

Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 25, September 17, 1870 eBook

Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 25, September 17, 1870

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Vol. I No. 25

PUNCHINELLO

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

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An adaptation.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR

CHAPTER XVIII

A subtle stranger.



The latest transient guest at the Roach House—a hotel kept on the entomological plan in Bumsteadville—was a gentleman of such lurid aspect as made every beholder burn to know whom he could possibly be. His enormous head of curled red hair not only presented a central parting on top and a very much one-sided parting and puffing-out behind, but actually covered both his ears; while his ruddy semi-circle of beard curled inward, instead of out, and greatly surprised, if it did not positively alarm, the looker-on, by appearing to remain perfectly motionless, no matter how actively the stranger moved his jaws. This ball of improbable inflammatory hair and totally independent face rested in a basin of shirt collar; which, in its turn, was supported by a rusty black necktie and a very loose suit of gritty alpaca; so that, taking the gentleman for all in all, such an incredible human being had rarely been seen outside of literary circles.



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“Landlord,” said the stranger to the brown linen host of the Roach House, who was intently gazing at him with the appreciative expression of one who beholds a comic ghost,—“landlord, after you have finished looking at my head and involuntarily opening your mouth at some occasional peculiarity of my whiskers, I should like to have something to eat. As you tell me that woodcock is not fit to eat this year, and that broiled chicken is positively prohibited by the Board of Health in consequence of the sickly season, you may bring me some pork and beans, and some crackers. Bring plenty of crackers, landlord, for I’m uncommon fond of crackers. By absorbing the superfluous moisture in the head, they clear the brain and make it more subtle.”

Having been served with the wholesome country fare he had ordered, together with a glass of the heady native wine called applejack, the gentleman had but just moved a slice of pork from its bed in the beans, when, with much interest, he closely inspected the spot of vegetables he had uncovered, and expressed the belief that there was something alive in it.

“Landlord,” said he, musingly, “there is something amongst these beans that I should take for a raisin, if it did not move.”

Placing upon his nose a pair of vast silver spectacles, which gave him an aspect of having two attic windows in his countenance, the landlord bowed his head over the plate until his nose touched the beans, and thoughtfully scrutinized the living raisin.

“As I thought, sir, it is only a water-bug,” he observed, rescuing the insect upon his thumb-nail. “You need not have been frightened, however, for they never bite.”

Somewhat reassured, the stranger went on eating until his knife encountered resistance in the secondary layer of beans; when he once more inspected the dish, with marked agitation.

“Can this be a skewer, down here?” inquired he, prodding at some hard, springy object with his fork.

The host of the Roach House bore both fork and object to a window, where the light was less deceptive, and was presently able to announce confidently that the object was only a hair-pin. Then, observing that his guest looked curiously at a cracker, which, from the gravelly marks on one side, seemed to have been dug out of the earth, like a potato, he hastened to obviate all complaint in that line by carefully wiping every individual cracker with his pocket handkerchief.

“And now, landlord,” said the stranger, at last, pulling a couple of long, unidentified hairs from his mouth as he hurriedly retired from the meal, “I suppose you are wondering who I am?”



“Well, sir,” was the frank answer, “I can’t deny that there are points about you to make a plain man like myself thoughtful. There’s that about your hair, sir, with the middle-parting on top and the side-parting behind, to give a plain person the impression that your brain must be slightly turned, and that, by rights, your face ought to be where your neck is. Neither can I deny, sir, that the curling of your whiskers the wrong way, and their peculiarity in remaining entirely still while your mouth is going, are circumstances calculated to excite the liveliest apprehensions of those who wish you well.”

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“The peculiarities you notice,” returned the gentleman, “may either exist solely in your own imagination, or they may be the result of my own ill-health. My name is *Tracey CLEWS*, and I desire to spend a few weeks in the country for physical recuperation. Have you any idea where a dead-beat,[1] like myself, could find inexpensive lodgings in Bumsteadville?”

The host hastily remarked, that his own bill for those pork and beans was fifty cents; and upon being paid, coldly added that a Mrs. *Smythe*, wife of the sexton of Saint Cow’s Ritualistic Church, took hash-eaters for the summer. As the gentleman preferred a high-church private boarding-house to an unsectarian first class hotel, all he had to do was to go out on the road again, and keep inquiring until he found the place.

Donning his Panama hat, and carrying a stout cane, Mr. CLEWS was quickly upon the turnpike; and, his course taking him near the pauper burial-ground, he presently perceived an extremely disagreeable child throwing stones at pigeons in a field, and generally hitting the beholder.

“You young Alderman! what do you mean?” he exclaimed, with marked feeling, rubbing the place on his knee which had just been struck.

“Then just give me a five-cent stamp to aim at yer, and yer won’t ketch it onc’t,” replied the boyish trifler. “I couldn’t hit what I was to fire at if it was my own daddy.”

“Here are ten cents, then,” said the gentleman, wildly dodging the last shot at a distant pigeon, “and now show me where Mrs. *Smythe* lives.

“All right, old brick-top,” assented the merry sprite, with a vivacious dash of personality. “D’yer see that house as yer skoot past the Church and round the corner?”

“Yes.”

“Well, that’s SMYTHE’S, and *Bumstead* lives there, too—him as is always tryin’ to put a head on me. I’ll play my points on him yet, though. *I’ll* play my points!” And the rather vulgar young chronic absentee from Sunday-school retired to a proper distance, and from thence began stoning his benefactor to the latter’s perfect safety.

Reaching the boarding-house of Mrs. *Smythe*, as directed, Mr. *Tracey CLEWS* soon learned from the lady that he could have a room next to the apartment of Mr. *Bumstead*, to whom he was referred for further recommendation of the establishment. Though that broken-hearted gentleman was mourning the loss of a beloved umbrella, accompanied by a nephew, and having a bone handle, Mrs. *Smythe* was sure he would speak a good word for her house. Perhaps Mr. CLEWS had heard of his loss?



Mr. CLEWS could not exactly recall that particular case; but had a confused recollection of having lost several umbrellas himself, at various times, and had no doubt that the addition of a nephew must make such a loss still heavier.

Mr. *Bumstead* being in his room when the introduction took place, and having Judge *Sweeney* for company over a bowl of lemon tea, the new boarder lifted his hat politely to both dignitaries, and involuntarily smacked his lips at the mixture they were taking for their coughs.

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“Excuse me, gentlemen,” said Mr. *Tracey* CLEWS, in a manner almost stealthy; “but, as I am about to take summer board with the lady of this house, I beg leave to inquire if she and the man she married are strictly moral except in having cold dinner on Sunday?”

Mr. *Bumstead*, who sat very limply in his chair, said that she was a very good woman, a very good woman, and would spare no pains to secure the comfort of such a head of hair as he then saw before him.

“This is my dear friend, Judge *Sweeney*,” continued the Ritualistic organist, languidly waving a spoon towards that gentleman, “who has a very good wife in the grave, and knows much more about women and gravy than I. As for me,” exclaimed Mr. *Bumstead*, suddenly climbing upon the arm of his chair and staring at Mr. CLEW’S head rather wildly, “my only bride was of black alpaca, with a brass ferrule, and I can never care for the sex again.” Here Mr. *Bumstead*, whose eyes had been rolling in an extraordinary manner, tumbled into his chair again, and then, frowning intensely, helped himself to lemon tea.

“I am referred to your Honor for further particulars,” observed Mr. *Tracey* CLEWS, bowing again to Judge *Sweeney*. “Not to wound our friend further by discussion of the fair sex, may I ask if Bumsteadville contains many objects of interest for a stranger, like myself?”

