved the Lait Gustise's valuable life.

Ever of thow,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

* * * * *

From our own Correspondent.

Rumors of war from Europe must always be expected, for how can we get Pacific news by Atlantic Telegraph?

* * * * *

[Illustration: "WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," ETC,

First Small Bather. "WOULDN'T OUR MAMS GIVE US FITS IF THEY CAUGHT US SWIMMIN'?"

Second Ditto. "I'LL BET YER!"

(But neither of the happy little truants knows that a thief is running off with their clothes.)]

* * * * *

REFORM IN JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Since the thrilling moment when GUTTENBURG made his celebrated discovery, numbers of persons have tried their hands—and undoubtedly their heads also—at Books for the Young. Hitherto, many of them have evinced a sad lack of judgment in respect of matter.



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Would you believe it, in this highly moral and virtuous age? they have actually written stories!—stories that were not true! They haven't seemed to care a button whether they told the truth or not! Where can they have contracted the deadly heresy that imagination, feeling, and affection, are good things, deserving encouragement? Mark the effect of these pernicious teachings! Hundreds and thousands—nay, fellow mortal, *millions* of children,—now walk the earth, believing in fairies, giants, ogres, and such-like unreal personages, and yet unable (we blush to say it!) to tell why the globe we live on is flattened at the poles! Is it not a serious question whether children who persistently ignore what is true and important, but cherish fondly these abominable fables, may not ultimately be lost?

But, thanks to the recent growth of practical sense—or the decline of the inventive faculty—in writers for the young, a better day is dawning, and there is still some hope for the world. Men of sense and morality are coming forward: they dedicate their minds to this service—those practical minds whence will be extracted the only true pabulum for the growing intellect. It is to minds of this stamp—so truly the antipodes of all that is youthful, spontaneous, and child-like, (in a word: frivolous,) that we must look for those solid works which, in the Millennium that is coming, will perfectly supplant what may be termed, without levity, the “Cock and Bull” system of juvenile entertainment. Worldly people may consider this stuff graceful and touching, sweet and loveable; but it is nevertheless clearly mischievous, else pious and proper persons wouldn't have said so, time and again.

For our part, we may as well confess that our sympathies go out undividedly toward that important class who are averse to Nonsense,—more particularly *book*-nonsense,—which they can't stand, and won't stand, and there's an end of it. There is something exceedingly winning, to us, in that sturdy sense, that thirst for mathematical precision, that impatience of theory, that positive and self-reliant—we don't mind saying, somewhat dogmatical—air, that sternness of feature, thinness of lip, and coldness of eye, which belong to the best examples. We respect even the humbler ones; for they at least hate sentiment, they do not comprehend or approve of humor, and they never relish wit. What does a taste for these qualities indicate, but an idle and frivolous mind, devoted to trifles: and how fatal is such a taste, in the pursuit of wealth and respectability!

Fantastic people have much to say of the “affections,” the “graces and amenities of life,” “soul-culture,” and the like. We cannot too deeply deplore their fatuity, in giving prominence to such abstractions. As for children, the most we can concede is, that they have a natural—though, of course, depraved—taste for stories: yes, we will say that this fondness is irrepressible. But, what we really must insist on, is, that in gratifying that fondness, you give them *true* stories. Where is the carefully trained and upright soul that would not reject “JACK, the Giant-killer,” or “Goody Two-shoes,” if it could substitute (say, from “New and True Stories for Children,”) a tale as thrilling as this:

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“When I was a boy, I said to my uncle one day, ‘How did you get your finger cut off?’ and he said, ‘I was chopping a stick one evening, and the hatchet cut off my finger.’”

Blessings, blessings on the man who thus embalmed this touching incident! Who does not see that the reign of fiction is over!

That the parental portion of the public may judge what the future has in store for their little ones (who, we hope, will be men and women far sooner than their ancestors were,) we present them with a fragrant nosegay (pshaw! we mean, a shovel-full) of samples, commending them, should they wish for more, to the nearest Sabbath-school library.

