

Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 34, November 19, 1870 eBook

Punchinello, Volume 2, No. 34, November 19, 1870

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Vol. II. No. 34.

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[Illustration: *Walking down Chatham street.*

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Clothier. "Step in and look at our goods, Captain. Summer stuffs at a discount—nice lot o' white ducks at half price."

Sportsman. "I beat you there. I've got a nice lot o' black ducks here that ain't to be had at any price."]

* * * * *

Brilliancy of the "Sun."

The Moon, as is generally known, shines with a borrowed light, while the Sun is popularly supposed to manufacture its own gas and to arrange its pyrotechnics on the premises. Our N.Y. *Sun*, however, does not always manufacture its own beams. By far the most brilliant of the "sunbeams," for instance, published in that journal of November 1st, is the quaint and charming little poem there headed "Sally Salter," and written originally for Punchinello, in the issue of which publication for Oct. 1st it made its first appearance, under the title of "The Lovers." We congratulate the *Sun* on having thus successfully lit its pipe with Punchinello's fire, though we think it might have been gracious enough to have acknowledged the favor.

* * * * *

A people of taste.

The extraordinary liberality of the generous people of Connecticut has frequently excited apprehension in the minds of their friends, that, sooner or later, as the result of their spendthrift career, they must come to beggary. But we are glad to hear that they are making an effort in New Haven to reform. The grocery men there say that their customers taste so much before they can make up their minds to buy anything, that what with gratuitous slices of cheese and specimen mouthfuls of sugar and sample spoonfuls of molasses, the shop-keeper's profits are most dolefully diminished. A particularly *blue law* against this economical custom will have the effect of sobering down these brilliant Cullers.

* * * * *

"What Answer?"

Is it likely that *Horace Greeley*, or any other man, could steer this country through its difficulties by means of the tillers of the soil?

* * * * *

Any more caves?

About the dreariest magazine or other reading we know of—and we get a deal of it, too—is that which describes the visits of enthusiastic persons to big caves underground, very dark, damp, dreary, ugly, funereal—with winding ways and huge holes, water with eyeless fish, and certain drippings called stalagmites and stalactites. The enthusiasts, who always possess that priceless treasure self-satisfaction, and a boundless capacity for wonder (which is always ready to exercise itself with anything that is big, however ugly), and the “Palaces,” and “Halls,” and “Cascades,” and “Altars,” and “Bridal Wreaths” they see there are not only finer than real ones (if you would believe them!) but so grand and wonderful as to be really indescribable. So we find them, by their turgid and stupid reports, which are all alike, and all dreary and silly. We have never heard of anybody who got excited over these pictures (except the artists themselves); and positively there is no flatter reading anywhere than these gushing notes about big caves.

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* * * * *

Geometrical.

Why is it that we hear so much of the proper “Sphere” of woman? Here is that noble exile, the Princess Editha Montez, lecturing again, and her subject, of course, is the Spherical one. So when Mesdames Stanton, Dickinson, Anthony, Howe—all the lovely lecturers—discourse, they forget the platform which is plane, and discuss the “sphere” which is mysterious. Can it possibly be that it is because these amiable gentlewomen are always going round? Or is it because they cannot help reasoning in a circle? Or is there some occult relation between spheres and hoops? Or has the wedding-ring something to do with it? It should be understood, that these are questions addressed solely to male mathematicians; for Mr. P. is unlike John Graham, and doesn’t care to cross-examine ladies.

* * * * *

Secretion extraordinary.

It is done by Mollusks. We can tell you even the precise kind—it is the Gasteropod kind. Not only this, we know the very devil himself that does it. (And you will say that “devil” is not a particle too rough a term, when we come to tell what it is he “secretes.”) It is the *Dolium galea*, good friends, and we could tell you six other kinds that are suspected of this meanness. One of ’em is the *Pleurobranchidium* —which, of course, you have often heard of.

Well, what do these wretched Mollusks go and secrete? We can tell you—we, who know everything. It is sulphuric acid! What! do they steal it? Oh, no; they “evolve” it—probably from the “depths of their own consciousness.”

And what do they do it for? Well, they bore with it. Give ’em a chance, and they’ll go through *you*. The acid eats its way, and then they eat *their* way. That way is not ours, exactly; but we have known human beings about as venomous as this creature, and with precisely the same tendency to pierce one. They do it with their tongues, it is true, but the perforation is complete.

* * * * *

THE WRONG PLACE.

We are unusually astonished to find the Female Reformers holding their meeting in this city in Apollo Hall. It is well known that Apollo was a god of the male persuasion; and to have everything “mix up well,” these philosophical dames should have a Minerva Hall or a Diana Hall of their own. Besides, was not Apollo the God of Harmony? Precious little of that same was there at this meeting; for there was the Medical Mary Walker trying to

make a speech, while the Chairwoman put her down, causing Mary de Medici to cry out with shrill indignation: "Tyrant!" Bless us! we thought all the tyrants were we Bearded Ones.

* * * * *

A LETTER FROM CHICAGO.

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Purposely or otherwise, we are all on our way to California now—men, women, and children—graybeards and babies. We did Europe two or three years ago, so that idea is obsolete, excepting as a bridal tour; then, too, the more peaceably inclined, who have not seen the European elephant, would prefer to wait until that country is again in a state of quiescence. But Chicago is constantly sending out her adventure-loving citizens upon the Pacific road, each one of whom looks, sees, admires, and suddenly develops an epistolary talent hitherto undreamed of by his most enthusiastic friends. There's our MELISSA, for instance—she never used to have a pen in her hand more than once in the course of six months, and *now*—why, we really seem to have another SEVIGNE budding right in our midst. She went to California, saw all the sights, and wondered, and admired, and *wrote*. The floods of eloquence that had so long been slumbering now burst forth beyond all hindrance or control. She stopped at Salt Lake, and called upon BRIGHAM YOUNG, and was so disgusted with the mighty prophet that she would not look at him. Yet, considering that circumstance, she described his personal appearance with wonderful vividness and accuracy. She indulged in the usual amount of stern remonstrance and indignation, that seem to be almost indispensable to the occasion. ALONZO asked why she called upon the dreadful man, and somewhat maliciously inquired if it was not for the express purpose of being shocked and horrified, thus affording a fine chance to moralize, and display the elevation of her own principles, and, in fact, help to fill out a good article; but MELISSA most vigorously denied the soft impeachment. Then she saw the sad wives, whose days of sunshine are gone by, and the merry ones,—who don the cap and bells deliberately; and for their benefit she expended just the proper degree of astonishment and sympathy—so fully substantiating the sound and praiseworthy condition of her own mind and heart.

This excellent young woman also caught glimpses of the red man, and here was another glorious opportunity to display her literary genius—and she did not let the occasion slip—O no! it produced a plaintive little rhapsody of pity and regret, such as “Mr. Lo!” is apt to inspire in the hearts of the young and romantic, although if MELISSA were to find herself alone in a forest, with the faintest suspicion of “Mr. Lo!” meandering anywhere near, she would most likely apply her hand involuntarily to her trembling chignon, and regret as keenly as all *hard-hearted* persons, that civilization has not carried out the process of extermination even more thoroughly than it has done. Indeed, she would probably wish the red gentleman at the bottom of the Red Sea, or in some other equally damp and discouraging situation. The noble-hearted braves are so much prettier to read about than to encounter, and the thrill occasioned by the sight of a bloody hatchet suspended over the intricate elaboration which we so fondly term a head, though more exciting perhaps, would scarcely be as delightful as that awakened by some perfectly safe and stirring ballad of the red man's wrongs.

