

Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 23, September 3, 1870 eBook

Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 23, September 3, 1870

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Vol. I. No. 23.

PUNCHINELLO

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870.

PUBLISHED BY THE

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83 Nassau street, new York.

The mystery of Mr. E. DROOD, By Orpheus C. Kerr,

Continued in this Number.

See 15th page for Extra Premiums.

----- -----+	
\$47,000 <i>Reward.</i>	



Proclamation.

The Murder of Mr. Benjamin Nathan.

The widow having determined to increase the rewards heretofore offered by me (in my proclamation of July 29), and no result having yet been obtained, and suggestions having been made that the rewards were not sufficiently distributive or specific, the offers in the previous proclamation are hereby superseded by the following:

A *reward* of \$30,000 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of *Benjamin Nathan*, who was killed in his house, No. 12 West Twenty-third Street, New York, on the morning of Friday, July 29.

A *reward* of \$1,000 will be paid for the identification and recovery of each and every one of the three Diamond Shirt Studs which were taken from the clothing of the deceased on the night of the murder. Two of the diamonds weighed, together, 1, 1/2, and 1/3, and 1-16 carats, and the other, a flat stone, showing nearly a surface of one carat, weighed



Page 3

3/4 and 1-32. All three were mounted in skeleton settings, with spiral screws, but the color of the gold setting of the flat diamond was not so dark as the other two.

A *reward* of \$1,500 will be paid for the identification and recovery of one of the watches, being the Gold anchor Hunting-case Stem-winding Watch, No. 5657, 19 lines, or about two inches in diameter, made by Ed. Perregaux; or for the Chain and Seals thereto attached. The Chain is very massive, with square links, and carries a Pendant Chain with two seals, one of them having the monogram "B.N.," cut thereon.

A *reward* of \$300 will be given for information leading to the identification and recovery of an old-fashioned open-faced Gold Watch, with gold dial, showing rays diverging from the center, and with raised figures; believed to have been made by Tobias, and which was taken at the same time as the above articles.

A *reward* of \$300 will be given for the recovery of a Gold Medal of about the size of a silver dollar, and which bears an inscription of presentation not precisely known, but believed to be either "To Sampson Simpson, President of the Jews' Hospital," or, "To Benjamin Nathan, President of the Jews' Hospital."

A *reward* of \$100 will be given for full and complete detailed information descriptive of this medal, which may be useful in securing its recovery.

A *reward* of \$1,000 will be given for information leading to the identification of the instrument used in committing the murder, which is known as a "dog" or clamp, and is a piece of wrought iron about sixteen inches long, turned up for about an inch at each end, and sharp; such as is used by ship-carpenters, or post-trimmers, ladder-makers, pump-makers, sawyers, or by iron-moulders to clamp their flasks.

A *reward* of \$800 will be given to the man who, on the



| morning of the murder, was seen to ascend the steps and pick |
| up a piece of paper lying there, and then walk away with it, |
| if he will come forward and produce it. |
| |
| Any information bearing upon the case may be sent to the |



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Mayor, John Jourdan, Superintendent of Police City of New York; or to James J. Kelso, Chief Detective Officer.

A. Oakey Hall, Mayor.

The foregoing rewards are offered by the request of, and are guaranteed by me.

Signed, *Emily G. Nathan,*

Widow of B. *Nathan.*

The following reward has also been offered by the New York Stock Exchange:

\$10,000.--The New York Stock Exchange offers a reward of Ten Thousand Dollars for the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers of Benjamin Nathan, late a member of said Exchange, who was killed on the night of July 28, 1870, at his house in Twenty-third street. New York City.

J. L. Brownell, Vice-Chairman

Gov. Com.

D. C. Hays, Treasurer.

B. O. White, Secretary.

Mayor's office, New York, August 5, 1870.

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| *Henry L. Stephens,* | |
| *artist,* | |
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* * * * *

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD:

An adaptation.

By Orpheus C. Kerr.

CHAPTER XVI.

AVUNCULAR DEVOTIO

Having literally *fallen* asleep from his chair to the rug, J. *Bumstead*, Esquire, was found to have reached such an extraordinary depth in slumber, that Mr. and Mrs. *Smythe*, his landlord and landlady, who were promptly called in by Mr. *Dibble*, had at first some fear that they should never be able to drag him out again. In pursuance, however, of a mode of treatment commended to their judgment, by frequent previous practice with the same



patient, the good couple poured a pitcher of water over his fallen head; hauled him smartly up and down the room, first by a hand and then by a foot; singed his whiskers with a hot poker, held him head-downward for a time, and tried various other approved allopathic remedies. Seeing that he still slept profoundly, though appearing, by occasional movements of his arms, to entertain certain passing dreams of single combats, the quick womanly wit of Mrs. *Smythe* finally hit upon the homoeopathic expedient of softly shaking his familiar antique flask at his right ear. Scarcely had the soft, liquid sound therefrom resulting been addressed for a minute to the auricular orifice, when a singularly pleasing smile wreathed the countenance of the Ritualistic organist, his eyelids flew up like the spring-covers of two valuable hunting-case watches, and he suddenly arose to a sitting position upon the rug and began feeling around for the bed-clothes.



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"There!" cried Mrs. *Smythe*, greatly affected by his pathetic expression of countenance, "you're all right now, sir. How worn-out you must have been, to sleep so!"

"Do you always go to sleep with such alarming suddenness?" asked Mr. *Dibble*.

"When I have to go anywhere, I make it a rule to go at once:—similarly, when going to sleep," was the answer. "Excuse me, however, for keeping you waiting, Mr. *Dibble*. We've had quite a rain, sir."

His hair, collar, and shoulders being very wet from the water which had been poured upon him during his slumber, Mr. *Bumstead*, in his present newly-awake frame of mind, believed that a hard shower had taken place, and thereupon turned moody.

"We've had quite a rain, sir, since I saw you last," he repeated, gloomily, "and I am freshly reminded of my irreparable loss."

"Such an open, spring-like character!" apostrophized the lawyer, staring reflectively into the grate.

"Always open when it rained, and closing with a spring," said Mr. *Bumstead*, in soft abstraction lost.

"*Who* closed with a spring?" queried the elder man, irascibly.

"The umbrella," sobbed *John Bumstead*.

"I was speaking of your nephew, sir!" was Mr. DIBBLE'S impatient explanation.

Mr. *Bumstead* stared at him sorrowfully for a moment, and then requested Mrs. *Smythe* to step to a cupboard in the next room and immediately pour him out a bottle of soda-water which she should find there.

"Won't you try some?" he asked the lawyer, rising limply to his feet when the beverage was brought, and drinking it with considerable noise.

"No, thank you," returned Mr. *Dibble*.

"As you please, then," said the organist, resignedly. "Only, if you have a headache don't blame me. (Mr. and Mrs. *Smythe*, you may place a few cloves where I can get them, and retire.) What you have told me, Mr. *Dibble*, concerning the breaking of the engagement between your ward and my nephew, relieves my mind of a load. As a right-thinking man, I can no longer suspect you of having killed *Edwin DROOD*."

"Suspect *me*?" screamed the aged lawyer, almost leaping into the air.



“Calm yourself,” observed Mr. *Bumstead*, quietly, the while he ate a sedative clove. “I say that I can *not* longer suspect you. I can not think that a person of your age would wantonly destroy a human life merely to obtain an umbrella.”

Absolutely purple in the face, Mr. *Dibble* snatched his hat from a chair just as the Ritualistic organist was about to sit upon it, and was on the point of hurrying wrathfully from the room, when the entrance of Gospeler *Simpson* arrested him.