Ah, it is a touching thing, to see some great philanthropist come forward, at the call of Duty and his Publisher (perhaps also quickened by the hollow sound emitted by his treasure-box), and compress himself into the absurdly small compass of a few pages 18mo., in order to afford himself the exalted pleasure of holding simple and godly converse with children at large!

“All truth—no fiction.” What further guarantee would you have? How replete with useful matter must not a book with *that* assurance be! Let us read:

“The Indians cannot build a ship. They do not know how to get iron from the mines, *and they do not know enough.*”

“Besides, they do not like to work, and like to fight *better* than to work.

“When they want to sail, they burn off a log of wood, and make it hollow by burning and scraping it with sharp stones.”

Now we ask, does not this satisfy your ideal of food for the youthful mind? Observe that it is simple, direct, graphic, satisfying. It cannot enfeeble the intellect. It will be useful. There is something tangible about it. The child at once perceives that if the Indians knew how to “get iron from the mines,” and “knew enough” in general, they would build ships, in spite of their distaste for work. There can be no doubt that this is “all truth—no fiction,” for Indians are sadly in want of ships. They like to sail; for we learn that “when they want to sail” they are so wild for it, that they even go to the length of “burning off a log of wood, and making it hollow by burning and scraping it with sharp stones.” We thus perceive the significance of the apothegm, “Truth is stranger than fiction.” The day is not far distant when children will think as much of the new literature as they formerly did of certain worm-lozenges, for which they were said to “cry.”

And where everything has been inspired by the love of Truth, even the cuts may teach something. If “a canoe,” contrary to the general impression, is at least as long as “a

ship,” it is very important that children should so understand it; and if “a pin-fish” is really as big as “a shark,” no mistaken deference to the feelings of the latter should make us hesitate to say so.

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No child, we are convinced, is too young to get ideas of science. In one of the model books we are pleased to find this great truth distinctly recognized:

“‘Is there anything like a lever about a wheelbarrow?’ said his father. ‘O yes, sir,’ said JAMES. ‘The axle; and the wheel is the prop, the load is the weight, and the power is your hand.’”

This, we should say, speaks for itself.

Nor is a child ever too young to get ideas of thrift. One of our writers for infants observes, after explaining that the Dutch reclaimed the whole of Holland from the sea by means of dykes, “they worked hard, saved their money, and so grew rich.” Any child can take such hints.

Neither is it wholly amiss to demonstrate that a child can’t put a clock in his pocket. For it is plain that he would else be trying to do so sometime.

Now, where in the “Arabian Nights” do you find anything like this?—We answer, triumphantly, Nowhere!

“‘JAMES,’ said his father, ‘do not shut up hot water too tight, and take care when it is over the fire.’”

“‘A lady was boiling coffee one day, and kept the cover on the coffee-pot too long. When she took it off, the water turned to steam, and flew up in her face, and took the skin off.’” “Do you know how they make the wheels of a steamboat move? They shut up water tight in a great kettle and heat it. Then they open a hole which has a heavy iron bar in it, the steam lifts it, in trying to get out. That bar moves a lever, and the lever moves the wheels.

“‘Machines are wonderful things.’”

This fact the reader must distinctly realize. And doesn’t he realize that the days of JACK, the Giant-killer, and Little Red Riding Hood, are about over? We want truth. The only question is, (as FESTUS observed), What is Truth?

* * * * *

PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



Derrick.—There is a superstition afloat that, if you see a ladder hoisted against a house, and, instead of passing outside the ladder you pass under it, some accident or affliction will befall you. What about this?

Answer.—It all depends upon circumstances. If, while passing under the ladder, a hod of bricks should fall through it and strike you on the head, then an “accident or affliction” shall have befallen you: otherwise not.

Nincompoop.—I hear a great deal about the “log” of the *Cambria*. Can you tell me how it is likely to be disposed of?

Answer.—It is to be manufactured into snuff-boxes for the officers and crew of the *Dauntless*, as a delicate admission that they are up to snuff and not to be sneezed at.