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MELISSA'S ideas of refinement met with a great shock. She concluded that the Indians' acquaintance with soap and water must be extremely limited, and thought that the distribution amongst them of several boxes of COLGATE'S best would be a most delicate courtesy, and true missionary enterprise. In looking at these noble representatives of savage life, she was greatly puzzled to discover where the dirt ended and the Indian began: but philanthropy should overlook such trifles. Philanthropy shouldn't be squeamish.

MELISSA, ecstasized over Lake Tahoe, and Yo Semite, and the Big Trees, and was delighted, enchanted, and enraptured in the most thorough and conscientious manner. She revelled amongst California grapes and pears, and quaffed the California wines with appropriate delight and hilarity. She also studied JOHN CHINAMAN in all his phases, and came to the conclusion that he would do. She thought it would be a seraphic experience to see the pride and importance of Misses BRIDGET and GRETCHEN taken down a little. JOHN would certainly not possess the voluble eloquence—of the first, nor the stolid impudence of the second, nor would he have, like the pretty Swede, a train of admirers a mile in length. Of course he would not have these advantages to recommend him. But then one can get along without florid oratory in the kitchen, and although a lady may feel highly pleased and flattered to see an unending procession of admirers file in and out of her drawing-rooms, still she has a most decided objection to seeing the same imposing spectacle in her kitchen. Women, will be inconsistent.

MELISSA particularly admired JOHN'S manner of ironing. She thought it peculiar but genteel, and gentility is always desirable. There must be something about the climate of California that is especially inspiring to authors—a kind of magnetism in the atmosphere that draws out all the literary talent which may be lying dormant in their souls—so that any one desirous of becoming a writer, has only to take a trip to that fascinating region, and at some unexpected moment he will awake with rapture and delight to the blessed consciousness of having blossomed into a flower of genius, and, as such, will feel privileged at once to deluge his family, his friends, and the world in general, with the brilliant results of his most delightful discovery.

* * * * *

THE PROFIT OF PURITAN PRISONS.

Spain has commissioned a Mr. AZCARATE, a Cuban, to visit and report upon our penal institutions, and the gentleman is now in the country. We trust he will not fail to visit the Connecticut State Prison. There he would unquestionably obtain numerous hints for improving the Spanish system of prison torture, or even that in vogue in his native land, for political prisoners. There he might learn how Yankee thrift, applied in this direction, makes the starving of convicts even a more profitable business than manufacturing wooden nutmegs. Perhaps not the least valuable information he would gain, would be

the best method of goading obnoxious prisoners into revolt, and thus obtaining a chance for disposing of them, legally, by a capital conviction.

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* * * * *

AN OPEN CONGRESSIONAL COUNTENANCE.

It is oddly enough objected to the re-election of a certain Member of Congress from Massachusetts, that “he can’t open his mouth.” It might be answered that Gen. BUTLER is quite able to open his mouth wide enough for the whole delegation. The mouth may be opened for two purposes, *viz.*, speech-making and swallowing; and it never appeared to us that there was any lack either of Bolting or Belling in the House of Representatives. However notably Honorable Gentlemen may play the game either of Gab or Grab, it isn’t so clear that their constituents are much benefited by these accomplishments. If all they want is an open-mouthed Member, why don’t the Massachusetts men import a first-class crocodile, and send him to the National Menagerie in Washington?

* * * * *

SPREAD OF AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

It is with a heart full of patriotic pride and gratitude that Mr. PUNCHINELLO observes the adoption, in his dear native Italy, of the manners and customs of the Land of his Adoption. At an election recently held in Rome, about something or some other thing, one enterprising Roman has been discovered who voted “yes” twenty-five times in as many electoral urns—thereby, it is to be presumed, earning a good deal of money. We have a more lively hope for charming Italy when we find even a single citizen exhibiting a skill which would do honor to the most accomplished professional voter in New York. There is something encouraging in finding the Sons of ST. PETER becoming, every one of them, Re-Peters.

* * * * *

To Commentators.

The “Sun of York,” mentioned in Richard III., has no reference to the “Sun of New York” neither was the quotation, “Who is here so base, that would be a bondman?” especially meant for application to “THE” ALLEN.

* * * * *

Beatific.

They talk a great deal about the twenty-eight inch beet they have grown in California, but a policeman of this city has a beat three miles long.

* * * * *

[Illustration: "SICH A GITTIN' UP STARES."

1st festive Cuss. "WHAT MAKES FOLKS STARE AT US SO?"

2d Festive Cuss. "ON ACCOUNT OF OUR ELEGANT COSTOOM, I GUESS. THEY TAKE YOU FOR WALL STREET, AND ME FOR FIFTH AVENUE."]

* * * * *

OUR EYE-WITNESS AT THE ELECTIONS.

We suppose that no individual has rendered more invaluable service as a historian than the distinguished Eye-witness of the newspapers. The friends of PUNCHINELLO will therefore be rejoiced to hear that this accurate reporter was engaged to detail for our readers the progress of the late elections.

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Some time ago, the Eye-witness set about organizing the campaign by the masterly and novel plan of inducing the leaders of the opposing political parties to nominate different men for the same office. The effect was electrical. Immediately on these nominations being made public, the people rose like one man, and began canvassing like a great many different and very quarrelsome men. Target companies sprang from the recesses of the East Side, like ghosts from the rocks in *Der Freischuetz*; drums and fifes resounded; cannons boomed; fireworks burst into flame. The Eye-witness, having thus set the universe satisfactorily by the ears, got into his second-story front, and contemplated the campaign with serene complacency from the window.

He had not to wait very long for a Mass Meeting to be formed under his very nose, and, consequently, within range of his witnessing and recording Eye. This Mass Meeting was conducted by the "Intelligent" Party, and was announced to be speedily followed by a Multitudinous Assemblage of the "Enlightened" Party. These two factions, as it will readily be observed, and as their names indicate, are of the most widely varying character and scope; a fact to be further illustrated by the proceedings which followed.

The intelligent began to assemble early in the evening, to the sound of guns and drums and sky-rockets. These accompaniments were intended to get their spirits up, but the Intelligent persistently applied themselves to getting spirits down; and when the rival processes had continued for a reasonable length of time, speakers began to appear upon the stands. The first man who addressed them was the Commercial Candidate.

"Fellow-citizens," said he, "why are you here? To elect me, of course. (Immense cheering.) And why will you elect me? I am an honest man: I want no office. (Laughter and cheers.) Ah, my friends, you elect me because you are now paying \$5.36 on every pound of Peruvian Bark and Egyptian Mummy which you use in every-day life, and because you know that when I am in, the other party will be out!" (Continued applause.)

Next rose an ex-Senator, who said he had come wholly unprepared to speak, but, being unexpectedly called upon, had made some brief jottings on a visiting-card, to which he would now refer. He then spoke for one hour and three-quarters. At the close there was an intermission for carrying off the dead.

JONES, the candidate for the office of Vituperator, then cleared his throat savagely.