Noting his agitation, Mr. *Bumstead* instantly resolved to clear him from suspicion in the new-comer’s mind also.



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“Reverend Sir,” he said to the Gospeler, quickly, “in this sad affair we must be just, as well as vigilant I believe Mr. *Dibble* to be as innocent as ourselves. Whatever may be his failings so far as liquor is concerned, I wholly acquit him of all guilty knowledge of my nephew and umbrella.”

Too apoplectic with suffocating emotions to speak, Mr. *Dibble* foamed slightly at the mouth and tore out a lock or two of his hair.

“And I believe that my unhappy pupil, Mr. *Pendragon*, is as guiltless,” responded the puzzled Gospeler. “I do not deny that he had a quarrel with Mr. DROOD, in the earlier part of their acquaintance; but, as you, Mr. *Bumstead*, yourself, admit, their meeting at the Christmas-Eve dinner was amicable; as I firmly believe their last mysterious parting to have been.”

The organist raised his fine head from the shadow of his right hand, in which it had rested for a moment, and said, gravely: “I cannot deny, gentlemen, that I have had my terrible distrusts of you all. Even now, while, in my deepest heart, I release Mr. *Dibble* and Mr. *Pendragon* from all suspicion, I cannot entirely rid my mind of the impression that you, Mr. *Simpson*, in an hour when, from undue indulgence in stimulants, you were not wholly yourself, may have been tempted, by the superior fineness of the alpaca, to slay a young man inexpressibly dear to us all.”

“Great heavens, Mr. *Bumstead!*” panted the Gospeler, livid with horror, “I never—”

—“Not a word, sir!” interrupted the Ritualistic organist,—“not a word, Reverend sir, or it may be used against you at your trial.”

Pausing not to see whether the equally overwhelmed old lawyer followed him, the horribly astounded Gospeler burst precipitately from the house in wild dismay, and was presently hurrying past the pauper burial-ground. Whether he had been drawn to that place by some one of the many mystic influences moulding the fates of men, or because it happened to be on his usual way home, let students of psychology and topography decide. Thereby he was hurrying, at any rate, when a shining object lying upon the ground beside the broken fence, caused him to stop suddenly and pick up the glittering thing. It was an oroid watch, marked E.D.; and, a few steps further on, a coppery-looking seal-ring also attracted the finder’s grasp. With these baubles in his hand the genial clergyman was walking more slowly onward, when it abruptly occurred to him, that his possession of such property might possibly subject him to awkward consequences if he did not immediately have somebody arrested in advance. Perspiring freely at the thought, he hurried to his house, and, there securing the company of *Montgomery pendragon*, conveyed his beloved pupil at once before Judge *Sweeney*, and made affidavit of finding the jewelry. The jeweler, who had wound *Edwin DROOD’S* watch for him on the day of the dinner, promptly identified the timepiece by the innumerable scratches around the keyhole; Mr. *Bumstead*, though at first ecstatic

with the idea that the seal-ring was a ferule from an umbrella, at length allowed himself to be persuaded into a gloomy recognition of it as a part of his nephew, and *Montgomery* was detained in custody for further revelations.



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News of the event circulating, the public mind of Bumsteadville lost no time in deploring the incorrigible depravity of Southern character, and recollecting several horrors of human Slavery. It was now clearly remembered that there had once been rumors of terrible cruelties by a *pendragon* family to an aged colored man of great piety; who, because he incessantly sang hymns in the cotton-field, was sent to a field farther from the *pendragon* mansion, and ultimately died. Citizens reminded each other, that when, during the rebellion, a certain *pendragon* of the celebrated Southern Confederacy met a former religious chattel of his confronting him with a bayonet in the loyal ranks, and immediately afterwards felt a cold, tickling sensation under one of his ribs, he drew a pistol upon the member of the injured race, who subsequently died in Ohio of fever and ague. What wonder was it, then, that this young *pendragon* with an Indian club and a swelled head should secretly slaughter the nephew and appropriate the umbrella of one of the most loyal and devoted Ritualists that ever sent a substitute to battle? In the mighty metropolis, too, the Great Dailies—those ponderous engines of varied and inaccurate intelligence—published detailed and mistaken reports of the whole affair, and had subtle editorial theories as to the nature of the crime. The *Sun*, after giving a cut of an old-fashioned parlor-grate as a diagram of Mr. BUMSTEAD'S house, and a portrait of Mr. *John Russell young* as a correct photograph of the alleged murderer by *Rockwood*, said:—"The retention of Mr. *Fish* as Secretary of State by the present venal Administration, and the official countenance otherwise corruptly given to friends of Spanish tyranny who do not take the *Sun*, are plainly among the current encouragements to such crime as that in the full reporting of which to-day the *Sun's* advertisements are crowded down to a single page, as usual. Judge *Connolly*, after walking all the way from Yorkville, agrees with the *Sun* in believing, that something more than an umbrella tempted this young MONTMORENCY PADREGON to waylay EDWIN WOOD. To-morrow we shall give the public still further exclusive revelations, such as the immense circulation of the New York *Sun* enables us especially to obtain. On this, as upon every occasion of the publication of the *Sun*, we shall leave out columns upon columns of profitable advertising, in order that no reader of the *Sun* shall be stinted in his criminal news. The *Sun* (price two cents) has never yet been bought by advertisers, and never will be." The *Tribune* said: "What time the reader can spare from perusing our special dispatches concerning the progress of Smalleyism in Europe, shall, undoubtedly, be given to our female-reporter's account of the alleged tragedy at Bumperville. There are reasons of manifest propriety to restrain us, as superior journalists,

Page 12

from the sensational theorizing indulged by editors choosing to expend more care and money upon local news than upon European rumors; but we may not injudiciously hazard the assumption, that, were the police under any other than Democratic domination, such a murder as that alleged to have been committed by MANTON PENJOHNSON on BALDWIN GOOD had not been possible. PENJOHNSON, it shall be noticed, is a Southerner, while young GOOD was strongly Northern in sentiment; and it requires no straining of a point to trace in these known facts a sectional antagonism to which even a long war has not yielded full sanguinary satiation." The *World* said: "*Acerrima proximorum odia*; and, under the present infamous Radical abuse of empire, the hatred between brothers, first fostered by the eleutheromaniacs of Abolitionism, is bearing its bitter fruit of private assassination at last. Somewhere amongst our *loci communes* of to-day may be found a report of the supposed death, at Hampsteadville (*not* Bumperville, as a radical contemporary has it,) of a young Northerner named GOODWIN BLOOD, at the hands of a Southern gentleman belonging to the stately old Southern family of PENTORRENS. The PENTORRENS' are related, by old cavalier stock, to the Dukes of Mandeville, whose present ducal descendant combines the elegance of an Esterhazy with the intellect of an Argyle. That a scion of such blood as this has reduced a fellow-being to a condition of inanimate protoplasm, is to be regretted for his sake; but more for that of a country in which the philosophy of COMTE finds in a corrupt radical pantarchy all-sufficient first-cause of whatsoever is rotten in the State of Denmark." The Times said: "We give no details of the Burnstableville tragedy to-day, not being willing to pander to a vitiated public taste; but shall do so to-morrow."

After reading these articles in the Great Dailies with considerable distraction, and inferring therefrom, that at least three different young Southerners had killed three different young Northerners in three different places on Christmas-Eve, Judge SWEENEY had a rush of blood to the brain, and discharged MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON as a person of undistinguishable identity. But, when set at large, the helpless youth could not turn a corner without meeting some bald-headed reporter who raised the cry of "Stop thief!" if he sought to fly, and, if he paused, interviewed him in a magisterial manner, and almost tearfully implored him to Confess his crime in time for the Next Edition.