“One, at least, sir,” answered the Judge. “I think I could show you a tombstone which you would find very good reading. An epitaph upon my late better-half. If you are a married man you can not help enjoying it.”

Mr. CLEWS regretted to inform his Honor, that he had never been a married man, and, therefore, could not presume to fancy what the literary enjoyment of a widower must be at such a treat.

“A journalist, I presume?” insinuated Judge *Sweeney*, more and more struck by the other’s perfect pageant of incomprehensible hair and beard.

“His Honor flatters me too much.”

“Something in the lunatic line, then, perhaps?”

“I have told your Honor that I never was married.”

Since last speaking, Mr. *Bumstead* had been staring at the new boarder’s head and face, with a countenance expressive of mingled consternation and wrath, and now made a startling rush at him from his chair and fairly forced half a glass of lemon tea down his throat.



“There, sir!” said the mourning organist, panting with suppressed excitement. “That will keep you from taking cold until you can be walked up and down in the open air long enough to get your hair and beard sober. They have been indulging, sir, until the top of your head has fallen over backwards, and your whiskers act as though they belonged to somebody else. The sight confuses me, sir, and in my present state of mind I can’t bear it.”

Coughing from the lemon tea, and greatly amazed by his hasty dismissal, Mr. CLEWS followed Judge *Sweeney* from the room and house in precipitate haste, and, when they were fairly out of doors, remarked, that the gentleman they had just left had surprised him unprecedentedly, and that he was very much put out by it.



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“Mr. *John Bumstead*, sir,” explained the Judge, “is almost beside himself at the double loss he has sustained, and I think that the sight of your cane, there, maddened him with the memory it revived.”

“Why,” exclaimed the gentleman of the hair, staring in wonder, “you don’t mean to tell me that my cane looks at all like his nephew?”

“It looks a little like the stick of his umbrella, which he lost at the same time,” was the grave answer.

After walking on in thoughtful silence for a while, as though deeply pondering the striking character of a man whose great nature could thus at once unite the bereaved uncle with the sincere mourner for the dumb friend of his rainier days, Mr. *Tracey CLEWS* asked whether suspicion yet pointed to any one?

Yes, he was told, suspicion did point very decidedly at a certain person; but, as no specific reward had yet been offered in sufficient amount to justify the exertions of police officials having families to support; and as no lifeless body had yet been found; and as it was not exactly certain that the abstraction of an umbrella by unknown parties would justify the criminal prosecution of a person for having in his possession an Indian Club:—in view of all these complicated circumstances, the law did not feel itself authorized to execute any assassin at present.

“And here we are, sir, at last, near our Ritualistic Church,” continued Judge *Sweeney*, “where we stand up for the Rite so much that strangers sometimes complain of it as fatiguing. Upon that monument yonder, in the graveyard, you may find the epitaph I have mentioned. What is more, here comes a rather interesting local character of ours, who cut the inscription and put up the monument.”

Mr. *MCLAUGHLIN* came shuffling up the road as he spoke, followed in the distance by the inevitable *Smalley* and a shower of promiscuous stones.

“Here, you boy!” roared Judge *Sweeney*, beckoning the amiable child to him with a bit of small money, “aim at *all* of us—do you hear?—and see that you don’t hit any windows. And now, *MCLAUGHLIN*, how do you do? Here is a gentleman spending the summer with us, who would like to know you.”

Old *MORTARITY* stared at the hair and beard, thus introduced to him, with undisguised amazement, and grimly remarked, that if the gentleman would come to see him any evening, and bring a social bottle with him, he would not allow the gentleman’s head to stand in the way of a further acquaintance.

“I shall certainly call upon you,” assented Mr. *CLEWS*, “if our young friend, the stone-thrower, will accept a trifle to show me the way.”



Before retiring to his bed that night, the same Mr. *Tracey* CLEWS took off his hair and beard, examined them closely, and then broke into a strange smile. “No wonder they all looked at me so!” he soliloquized, “for I did have my locks on the topside backmost, and my whiskers turned the wrong way. However, for a dead-beat, with all his imperfections on his head, I’ve formed a pretty large acquaintance for one day.”[2]



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(To be Continued.)

[Footnote 1: “Buffer” is the term used in the English story. Its nearest native equivalent is, probably, our Dead-Beat;” meaning, variously, according to circumstances, a successful American politician; a wife’s male relative; a watering-place correspondent of a newspaper, a New York detective policeman; any person who is uncommonly pleasant with people, while never asking them to take anything with him; a pious boarder; a French revolutionist.]

[Footnote 2: In both conception and execution, the original of the above Chapter, in Mr. DICKENS’s work, is, perhaps, the least felicitous page of fiction ever penned by the great novelist; and, as this Adaptation is in no wise intended as a burlesque, or caricature, of the *style* at the original, (but rather as a conscientious imitation of it, so far as practicable,) the Adapter has not allowed himself that license of humor which, in the most comically effective treatment of said Chapter, might bear the appearance of such an intention.]

* * * * *

PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE

Answers to correspondents.

Patchouli.—What is the substance which enables flies to adhere to the ceiling? *Answer.*—Ceiling wax.

Rosalie.—What is the meaning of the term “suspended animation?” *Answer.*—If you remain at any fashionable watering-place after the close of the season you’ll find out.

Zanesvillian.—Your pronunciation of the French word *bois* is incorrect, else you could not have fallen into the blunder of supposing that the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes are *gamins* of Paris.

Blunderbore.—Your suggestion is ingenious, but the refined sentiment of cruelty revealed in it is deserving of the severest censure. It is true that the introduction of German cookery into France by the Prussians, as you propose, would in a short time decimate the population, but what a fearful precedent it would be! You can best realize it by imagining Massachusetts cookery introduced into New York, and the consequent desolation of her purliens.

Mrs. Gamp.—No; neither the French nor the Prussians are armed with air guns. Your mistake arose from puzzling over those distracting war reports, in which the word Argonnes figures so conspicuously.



R.G.W.—What is the origin of the term “Bezonian,” which occurs in the Shakspearean drama? *Answer.*—Some trace it to Ben Zine, an inflammable friend of “ancient Pistol’s.” It is far more probable, however, that the word was originally written “Bazainian,” and was merely prophetic of the well-known epithet now bestowed by Prussian soldiers on the French troops serving under BAZAINE.

Earl Russel—In reply to your question as to whether the thumb nail of HOGARTH on which he made his traditional sketch of a drunken man, is now in an American collection, we can only state that, of course, it once formed a leading object of interest in BARNUM’S Museum. As that building was destroyed by fire in 1865, however, it is to be presumed that the HOGARTH nail perished with all the other nails, or was sold with them, as “junk.”



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Invalid.—To regain strength you should take means to increase the amount of iron in your blood. Bark will do it, which accounts for the fact that the blood of dogs has a large per centage of iron. Here in New York, the ordinary way of getting iron in the blood is to have a knife run into you by the hand of an assassin; but this is not considered favorable to longevity.

* * * * *

THE ROMANCE OF A RICH YOUNG MAN.

It happened, once upon a time, that there was a great city, and that city, being devoid of a sensation, yearned for a great man. Then the wise men of the city began to look around, when lo! there entered through the gates of the city a certain peddler from a foreign country, which is called Yankee Land, and behold! the great man was found. He dealt in shekels and stocks, and bloomed and flourished, and soon became like unto a golden calf, and lo! all the wise men fell down and worshipped him. Now it happened that at first, like all great men, he was misunderstood, and the people ascribed his success to his partner, so that everybody said,

The name is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's a GOULD for all that;

but the people were soon disabused of this idea, and the name of JEAMES PHYSKE was in everybody's mouth.