"My friends," he began, "BROWN, the opposing candidate, is a scamp, and he knows it. If any man says he isn't, *he* is. (Loud cheers.) Do you ask me to prove it? Prove an axiom! (Applause.) Who but a damned rascal would run against me at election? I tell you it is assault and battery! (Sounds of approbation.) In conclusion, I will only add that Brown is an infernal bummer and a sneak." (Cheers.)

The Intelligent then dispersed in a splendidly ferocious and bloody-minded condition, fully primed for the election. Shortly afterward the Enlightened appeared upon the scene in the following

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ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Cordon of Police.

Drum.

Committee of Arrangements.

Fife.

Target Company.

Drum and Fife.

Small boys.

Apple-women.

Drum.

The Enlightened candidate for the Vituperator was the first on the stand. He rushed forward and said:—

“The Vituperative candidate of the Intelligent let fall in a former speech some subtle or carefully worded innuendoes as to my character. I have only to say that his speech was a tissue of falsehood. I will trespass upon your patience further, to add that JONES is an infernal bummer and a sneak. If he is not, my fellow-citizens, why then I am. (Indignant cries of ‘That’s so!’) My friends, you cannot doubt this reasoning. The facts are then conclusive. Either he is a bummer, or I am. It is therefore your duty, on the 8th November, to elect me at once and in fact to the office of Vituperator, and prospectively to those of Mayor, Governor, and President of the United States.” (Prolonged cheering.)

Mr. DE MAGOG, a very giant of eloquence, a Gog as well as Magog of oratory, next set the enlightened agog with a speech.

“Fellow-citizens! Men and Brothers! Victory or defeat! Liberty or death! Glorious republic! Stars and Stripes! Down with the traitor! To the polls! Red fire—blood and thunder”—(voice drowned in shouts of wild enthusiasm.)

The Eye-witness, meantime, had become distracted with harassing doubts. Subscribing fully to the politics of PUNCHINELLO, which is the only paper he reads, he had hitherto announced himself as a member of the Right Party. Being, however, open to conviction, he had unfortunately permitted both parties to convict him. In this awful crisis Reason appeared about to totter from her throne. The Eye-witness thrust his head wildly from the window, and shrieked to the crowd below: “Where’s the Right Man? I belong to the Right Party. I want to hear the Right Man!!”

At once the mob became a sea of upturned faces. The Enlightened, together with a large number of the Intelligent, who had lingered on the scene, with one common consent lifted up their voices and groaned. The groan was but a premonitory thunder to a shower of sticks, stones, whiskey-bottles, and superannuated eggs. The Eye-witness closed the window with an undignified bang, and retired into the depths of his chamber,

where he remained until after the election. Owing to a dimness of vision, resulting from the eggs-cruciating condition of his ocular organs, the occupation of the Eye-witness was from that moment gone. And to this fact must be attributed his inability to state, with any certainty, whether the Right Party has succeeded in putting the Right Man in the Right Place; but he rather thinks it has.

* * * * *

Spots on the Sun.

The *Sun* is eclipsed by the *World*, and is far behind the *Times*. It cannot be considered a *Standard* sheet, and will never personify the *Star* newspaper. Receiving its *News* with the *Mail*, as a *Herald* it is valueless. It cannot claim to be a *Journal of Commerce*, and as a *Tribune* for the people it is a failure, and it does not shine as a *Democrat*, for it relies on the *Post* for most of its intelligence.

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Moral.—Keep the *Sun* out of your eyes.

* * * * *

[Illustration: A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

First Old Loafer. “THE PAPERS SAYS THERE’S A CHANCE OF THE BOURBON DIE NASTY REIGNING IN FRANCE AGAIN.”

Second ditto. “BULLY! IF THERE’S ANYTHING I LIVE FOR ITS A HIGH OLD RAIN OF BOURBON. LET IT POUR!”]

* * * * *

SARFIELD YOUNG ON FORT SUMTER.

The country was indignant that Fort Sumter was not reinforced. Major Anderson's supplies were nearly exhausted, and he wanted twenty thousand men, with equipments and rations. If the Government couldn't afford the rations—very well: it ought at least to given him the men.

I am speaking of the late rebellion, which GREELEY, HEADLEY, and others have written up. Although a publishing company at Hartford, Conn., own most of the facts of the war, which they peddle out only by subscription, they can give the public but little of the secret history of the Fort Sumter affair. That remains to be written, while WELLER and I remain to write it. The Ex-Secretary has gracefully left it to me to describe the midnight session of the Cabinet at which I chanced to be present.

I was boarding at the White House at the time, and as President LINCOLN assured me it would be rather interesting, I was persuaded to attend. “The fact is, the crisis reminds me,” said he, of a little story of a horse-trot in Arkansas—”

“Sir,” interrupted I, “it reminds me of a dozen stories, one of AEsop’s fables, and two hundred lives of CHAUCER.”

He was afraid to continue.

As the clock struck twelve, he called the meeting to order and remarked: “Gentlemen, ANDERSON is in Sumter. The question now is,—what will he do with it?”

South Carolina was out. BUCHANAN had done nothing. Everywhere was distrust. (That very day they had refused, on Pennsylvania avenue, to trust me for a spring overcoat.) STANTON was getting his dark lantern ready for nightly interviews with SUMNER and WENDELL PHILLIPS in a vacant lot upon the outskirts of the Capitol. Universal gloom prevailed.

SEWARD opened the discussion. He said it was contemplated to throw four thousand men into Fort Sumter. We couldn't do it. If we did, it would only be one of the first throes of a civil conflict, a war long and bloody, which he would venture to predict might be protracted even to the extent of ninety days. Were we prepared for that? He would like to hear from that pure patriot, the Secretary of War, on this point.

Amid murmurs of applause, Gen. CAMERON rose to say that he was wholly unprepared to make a speech; but he owned a lot of condemned muskets, which he stood ready to dispose of to the Government at four times their original cost. He should advise that the Fort be covered with several thicknesses of Pennsylvania railroad iron. It would protect our gallant troops, and he was now, as he had always been, in favor of protection. Besides, he knew parties who could get up a ring in the way of army blankets.

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Mr. CHASE spoke rather thick and fast, but I understood him to pronounce in favor of that platform which would get the most votes. "If the people think it ought to be done, why, do it. The country needs taxation, and is anxious to have me President. I think I can borrow money enough in Wall street to pay the passage of a moderate number of men to Charleston, but they mustn't on any account be CHASE men. I don't want any of my friends killed off before the next Presidential election."

"What the Administration lacks," chimed in BLAIR, "is backbone. Powder and ball, and blood are my sentiments. Fill all the army and navy offices with the BLAIR family, and secession is dead."

SEWARD again: "Strengthen Pickens, and let Sumter go. Our soldiers will find it healthier and more commodious at Pickens. I'll have the *Powhatan* sent there forthwith."

Hereupon Mr. GIDEON WELLES woke up and remarked, in a strain of apology, that he hadn't read his commission yet, but it was his impression that he was the head of what was called the Navy Department. Coming from an inland town, he didn't exactly know whether the Secretary of State or himself had the ordering about of our national vessels; but he rather thought he would relieve his friend SEWARD of that burden. He had talked with several old sea-dogs. They all agreed that the success of the plan depended on its feasibility. Capt. Fox, a private citizen of Massachusetts, had been down there with a horse and buggy, and reports that a squad of marines could do the job up in good style.