Father DEAN, Ritual Rector of St. Cow's, meeting Gospeler SIMPSON upon one of their daily strolls through the snow, said to him:

"This young man, your pupil, has sinned, it appears, and a Ritualistic church, Mr. Gospeler, is no sanctuary for sinners."

"I cannot believe that the sin is his, Holy Father," answered the Reverend OCTAVIUS, respectfully: "but, even if it is, and he is remorseful for it, should not our Church cover him with her wings?"



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“There are no wings to St. Cow’s yet,” returned the Father, coldly,—“only the main building; and that is too small to harbor any sinner who has not sufficient means to build a wing or two for himself.”

“Then,” said the Gospeler, bowing his head and speaking slowly, “I suppose he must go to the Other Church.”

“What Other church?”

The Gospeler raised his hat and spoke reverently:—

That which is all of God’s world outside this little church of ours. That in which the Altar is any humble spot pressed by the knees of the Unfortunate. That in which the priest is whoso doeth a good, unselfish deed, even if in the shadow of the scaffold. That in which the anthem of visible charity for an erring brother sinks into the listening soul an echo of an unseen Father’s pity and forgiveness, and the choral service is the music of kind words to all who ever found but unkind words before.”

“You must mean the Church of the Pooritans,” said the Ritual Rector.

So, MONTGOMERY PENDRAGON went forth from Gospeler’s Gulch to seek harbor where he might; and, a day or two afterwards, Mr. BUMSTEAD exhibited to Mr. SIMPSON the following entry in his famous Diary.

“No signs of that umbrella yet. Since the discovery of the watch and seal-ring, I am satisfied that my umbrella, only, was the temptation of the murderer. I now swear that I will no more discuss either my nephew or my umbrella with any living soul, until I have found once more the familiar boyish form and alpaca canopy, or brought vengeance upon him through whom I am nephewless and without protection in the rain.”

(To be Continued.)

* * * * *

CHINCAPIN AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: When Oratory, rising to its loftiest flights upon the wings of Buncombe, denounces with withering scorn the effete and tyrannical monarchies of Europe, and proclaims the glorious fact that this is a Free Country, Fellow Citizens! it hardly does us justice. We are not only free, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, we are Free and Easy, sir. Breathes there a man so tortuously afflicted with Strabismus that he doesn’t see it? If such there be let him go and visit the Oneida Community.

Last week I took a run down to Oneida myself. I found the Communists a very Social crowd, I can assure you. PROUDHON himself might be proud of such disciples, and



DESIDERANT find nothing there to be Desiderated. The Communists divide everything equally, particularly the Affections, so there are no Better Halves among them. In Utah, you are aware, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, the women are Sealed to the men, but among these people they are not even Wafered. Your Own IDA may be anybody else's in the Oneida Community. The only individuals that object to Dividing are the children, who are generally opposed to Division, both long and Short, as well as to Fractions.



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Infants don't go for much among the Free Lovers, and are Put Out—to Nurse. After the age of Fifteen months they are surrendered by their Ma's to the Charge of the Two Hundred (the number of men and women in the Community,) who become their common parents, and the infants become common property. The domestic arrangements are entrusted to two females, who are called the "Mothers of the Community." But whether these dual Mothers Do All the Nursing I am unable to say.

I had a little conversation with the Eminent and Aged Free Lover who acted as my guide, and I give it in the manner of the "interviewing reporter."

CHINC. Venerable Seer, tip us your views on the subject of Love.

AGED FREE-LOVER Do you then take an Interest in our Principles?

CHINC. (Dubiously.) Then you *have*—

A. F. L. Yes, of our own. They are not those of a prejudiced Wor-r-r-ld. Our principles are Embraced in the Communism of Love and Passional Attraction.

CHINC. (Confidently.) Ah, yes; of course—you are Free Lovers.

A. F. L. Sir-r-r?

CHINC. (Much abashed.) Excuse me. I am young, inexperienced, and but slightly acquainted with the Dictionary.

A. P. L. So I see. Know, young man, that we scorn and repudiate the name of Free Lovers as applied to us by the newspapers. It is true we believe that Love should be untrammelled by the Hateful Bonds of Marriage. With us a Lady may have an affinity for any number of gentlemen, and vice-versa. But we are not Free Lovers.

CHINC. Oh, no! Not by no means. Not any.

A. F. L. (Growing eloquent.) We have only advanced from the simple to the more complex form of matrimony. Why should not the faithfulness which constitutes the wretchedly exclusive dual Marriage of the Wor-r-r-ld exist as well between Two Hundred as between two? Why?

CHINC. Why, O why? But there may be reasons—

A.F.L. Young Man, reared in the hateful prejudices of an Unprogressive Wor-r-ld, there air none.

CHINC. This system, as you, Ancient Person, observe, is much complexed. Do I, then, understand you that a woman may have fifty affinities and yet be faithful to each?



A.F.L. Yes, my son, any number. This plurality of affinities you of course cannot appreciate. A prejudiced Wor-r-r-ld cannot understand the Bond of Union which connects all the Brothers and Sisters in a Spiritual Marriage. The results of the complex system are—

CHINC. (Interrupting.) I—I—fear the complexity of your system is one too many for me. I feel that my Brow cannot stand the pressure. I must away. Farewell, old man—Adieu!

Such, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, is briefly the Free and Easy Doctrine of Natural Affinity and Passional Attraction. I have no doubt there are some illiberal Persons who would give it a much harsher name. For myself, I believe in the Biggest kind of Liberty, but not for the Biggest kind of Libertines. Reverentially yours,



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CHINCAPIN.

* * * * *

[Illustration: LACONIC, BUT EXPRESSIVE.]

SCENE: NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE FIVE POINTS

First Ruffian. "WHERE TO NOW, SNOOTY?"

Second Ditto. "PICNIC."

First Ditto. "WOTTERYER GOT IN YER LUNCH WALLET?"

Second Ditto. "SLUNG SHOT.]"

* * * * *

REJUVENATED FRANCE.

PUNCHINELLO has perused a draft of the next Constitution of the French people, or of France, if that is better. Unwilling to give it to his readers in full, at present, he considers himself authorized, however, to cite a few paragraphs of it, which will be found both original and interesting.

FIFTY-SEVENTH CONSTITUTION OF FRANCE. (One a year, more or less.)

Paragraph 1. The French Nation is sovereign; the French people are sovereign; sovereigns are sovereign; every Frenchman is sovereign.

Paragraph 2. All men are equal, but Frenchmen are highly superior to all other men.

Paragraph 3. In order to secure peace, it is decreed and plebiscited that all governments shall have a chance. For the next ten years, or less, the Orleans Dynasty shall rule; after that a BONAPARTE for a few years; then a Republic, "democratic and social," as long as it can keep on its legs. After that a second Republic, for a twelvemonth at least. Then an old BOURBON, if one can be found. After this, a military dictatorship; the army to decide its duration. At each change the people will decide by plebiscit whether they want the respective governments to be: *personal, legal, or neither.*

Paragraph 4.—But here we must stop.

* * * * *



Titans.

The *Liberte* says: "A lot of crazy fellows tried to proclaim the republic at Toulouse." Now there are manifestly two errors in this statement. The fellows alluded to were not Toulouse, but too tight fellows. Moreover, if they really had been crazies, as the *Liberte* supposes, they would have been instantly arrested and sent to Paris, under guard, by the way of the Madder line, to await the action of the Prefect of the Sane.