Now it came to pass that there was a certain devout man called DEDREW, who was the Grand Mogul and High Priest of a certain railroad corporation called the Eareye, because, while it was much in everybody's ear, no one could see anything of it or its dividends. So JEAMES PHYSKE went straightway unto DEDREW and said unto him, "Lo! your servant is as full of wiles as an egg is of meat. Make me then, I pray you, your chief adviser, and put me in the high places." And DEDREW smiled upon him, as he is wont to do, and finding that he was a stranger, he took him in, and knowing that all were fish which came unto his net, he straightway put him in the high places in Eareye, saying unto himself, "I will take this lamb and fleece him." So PHYSKE sat high in Eareye. But it came to pass very soon thereafter, that DEDREW and PHYSKE fell out, some say about the division of the spoils which they had taken from the enemy, which, being interpreted, is the people, while others do state that DEDREW attempted to cut the wool from PHYSKE, but that it stuck so tightly that PHYSKE caught him. Anyhow, it came to pass, very soon, that DEDREW was sitting on the outside steps of Eareye, and PHYSKE was sitting on DEDREW'S throne.

Then PHYSKE ruled Eareye, and he took the stock and he did multiply it manifold, which is called, by some people, watering. Now it happened that a certain man named PYKE did build him a costly mansion on the street which is called Twenty-third, and did



therein have foreign singers and dancers, and players upon the violin, which is called the fiddle, and upon the bass viol, which is called the big fiddle, and upon

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sheets of parchment, which are called the drum, and upon divers other instruments. And PHYSKE looked upon the mansion, and it seemed good in his eyes, and he said unto PYKE, "Sell me now your mansion." And PYKE did sell unto him the mansion, and the foreign singers and dancers, and the players upon the violin, which is called the fiddle, and the players upon the big fiddle, and the players upon the drums, and the players upon divers other instruments. And PHYSKE forthwith built himself a throne there, and did make the mansion the palace of Eareye. And he would sit upon his throne and view the foreign singers and dancers, and the players upon divers instruments, and would much applaud, when his foreign dancers did dance a certain dance, wherein the toe is placed upon the forehead, and which is called the *cancan*. And all the people came and worshipped him, him and his foreign singers and dancers, and players upon divers instruments, and his great diamond. And PHYSKE was called Prince Eareye.

Then it happened that PHYSKE much desired to command upon the ocean; so he forthwith bought him a line of steamers, which did run to the foreign land, which is called Yankee Land, and he placed thereon a goodly number of his players upon divers instruments, and he did buy him a coat of many colors, and did stand upon the landing place, which is called the dock, and the players upon divers instruments did play, "Hail to the Chief," and all the people did shout, "Hurrah for Admiral PHYSKE, Prince of Eareye!" for he was of a noble stature, being four hands wider than his fellows.

Now it came to pass that divers envious persons did institute certain troublesome actions, which are called suits, against him, and did endeavor to drive him from the land, but PHYSKE took a field and went before a barnyard, and did rout these envious persons, and did smite them on the hip, which, being interpreted, is that he dismissed their suits, and did smite them on the thigh, which, being interpreted, is, did make them pay costs. But the field and the barnyard were much employed.

Then PHYSKE took into his counsel divers persons, dealers in shekels, and did say unto them, "Let us find us a man who can tell us whether those in high places will sell gold. And if he say unto us, nay, let us buy much gold and make many shekels." And the divers persons, dealers in shekels, were astonished at his shrewdness, and were all of one accord. Then PHYSKE found him a man who did say unto him nay, and PHYSKE and the divers other persons did buy much gold. Now it happened that those in high places did sell gold, and PHYSKE and the divers other persons were sore afraid, and did fall upon each other's necks and did weep. But PHYSKE straightway recovered and said unto them, "Lo, if I do murder and the doctor say that I was insane, am I not forthwith discharged?" and they said unto him, "It is even so." Then said he unto them, "Let us send our broker into the board, so that he shall

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act like an insane man, and can we be held for an insane man's purchases?" And they were filled with great rejoicing. And the broker did go into the board, and did act like an insane man, and PHYSKE and divers other persons did retain their shekels. And it was Friday when they did these things, and when they had done them they laughed until they were black in their faces, and the day—is it not called Black Friday?

Then PHYSKE did bring unto himself other boats and other roads, and waxed powerful, and became great in the land, and he was much interviewed by the scribes of a certain paper, "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon, and his sayings—can they not be found in the pages of "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon, and are they not preserved there for two centuries?

And then it came to pass that PHYSKE sat himself down and sighed because there were no more worlds to conquer. But straightway he resolved to become a Colonel. So certain persons endeavored to make him commander of the 99th regiment of foot, but a certain old centurion, which is Brains, ran against him and overcame him. But the soldiers said unto each other, "Is it not better that we should have body than brains, and had we not better take unto ourselves the fleshpots?" So they deposed Brains and chose the Prince of Eareye as their commander. And he straightway submitted them to twelve temptations. Now it happened, that, as he was marching at the head of his soldiers in the place wherein these twelve temptations are kept, a certain servant of one Mammon did serve upon him a paper, which is called a summons, and did command him to pay for his butter. At which PHYSKE was much enraged and did wax wrath. And thereupon he did march and countermarch his soldiers many times. And he ordered another coat of many colors, and lo! in all Chatham Street there was not cloth enough to make it, so they brought it from a foreign land. And it came to pass that he and the centurion, which is Brains—for should not body and brains work together?—did march the soldiers down the street which is called Broadway, and did take them to the Branch which is called Long, and there did divers curious things, all which are they not found in the paper, "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon?

Now it happened that one HO RACE GREL HE, being a Prussian, did fall upon PHYSKE and did berate him in a paper, which is called the *Try Buin*. And PHYSKE became very wrath and did stop the sale of the paper, which is called the *Try Buin*, upon his roads. And HO RACE GREL HE, being a Prussian, was sore afraid, and did fall straightway upon his knees, and did say, "Lo, your servant has sinned! I pray thee forgive him." And PHYSKE did say, "I forgive thee," which, being interpreted, is, "All right, old coon, don't let me catch you at it again."

And PHYSKE did divers other strange and curious things, but are they not written down daily by the scribes of the paper, "It shines for all," which, being interpreted, is the Moon, and cannot he who runs, read them there?



Page 16

LOT.

* * * * *

From the Spirit of Lindley Murray.

When is a schoolboy like an event that has happened?
When he has come to parse.

* * * * *

THE WATERING PLACES.

Punchinello's Vacations.

Vain heading! This paper is not intended to communicate anything about a vacation.
"Would that it were! says Mr. PUNCHINELLO, from the bottom of his heart.

Last week Mr. P. intended going to the White Mountains.

But he didn't go.

On his way to the Twenty-third Street depot, he met the Count JOANNES.

"Ah ha! my noble friend!" said the latter. "'Whither away'?"

Mr. P. explained whither he was away; and was amazed to see the singular expression which instantly spread itself over the countenance of his noble friend.

"To the 'White Mountains!' cried the Count," why, my good fellow, what are you thinking of? Do you not know that this is September?"

"Certainly I do," said Mr. P." I know that this is the season when Nature revels in her richest hues, and Aurora gilds the fairest landscape; when the rays of glorious old Sol are tempered by the soft caresses of the balmiest zephyrs, and—"

"Oh, certainly! certainly!" cried the Count, "I have no doubt of it; not the least bit in the world. In fact, I have been in those places myself when a boy, and I know all about it. But let me tell you, sir, as *amicus curiae*, (and I assure you that I have often been *amicus curiae* before,) that society will not tolerate anything of this kind on your part, sir. The skies in the country may be bluest at this season, sir; the air most delicious, the scenery most gorgeous, and accommodations of all kinds most plenty and excellent, but it will not do. The conductor of a first class journal belongs in a manner to society, and society will never forgive him for going into the country after the season is over. As *amicus curiae*—"



“*Amicus* your grandmother, sir!” said Mr. P. “What does society know about the beauties of nature, or the proper time for enjoying them?”