Mr. BATES was called upon, and stated that strengthening Sumter, without giving the Southerners four weeks' notice of our intention, would not, in his opinion, be unconstitutional.

At this juncture Mr. FLOYD (who, having acquired the habit of attending BUCHANAN'S cabinet meetings, had not quite got over it) put his head in for a moment to suggest, that if the Black Republican Government would evacuate all the forts on Southern territory, remunerate his friends for their expenses, and execute a quit-claim deed of Washington and the national property to JEFF. DAVIS and other Southern leaders, the proposition might possibly be accepted, and trouble avoided.

Mr. SEWARD rose to add only a word, and that word was "Pickens."

The Secretary of the Interior observed, that as Charleston harbor wasn't in his department, he would say nothing.

Mr. BATES urged that the people of his section were loyal to the flag; in fact, they not only wanted the flag but the Capitol itself, and the national buildings (except the monument), removed to St. Louis; if they couldn't get that, they might be satisfied if Fort

Sumter were towed around there, up the Mississippi. It would certainly be a good deal safer there.

Mr. GIDEON WELLES wanted it distinctly understood that Gen. SCOTT, Gen. HOLT, Capt. FOX and the *Powhatan* could save the country if Mr. SEWARD would let them; otherwise he would make a minute of these deliberations, and if his friend Mr. YOUNG (whom he was pleased to see present) didn't expose it, he himself would put it in the shape of a lively sketch, and send it to the magazines.

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"Well—now," said Mr. LINCOLN, after patiently waiting, "this reminds me of the man in Pomeroy, Ohio, who kept what he called an 'eating saloon.' One morning, a tall hoosier came in and called for ham and eggs. 'Can't giv 'em to ye, stranger,' said the proprietor, 'but what'll ye hav' t'drink?—don't keep nothin' but a bar.' 'Yer don't? Then what'n thunder yer got that sign out thar for?' for the fellow was a little mad. 'Why yer see I call her a eating saloon, 'cos I reckon she eats up all the profits."

This beautiful and appropriate anecdote, which seemed to throw a flood of light upon the critical State question under consideration, pleased every one except FLOYD, who swore it was ungenerous and unchivalric. Hastily withdrawing, he threatened to telegraph it verbatim to the insurgents; it would fire the Southern heart.

SEWARD said he was going home, as he had already sent the *Powhatan* to PICKENS.

Mr. LINCOLN yawned, and turning to me, inquired: "Well, SARSFIELD, you see what a man's got to do to run this machine,—now what's your advice?"

"Your Excellency," I replied, "there's a man in the tanning business at Galena, in your State. Telegraph him at once. His name is GRANT, and if you give him the tools to work with, he'll straighten everything out for you as neat as a pin."

The meeting dissolved without taking heed of my suggestion, and the world knows the result. However, there's one thing I am proud of. I claim to have discovered GRANT four years before WASHBURN did. That's the secret why I can have any office I want under the present administration.

SARSFIELD YOUNG.

* * * * *

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

The popularity of opera among fashionable people in this city varies inversely as the intelligibility of the language in which it is sung.

To illustrate! The Italian opera is fashionable, though not one in ten of the people composing an average audience understand a word that is said or sung. The French opera is less fashionable, but perhaps one-third of the audience can understand the less ingenious of the indelicate jokes. The English opera is not fashionable, but every one can understand every word that Miss RICHINGS or Miss HERSEE pronounces. These facts undoubtedly stand in the relation of cause and effect. Wherefore the axiom with which this column begins.

To be sure, the words of an opera are a matter of very little consequence, the music speaking as plainly as the clearest of Saxon sentences. But the fashionable public

knows less of music than it knows of languages, and would be quite capable of mistaking "*Gran Dio*" for a comic song, and "*Libiamo*" for a lover's lamentation, were not the translated libretto of *Traviata* at hand to supply them and the critics of the minor papers, with the cue for the display of appropriate emotion. Singers,

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especially, understand the full force of the above stated axiom. Hence, those who are deficient in voice avoid the English stage. Miss KELLOGG, for example, never attempted English opera, because she knew that people who had heard ROSE HERSEE or CAROLINE RICHINGS would laugh at her claim to be “the greatest living Prima Donna,” should she compete with those birds of English song. Wherefore, she wisely confined herself to the Italian stage, sure of pleasing a public that knows nothing of music, but is confident that a lady who enjoys the friendship of Madison avenue must be a great singer. PAREPA, on the contrary, turned from the Italian to the English stage, —but then PAREPA had a voice.

How many years is it since CAROLINE RICHINGS first sung in English opera? It is an ungallant question, but the answer would be still more ungallant were it not that Miss RICHINGS is an artist; and with artists the crown of youth never loses the brightness of its laurel leaves. At any rate, she has sung long enough to compel the recognition of her claims to our gratitude and admiration. She is not faultless in her method, but she differs from other great American prime donne in the important particular of possessing voice enough to fill an auditorium larger than the average minstrel hall.

At present she is filling NIBLO’S GARDEN with her voice and its admirers. We go to hear her. PALMER and ZIMMERMANN, clad in velvet and fine linen, flit gorgeously about the lobby, and are mistaken, by rural visitors, for JIM FISK and HORACE GREELEY—concerning whom the tradition prevails in rural districts that they are clothed in a style materially different from that affected by King Solomon at the period of his greatest glory. We find our seats, and mentally remarking that NIBLO’S is the one theatre in this city from which it would be possible to escape with whole bones and coat in case of fire, we await with contented minds the lifting of the curtain.

In time the opera begins, and a select company of young men who are standing in the rear of the audience improve every possible opportunity for breaking into rapturous applause. Their zeal occasionally outruns their discretion, and they finally ruin the attempt of Miss RICHINGS to execute a florid cadenza at the end of one of her arias. An intelligent usher is therefore detailed to curse them into a comprehension of their duties, after which they applaud with a discretion which produces almost exactly the effect of spontaneous enthusiasm.

Remarks a young lady near us, who is dressed with much wealth of contrasting colors: —“This isn’t half so nice as the Italian opera. Miss RICHINGS can’t dress half so nicely as Miss KELLOGG, and then you don’t see any fashionable people here. The DAVIDS, the ABRAHAMAS, the AARONS, the NOAHS, that handsome Mr. JACOBS, and that delightful Mr. MOSES,—all these elegant young men with beautiful eyes and curly hair that dress in velvet coats and diamond studs—there isn’t one of them here. Our best society never goes to any opera but the real Italian opera.”

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LIGHT-HAIRED YOUNG MAN.—“But, my dear, it seems to me that your best society must consist chiefly of Jews—judging from the names you mention.”

YOUNG LADY.—“Well, what if it does? They are rich, are they not? What more could you want?”

LIGHT-HAIRED YOUNG MAN.—“What, indeed! But the music is just as good as it would be if the fashionable Israelites were here,—isn’t it?”

SHE.—“The music as good! Why, Charles, everybody knows that the Italian opera music is perfectly lovely. This is only English, you know.”

HE.—“It is precisely the same. Here the *Somnmabula* is sung with English instead of Italian words. That doesn’t alter a single note.”

SHE.—“You are too ridiculous! The idea of attempting to make me believe that this is just like the Italian Opera! Don’t you suppose I knows anything about music?”