* * * * *

Astronomical.

A NEW Milky Way has been discovered. It is the way the milk producers (farmers, not cows,) of Westchester County have of insisting upon raising their charges for milk from four cents to five cents a quart, wholesale. We fail to discern the milk of human kindness, here; but it is clear that the milk in the cocoa-nuts of these farmers is mighty sour.

* * * * *

WHAT SIGERSON SAYS.



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SIGERSON (Dr.) of the Royal Irish Academy, has gone and said some mighty unpleasant things about the Atmosphere. How he found them out, we can't say, (and we hope *he* can't:) but nevertheless, he declares, with the most dreadful calmness, that if you go to visit the Iron Works, you will inevitably breathe a great many hollow Balls of Iron, say about one two thousandth of an inch in diameter! What these rather diminutive ferruginous globules will do for you, we do not know; but you can see for yourself, that with your lungs full of little iron balls you must certainly be in a "parlous" state. We should say that we had quite as lief have the air full of those iron spheres, termed Cannon Balls, as it is now in France. It is true, one couldn't get many of *these* inside one with impunity; and equally true, that foundry men do manage to live, with all that iron in their lungs; but we can't say we desire to "build up an Iron Constitution," as the P-r-n S-r-p folks say, by the inhaling process.

But SIGERSON is not content to render the neighborhood of Iron Works questionable to the delicate and apprehensive; in "shirt-factory air" he declares, upon honor, "there are little filaments of linen and cotton, with minute eggs" (goodness gracious!) "Threshing machines," he more than insinuates, "fill the air with fibres, starch-grains and spores," (spores! think of that;) and (what is truly ha(i)rrowing,) in "stables and barber's shops" you cannot but breathe "scales and hairs." Good Heavens!

What he says of printers and smokers is simply horrible; in short, this dreadful SIGERSON has gone and made life a wretched and lingering (to quote the sensitive Mrs. GAMP,) "progiss through this mortal wale."

* * * * *

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacation.

When we visit ordinary places of summer resort, we require no particular outfit, (it being remembered that the "we" alluded to comprehends only males,) excepting a suitable supply of summer clothes. But when we go to the Adirondacks,—certainly a most extraordinary place of summer resort,—we require an outfit which is as remarkable as the region itself. Thoroughly understanding this necessity, Mr. PUNCHINELLO made himself entirely ready for a life in the woods before he set out for the Adirondack Mountains. Witness the completeness of his preparations.

The railroad to the heart of this delightful resort is not yet finished, and when Mr. P. had completed his long journey, in which the excellence and abominability,—so to speak,—of every American form of conveyance was exhibited, he was glad enough to see before him those charming wilds which are gradually being tamed down by the well-to-do citizens of New York and Boston. He found that it was necessary, in order to enter the district, to pass through a gate in a high pale-fence, and, to his surprise, he was

informed that he must buy a ticket before being allowed to proceed. On inquiry, he discovered that the Reverend Mr. MURRAY, of Boston, claiming the whole Adirondack region by right of discovery, had fenced it entirely in, and demanded entrance money of all visitors.

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This was bad, to be sure, but there was no help for it, and Mr. P. bought his ticket and passed in.

The Adirondack scenery is peculiar. In the first place, there are no pavements or gravel walks.

This is a grievous evil, and should be remedied by Mr. MURRAY as soon as possible. The majority of the paths are laid out in the following manner.

The scenery, however, would be very fine if the bugs were transparent.

The multitudes of insectivorous carnivora, which arose to greet Mr. P., effectually prevented him from seeing anything more than a yard distant.

But if this had been all, Mr. P. would not have uttered a word of complaint. It was not all, by any means.

These hungry creatures, these black-flies; midges; mosquitoes; yellow bloodsuckers; poison-bills; corkscrew-stingers; hook-tailed hornets; and all the rest of them settled down upon him until they covered him like a suit of clothes. A warmer welcome was never extended to a traveller in a strange land.

In case his readers should not be familiar with the animal, the accompanying drawing will give an admirable idea of the celebrated black-fly of the Adirondacks, which, with the grizzly bear and the rattlesnake, occupies the front rank among American ferocious animals.

After travelling on foot for a day and a night; drenched by rain; scorched by the sun; crippled by rocks and roots; frightened by rattle-snakes and panthers; blistered and swollen by poisonous insects; nearly starved; tired to death; and presenting the most pitiable appearance in the world, Mr. P. reached the encampment of Mr. MURRAY, proprietor and exhibitor of the Adirondacks.

Knowing that there was quite a large company in the camp, Mr. P. was almost ashamed to show himself in such a doleful plight, but he soon found that there was no need for any scruples on that account, as they were all as wretched looking as himself.

Mr. MURRAY welcomed him cordially, and after building a "smudge" around him to keep off the flies, he gave Mr. P. some Boston brown-bread and a glass of pure water from a rill.

This, with a sip from Mr. P.'s little flask, revived him considerably, and after a night's rest on the lee side of a tree, where the rain did not wet him nearly so much as if he had been on the other side, Mr. P. felt himself equal to the task of enjoying the Adirondacks.



That morning, Mr. MURRAY conducted a melancholy party of disconsolate pleasure-seekers to a neighboring stream, where he instructed them to fish for trout.. He told them they must revel in the delights of the scene, and should tremble with the wild rapture of drawing from the rushing waters the bounding trout.



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Mr. P. tried very hard to do this. He put his prettiest fly and his sharpest hook on his longest line, and, for hours, gently whipped the ripples. At last a speckled representative of the American National Game-fish took compassion on the patient fisherman and entered into a contest of skill with him. (A friendly match, and no bets on either side.) The game lasted some time. The fish made some splendid “fly-catches;” and Mr. P., slipping on a wet stone at the edge of the brook, got in once on his base. On this occasion, the line and a black-berry bush arranged a decided “foul” between them. At last, just at the most interesting point of the game, the sudden sting of a steel-bee caused Mr. P. to give a quick bawl, when the fish took a home-run and came back no more. Time of game, 3h., 50m.

Mr. P. 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1.
Trout 6 9 8 7 9 9 9 9—75.

That afternoon Mr. MURRAY took the party to Crystal Brook, Shanty Brook, Mainspring Brook, Tenement Brook, and more little mountain gutters of the kind than you could count on your fingers and toes. As an aristocratic residence, this region is certainly superior to New York, for the Murray Hills are as plenty as blackberries. The next day they all went up Mount Marcy. When the ascent was completed, everybody lay down and went to sleep. They were too tired to bother themselves about the view. At length, after a good nap, Mr. MURRAY got up and wakened the party, and they all came down.

They came by the way of the “grand slide,” but Mr. P. didn’t like it. His tailor, however, will no doubt think very highly of it.

When all was quiet, that evening, on Dangle-worm Creek, near which they were encamped, Mr. P. found the Reverend MURRAY sitting in the smoke of his private smudge, enjoying his fragrant pipe. Seating himself by the veteran pioneer, Mr. P. addressed him thus:

“Tell me, Mr. MURRAY, in confidence, your opinion of the Adirondacks.”

“Sir,” said Mr. MURRAY, “I have no objection to give a person of your respectability and knowledge of the world my opinion of this region, but I do not wish it made public.”

“Of course, sir!” said Mr. P. “A man of your station and antecedents would not wish his private opinions to be made too public. You may rely upon my discretion.”

“Well, then,” said the reverend mountaineer, “I think the Adirondacks an unmitigated humbug, and I wish I had never let the world know that there was such a place.”

“Why then do you come here every season, sir?”