“Society knows enough about it, sir!” cried the Count, drawing his sword a little way from its scabbard and letting it fall again with: clanging sound. “And representing society, as I do in my proper person here, sir, I say that any man who would go into the country in the latter part of September is a——”

“A what, sir?” said Mr. P., nervously fingering his umbrella.

“Yes, sir, he is, sir!”

“Do you say that, sir?”

“In your teeth, sir!”

“‘Tis false, sir!”

“What, sir?”

“Just so, sir!”

“To me, sir?”

“To you, sir!”

The Count JOANNES drew his sword.

Mr. P. stood *en garde*.



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Just at this moment the Greenwich Street Cordwainers' Target Association, preceded by one half the whole body of Metropolitan Police, approached the spot. The Target Society were out on a street parade, and the policemen marched before them to clear Broadway of all vehicles and foot-passengers, and to stop short, for the time, the business of a great city, in order that these twenty spindle-legged and melancholy little cobblers might have a proper opportunity of showing their utter ignorance of all rules of marching, and the management of firearms.

Perceiving this vast body of police, with Superintendent JOURDAN at its head, advancing with measured tread upon them, the Count sheathed his sword and Mr. P. shut up his deadly weapon.

Slowly and in opposite directions they withdrew from the ground.

It was too late for Mr. P.'s train, and he returned to his home. There, in the solitude of his private apartments, he came to the conclusion that it would be useless to oppose the decrees of Society. The idea that the Count, that worthy leader of the metropolitan *ton*, had put into his head, was not to be treated contemptuously. He must give up all the fruity richness of September, the royal glories of October, and the delicious hazes of the Indian Summer, pack away his fish-hooks and his pocket-flask, and stay in the city like the rest of the fools.

This conclusion, however, did not prevent Mr. P. from dreaming. He had a delightful dream that night, in which he found himself sailing on Lake George; ascending Mount Washington; and participating in the revelry of a clam-bake on the seagirt shore of Kings and Queens and Suffolk Counties. As nearly as circumstances will permit, he has endeavored to give an idea of his dream by means of the following sketch.

Taken as a whole, Mr. P. is not desirous that this dream should come true, but taken in parts he would have no objections to see it fulfilled as soon as Society will permit.

Which will be, he supposes, about next July.

In the meantime, he advises such of his patrons as have depended entirely upon his letters for their summer recreation, and who will now be deprived of this delightful enjoyment, to make every effort to go to some of our summer resorts and spend a few weeks after the fashionable season is over,—that is, if they think they can brave the opinion of society. It may not be so pleasant to go to these places as to read Mr. P.'s accounts of them, but it is the best that can be done.

The following little tail-piece will give a forcible idea of how completely Mr. P. has given up, for the season, his field sports and country pleasures. Copies may be obtained by placing a piece of tracing-paper over the picture and following the lines with a lead-pencil.



* * * * *

THE POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO VI.

TAFFY was a Welshman,
TAFFY was a thief,
TAFFY came to my house and stole a piece of beef.
I went to TAFFY'S house,
TAFFY wasn't at home,
TAFFY came to my house and stole a mutton bone.

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It is not often that a poet descends to the discussion of mundane affairs. His sphere of usefulness, oftentimes usefulness to himself, only, lies among the roseate clouds of the morn, or the spiritual essences of the cerulean regions, but, like other human beings, he cannot live on the zephyr breeze, or on the moonbeams flitting o'er the rippling stream. Such ethereal food is highly unproductive of adipose tissue, and the poet needs adipose like any other man. And our poet is no exception to the rule, for he well knew that good digestible poetry can't be written on an empty stomach.

It is seldom that a writer is met with, who does not seize every opportunity to attract attention to his own deeds. He is never so happy as when, in contemplation, he hears the remarks of his readers tending to his praise for the noble and heroic deeds he makes himself perform.

But with our poet—and we have been exceptional in our choice—he has always been backward in coming forward, and it was not until he was touched upon a tender point that he concluded to make himself heard, when he might depict, in glowing terms, some of the few ills which flesh is heir to.

The opportune moment arrived.

He had been out since early dawn, gathering the dew from the sweet-scented flower, or painting in liquid vowels the pleasant calmness of the cow-pasture, or mayhap echoing with hie pencil's point the well-noted strains of the Shanghai rooster, when the far-off distant bell announced to him that he must finish his poetic pabulum, and hurry home to something more in accordance with the science of modern cookery.

He arrived and found his household in tumult. "Who's been here since I've been gone?" sang he, in pathetic tones. And he heard in mournful accents the answer, "TAFFY."

Could anything more melancholy have befallen our poet? He could remember in childhood's merry days the old candy-woman, with her plentiful store of brown sweetness long drawn out; and how himself and companions spent many a pleasant hour teasing their little teeth with the delicate morsels. Now his childhood's dreams vanished. He remembered that

"TAFFY was a Welshman."

And then, after a careful scrutiny of the larder, assisted by the gratuitous services of his ever faithful feline friend, THOMAS, he found the extent of his loss.

"TAFFY was a thief,"

he now gave vent to passion, while anguish rent his soul. TAFFY had been here, and made good his coming, although the good was entirely on TAFFY'S side, for he walked



off again with a piece of beef, and was, even at this very moment, smacking his chops over its tender fibres.

All his respect for TAFFY now vanished like the misty cloud before the rays of the morning sun. He buckled on the armor of his strength, departed for TAFFY'S house, determined to wreak his vengeance thereon, and scatter TAFFY, limb for limb, throughout his own corn-field. "Woe, woe to TAFFY," he muttered between his clenched teeth. "I will make mincemeat of him; I will enclose him in sausage skins, and will send him to that good man, KI YI SAMPSON."



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Judge of our poet's chagrin, however, when, on arriving at TAFFY'S house, he was informed, with mocking smiles.

"TAFFY wasn't at home."

Here was a fall to his well-formed plans of vengeance.—All dashed to the ground by one foul scathing blow.

But whither went TAFFY? The poet himself could tell you if you waited, but we will tell you now. TAFFY liked beef; liked it as no other human liked it, for he could eat it raw. And when, foraging around the village, he found a nice piece at the poet's house, his carnivorous proclivities induced him to steal it, and, with it under his arm, hurried off to the nearest barn, and there rapidly devoured it. This only seemed to give him an appetite. He went foraging again, but this time only picked up a mutton-bone. "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat," cried TAFFY, and with a flourish he hastened to his hiding place, while the poor poet, disconsolate in his first loss, returned home only to find a second; and the culprit was still free.

Ah! my kind reader, here was a deep cut to our poet. "Who would care for mother now?" he sang, for all the meat was gone. Home was no longer the dearest spot on earth to him, since it was rudely desecrated by the hands of TAFFY—of DAVID, the Welshman.

Poor poet! Cruel TAFFY!

Let me draw the curtain of popular sympathy over the unhappy household. The poet has told his story in words which will never die; and he has proclaimed the infamy of TAFFY to the uttermost corners of the earth.

* * * * *

Sweeping Reform.

The world moves. There is a chiropodist now travelling in the East who removes excrescences of the feet simply by sweeping them away with a corn broom. When last heard of he was at Alexandria, and there is no corn in Egypt, now.

* * * * *

OUR EXPLOSIVES.