OLD GENTLEMAN.—“I heard CAROLINE RICHINGS sing in 1808,—I think it was. I tell you she sings better now tan she did then, but the stupid public never appreciated her. I recollect saying to KEAN—not CHARLES, you know, but *the* KEAN—that I knew a young lady that would be a splendid singer some of these days—meaning CAROLINE, of course. ‘Well, sir,’ says KEAN, ‘what of it; you can’t drink her, can you?’ Gad! he was the best man for repartee I ever knew. To give you an instance; one night KEAN and I, and old SMITH,—you don’t remember old SMITH, I presume; he played old men at the Boston Theatre sixty years ago; I never met a jollier fellow,—I remember his saying one night when JUNICS BOOTH was playing—let me see, what was the play; it wasn’t the *Apostate*, I hardly think, for—”

Here the orchestra mercifully strikes up, and the big drum drums the garrulous monologue of the veteran theatrical observer. We have another act of the opera, sung far better than any opera has been sung at the Academy for years. Pretty ROSE HERSEE—when have we had a voice as pure, or a manner as charming as hers?—sings in this act, and her tones so closely resemble those of NILSSON in their exquisite purity, that we wonder how she has escaped the abuse of that “independent critical journal,” the *Season*, until we notice a middle-aged gentleman sleeping quietly with a copy of the *Season* on his lap, and remember that at NIBLO’S GARDEN the proprietor of the independent critical journal is permitted to distribute his mental soothing syrup, while at STEINWAY HALL a rival sheet is the only admitted programme.

And I say—still thinking of NILSSON—to an experienced theatre-goer,—“Why does WATSON abuse NILSSON?”

And he answers, with the contemptuous, but obviously honest inquiry—"Who's WATSON?"

Really appalled by the suggestion that there exists a man with soul and things so completely dead as not to have heard of the great WATSON, I change my question and ask him: "Why does the *Season* abuse NILSSON?"

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HE.—“The *Season*, my young friend, is a programme paper that is circulated gratuitously and depends for support upon its advertizing patronage. A few managers permit it to be circulated in their theatres; the remaining managers will not admit it. Among the latter are Mr. WALLACK, and MAX STRAKOSCH. Consequently, the *Season* abuses WALLACK’S Theatre and NILSSON’S concerts—asserting that Mr. WALLACK has a wretched company, and that Miss NILSSON has no voice. The *Season* is also a comic paper, and its best joke is its assertion that it is an ‘independent critical journal.’”

YOUNG LADY IN COLORS.—“This opera is dreadfully stupid.”

LIGHT-HAIRED YOUNG MAN.—“But, MARY ANNE, it is one of Mozart’s—the *Marriage of Figaro*. It is one of his most famous works.”

SHE.—“Then I don’t like Mozart. There was an Italian who wrote an opera that was all about Figaro,—the *Nossy di Figaro* was the name of it. Oh, it is perfectly splendid; ever so much prettier than this.”

HE.—“Why, my dear girl, the *Nozze di Figaro* is the identical opera you are now hearing.”

SHE.—“There is young Mr. NATHAN ISAACS. Isn’t he perfectly splendid?”

HE (sighing sadly).—“Whenever you wish to go home, I am ready.”

SHE.—“You are real disagreeable to-night, and I’m sorry I came with you.”

RURAL PERSON.—“Well, if this is the opery, I don’t mind sayin’ I like it. Susan said I couldn’t understand a word of the gibberish these opery folks squawked, but it’s just as plain as psalm-singing. Miss RICHIN and that HERSY gal are just the tallest kind of singers. If we had ’em in our choir, the Baptist folks might shut up their meetin’-house to wunst.”

ZIMMERMANN.—“When are we going to revive the Crook—did you ask? What do we want to revive it for? Isn’t the house full enough to-night to satisfy anybody?”

FRIEND OF THE THEATRE.—“To be sure it is. Stick to this sort of thing, and you’ll find it will pay better in the end than any amount of legs. NIBLO’S is now a respectable theatre. Don’t change it into an Anatomical Museum.”

MATADOR.

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[Illustration: AFTER THE BATTLE.

CARRYING OFF THE WOUNDED.]

* * * * *

PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Lover of Music. Our street musicians are growing worse and worse. There is a piper who infests the street in which I live, and sets my nerves on edge with his horrible droning. What am I to do with him?

Answer. put him in the waste-piper basket.

Aunt Carraway. The preparatory schools about which you inquire have nothing to do with the reformation of wicked parrots. If the language made use of by your parrot is so dreadful that the cats have left the house in consequence of it, we are afraid that the bird is past reform. Try him with rats, and you may yet be renowned as the "female Whittington of the period."

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Rebecca Hazeldown. It was very rude of the young man to stare at you through an aquarium, as you say he did. The little fishes might have been flirting their tails at the time, however, and it is just possible that he might have taken you for one of the flirts.

A Horseman. After long observation, I am of opinion that the sudden collapse which so frequently occurs among omnibus and street-car horses, is to be attributed to the stupid but common practice of giving them water when they are overheated. Can you assist me in putting a stop to this?

Answer. We do not see why you should apply to PUNCHINELLO in the case. Have we not a Croton BERGH among us?

Valetudinarian. To furnish you with a list of all the patent medicines advertised is quite out of our power. Suppose you start out early every morning with your note-book, walk for seven or eight miles along the Bloomingdale Road, and make your list from the innumerable inscriptions on the rocks in that vicinity. Do this for a month or two, and you will not care much about the list when you have got it.

N.E. by S.W. We read that DEMOSTHENES used to put pebbles in his mouth, and spout while thus charged, to cure himself of thickness of utterance. Suffering from the same defect, I have tried the same remedy, but without success. Can you advise me in the matter?

Answer. The most learned commentators agree that the statement about DEMOSTHENES' putting pebbles in his mouth was only figurative, and really meant that, when about to speak in public, he used to put a brick in his hat. The same thing is done by many of our public speakers of the period—such as JOHN B. GOUGH, H. GREELEY, ANNA DICKINSON, and others. Try it moderately, and it may loosen your tongue.

Epicurus. Is Worcestershire sauce really the invention of an English nobleman?

Answer. Yes: he was one of the COOKS or one of the BUTLERS, we have forgotten which; but it is certain that he was degraded from the peerage for offering some of his sauce to the reigning British monarch of his time.

* * * * *

Complimentary Chromatics

While all France is Blue with the prospects of the siege of Paris, we have constant accounts of the growing ascendancy of the Reds. We commend this to the next scientific convention, as an evidence of the analogies which prevail in the physical and moral worlds.



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A Sally for Sketchers.

When an artist visits a picturesque locality, why is the proceeding like an undecided prize-fight?

Because it results in a draw.

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[Illustration: A RASH PROCEEDING.

WAITING FOR A LIGHT.]

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HIRAM GREEN AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

His Experience with the Advocates of the 10th Amendment.

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On the last eleckshun day, I was servin as Inspector of Eleckshun, when a passil of wimmen, drest partly in men's habiliments, walkt up to the ballit box.

They was headed by old SARY YOOMANS, who has been an old made for more'n 1/2 Sentury.

Steppin up close to the railin where votes is put in, Miss YOOMANS thus to me did say:

—

"Square GREEN, wee've come to cast the soffrige of a down-trodden race: Will you receive our votes?"