“After all I have written and said about it,” said Mr. MURRAY, “I have to come to keep up appearances. Don’t you see? But I hate these mountains from the bottom of my heart.



For every word I have written in praise of the region I have a black-fly-bite on my legs. For every word I have said in favor of it I have a scratch or a bruise in some other part of my corpus. I wish that there was no such a season as summer-time, or else no such a place as the Adirondacks.”



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(Readers of this paper are requested to skip the above, as those are Mr. MURRAY'S private opinions, and not the statements he makes in public, and his desire to keep them dark should be respected.)

It may be of interest to his patrons to know that Mr. P. arrived home safely and with whole bones.

* * * * *

RAMBLINGS.

BY MOSE SKINNER.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: The editor of the *Slunkville Lyre* says in his last issue:—

“Notwithstanding the calumnies of Mr. SKINNER, our reputation is still good, and we continue to pay our debts promptly.”

This is the fifth hoax he has perpetrated within two weeks. His line of business at present seems to be the *canard* line.

I'll trust him out of sight if I can keep one eye on him. Not otherwise.

For a light recreation, combining a little business, I recommend his funeral.

It is pleasant to reflect that men of his stamp are never born again. They are born once too much as it is.

He went to the Agricultural Fair last Fall. There was a big potato there. After gazing spell-bound upon it for one hour, he rushed home and set the following in type:

“What is the difference between the Rev. ADAM CLARK, and the big potato at the fair? One is a Commentator, and the other is an *Uncommon* 'tater.”

This conundrum was so exquisitely horrible, that his friends hoped he'd have judgment enough to hang himself, but such things die hard.

Colonel W-----'s Goat. Colonel W-----, is a great man in these parts Like most village nabobs, he's a corpulent gentleman with a great show of dignity, and in a white vest and gold-headed cane, looks eminently respectable. He owns a hot-house, keeps a big dog that is very savage, and his wife wears a silk dress at least three times a week,—either of which will establish a man's reputation in a country town.



Everything belonging to the Colonel is held in the utmost awe by the villagers. The paper speaks of him as “our esteemed and talented townsman, Col. W.,” and alludes to his “beautiful and accomplished wife,” who, by the way, was formerly waiter in an oyster saloon, and won the Colonel’s affection by the artless manner in which she would shout: “Two stews, plenty o’ butter.”

Like others of his stamp, the Colonel amounts to something just where he is, but take him anywhere else, he’d be a first-class, eighteen carat fraud.

Awhile ago, the Colonel bought a goat for his little boy to drive in harness, and the animal often grazed at the foot of a cliff, near the house. One day, a man wandering over this cliff fell and was instantly killed, evidently having come in contact with the goat, for the animal’s neck was broken.

But what amused me was the way the aforesaid editor spoke of the affair. He wrote half a column on the “sad death of Col. W’s. goat,” but not a word of the unfortunate dead man, till he wound up as follows:



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“We omitted to state that a dead man was picked up near the unfortunate goat. It is supposed that this person, in wandering over the cliff, lost his foothold and fell, striking the doomed animal in his progress. Thus, through the carelessness of this obscure individual, was Col. W’s. poor little goat hurled into eternity.”

The Superintendent asked me last Sunday to take charge of a class. “You’ll find ’em rather a bad lot” said he. “They all went fishing last Sunday but little JOHNNY RAND. *He* is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you’d talk to ’em a little.”

I told him I would.

They were rather a hard looking set. I don’t think I ever witnessed a more elegant assortment of black eyes in my life. Little JOHNNY RAND, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly. As soon as the lessons were over, I said:

“Boys, your Superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday. All but little JOHNNY, here.”

“You didn’t go, did you, JOHNNY?” I said.

“No, sir.”

“That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you,” I continued, “you will now learn from his lips words of good counsel, which I hope you will profit by.”

I lifted him up on the seat beside me, and smoothed his auburn ringlets.

“Now, JOHNNY, I want you to tell your teacher, and these wicked boys, why you didn’t go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was very wicked, and you had rather come to the Sunday School. Wasn’t it?”

“No, sir, it was ’cos I couldn’t find no worms for bait.”

Somehow or other these good boys always turn out humbugs.

It is hardly good taste to introduce anything of a pathetic nature in an article intended to be humorous, but the following displays such infinite depth of tenderness, fortified by strength of mind, that I cannot forbear. Although it occurred when I was quite young, it is firmly impressed on my memory:

The autumn winds sighed drearily through the leafless trees, as the solemn procession passed slowly into the quiet church-yard, and paused before the open grave, where all that was mortal of LUCY C----- was to be laid away forever, and when the white-haired



old pastor, with trembling voice, recounted her last moments, sobs broke out afresh, for she was beloved by all.

The bereaved husband stood a little apart, and, though no tear escaped him, yet we all instinctively felt that his heart was wrung with agony, and his burden greater than he could bear. With folded arms, and eyes bent upon the coffin, he seemed buried in a deep and painful reverie. None dared intrude upon a grief so sacred. At last, turning to his brother, and pointing to the coffin, he said:

“JOHN, don’t you call that rather a neat looking box for four dollars?”

* * * * *



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Financial.

Our French editor thinks that the Imperial revenues ought to be doubled at once, on the ground of the too evident Income-pittance of the Emperor.

* * * * *

[Illustration: AN EXCURSION.

Fanny. "ISN'T IT TOO BAD, FRANK; WE SHALL GET BACK TO TOWN LONG BEFORE DARK."

(Fact is, Fanny has a thick shawl, and it would be so nice to share it with Frank.)]

* * * * *

OUR PORTFOLIO.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I see you have been at the White Sulphur Springs; but you forgot to tell us what we were all dying to hear about the waters. Several friends had suggested that I should go to some watering place where I could get nothing else but water to drink, or to some spring where I couldn't get "sprung." I tried the White Sulphur, and while there learned some facts that may be useful to others who seek them for a similar purpose.

These springs differ from the European springs in that they were not discovered by the Romans. The Latin conquerors never roamed so far, and it was perhaps a good thing for them that they didn't, Sulphur water could not have agreed with Romans any more than it agrees with Yankees who take whiskey with it. I was asked if I would like to analyse the water, (as everything here is done by analysis under the eye of the resident physician.) *My analysis was done entirely under the nose.*

I raised a glass of the enchanted fluid to my lips: but my nose said very positively, "Don't do it," and I didn't. I told my conductor I had analyzed it, and he seemed not a little astonished at the rapidity and simplicity of the method. He asked me if I would be kind enough to write out a statement of the result after the manner of Dr. HAYES, Prof. ROGERS, and others who have examined these waters and testified that they would cure everything but hydrophobia. I told him I would, and retiring to my room, wrote as follows:

"Sulphur water contains mineral properties of a sulphuric character, owing to the fact that the water runs over beds of sulphur. Nobody has ever seen these beds, but they are supposed to constitute the cooler portions of those dominions corresponding to the Christian location of Purgatory. Sinners, preliminary to being plunged into the fiery furnace, are laid out on these beds and wrapped in damp sheets by chambermaids



regularly attached to the establishment. This is meant to increase the torture of their subsequent sufferings, and there can be no doubt that it succeeds. Herein we have also an explanation of the reason of these waters coming to the surface of the earth—it is to give patients and other *miserables* who drink them a foretaste of future horrors. Passing from this branch of the subject to the analysis proper, I find that fifty thousand grains of sulphur water divided, into one hundred parts, contains,



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Bilge water, — — — — — — — — — —	95.75
Sulphate of Bilgerius, — — — — —	1.855
Chloride of Bilgeria, — — — — — — —	.285
Carbonate de Bilgique, — — — — — — —	.750
Silica Bilgica, — — — — — — — — — —	1.955
Hydro-sulp-Bil, — — — — — — — — — —	.28

Twenty thousand grains of the water would contain less of the above element than fifty thousand grains, which ought to be mentioned as another one of the remarkable peculiarities of this most remarkable fluid.”