What between nitroglycerine, kerosene, and ordinary gas, New York city has, for years.past, been admirably provided with explosives. Now we have to add gasoline to the interesting catalogue of inflammables. What gasoline is, we have not the slightest notion, but, as it knocked several houses in Maiden Lane into ashes a few days since, it



must be something. Crinoline, dangerous as it is, would have been safer for Maiden Lane than gasoline, and more appropriate. In the present dearth of public amusements, these jolly explosives—gasoline, dualine, nitroglycerine, and the rest of 'em,—come in very well to create a sensation. They keep the firemen in wind, and, as the firemen keep them in water, the obligation is reciprocal. Let Gasoline, as well as Crinoline, have the suffrage, by all means.

* * * * *

Aggravating.

The war news is becoming dizzier every day. It is now announced that the Prussian headquarters are at St. Dizier.

* * * * *



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Anna-Tom-ical.

“A young man who lost an arm, some two weeks since, insists upon it that he still feels pain in the arm and fingers.”—(Daily Paper.)

This is strange, certainly, but not more so than the statement of our young man, TOM, who affirms that, having had his arm around ANNA’S waist some three weeks ago, he still feels the most bewitching sensations in that arm. Who can explain these things?

* * * * *

Prussicos odi, puer, apparatus,—as old NAP said to young NAP, when the Teutonic bullets flew about them at Saarbruck.

* * * * *

[Illustration: WE DON’T KNOW WHETHER IT IS CORRECT, BUT THIS IS PUNCHINELLO’S IDEA OF THE CHASSE POT.]

* * * * *

[Illustration: A FACT FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

Shipwrecked Cockney.—“I SAY, CAPTAIN, ARE THERE ANY BEARS ABOUT HERE? I’VE COME PREPARED FOR A LITTLE SPORT, YOU KNOW.”]

* * * * *

THE CHARGE OF THE NINTH BRIGADE.

“Col. FISK, Jr., marched his men up to the Continental Bar-room this evening and gave them a *carte blanche* order for drinks.”—*Special to morning paper*.

Half asleep, half asleep,
Half asleep, onward
Into the bar-room bright
 Strode the Six Hundred:
'Forward the Ninth Brigade!
Charge this to me," he said.
Into the bar-room, then
Rushed the Six Hundred.

Topers to right of them.
Topers to left of them,
Old sots in front of them,



Parleyed and wondered;
Yet into line they fell,
Boldly they drank, and well
Into the jaws of each,
Into the mouth of all,
Drinks went, Six Hundred.

Flashed the big diamond there,
Flashed as its owner square
Treated his soldiers there,
Charging a bar-room, while
All the "beats" wondered.
Choked with tobacco smoke,
Straight for the door they broke,
Pushing and rushing,
Reeled from the Bourbon stroke,
Shattered and sundered;
Thus they went back—they did—
On the Six Hundred.

Whiskey to right of them,
Cocktails to left of them,
Popping corks after them,
Volleyed and thundered,
Yet, 'twere but truth to tell,—
Many a hero fell.
Tho' some did stand it well,
Those that were left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

Oh! what a bill was paid,
Oh! what a noise they made,
All Long Branch wondered;
Oh! what a noise they made,
They of the Ninth Brigade,
Jolly Six Hundred!

* * * * *

A Sun-burst.

The *Sun* regretfully announces that PUNCHINELLO is about to "give up the ghost." PUNCHINELLO begs to assure the Sun that he doesn't keep a ghost; though, at the same time, the mistake was a natural one enough to emanate from Mr. C. A. (D. B.) DANA, who keeps a REAL ghost in his closet.



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* * * * *

A. Natural Mistake.

An advertisement from the establishment of Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co., announces, among other things, that they have opened a “MADDER PRINT.”

At first sight we supposed that the firm in question had begun publishing a paper in opposition to the Sun, and that it was to be, if possible, a madder print than that luminary, for the purpose of cutting it out. Further reflection convinced us, however, that the “print” in question was connected with the subject of dry goods, only.

* * * * *

Very Small Beer.

Newspaper items state that the editor of the Winterset (Iowa,) *Sun*, is, probably, the smallest editor in the the world.” Surely the editor of the New York Sun must be the one meant.

* * * * *

“Well I’m Blowed!”

As the *omelette soufflee* said to the cook.

* * * * *

[Illustration: AT THE SARATOGA CONVENTION.

Horace Greeley, (to Roscoe Conkling.) “DON’T BE RASH, NOW REMEMBER THAT A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.”

Roscoe Conkling. “LET US HAVE PEACE, BY ALL MEANS: BUT IF THAT FELLOW REUBE FENTON INTERFERES WITH ME, HE HAD BETTER LOOK OUT THAT I DON’T SMASH HIS SLATE.”]

* * * * *

HIRAM GREEN TO NAPOLEON.

Napoleon I and Napoleon III—Lager-Beer a Formidable Enemy to Overcome.

SKEENSBORO, NYE ONTO VARMONT,

Orgust—, 18-Seventy.



FRIEND LEWIS: As I haint got no anser to my last letter which I rote to your royal magesty a few weeks ago, it has occurred to me, that maybe you don't feel well about these days, or, just as like as not our "Cousin German," FRITZ, mite have been mean enuff as to gobble up your male bag, and steel my letter to put into his outograf album. I now take my pen in hand to inform you, that Ime as sound as a Saddle Rock oyster, and hope these few lines may find you enjoyin' the same blessin. Numerous changes have taken place since your *grand invasion* of German sile.

It has certinly been very kind in your Dutch friends to save you a long jerney to fite them.

Insted of puttin' you to the trouble of goin' away from home for a little excitement, you can set rite in the heart of your own country, and enjoy the fun.

A man by the name of NERO, was once said to do some tall fiddlin' when Rome was burnin'.

While the patriotic fires of your people is clusterin' around you (?) my advice is, to cote the words of Unkle EDWARD:

"Hang up your fiddle and your bow,
Lay down your shovel and the hoe.
Where the woodbine twineth
There's a place for Unkle LEW,
With UGEENY and little LEWIS for to go."

The foregoin' is rather more sarcastikle than truthful.



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It laserates my venerable heart-strings, most noble Pea-cracker, to see how you've been lickt.

You have probly found out by this time, that the mantle of your grate unkle has passed into the hands of some other family.

The grate BONYPART was called the Gray Eyed man of Destiny, altho' I don't know what country that is in, as the village of Destiny haint on any of the war maps.

I should judge, however, onless there is a change in the program, that when this "cruel war is over," you will wear the belt as the champion Black-eyed man of Urope.

Your so-called ascendant Star, is probly the identikle loominary which; Perfesser DAN BRYANT refers so beautifully to, in his pome of "Shoo-fly."

It shone rather scrumpshus, in the dark, but the rays of the Sun has nockt its twinkle hire'n GILDEROY'S kite.

Yes, Squire BONYPART, your star is the only planet whose eclips has been visible to the naked eye, all over the world, and can be seen without usin' smoked glass.

I think, in the beginnin' of the war, when you left UGEENY for Nancy, that, like your Unkle, you made a bad go.

When the old man stuck to JOESFEEN he was a success.

Empires—Kingdoms—Pottentates and Hottentots, took the first train and skedaddled, when the General sot his affeckshuns on their territory.

The BOURBONS fled and come over here and settled in Kentucky, and commenced makin' whiskey, payin' a tax of \$2.00 per gallon, and sellin' the seductive flooid for \$1.50 per gallon, gettin' rich at that, which may surprise you, altho' it doesn't our Eternal Revenoo Offisers, who, as Mr. ANTONY remarked of H. BEECHER STOW when she stabbed Lord Byron, "are all *honorable* men."

Finally BONYPART went back on JOSEFEEN, which made Mrs. B. scatter a few buckets of tear drops.