Nick of the Pick.—What is the best way of securing one’s self from the bodily damages to which all persons who attend pic-nic parties now seem to be liable?



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Answer.—Don't go to pic-nic parties. Rough it at home.

John Brown.—We cannot insert jokes on the number of SMITHS in the world—except as advertisements. For lowest rates see terms on the cover.

Hircus.—We are sorry to say that your remarks on Baby Farming are not based upon facts. In nine cases out of ten it has nothing whatever to do with Husbandry.

Acorn.—As this is the seventh time you have written to us, asking whether corns can be cured by cutting, so it must be the last. The thing palls, and we must now try whether ACORN cannot be got rid of by cutting.

Horseman.—No; we never remember to have met a man who did not “know all about a horse.” If such a man can be found, his fortune and that of the finder are assured.

Seeker.—It may be true that man changes once in every seven years but that will hardly excuse you from paying your tailor's bill contracted in 1862, on the ground that you are not the same man.

Fond Mother.—None but a brutal bachelor would object to a “sweet little baby,” merely because it was bald-headed.

Sempronius.—Would you advise me to commit suicide by hanging?

Answer.—No. If you are really bound to hang, we would advise you to hang about some nice young female person's neck instead of by your own: it's pleasanter.

Wacks.—Yes, the Alaska seal contracts will undoubtedly include the great Seal of the United States.

"Talented" Author.—We do not pay for rejected communications.

Many Inquirers.—We can furnish back numbers to a limited extent; future ones by the cargo, or steamboat.

* * * * *

FINANCIAL.

WALL STREET, AUGUST 2ND.

Respected Sir: Acting upon your suggestion that, despite the repugnance with which the truly artistic mind must ever view it, Commerce was a rising institution, and that amongst the thousands of the refined and haughty who read PUNCHINELLO with feelings of astonishment and awe, there were some misguided men whose energies



had been perverted to the pursuit of filthy lucre, your contributor yesterday descended into the purlieus of the city in quest of information wherewith to pander to the tastes of the debased few.

It would be useless to point out to you that 10 A.M. is not the hour at which it is the custom of Y.C. to tear himself from his luxurious conch. His conception of the exalted has always been associated with late breakfasts. On this memorable occasion, however, duty and a bell-boy called him; and at the extraordinary hour to which he has referred he arose and set about his investigations.



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A party of distinguished and sorrowing friends accompanied him as far as BANG'S. The regard which he cherishes for poetry and art had hitherto marked out this pleasant hostelry as the utmost limit of his down-town perambulations. The conversation of his distinguished friends was elevating: the potations in which they drank their good wishes were equally, if not more so. Having deposited \$2.35 for safe-keeping with a trusted friend, your contributor hailed a Wall Street stage and sped fearlessly to his destination. He has gone through the ordeal safely. Annexed are the result of his labors, in the shape of bulletins which were forwarded to but never acknowledged by a frivolous and unfeeling editor.

WALL STREET, 10-1/2 A.M.—The market opened briskly with a tendency towards DELMONICO'S for early refreshments. Eye-openers in active demand. Brokers have undergone an improvement.

11 A.M.—On the strength of a rumor that a gold dollar had been seen in an up-town jewelry store, gold declined 1.105.

11.15 A.M.—In consequence of a report that Col. JAS. FISK, JR., has secured a lease of Plymouth Church, and is already engaged in negotiations with several popular preachers, Eries advanced one-half per cent.

HALF-PAST ELEVEN A.M.—A reaction has commenced in Eries, it being given out that Madame KATHI LANNER had sustained an injury which would necessitate her withdrawal from the Grand Opera House.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.—Just heard some fellow saying, "St. Paul preferred." Couldn't catch the rest. It seems important. What did St. Paul prefer. Look it up, and send me word.

HALF-PAST TWELVE.—Market excited over a dog-fight. How about St. Paul?

ONE.—Police on the scene. Market relapsed. Anything of St. Paul yet? Send me what's-his-name's Commentaries on the Scriptures.