I sent the foregoing scientific deductions to the “Resident Physician,” and the bearer told me afterwards that the venerable Esculapian only observed,—“Well, the writer of that must have been a most egregious ass. There is no such thing as ‘Sulphate of Bilgerius,’ or ‘Silica Bilgica,’ or anything like them”, and then the old fellow chuckled to himself over my supposed ignorance. I was willing he should. I’m accustomed to being called an ass, and always like to be recognized by my kindred. Chemically thine,

SULPHURO.

* * * * *

COOL, IF NOT COMFORTABLE.

Apropos of complications arising out of the late Navy Appropriation Law, a daily paper states as follows:

“The decision of the Attorney General now forces him to turn the balance into the Treasury, and the sailors have to go unclothed.”

How this decision will affect recruiting for our navy yet remains to be seen, though it is probable that but few civilized men can be found to join a service in which nudity is obligatory. In such torrid weather as we are having, JACK ashore with nothing on, except, perhaps, a Panama hat, will be a novel and refreshing object—but how about the police?

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[Illustration: LAW VERSUS LAWLESSNESS. THE VIRTUOUS ALLIES OF THE NEW YORK “SUN” ENGAGED IN THEIR CONGENIAL OCCUPATION OF THROWING DIRT.]

* * * * *

HIRAM GREEN ON BASE BALL.



A Match Game between Centenarians.—“Roomatix” vs. “Bloostockin’s.”

The veterans of the war of 1812 of this place, organized a base ball club.

It was called the “Roomatix base ball club.”

A challenge was sent to the “Bloo stockin’ base ball club,” an old man’s club in an adjoinin’ town. They met last week to play a match game.

It required rather more macheenery than is usually allowed in this grate nashunal game of chance.

For instance: The pitchers hadn’t very good eye-site, and were just as liable to pitch a ball to “2nd base,” as to “Home base.”

To make a sure thing of it, a big long tin tube was made, on the principle of the Noomatic tunnel under Broadway, New York. A large thing, like a molasses funnel, was made, onto the end facin’ the pitcher.

The old man ceased the ball and pitched it into the brod openin’. The raceway was slantin’ downwards, towards the “*Homebase*.” The batter stood at his post, with an ear trumpet at his ear, and a wash-bord in his two hands holdin’ onto the handles.



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When he heard the ball come rollin' down the tin, he would "muff" it with his wash-bord. Then the excitement would begin. The "striker" would start off and go feelin' about the "field" for the base, while the "outs" got down onto their bands and knees and went huntin' for the ball.

Sometimes a "fielder," whose sense of feelin' wasn't very acute, got hold of a cobble stun, then he would waddle, and grope his way about, to find the base. But I tell you it was soothin' fun for the old men.

After lookin' 20 minuts for a ball, then findin' the base before the batter did, who just as like as not had strayed out into another lot, it made the old fellers laff.

Sometimes two players would run into each other and go tumblin' over together. Then the "Umpire" would go and get them onto their pins agin, and give 'em a fresh start.

On each side of this interestin' match game, was two old men who went on crutches.

It was agreed, as these men couldn't run the bases, that a man be blindfolded and wheel these aged cripples about the bases in a wheel-barrer.

The minnit these old chaps would "strike," they dropped their crutches, and the umpire would dump them into the *vehicle*, and away went mister striker.

A player was bein' wheeled this way once, and the "outs" was down onto their marrow-bones tryin' to find the ball, when a splash! was heard. The wheel-barrer man had run his cart into a goose pond, and made a scatterin' among the geese.

"Fowl!" cride the Umpire.

The wheel-barrer man drew his lode ashore.

"Out!" hollers the Umpire.

And another victim went to the wash-bord.

Bets were offered 2 to one, that "The Roomatix" would *pass* more balls—on their hands and knees—than the "Bloostockin's." These bets were freely taken—by obligin' stake-holders.

A friend of the "Bloostockin's" jumped upon a pile of stuns and said:

"15 to 10 'the Roomatix' have got more *blinds* than the 'Bloostockin's.'"

No takers—I guess he would have won his bet, for just at this juncture a "Roomatix" was at the bat.



The Umpire moved his head.

The old man thought it was the ball, and he “muffed” the “Umpire’s” head with his wash-board.

The Umpire turned suddenly and wanted to know: “Who was firin’ spit balls at his back hair?”

One “innins,” the ball was rolled through, it struck the batter in the rite eye.

“Out on rite eye,” cride the Umpire, and the batter was minus an eye.

Next man to the bat.

His eyes were gummy. He couldn’t see the ball.

He heard the ball rollin’.

He raised his wash-board.

His strength gave way.

Down came the bat, and the handle of the wash-board entered his eye.

“Out! on the left eye,” screams the Umpire.

Old man No. 3 went to the wash-board.



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The ball came tearin' along.

It was a little too swift for the old man.—Rather too much “English” into it. It “Kissed” and made a “scratch,” strikin’ the “Cushion” between the old man’s eyes.

This gave him the “cue.” Tryin’ to make a “draw” with the wash bord, so as to “Uker” the ball, and “checkmate” the other club, he was “distansed,” and his spectacles went flyin’, smashin’ the glass and shuttin’ off his eyesite.

“Out! agin,” bellers the Umpire.

This was the first *Blind* innin’s for the “Roomatix.”

The “Bloostockin’s” bein’ told how this innin’s stood, by addressin’ them through their ear-trumpets, made a faint effort to holler “Whooray!”

And, I am grieved to say it, one by-stander, who didn’t understand the grate nashunal game, wanted to know:

“What in thunder them old dry bones was cryin’ about”

It was a crooel remark, altho’ the old men, not bein’ used to hollerin’ much, and not havin’ any teeth, did make rather queer work tryin’ to holler.

Ime sorry to say, the game wasen’t finished.

Refreshments were served at the end of this innin’s, consistin’ of Slippery Elm tea and water gruel.

The old men eat harty.

This made them sleepy, and the consequence was, that the minnit they was led out on the grass, “Sleep, barmy sleep,” got the best of ’em, and they laid down and slept like infants.

Both nines were then loaded onto stone botes and drawn off of the field.

The friends of both sides *drew* their stake money, and the Umpire, *drawin’* a long breath, declared the match a *draw* game.

Basely Ewers, HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

* * * * *



Bad Eggs.

The following suggestive item appears in an evening paper:

“Illinois boasts of chickens hatched by the sun.”

Well, New York can beat Illinois at that game. The chickens hatched by the *Sun*, here, are far too numerous for counting, and they are curses of the kind that will assuredly “come home to roost.”

* * * * *

Disagreeable, but True.

The restoration of the Bourbon dynasty is reckoned possible in France.

In this country the Bourbon die-nasty has never been played out. It is a malignant disease, sometimes known as *delirium tremens*.

* * * * *

Musical.

Mlle. Silly, the daily papers inform us, has been engaged for the Grand Opera House in *opera bouffe*, and will make her *debut* about the middle of September. The lady should not be confounded with any of our New York “girls of the period” who bear, (or ought to bear,) her name.

* * * * *

Caution to Readers.

Seven steady business men of this city, four solid capitalists of Boston, eighteen Frenchmen residents of the United States, but doing business nowhere, and a German butcher in the Bowery, have just been added to sundry lunatic asylums, their intellects having become hopelessly deranged from reading the conflicting telegrams about the war in Europe.