Said your Unkle:

"What's the use of blubberin' about it? Cheer up and be a man. I belong, body, sole and butes, to France, who says my name must be perpetuated. You, JOSEFEEN, must pick up your duds and look for another bordin'-house, for you can't run the Tooleries any longer."



He then sent to Chicago and got a ten dollar devorce, and married MARIAR LOUISER, arter which he become a played-out institootion, employin' his time walkin' *in solo* with his hands behind him, gazin' intently on the toes of his butes, and wonderin' if they was the same ones which had histed so many roolers off of their thrones.

In view of the past, you should have stuck to UGEENY, who, I understand, is good lookin' and sports a pretty nobby harness.

The charms of Nancy may make your Imperial mouth water, but let an old statesman, who has served his country for 4 years as Gustise of the Peece, say to you, "Don't be a fool if you know anything."

Another reason of your unsuccess is that Lager is a hard chap to fite agin. I tried it once.



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A Dutch millingtery company visited Skeensboro a few years since, for a target shoot, bringin' a car lode of lager-beer and a box of sardeens for refreshments.

I, bein' at that time Gustise, was on hand to help perserve the peece.

Lager, they told me, wasen't intoxicatin. I histed in a few mugs. I woulden't just say that I got soggy, but I felt like a hul regiment of Dutch soljers on general trainin' day.

It suddenly occurred to me that Mrs. GREEN had been puttin' on rather too many airs lately, and I would go in and quietly remind her that I was boss of the ranch.

Pickin' up a hoss-whip, I "shouldered arms," and entered the kitchen as bold as the brave FISK of the bully 9th.

"MARIAR," said I, addressin' Mrs. GREEN, and tippin' over her pan of dish-water so she couldn't wet my close, "yer 'aven't (hic!) tode the mark as 'er troo (hic!) wife orter. I can't (hic!) 'ave any more of yer (hic!) darn foolin'. Will yer (hic!) 'bey yer 'usband like a (hic!) man, in the futer?"

I raised the hoss-whip to give her a good blow. She caught it on a fly with both hands, as I lade down on the floor to convince my wife I was in earnest in what I said.

Well, LEWIS, I remember feelin' as if I was put into a large bag with a lot of saw logs, and was bein' viteally shoot up. I could also distinguish my wife, flyin' about as if she had taken a contract for thrashin' a lot of otes, and hadn't but a few minnits to do it in, and somehow I got it into my head that I was the otes.

I went to sleep in a cloud of hosswhips—hair and panterloon buttons rapt up in a dilapidated soot of close.

When I awoke, I looked as if that Dutch millingtery Company had been usin' me for a target, substitootin' my nose for the bull's eye.

I imejutly come to the conclusion, that to successfully buck agin Lager-beer, was full as onhealthy as tryin' to get a seat in H. WARD BEECHER'S church on Sunday mornin's, afore all the Pew-holders had got in.

When you want an asilum to flee to, come to Skeensboro.

Altho' you have got the ship of State stuck in the mud, I think I can get you a canal bote to run, where you can earn your \$115.00 a month, provided your wife will do the cookin' for the crew.



This is better than bein' throde onto the cold, cold charities of the world, especially where a man has got the gout, for anything cold in apt to bring on the pain and make him pe-uuk.

Hopin' that in the futer, as you grow older, you may lern wisdom by cultivatin' my acquaintance—and with kind regards to UGEEN and bub BONYPART, in your native tung I will say:

Barn-sure, noblesse Pea-cracker.

Ewer'n, one and onseperable,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

* * * * *

Bunsby's War Paint.

Napoleon's chances are not great
If German facts are true;
But if he finds not Paris Green
Hell make the Prussian Blue.



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* * * * *

Remark by a Bandsman.

Once upon a time the French Horn was a famous instrument, but now, considering the retreating strategy of the French leaders, it appears to be superseded by the Off I Glide.

* * * * *

The Music of the Future.

Considering the enormous difficulties which stand in the way of the performance of Herr WAGNER'S music, it is the music of the Few Sure enough.

* * * * *

A Relic of the Past.

The following item is taken from a daily paper:

"The septuagenarian Dejazet sang the 'Marseillaise' at the Passy theatre lately."

There seems to be a mistake, here. Surely the word Passy is meant for *passee*.

* * * * *

[Illustration: PRECOCIOUS.

LITTLE FEMALE AMERICA, TOO, ASSERTS HER RIGHTS AND ESPECIALLY THE RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE SIDE-WALK FOR A ROPE-WALK."]

* * * * *

OUR PORTFOLIO.

"Well, you know, Dear Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, this is how CHARLEY DANY and me cum to hev our fallin' out. We was boys together, was CHARLEY and me, and went to the same school. CHARLEY were a likely lad there; never given to spilin' the faces of t'other boys nor splashin' mud on their clothes. Oh! but hasn't he gone back on them good old times. I wouldn't hev' believed it, CHARLEY, no I wouldn't.

But, as I was sayin', he were a likely lad; studyin' hard, and often tellin' me how he would one day come out at the head of the heap, gradooatin' before the Squire's son, JACK BALDERBACK. Just about this time I was tuk with the measles, and father died, and SALLIE got married, and the old woman said to me:



“EPHRAIM, I think your school days is ended.” And so they was. I never went back again, and never saw CHARLEY these thirty-five years gone now, ‘till t’other day. I went West in search of a livin’, and he tuk onto business here East. Wons’t in a long time I heerd on him; how things went well with him, and how he got up, up, up, till the ladder wasn’t big enough and he couldn’t climb no higher. Folks said he was into the war; but I didn’t believe ’em. CHARLEY was a peace man, I knowed that. Arterwards, howsumever, it cum out that it was the War Office he was into, and not the war; and says I to myself, “EPHRAIM,” says I, “didn’t I tell you so; and tell them so, and war’nt I right? I calkilate they won’t go back no more on what I says about CHARLEY DANY.”

Well, dear Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, I was one day readin’ of your paper, and I comes onto sumthin’ about sumbody, which it was as I spell it, “CHARLES A. DANA,” how he was a cuttin’ up shines, and how you was a pokin’ fun and hard things at him.

I larfed right out.

“That’s smart,” says I, “Yes, that’s smart; but it ain’t onto *my* CHARLEY. He ain’t stuck up nor nothing of that sort. He is as innocent as gooseberries, is the CHARLEY DANY I know;” and arterwards I thought no more about it, till I cum on to New York for to look into the cattle business, and see how things was shapin for trade this winter.



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I put up to the St. Nikkleas. Well, I allers larf when I think of it. Here was an Irishman tuk my bag, slung it behind him, and says he to me—"Foller me, if you please, sir." I follered accordin'.