HALF-PAST ONE.—News has been received here that Commodore VANDERBILT was recently seen in the neighborhood of the Croton reservoir. In view of the anticipated watering process, N.Y.C. securities are buoyant. Many, however, would prefer their stock straight. But what was it St. Paul preferred? Do tell.

TWO O'CLOCK.—Immense excitement has been created on 'Change by a report that JAY GOULD had been observed discussing Corn with a prominent Government official. A second panic is predicted.



QUARTER PAST TWO.—Later advices confirm the above report. The place of their meeting is said to have been the Erie Restaurant. Great anxiety is felt among heavy speculators.

HALT-PAST TWO.—It is now ascertained that the Corn they were discussing was Hot Corn at lunch. A feeling of greater security prevails.

THREE O'CLOCK.—Intelligence has just reached here that a dime-piece was received in change this morning at a Broadway drinking saloon. Gold has receded one per cent, in consequence. Eries quiet, Judge BARNARD being out of town.

P.S. I haven't found out what St. Paul preferred. What's-his-name don't mention it in his Commentaries.



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HALF-PAST THREE.—Sudden demand for New York Amusement Co.'s Stock. HARRY PALMER to reopen Tammany with a grand scalping scene in which the TWEED tribe of Indians will appear in aboriginal costume. NORTON, GENET, and *confreres* have kindly consented to perform their original *roles* of *The Victims*.

P.S. Unless I receive some definite information concerning that preference of St. Paul's, I shall feel it incumbent on me to vacate my post of Financial Editor.

FOUR O'CLOCK.—On receipt of reassuring news from Europe, the market has advanced to DELMONICO'S, where wet goods are quoted from 10 cents upwards. Champagne brisk, with large sales. Counter-sales (sandwiches, *etc.*) extensive. Change in greenbacks greasy.

P.S. Asked a fellow what St. Paul preferred. He said, "St. Paul Preferred Dividends, you Know." Perhaps St. Paul did. A great many stockholders do. But what stock did St. Paul hold? Was it Mariposa or—"Only just taken one, but, as you observe, the weather *is* confounded hot—so I don't mind if I—"

GREENBAYS.

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE DOG IN THE MANGER. Crispin won't do the work himself, and won't let John Chinaman do it.]

* * * * *

OUR PORTFOLIO.

We have just received from "DICK TINTO," our special correspondent at the seat of war, the following metrical production said to have been written by HENRI ROCHEFORT in prison, but suppressed in obedience to orders from the Emperor. PUNCHINELLO felicitates his readers upon the enterprise which enables him to lay it before them, and flatters himself that the enormous trouble and expense involved in hauling it to this side of the Atlantic, will not prevent him from doing it again—if necessary.

AU PRINCE IMPERIAL.

SCENE.—*A square fronting the Bureau of the chemin de fer for Chalons and Metz. Time, Midi.*

The Prince Imperial, en route for the seat of war, is seated upon a milk-white steed. Beneath his left arm he convulsively carries a struggling game-cock, with gigantic gaffs, while his right hand feebly clutches a lance, the napping of whose pennant in his face appears to give him great annoyance and suggests the services of a "Shoo-fly." Around



him throng the ladies of the Imperial bed-chamber and a cohort of nurses, who cover his legs with kisses, and then dart furtively between his horse's *jambes* as if to escape the pressure of the crowd. Just beyond these a throng of hucksters, market-women, butchers, bakers, *etc.*, vociferously urge him to accept their votive offerings of garden truck, carrots, cabbages, parsnips, haunches of beef, baskets of French rolls and the like, all of which the Prince proudly declines, whereupon the vast concourse breaks forth into this wild chant to the air of

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

From fountains bright at fair Versailles,
And gardens of St. Cloud—
With a rooster of the Gallic breed
To cock-a-doodle-do—



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Behold! our Prince Imperial comes,
And in his hands a lance,
That erst he'll cross with German spears
For glory and for France.

They've ta'en his bib and tucker off,
And set him on a steed;
That he may ride where soldiers ride,
And bleed where soldiers bleed.

They've cut his curls of jetty hair,
And armed him *cap a pie*,
Until he looks as fair a knight
As France could wish to see.