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* * * * *

A Parallel.

In one of the reports of the Coroner's investigation of the Twenty-third street murder, it was mentioned that "Several ladies and some young children occupied chairs within the railing."

When REAL was hanged, it was noticeable that a great number of women appeared in the morbid crowd that surrounded the Tombs, many of them with small children in their arms.

Fifth Avenue and Five Points! Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other! Blood *will* tell!

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE HAZARD OF THE HORSE-CARS.

THIS IS STUBBS, (*an incorrigible old bachelor,*) WHO TAKES AN OPEN CAB, FOR GREENWOOD, AND IS COMPELLED TO DO THE WHOLE DISTANCE SO.

Illustration: AND THIS IS THE WAY IN WHICH DOBBS, WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN DELIGHTED WITH STUBB'S LUCK, IS MADE TO SUFFER MARTYRDOM ON *his* LITTLE EXCURSION]

* * * * *

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO V.

"Let's go to bed," says Sleepy Head,
"Tarry awhile," says Slow;
"Put on the pot," says Greedy Gut,
"We'll sup before we go."

These lines the observant student of nursery literature will perceive are satirical. Was there ever a poet who was not satirical? How could he be a genius and not be able to point out the folly he sees around him and comment upon it. In this case, the poor poet, —who lived in a roseate cloud-land of his own, not desiring such mundane things as sleep and food, was undoubtedly troubled and plagued to death by having brothers and sisters who were of the earth, earthy; and who never neglected on opportunity to laugh at his poems; to squirt water on him when in the heavenly mood, his eyes in frenzy rolling; to put spiders down his back; to stick pins in his elbows when writing; or upset his inkstand.



Fine natures always have a deal to bear, in this world, from the coarse, unfeeling natures that cannot appreciate their delicacy; and this one had more than his share.

Many a time has he been goaded to frenzy by the cruel sneers and jokes of those who should have been proud of his talents; and rushed with wild-eyed eagerness down to the gentle frog pond, intending there to bury his sorrows beneath its glassy surface. He saw in imagination the grief-stricken faces of those cruel ones as they gazed upon his cold corpus, with his damp locks clinging to his noble brow, the green slimy weeds clasped in his pale hands, and the mud oozing from his pockets and the legs of his pants; and he gloried in the remorse and anguish they would feel when they knew that the Poet of the family was gone forever.

All this he pictured as he stood on the bank, and, while thinking, the desire to plunge in grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less, till at last it vanished entirely, and he concluded he had better go home, finish his book first and drown himself afterwards, if necessary. It would make much more stir in the world, and his name and works might live forever.

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A happy thought strikes him as he slowly meanders homeward. He would have revenge. He would punish these wretches by handing down—to posterity their peculiarities. He would put it in verse and have it printed in his book, and then they'd see that even the gentle worm could turn and sting.

Ah! blessed thought. He flies to his garret bedroom, seizes his goose-quill and paper, and sits down. What shall he write about? He nibbles the feather end of his pen, plunges the point into the ink, looks at it intently to see if he has hooked up an idea, sees none, and falls to nibbling again. Ah! now he has it. There is TOM, the dunderhead, who is always sleepy and he will put that down about him. Squaring his shoulders, he writes:

“Let's go to bed,” says Sleepy Head.

Gleefully he rubs his hands. Won't that cut TOM. Ah! Ha! I guess TOM won't say much more about staring at the moon. Now for DICK, the old stupid. What shall he say about him? The end of the pen diminishes slowly but surely, and then he writes:

“Tarry awhile,” says Slow.

That will answer for DICK. Now let him give HARRY something scorching, withering, and cutting—so that he'll never open his mouth again unless it is to put something in it. Oh, that is it, he is always hungry—rub him on that. He thinks intently. Determination shows in every line of his face; the pen is almost gone only an inch remains, and then the Poet masters his subject. He has got the last two lines.

“Put on the pot,” says Greedy Gut,
“We'll sup before we go.”

He throws down the stump of the pen and bounces up. His object in life is accomplished; he is master of the situation, now, and holds the trump card. See the quiet smile' and knowing look as he folds the paper up, and thrusts it into his pocket. He is going down-stairs to read it to the family. Now is the time for sweet revenge and for the overthrow of those Philistines, his brothers. He descends slowly, like an avenging angel, enters the room, and—gentle reader, imagine the rest.

* * * * *

Masculine or Feminine?

It now seems that the new and terrible fagot-gun used in the French army is to be spoken of in the feminine gender—*mitrailleuse* instead of *mitrailleur*, as hitherto spelt by correspondents. That a virago is sometimes termed a “spit-fire” we all know, but that is hardly reason enough to excuse the French for such a lapse of gallantry as calling a thunderous and fatal implement of war by a soft feminine name. Let them stick to



mitrailleur. Yet we would not rashly throw the other word away. *Mitrailleuse* would be a capital acquisition to the English language, and very handy for any man having a vixen of a wife, with no nice pet name convenient with which to conciliate her.

* * * * *

A Ridiculous Rub-a-dub.

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A quiet gentleman who occupies lodgings immediately opposite one of the city armories, writes to us asking whether the drum corps that practice there two or three evenings in the week should not be supplied with noiseless drums, as PUNCHINELLO has suggested regarding the street organs. PUNCHINELLO thinks the suggestion a good one. He would like to see the beating of drums after night-fall abolished altogether. In fact, it is the only kind of Dead Beat to which he would lend his countenance.

* * * * *

A Clear Case.

Some wiseacre has been trying to demonstrate, through the public press, that POE did not write "The Raven."

The man must be a Raven lunatic.

* * * * *

THE BALLAD OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY, AGED TEN, AND HIS BAD BROTHER.

An obituary notice of a boy, 10 years old, in *The Wilmington Commercial*, contains the following statement: "In his dying moments he charged his brother WILLIAM not to dance, or sing any more songs. Funeral services preached by the Rev WM. R. TUBB."

This pious Boy lay on his bed,
A dying very fast;
'Most every word this good Boy said,
They thought 'twould be his last.

The Reverend Mr. TUBB was there,
A praying very slow;
It was a solemn, sad affair;
Twas plain the Boy must go.

His brother WILLIAM:, he come o'er,
To which this good Boy cried,
"Oh, BILL, don't sing nor dance no more!"
And following which he died.

Now WILLIAM, he had learnt a song
That pleased him very much:
He didn't know that it was wrong
To carol any such.



He said he couldn't leave it go,
Not if he was to die;
And that same song, as all should know,
Was called by him, "Shoo Fly."

He was informed by Mr. TUBBS
That he would fall down dead,
Or else get killed by stones or clubs,
With that thing in his head.

But, such is life! Poor WILLIAM went
And sung his Shoo Fly o'er:
Not knowing that he would be sent
Where Shoo Flies are no more,

He was a singing, one wet day,
And likewise dancing too,
When lightning took his sole away—
Let this warn me and you!

* * * * *

HINTS FOR THE CENSUS.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I have always been in favor of the Census, the system is questionable, perhaps, though that depends on how you like it. I have found that it answers very well where the parties are highly intelligent-like myself, for example.

I drew up the following proclamation to read to the U.S. official in my district:

Q. What is your name? A SARFIELD YOUNG. What is yours?



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Q. What is your age? A. A., being asked how old he was, replied: If I live as long again, and half as long again, and two years and a half,—how old shall I be?

Q. Where is your residence? A. I live at home with the family, have often thought that, amid pleasures and palaces, there is no place like home, unless it be a boarding house with hot and cold water.