"Not exzactly I wont, my hi toned Greshun benders," was my reply.

"Do you know who we air, sir?" cride a long, leen, lank, rale-fence-lookin femail, whose nose looked as if sheed been sokin it in a bladder of black snuff.

"Well! sweet wolfs in lambs clothin," said I, puttin on one of my shrewed expreshuns, "you look as if you was a lot of, so-called, strong-minded femails, who was up to snuff, but, in an endeavor to scratch somebody bare-boned, you'd lost your footin, and tumbled slap-bang into a coal-hole."

"We air, sir," says another ethereal-lookin hearthstun depopulater, "members of the Skeensboro Sore-eye-siss Society. We believe wimmens has got rites, which man won't let her have. We believe the ballit is calkilated to raise woman to her proper speer. We believe hoop-skirts and side-saddles will soon be numbered among the lost arts. We believe SOOZAN B. ANTHONY, E. CADY STANTON, WENDIL FILLIPS, or Mister BLACKWELL, are just as capable of bein President of this ere old Union, as the best man which ever wore panterloons; and we air bound hensforth and forever, one and onseperable, to stand up for our rites, if we can only rope in enuff Congressmen to hold our bonnits."

Durin the a-4-said bust of elokence, about 75 wimmen was holdin ballits for me to take, while others were vilently swingin their gingham parasols over my bald head.

All seemed as if they was jest bilin over to get their clutches about my breethin apparatus. Says I:

"Go hum and be femails, and don't make sich tarnal loonatix of yourself any longer, gittin mixed up with the body polertick; for sures you're born, when woman votes sheel trail her skirts in the dust and you cant stop her; when she walks up to the ballit box, and undertakes to mix into suthin she don't know no more about, than TILTON and FULTON do about the golden rool, then when that air time comes I will exclaim:

“‘Oh! woman; where is thy stinger.’

“‘Oh! Sore-eye-siss! where ‘bouts is thy victory?’”

“What! miserable man, woolest-ist thou deny us the ballit?” screemed another femail, as she tore a 2-bushel waterfall from her head, and, wildly swingin it in the air, dirty stockings and old clothes fell into promiscuous heaps all about her.

“With all doo respect to the sects,” says I, gettin madder and madder all the while, “you can jest bet your Sunday close I woolest.”

“Hard-harted old man, yool rue this day,” they all cride in Koruss, and the hull lot commenced snivellin, as if their harts was busted.

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"Kind, noble, beautiful sir! we langwish to cast our suffrages," says a big fat woman, about the size of a lode of hay, as she shoved her ballit under my nose.

"Madam," says I, swellin up with accumulated rage, "langwish and rip and tare things as much as you mindter—you cant stuff this ere ballit box with illegal votes as long as lme boss of it—that's what's the matter—and I want you to understand I mean bizzinezs."

At this they all started for the door, remarkin that I was an "old fool," "mouskiter," etketary &c.

"When the 16th commendment passes," said sweet ELIZER HEMPIHL, who is too pooty to be caught in sich company, "we will call for your scalp, old man."

"Which topnot," was my reply, "wouldent furnish hair enough for a false eyebrow."

I see they was goin, so I said:—

"My week-minded and misgided femails, hold your hosses a minnit, until an old statesman, who has served his country for 4 year as Gustise of the Peece, says a few remarks to you."

"When woman was taken out of man's ribs, it wasent calkilated she should lower herself by mixin into such dirty bizziness, as you are up to to-day. Woman in her natural element, is jest one of the *soothinest* institutions in this ere land, which flows with milk-punch and houey-sope, and what poor miserable critters man would be without her.

"Who would nuss our offspring, if it wasent for wimmen?

"Who would cheer our fireside, if it wasent for wimmen?

"Who would cook our vittles, if it wasent for wimmen?

"And who would haul off our butes nites, when we come home tired and demoralized, after havin a sett-to with lager-beer and sweitzer?

"Agin, I remark, if it wasent for woman in her onadulterated state, before she had been made a tarnal fool of by these ere despoilers of man's happiness, MASKALINE WIMMEN, man would be a poor shiftless koot.

"Therefore, I say, go hum and resoom your abnormal condition. Get back into your own harniss, and don't undertake to assoom the bifurkated garments. It haint your forte, no more'n it is some of our public offishals to keep from steelin."

I rattled away at 'em in this stile, until I beheld the last pair of femail bifurkaters skoot for home, when I subsided into a chair, and with my bandanner hankerchief wiped the perspiration from my noble brow.

After Ide partially recovered my ekanimity, I agin resoomed my offishal duties, but I couldent help thinkin that if wimmen made such a confounded hullabalo about votin, as they is now doin, tryin to vote; them air leaders, who air goin about the country like Internal Revenoo offisers, seekin that they may gobble up somebody, will have a pile to anser for, when woman becomes a component part of the body polertick.

Owe! woman, woman, how sweet you be,
When you're dressed up to kill,
I hope the time ile never see,
When man's place you all fill.

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Take the advice of one which knows,
& try to shun the evil,
To see a woman in man's close
Looks wusser nor the d—I.

Which is the opinion of your humbly sarvent,

HIRAM GREEN, ESQ.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

* * * * *

FRESH FROM THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

The world is justly indignant at the accounts of the Chinese massacres of the missionaries who have perilled their lives in going so far to teach them Christianity. Recently, for example, a young lady teacher from Boston was so terribly stoned by some of the unregenerate little pig-tailed fiends in Canton, that she died the next day. It is dreadful to think how savage the instincts of the heathen are.

P.S.—Since the above was set up in type, MR. PUNCHINELLO has learned that the Canton in which this occurrence took place is not in China, but is a thriving village in Norfolk county, Massachusetts, about eighteen miles from Boston, and that the assailants were consequently not pig-tailed heathen, but genuine Christian children, who, in a few years, will belong to the cultivated voters of Massachusetts. This action, consequently, was not dictated by unregenerate barbarism, but was intended simply as a protest (rough, we confess, but effectual, we trust) against these new-fangled ideas of women's rights. What business have women to be trying to teach? Let them stay at home, and if they want to know anything, ask their husbands, there; and if they are unmarried, let them wait until they get husbands. We must not let our natural gallantry interfere with our reverence and respect for the rights of ignorance, which will eventually vote.

* * * * *

A THRICE BLESSED CITY.

There is a city in Illinois called St. Genevieve. By some hocus-pocus known to accomplished politicians, this city has had no Mayor since the 4th of June, 1867. In the absence of definite information upon the subject, we take it for granted that St. Genevieve must be a most delightful place to live in, and specially so, because, as we are further informed, they have no Aldermen there either. More delightful still, as there is nobody authorized to assess taxes, the fortunate inhabitants do not pay any. Of course, if this state of primitive bliss could last, Mr. PUNCHINELLO would make

immediate arrangements to remove to St. Genevieve; but the courts have ordered the citizens to elect a Mayor immediately, so that this little heaven upon earth will soon have ceased to exist.

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[Illustration: LETTING HIM DOWN EASY.

Aspiring Author. “Ah! You have read my essay? I hope the verdict is Favorable.”

Editor. “O yes, all Right,—Acquitted on the ground of insanity.”]

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OUR PORTFOLIO.