I've clumb some pretty tall hills in my day, Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, but that 'ere gettin' up them stairs jest switches the rag off of all on 'em. I broke down. Then he tuk me to a heister, and landed us next to the roof. I was too pegged out to wash or fix, so I flung off my cowhides, jumped onto the bed and slept clean through till next day. In the mornin' I rigged up, went down stairs, and asked the clerk if he would be kind enough to pint out to me where I might see CHARLEY DANY. He sort o' smiled like, and said I would find him at the *Sun* office. I paid two dollars for a kab to take me down, which it did till we stopped afore a big yaller house, with a big board stuck up agin it havin' these words:

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+-----+
|                                     |
|   "EXTRA SUN!!!                   |
|                                     |
|   ELOPEMENT AT MURRAY HILL.       |
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|   WHO IS SHE AND WHY DID SHE DO IT? |
|   GENERAL GRANT BUYS A SKYE TERRIER! |
|   PARTICULARS OF THE SALE!!       |
|   GENEALOGY OF THE DOG!!!         |
| SECRETARY FISH BOBBING FOR SPANISH EELS, |
|   HE IS CAUGHT BY THE GILLS.      |
| THE MINION OF SPANISH TYRANNY IN DISTRESS. |
|   KITCHEN COUNCILS IN FIFTH AVENUE. |
|   NOTES BY OUR KEYHOLE REPORTER.   |
|   BABY FOUND IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF A |
|   LEADING EDITOR.                 |
|   WHOSE IS IT AND HOW DID IT COME THERE? |
| INTERESTING DISCLOSURES OF A PROMINENT |
|   MERCHANT'S LIFE!!!              |
| FOR FULL DETAILS SEE EXTRA SUN, PRICE |
|   TWO CENTS!"                   |
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“Wonder if CHARLEY writ all that ‘ere,” says I, inwardly, inquiren’ of a boy where Mr. DANY’S particular holdin’ out place might be, and givin’ him three cents to show me the way. Drawin’ a quick breath, I knocked at the door. “Come in,” says a peskish voice. I cum in, and there, sure enough, with nose close down to the desk, a writin’ away for dear life, sat CHARLEY. I knowed him to onc’t, for all he was a little oldish, and a little grayish, and had a bare spot like a turtle’s back on the top of his head. My heart cum’ a bustin’ up into my throat, and an inward voice seemed to say:

“Do it now EPHRAIM, do it now, while the feeling is onto you.” Jest then he looked up, and I bust forth: “Oh, CHARLEY! CHARLEY! its a long time sin’ we met, CHARLEY. Don’t you know me? Don’t you remember little EPH ECKELS? Oh! CHARLEY, CHARLEY, give us a grip of your knob, old hunk”—and I slewed over towards him for to shake hands when he suddenly drew back, kinder gloomy like, putting down his pen and chewing his gums sort of swagewise. as he said:



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“My name, sir, is the Hon. CHARLES AUGUSTUS DANA, Ex-Assistant Secretary of War, Ex-Proprietor of the ablest paper in the West, and at present Chief Editor of the *New York Sun*, price two cents. There is no individual here, sir, answering to the appellation of “Old Hunk,” and, as I perceive, sir, that there is a most infernal smell of cow yards about your raiment, and the effluvia arising thence is becoming insupportable, I would thank you to get out of this apartment double quick, and I suggest for the sake of others who may be unfortunately brought into contact with you, that my friend the Hon. WILLIAM MANHATTAN TWEED has recently established public baths where such creatures as you may undergo purification before venturing into the presence of gentlemen.”

It was CHARLEY who spoke it; Mr. PUNCHINELLOW, there is no doubt about that; but the CHARLEY that I knew has been dead sin’ that day. Yours in memory-moram,

EPHRAIM ECKELS.

* * * * *

Horrors of War.

Much has been said about the Prussian “demonstrations” at Strasbourg. If half what we hear of Prussian vandalism as displayed at the siege of Strasbourg is true, “Demonstration” is a very appropriate term for the thing.

* * * * *

OLIVE LOGAN.

We have no authentic record of the date of this fair syren’s birth. It is popularly supposed, however, that she was contemporaneous with POCAHONTAS. POKY (as she was playfully called by her playmates at boarding-school) is now dead. LOGY (another playful appellation of the gushing miss alluded to) is still Olive.

We do not, however, credit the legend above cited. Also, we do not credit the equally absurd and unreasonable story that our girlish gusher is a daughter of a negro preacher named LOGUEN. We look upon this as a colorless aspersion of our subject’s fair fame, and we therefore feel called upon to politely but furiously hurl it back in the teeth of its degraded and offensive inventor. Things are come indeed to a pretty pass when a lady of Miss LOGAN’S position may have her good name blackened (not to say sooted) by associating it with that of a preacher. Besides, LOGUEN was himself born in 1800, and is therefore only seventy years old. These things are not to be borne.

Miss LOGAN is seventeen years of age. This, at least, is reliable. We have our information from the lips of an aunt of the Honorable HORATIUS GREELEY, who met

Miss LOGAN in Chicago in 1812, and wrung the confession from the gifted lady herself. Mr. GREELEY'S aunt, we need not say, is incapable of telling a lie.

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At the early age of six weeks our illustrious victim made her first appearance as a public speaker. This was at Faneuil Hall, Boston. She was supported on that memorable occasion by a young and fascinating lady by the name of ANTHONY (SUSAN.) SUSIE prophesied then, it will be remembered, that the fair oratress would yet live to be President of the United States and Canadas. Miss LOGAN, with her customary modesty, declined to view the mysterious future in that puerile light, gracefully suggesting, amid a brilliant outburst of puns, metaphors and amusing anecdotes, that SUSIE distorted the facts. Miss ANTHONY, under a mistaken impression that this referred to her peculiar mode of keeping accounts, offered, with a wild shriek of despair and disgust, to exhibit her books to an unprejudiced committee of her own sex, with WENDELL PHILLIPS as chairwoman. (There is manifest inaccuracy in this account, though, inasmuch as Mr. PHILLIPS was not yet born, at that time; but we of course give the story as it is related to us by eye-witnesses.) Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, who was in the audience, rose and said that Miss ANTHONY'S explanation was entirely sufficient, and that she might now take her seat. The lecturer then proceeded to discuss her subject, "Girls." She said—

However, this is not a newspaper report, is it?

Soon after this, Louis PHILLIPPE invited Miss LOGAN to visit Paris. He represented that he should consider it an honor at any time to welcome the beautiful demoiselle to the palace of the Tuileries. He remarked in a postscript that his dinner hour was twelve o'clock, noon, sharp, and that his hired man had instructions to pass Miss LOGAN at any time. Accordingly, our syren departed hungrily for the capital of the French. Her career in Paris is well known to every mere ordinary schoolboy: therefore, wherefore dwell? Madame DE STAEL'S dressmaker called on her. A committee of strong-minded milliners solicited the honor of her acquaintance. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN proposed an alliance with her for the purpose of hurling imperial jackassery from its tottering throne. Other honors were conferred on her.

Returning to her native motherland in 1812, she once more resumed her career as a public speakeristess. How wonderful that career has been, does not the world know? If not, why not? She has lectured in 14,364,812,719 towns between San Francisco on the one hand and California on the other. Upwards of fourteen million Young Men's Christian Associations have crowded to hear her thrilling eloquence, and lecture committees all over the land have grown fat and saucy on the enormous profits yielded by her engagements. Country editors, who, before speculating in tickets of admission, were without shoes to their feet, have been suddenly converted into haughty despots and bloated aristocrats by their prodigious gains. And Miss LOGAN herself is said to be worth \$250.

* * * * *



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COMIC ZOOLOGY.

Genna, *Corvus*.—The Common Crow.

This Ravenous bird abounds in all temperate regions, and is a fowl of sober aspect, although a Rogue in Grain. Crows, like time-serving politicians, are often on the Fence, and their proficiency in the art of Caw-cussing entitles them to rank with the Radical Spoilsmen denounced by the sardonic DAWES. In time of war they haunt the battlefield with the pertinacity of newspaper specials, and have a much more certain method of making themselves acquainted with the Organization of military Bodies than the gentlemen of the press who Pick the Brains of fugitives from the field for their information. In time of peace the Crow leads a comparatively quiet life, and it is no novel thing to see him walking in the fields devouring with great apparent interest the Yellow-Covered Cereals. Agriculturists have strong prejudices against the species, and allege, not without reason, that large Crow Crops indicate diminished harvests. The most persistent enemy of the Crow, however, is the martin, which attacks it on the wing with unflinching Pluck, and compels it to show the White Feather.