Q. What is your occupation? A. Taxpayer. This takes my whole time

Q. Where were you born? A. Having made no minute of it at the time, it has passed out of my memory.

Q. What kind of a house do you live in? A. A mortgaged house, painted flesh color, a front exposure, brick windows and a brass lightning rod. A good deal of back yard, (and back rent,) to it.

Q. At what age did your grandfather die? A. If he died last night, (I saw him yesterday at a horse race,) he was turning ninety-eight, perhaps he got tipped over in the turn.

Q. Do you hold any official position: if so, what? A. Inspector of fish,—every Friday.

Q. Are you insured? A. I am agent for half a dozen companies. So are all my neighbors. My life is insured against fire for several thousands.

Q. Are you troubled with chilblains? A. Quitely. I soak my feet in oil of vitriol.

Q. Were you in the war? A. I have the scar on my arm which I got in the service. I was vaccinated severely, while clerk to a substitute broker at Troy, N. Y.

Q. Are you a graduate of any College. A. Yes, of one. I forget which one. I only remember that I was one of the most remarkable men they ever turned out.

Q. Have you suffered from the potato rot? A, Not myself. My uncle had it bad. He found that whiskey and warm water was a very good thing. I've made an independent discovery of the same fact, also.

Q. Are you in favor of Free Trade or Protection? A. I can only say that, if elected, gentlemen, I shall endeavor to do my whole duty. I am.

Q. What do you think of deep plowing? A. In a scanty population, I should say it has a bad effect. I can recommend it, however, in a sandy soil, where school privileges are first-class.

Q. Does anything else occur to you which it is important for the Government to know?
A. Yes: a hay fever occurs to me regularly once a year. I have no policy to enforce



against the will of the people: Still I would call the attention of the medicine-loving public to my friend Dr. EZRA CUTLER'S "Noon-day Bitters." For ringing in the ears, loss of memory, bankruptcy, teething, and general debility, they are without a rival. No family should live more than five minutes walk from a bottle. They gild the morning of youth, cherish manhood, and comfort old age, with the name blown on the bottle in plain letters. Beware of impositions—at all respectable druggists.



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** I believe in taking things easy, and I shall cheerfully assist the Administration, when it calls at my door on Census business.

SARFIELD YOUNG.

* * * * *

Facilis Descensus

The daily papers frequently have articles respecting the "Hell Gate Obstructions." We do not, however, remember having seen that subject handled in the *Sun*. Perhaps it is that DANA and DYER, conscious of their deserts, do not anticipate any obstructions in that quarter.

* * * * *

[Illustration: ARISTOCRACY IN THE KITCHEN.

Lady, (responsively.) "THAT FASHIONABLY DRESSED WOMAN WHO HAS JUST PASSED, DEAR? OH, THAT'S MY COOK, TAKING HER SUNDAY WITH THE GROCER'S YOUNG MAN. SHE NEVER ACKNOWLEDGES ME ON SUCH OCCASIONS.]"

* * * * *

WHAT SHALL WE CALL IT?

Having made up my mind to become a novelist, I naturally studied the productions of my predecessors, and found out, I assure you, in a very brief period of time, the little tricks of the trade. As I do not wish to have the business flooded with neophytes, I refrain from informing your readers how every man can become his own novel writer. One very curious thing, however, which I discovered, I will here relate.

I was very much puzzled by the curious titles which novelists selected for their books, and very much annoyed by my inability to discover where they picked them up. I persevered, however, and discovered that they found them in the daily papers. In fact, I shrewdly suspect that I have discovered, in these veracious sheets, the very incidents which suggested the names of a number of volumes. Let me place before you the extracts, which I have culled from the papers.

"Put Yourself in his Place."—READE.

"Yesterday morning an unknown man was found hanging from the limbs of a tree in JONES' Wood. He was quite dead when discovered."



"Red as a Rose is She."

"Bridget Flynn was arrested for vagrancy. When brought before the Court she was quite drunk. She had evidently been a hard drinker for years, as her face was of a brilliant carmine color."

"Man and Wife." COLLINS.

"Married.—At Salt Lake City, on the 1st day of August, 1870, BRIGHAM YOUNG, Esq., to Miss LETITIA BLACK, Mrs. SUSAN BROWN and Miss JENNIE SMITH."

"What will he do with it?" BULWER.

"It is stated by the police authorities, that the description of Mr. NATHAN'S watch has been spread so widely, that the robber will be unable to dispose of it to any jeweler or pawnbroker."

"Our Mutual Friend"—DICKENS.

"England is supplying both France and Prussia with horses."

"John."—Mrs. OLIPHANT.

"Mr. SAMPSON has sent to California for another cargo of Chinese shoemakers."



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"Friends in Council."—HELPS.

"Mr. Drew and Mr. Fisk were closeted together for more than an hour yesterday."

"A Tale of Two Cities."—DICKENS.

"The census will show that our city has a population of at least 500,000."—*Chicago paper.*

"St Louis has undoubtedly a population of 400,000."—*St. Louis paper.*

"Chicago, 300,000; St. Louis, 190,000."—*Census returns.*

"Stern Necessity."—F.W. ROBINSON.

"It is stated that a well-known yacht failed to win the prize in the late race, because her rudder slipped out of her fastenings and was lost."

* * * * *

ITEMS FROM OUR RURAL REPORTERS.

A German farmer, living not one hundred miles from Cincinnati, is raising trichinated pork for the supply of the French army.

The artist who drew the Newfoundland dog (out of the water,) at Newport, R.I., has received a medal from the Royal Humane Society of England, on condition that he will not Meddle with dogs any more.

Near Ashland, in Virginia, a spring has been discovered that runs chicken soup. So great was the commotion in culinary arrangements, when the discovery was made public, that "the dish ran after the spoon."

The curious crustacean known as the "fiddler crab" is unusually numerous in the marshes of Long Island, this summer. It differs from impecunious persons inasmuch as it is a burrowing, not a borrowing, creature. It differs from ordinary fiddlers by two letters, in that it bores the earth, but not the ear.

It is an established fact that persona who sleep on mattresses stuffed with pigeon's feathers never die. Near Salem, Mass., there is now a woman nearly two hundred years old, who has been bed-ridden and confined to a pigeon-feather bed for one hundred and fifty years. One of her descendants a shrewd man-has discovered that the pigeon feathers are growing musty, and proposes to replace them with the plumage of geese.



There is a wild man at large in the woods of Sullivan County, N.Y. He was once a fast man of New York City, and is so fast, still, that nobody can catch him.

A gentleman residing in the vicinity of Glen Cove had a Newfoundland dog that was very expert at catching lobsters. The faithful animal has been missing for some time, but a clue to its fate was yesterday obtained by its owner, who found the brass collar of the dog inside a large lobster with which he was about to construct a salad.

An English nobleman has taken up his residence in the centre of the Dismal Swamp, Va. Blighted affections are supposed to be the cause of his trouble, as he always wears at the top buttonhole of his coat a *chignon* made of red hair.

* * * * *

“That’s what’s the Matter.”

Among the lectures announced for the coming season is Mrs. CECILIA BURLEIGH'S “Woman’s right to be a Woman.” We quite agree with Mrs. BURLEIGH'S remark. Woman *is* right to be a woman, but the matter just now is that woman wants to be a man.



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Couplet from a Shaker Song.

O! Mr. President, you'll have to keep on pegging
At this English Mission, which seems to go a-begging.
Hi! yi! yi! *etc.*

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[Illustration: CROCODILE TEARS.]



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