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The French Republic dying of Gas.—Good Sense for Gambetta. TOURS, SIXTH WEEK OF THE REPUBLIC, 1870.

Dear PUNCHINELLO:

There is gloom everywhere; applications to serve in the ranks have diminished, and the price of pocket-handkerchiefs has increased. JULES FAVRE writes, under cover of confidence, to the *prefect* here, that since the interview of which I gave you an account he has had a severe attack of gumboils, and despairs of softening the heart of BISMARCK. I stole the letter for the purpose of copying it, but it was stolen from me in turn by a nefarious emissary of the London *Times*, who has not however, dared to use it. The greatest activity is manifested in the making of balloons. The administration labors under the delusion that gas and oiled silk may yet prove the Palladium of French liberty. I have remonstrated unavailingly against this singular infatuation. I held up to the Rump Council now sitting in this city the example of VICTOR HUGO as a fearful warning. He came from Guernsey under a pressure of gas; he entered Paris with the volatile essence oozing from every hair on his head; he loaded the artillery of his rhetoric with gas; he blazed, away at the Germans with gas, and yet, unable to get rid of such afflatus fast enough, he exploded in the very midst of his pyrotechnics, and now lies high and dry on “this bank and shoal of time” like a venerable rhinoceros extinguished by its own snorting. I am sorry to say it, but the great peril of France at this moment is gas. Touching GAMBETTA. Ah! yes, touching GAMBETTA. You may have heard that he has issued a proclamation or two. There are depths in the soul of a Frenchman, where the inspiration of mighty words breeds like “flies in the shambles.” Such a soul has GAMBETTA. He is all language. If you were to cut him up in little bits and put each atom under a microscope, you would find in every molecule the text of some proclamation. The genii of syntax and prosody are his guardian angels, and the love of “gabble” is the be-all and the end-all of his political existence. He loves not GARIBALDI. He would have done violence to his grandmother rather than consent to the invitation of the Italian liberator. For short, he calls him “GARRY.” Standing in front of the Hotel de Ville, talking to a group of eager listeners, with his arms wildly gesticulating and his nose contemptuously curling towards the empyrean, he asks:

“Who is this GARRY? What is he? Why is he—?”

“Stop,” I calmly interpollate, “profane not the high calling of the Italian hero with frivolous conundrums.”

“Jerk that monster out of my sight!” roared GAMBETTA to a *sergent de ville*, and pointing his long, skinny fore-finger full at me.

I turned mournfully upon the crowd, and asked in a plaintive tone:—

“You hear what he says. Do lunatic asylums exist in vain? Men of Tours, is there a ‘jerkist’ among you?”

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They must have observed that my feelings were moved, for they came between me and the officer, as if to protect the latter. 'Twas a kind movement, but useless; as I couldn't have hurt him.

"Monsieur GAMBETTA," I then went on to say, "don't you think that this horrible epidemic of gas, that is now filling with its deleterious effluvia the brains and the throat of the French Government, ought to be stopped? Don't you think, Monsieur GAMBETTA, that you, yourself, could cut off your supply-pipe for a while and still have enough to light up with on public occasions?"

I rested my right fore-finger upon one side of my nose and struck an attitude of interrogation while putting these questions. The Minister's face turned to an ashen hue, and then the blood came coursing back like lava to the Crater's surface, without breaking through.

"Fiends seize the man, is a minister of France to be insulted in his own capital?"

"Friend, calm yourself," I said: "Don't let the crabs run through your brain like that. Cool off. Take those hot coppers out of your pantaloons and fan yourself a little. That's what's the matter with France, to-day. You Frenchmen fizzle, and crack, and shoot up into the air, and otherwise get away with yourselves so fast, that no wonder the Germans can't always find you when they go for you. Take my advice. Stop running red-hot pokers down your backs. Drink more Vichy water and less brandy. Keep your sky-rockets till next year. Lock your 'language' up in the dictionary. Send VICTOR HUGO back to England. Tie a church steeple round GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S neck, and sink him off Toulon. Burn all your proclamations. Throw rhetoric to the dogs. Put a head on the government that ain't full of torpedoes. Present a solid front to the enemy. Simmer down generally, and talk reason to BISMARCK, and, on the honor of PUNCHINELLO, I can solemnly assure you that things won't be so 'speckled' as they now are."

Saying which, I gathered the drapery of my duster gracefully about me, and left.

DICK TINTO.

* * * * *

THE SHE THAT IS TO BE.

By a Prominent Member of Sorosis.

1.

—She stood! The hurrying clouds wild drove—
—The purpling aspect of the air...!



While her wild contour symbolized
The Unity of Hope's Despair!

2.

And shall not We, when Life's short span,
Enveloping the Yet-To-Be—
Smiling candescent?—Nay?—Ah! well!
BE THAT OUR FUTURE DESTINY!!

* * * * *

POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO XI.

Little Bo-Peep has lost his sheep,
And don't know where to find them.
Let them alone and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

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The Poet having now advanced so far in his work as to make a very respectable collection of poems, and beginning to run short of matter, casts his eyes around him in search of aid, hoping to find inspiration in some fortuitous moment from the many little incidents that are always occurring, and which only observing minds would notice. For the time he sees nothing that would suggest even to the most sparkling intellect the shadow of a rhyme, and he begins to be in despair. He walks up and down his dingy room, thrusts his long fingers amid the raven locks that adorn his poetical cranium, and gently at first, then furiously, irritates the cuticle of his imaginative head-piece, hoping thereby to waken up his ideas and find a foundation upon which to erect another stone in the edifice of his never-fading glory.

This process does not seem to be as successful as usual: the ideas refuse to come at his bidding, and he glares around in consternation, Can it be possible that he has exhausted himself; that his ideas are entirely run out; that the fountain is dry, and the Muse has ceased to smile upon him; that he must descend from his high elevation as the poet of the family, the hope and pride of his friends and the admiration of himself, and sink to the level of his earthy brothers and become one of them, no better and no worse? No—perish the thought! never again will he mingle with those rude and vulgar natures, having no thoughts or feelings above their creature comforts: content to live like animals, uninspired by the divine *afflatus*, untouched by the poetic fire. Full of determined energy never to yield the high position he has acquired, he rushes forth into the open air and takes his winding way through the green meadows and leafy wilds. Here, sitting on the stump of an old tree, he spies little Bob Peepers, weeping as if his heart would break: the briny tears coursing down his ruddy cheeks form little rivulets of salt water with high embankments of genuine soil on either side, and a distracted map of a war-ridden country is depicted upon his grief-stricken countenance. Full of compassion for the suffering, the tender heart of the Poet melts at the sight, and in mellifluous tones he asks, “What is the matter, BUB?”

Sobbingly digging his fists into his eyes, and carefully wiping his classic nose on the sleeve of his jacket, the heart-broken mourner murmurs:—

“I’ve lost my sheep,
And don’t know where to find them,”

and bursts forth into a prolonged howl. That heart-rending cry of agony is too much for the gentle Poet, who, sinking upon the ground beside the weeper, ventures to whisper a hope that Time, or some of the neighbors, may bring back the lost sheep and restore happiness and tranquillity to the agitated bosom. The suggestion is met with incredulous scorn and another burst of uncontrollable sorrow, amid the pauses of which Bob recounts to his sympathetic friend how,

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“being wearied with watching the gambolling sheep, he laid himself down in the meadow to sleep, and never awoke till a blue-bottle fly, who buzzing about so tickled his eye that sleep fled away. Then he rose to his feet, and looked around for the gambolling sheep, but found, they were gone he couldn’t tell where: so he threw himself down in the deepest despair, bemoaning his strange unaccountable loss, and the horrible beating he’d get from the Boss, when at night he went home with his sad tale of woe. He was sure he would never have courage to go.”