This variety of the genus *corvus* was well known to the ancients. Those solemn Bores, the Latin augurs, were in the habit of foretelling the triumph or downfall of the Roman Eagles by the flight of Crows, and St. PETER was once convicted of three breaches of veracity by a Crow. The bird has also been the theme of song—the carnivorous exploits of three of the species having been repeatedly chanted by popular Minstrels.

A Greek author has described the Crow as a cheese-eater—but that's a fable. Though fond of a Rare Bit of meat, it does not care a Mite for Cheese. Nothing in the shape of flesh comes amiss to this rapacious creature; yet, much as it enjoys the flavor of the human subject, it relishes the *cheval mort*. During the late war, our government, with exemplary liberality, purchased thousands of horses to feed the Southern Crows. The consequence was that our Cavalry Charges were tremendous.

The appearance of the Crow is grave and clerical, but it is nevertheless an Offal bird when engaged on a Tear. It generally goes in flocks, and the prints of its feet may be seen not only on the face of the Country, but in many instances on the faces of the inhabitants. Naturalists do not class it with the edible fowls. There may be men who *can* eat crow, but nobody hankers after it. The story of the man who “swallowed three black crows” lacks confirmation. Looking at the whole tribe from a Ration-al point of view, however, we have no hesitation in pronouncing them excellent food—for powder. In this category may be included the copper-colored Crows on our Western frontier.

* * * * *

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

That Brooklyn is a City of Churches has long been known to people of average intelligence. The following item, however, taken from a daily paper, is very suggestive of the old saying, "The nearer the church," *etc.*

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“JOHN BEATY bit off WM. HARPER’S face in April last, at a church fight in Brooklyn, and then went to sea. Last night he came back, and was arrested by officer Fox, who will take him before Justice WALSH to-day. HARPER is disfigured for life.”

The matter-of-fact way in which the expression, “a church fight” is used by the writer of the above item, seems to indicate that tabernacular conflicts are rather the rule than the exception in “deeply religious” Brooklyn. We were not prepared to expect, though, that theological controversy ever ran further in Brooklyn than to the extent of “putting a head on” one’s antagonist, though now it appears that biting his face off is more the thing. The statement that “HARPER is disfigured for life,” goes for nothing with us, as that depends altogether on what sort of looking man he was previous to the removal of his features by means of a dental apparatus.

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE “STERN PARENT.

Daughter “WELL, TO TELL THE TRUTH, I DID NOT THINK MUCH OF THE CLOSE OF THE SERMON.”

Father. “PROBABLY YOU WERE THINKING MORE OF THE CLOTHES OF THE CONGREGATION.”]

* * * * *

THE WAR.

It is with feeling of intense satisfaction and self complacency, that Mr. PUNCHINELLO submits to his readers the following despatches relative to the Great Railroad War, which have been collected at a fabulous cost, by a large corps of reporters and correspondents specially detailed for the purpose.

WAR DECLARED!

ERIE PALACE.—It is rumored that the “unpleasantness” which has for some time past existed between the rival powers of the Erie and the Central, will shortly culminate in open hostilities. Col. FISK, assisted by twelve secretaries, is said to be actively engaged in drawing up a formal Declaration. Great enthusiasm prevails here. The Erie Galop and FISK Guard March (price 50 cents, including full length portrait of Capt. SPENCER,) are played nightly in the Opera House, and are vociferously re-demanded. Every member of the Ninth has been notified to hold himself in readiness to turn out at fifteen minutes’ notice.

LATER.



“Erie accepts the war which VANDERBILT proffers her.” The “Blonde Usher,” accompanied by an extensive retinue of brother ushers, will bear the gauge of battle to the Tyrant of the Central. He will cast it boldly at VANDERBILT’S feet. It is announced that he will proceed to his destination by way of the Eighth Avenue Car Line. The reply of the Hudson River potentate is looked forward to with great interest.

“CENTRAL” REPORTS.

VANDERBILT received the Declaration of War with seeming calm. On the departure of the Erie Emissary, however, his fortitude forsook him; he threw himself on the neck of a baggage porter and wept aloud. At a late hour this evening a trusted agent left here for the *Tribune* office. He is said to have held a long conference with Mr. GREELEY, the particulars of which have not transpired. It is supposed by many to portend an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the King of Central and the Philosopher of Printing-House Square.



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FROM ERIE.

Activity is the order of the day here. Col. FISK'S \$20,000 team went to the front this morning. They are to be broken into the turmoil of war by being led gently to and fro, before a Supreme Court injunction. A Central spy, who was captured during the day, was immediately tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be suspended from the flag-staff on top of the building. He was executed at noon, a copy of the *Tribune* being tied to his feet, to add force to his fall and curtail his sufferings. From legal documents found in his possession, the wretched being is supposed to have been a minion of the law. The Narragansett and Long Branch boats are being rapidly got ready for active service. Their armament will consist of Parrott guns of large calibre. FISK says that VANDERBILT will hear those Parrotts talk.

DESPATCHES FROM THE CENTRAL.

VANDERBILT is preparing for a grand flank movement upon the Erie forces. He will transport passengers at one cent per head, insure their lives for the trip, feed them on the way, and present them, on parting, with a copy of H.G.'s paper. He has been reinforced by the *Tribune*, which will continue to harass the enemy by attacks in the rear.

ADVICES FROM ERIE.

VICTORY!—By a well executed movement the Narragansett fleet under command of Admiral Fisk, have succeeded in cutting off the *Tribune's* connection with Long Branch. A panic prevails in the *Tribune* office. HORACE GREELEY threatens, in retaliation, to lecture on farming along the route of the Erie Railway, to the ruin of the agricultural interest of the district. A meeting of prominent farmers has been convened to protest against this outrage, and a strong body of Erie troops have been sent to prevent H.G.'s advance. It is proposed, in case of attack, to illuminate the Erie Palace by means of Colonel FISK'S big diamond, which, it is estimated, would prove more powerful than a dozen calcium lights. If this should not be dazzling enough, it is suggested that a glimpse of the Colonel's \$5,000 uniform might have the desired effect. Amongst the novel instruments of warfare which the contest has given birth to, is a new ball projected by the Prince of Erie. It will be given at Long Branch, and will, no doubt, be very effective.

LATEST FROM LONG BRANCH.

As the Plymouth Rock was nearing the pier here this morning, an elderly man, whose profane language had attracted the attention of the officers of the vessel, was arrested by order of COL FISK. It proved to be the sage of Chappaqua. He was attired in a clean shirt collar, by means of which he no doubt hoped to avoid recognition. In his travelling bag was found a tooth-brush and several copies of the *Tribune*. Upon being

tried and convicted of carrying contraband of war, he was sentenced to give forthwith his reasons why J. C. BANCROFT DAVIS should not be dismissed from his present office of Assistant Secretary of State.



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FROM SARATOGA.

The news of Mr. GREELEY'S capture has affected the Commodore to such an extent as to stretch him on a bed of sickness. JAY GOULD is reported marching on Saratoga with a strong force.

LATEST—PEACE!

Central has capitulated! Erie is victorious! To-day a treaty is drawn up by which everybody is made happy except Mr. GREELEY, who, it is stipulated, must feign total ignorance of farming whenever he journeys by the Erie Railway.

* * * * *

The place to look for them.

The Sun, a few days ago, had an editorial article about a reported theft of a box containing four large boa-constrictors. Might not a search in the editorial boots disclose the whereabouts of the missing reptiles?

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[Illustration: DIVORCES READY MADE.

Lawyer—“A DIVORCE, MADAM?—CERTAINLY, BY ALL MEANS. BOY, GIVE THE LADY A DIVORCE.”]



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