Ho! ladies of the chamber,
Ho! nurses, gather near;
Your *charge* upon a *charger* waits
To shed the parting tear.

Come! kiss him for his mother,
Et pour sa Majeste,
And twine his brow with garlands of
The fadeless *fleurs de lis*.

Voila! who but a few moons gone
Of babies held the van,
Now wears his spurs and draws his blade
Like any other man!

Then come, ye courtly dames of France,
Oh! take him to your heart,
And cheer as only woman can
Our beardless BONAPARTE;

For ere another sun shall set,
Those lips cannot be kissed;
And through the grove and in the court
Their prattling will be missed.

The light that from those soft blue eyes
Now kindly answers thine,
Will flash where mighty armies tread,
Upon the banks of Rhine.



Yea, hide from him, as best you can,
All womanly alarms,
Nor smile with those who mocking cry,
“Behold! *A babe-in-arms!*”

A babe indeed! Oh! sland’rous tongues,
A Prince fresh from his smock,
Shows *manly* proof if he can stand
The battle shout and shock.

And this is one on whom the gods
Have put their stamp divine:
The latest, and perchance the last
Of Corsica’s dread line.

Then for the Prince Imperial
Citoyens loudly cheer:
That his right arm may often bring
Some German to his *bier*;

That distant Rhineland, trembling,
May hear his battle-cry,
And neutral nations wondering ask,
“*Oh! how is this far high?*”

Our private dispatches from the seat of war in Europe are very confusing. The “Seat” appears to be considerably excited, but the “War” takes things easily, and seems to have “switched off” for an indefinite time. It is observed by many that there never was a war precisely like this war, and if it hadn’t been for a Dutch female, the Duchess of Flanders, it is fair to suppose that PUNCHINELLO wouldn’t have been out of pocket so much for cablegrams. The Duchess took it into her head (and her head appears to have had room for it,) that her blood relative, LEOPOLD, couldn’t get his blood up to accept the Spanish Crown. Well, as it turned out, the Duchess was right. Anyhow, she went for L., (a letter by the way, which few Englishman can pronounce in polite society,) and told him that there was

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“* * * a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

LEOPOLD said he had heard of that tide; but he didn't believe in always “follerin' on it,” no matter what betided. Then the Duchess got up her Dutch spunk, and spoke out pretty freely, saying as much as if LEOPOLD were a tame sort of poodle, and that *she* ought to have been born to wear breeches, just to show him how a man should act in a great crisis like the present.

“Just so,” says LEOPOLD, “but you see the ‘crisis’ is what's the matter. If it wasn't for the ‘crisis,’ I'd go in for ISABELLA'S old armchair faster than a hungry pig could root up potatoes.” FLANDERS saw at a glance how the goose hung, and that her bread would all be dough if something wasn't done, and that quickly. She knew LEOPOLD'S weakness for Schnapps, when he was a boy at Schiedam, and, producing a bottle of the Aromatic elixir, with which she had previously armed herself in expectation of his obstinacy, poured out a glassful and requested him to clear his voice with it. Fifteen minutes after his vocal organs had been thus renewed, LEOPOLD was in a condition to see things in an entirely new light, and hesitated no longer to write the following note to General PRIM:

Dear PRIM: The thing has been satisfactorily explained to me, and I accept. Enclosed find a bottle of Schnapps. You never tasted Schnapps like this. The Duchess says she don't care a cuss for NAP, and that I mustn't neither.

—LEOPOLD, SIGMARINGEN-HOHENZOLLERN.

This is a veritable account of the origin of the European “unpleasantness,” and can be certified to any one who will call upon us and examine the original dispatches.

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[Illustration: A PASSAGE FROM CENTRAL PARK.

Whittier's Barefoot Boy. "O GOLLY! WHAT A SHAME FOR THAT OLD CUSS TO
CHUCK THE STUMP OF HIS CIGAR INTO THE LAKE, 'STEAD OF DROPPING IT
WHERE A FELLOW COULD PICK IT UP!"]

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