The sad tale so pathetically and ingenuously told melted the already simmering heart of the hearer, who counselled tranquillity and philosophy in the words

“Let them alone and they’ll come home,”

and jocularly added, as he saw a ray of hope lighting up the eye of the boy, like the first rays of the sun seen through a fog,

“And bring their tails behind them.”

The brilliant idea of their tails coming behind them instead of before them tickled the risibilities of the sympathizing friends, and for a few moments the woods echoed to their responsive mirth.

The laugh did them good. The poet perceived instantly he had a theme upon which to build his verse, and hastily bidding BOB “good-by,” he flew exultingly to his paternal abode, rushed up the garret stairs, seized his goose-quill, and amid the tumultuous beatings of his over-charged heart and throbbing brain jotted down on the instant, in all the enthusiasm of poetic fervor, the incident that had fallen under his inspired observation. Not to be too personal, and still to preserve the truthfulness of the history, he dropped a few letters from BOB PEEPER’S name, while, with a wonderful accuracy unknown to modern writers, he keeps to the subject of his verse, its misery, the remedy and result, and facetiously gives to the world the same cause for laughter and inspiration that he received so gratefully.

* * * * *

THE POLITEST NATION IN THE WORLD.

We had always considered JOHNNY CRAPAUD as the pink of politeness. But we are now satisfied that JOHNNY BULL goes ever so far ahead of him. We have never known that Frenchman yet, who would oblige his enemies by killing himself. But the recent loss of the *Captain* shows that the noble Englishmen are prepared to do this by wholesale. One could wish our enemies no worse luck than to have a few such *Captains* given them. And how lavish the expenditure! It takes no end of money to get

up one of those big iron-plated coffins. It is certainly a dramatic, *auto-da-fe* and a most obliging act, considered with reference to one's possible enemies. No Frenchman ever thought of such a thing. In fact, they go no further than positively declining to do anything bad with their navy.

* * * * *

[Illustration: FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

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“THERE WAS A SURPRISE PARTY AT No. 9,999 TWENTY-THIRD STREET LAST EVENING. UPON RETURNING FROM THE OPERA, THE PROPRIETORS FOUND THEIR MANSION FULL, OF GUESTS.”]

* * * * *

A DRY SETTLEMENT.

There is a little young village in Denver which rejoices in the name of Greeley. To this place came a benevolent bar-keeper, bringing a cheerful stock of whiskey. Down upon his grocery came the enraged Greeleyites, and to prevent their own stomachs from being burned, they burned the building. We can imagine these very particular pioneers passing a great variety of the most astonishing laws, with various penalties. For chewing tobacco—one month’s imprisonment; for subscribing to *The N.Y. Evening Post*—death; while for the hideous misdemeanor of eating white bread, the offender would be left to the pangs of his own indigestion.

* * * * *

Fact. Fancy, and Fun-ding.

THE FUNDING BILL, as a step towards making the Erie Canal free, should commend itself to any one, since if it becomes a fact, it will, we fancy, prevent this noble industrial enterprise from becoming, like its first cousin, simply an eyrie for the vultures of finance.

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE LATEST STYLE.

AS MEN’S CLOTHES ARE CUT HOUR-GLASS FASHION NOW, PUNCHINELLO SUGGESTS THE ABOVE PATTERN AS AN APPROPRIATE ONE FOR THEM.]

* * * * *

THE ALARM-BELLE AT RYE.

At Rye, Westchester County, a small town
Built near the Sound, but of a scant renown,
That always to its biggest size did run
At summer-time, beneath a blazing sun,
But rested as a *town*, as if to say,
“I’ll pay no further taxes, come what may;”—
The ancient cobbler, JOHN, unknown to fame
(So many cobblers since have borne the name),



Owned the great belle of all that country place,
His daughter, with her tongue and lovely face,
Who took to soothing every kind of pain,
Tramped through the streets, dragging a muddy train.
With kerchief blew her horn both, loud and long.
And talked incessantly of every wrong,
Kept her tongue wagging, until right was done.
Thus did the daughter of old cobbler John.

What mighty good this BERGH of that Burgh did.
While her tongue lasted, she had never hid:
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The fleshy tongue at length was worn away;
She mouthed it for a while, and people dreamed
Of golden days before this belle had screamed.
Loaded and beat their horses at their ease.
Drove thorn with, wounded backs and broken knees,
Turned turtles over, and e'en tortured clams.
Murdered trichinae, when they boiled their hams.
Till one, a doctor, who was passing by,
Struck by the horrors going on in Rye,
Cut from a calf, that yet was very young.
And kindly gave unto the belle, a tongue.

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By chance it happened that in Rye town dwelt.
A German grocer (and his wife, a Celt),
Who loved his lager and his pretzels too
(His wife was partial to the morning dew).
But, when we fell into these troublous times,
He cared for nothing but to save his dimes.

He had a donkey, that would sometimes go.
Just as the donkey chanc'd to feel, you know,
Which he would ride, whenever his brigade
Was ordered to the streets for a parade;
But as the times got hard, he'd loudly swear
The oats that donkey ate he could not spare.
At length he said: "I'll turn him out, py Gott!"
Looked at his wife and to her said, "Vy not?
Let him go eat upon the public ways,
I want him only for the training days."
So the poor donkey had to feed on thistles.
Until his hair became like unto bristles.

One afternoon, when everybody slept
Except the belle, out from her house she crept,
And met the donkey, walking on the way;
He smelt the calf and thought to have some play.
Kicked up his heels, a grating bray did utter.
And laid the belle a-rolling in the gutter.
She raised a mighty shout, she raised a squeal.
And loudly her persistent tongue did peal,
And this did seem the burden of her song:
"Some chap hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

"Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd"
Of vagabonds and urchins, shouting loud,
Gathered around the poor, bedraggled squealer,
Until at length there came a stout Rye peeler;
Who forthwith told the belle her cries to cease.
And took her to a Justice of the Peace.

The Justice heard the story of the belle,
And looking wise and grave, he said: "'Tis well;
Bring me the old Dutchman." The grocer brought,
Shaking with fear, then stood before the Court.

And then' the Justice to recite began
The charter of the Cruelty to Animals Society, and then he said:
"Pride rideth on a donkey, as I've read,
Until it gets a fall, and then it loses
Its dignity and blubbers o'er its bruises.
These are newspaper proverbs, but I fear
You don't love proverbs, as you do your beer.
Just take that donkey and give him an oat,
And don't show up until you've brushed his coat."

The grocer left disgusted, took the brute; And all the people then at him did hoot. The cobbler heard and almost split his knee [He took it for the lapstone in his glee], "Church bells," quoth he, "but ring us to the mass. My belle hath gone and saved a starving ass; And this shall make, when put in jingling rhyme, The Belle of Rye all famous for all time."

* * * * *

A CHEERFUL SUBJECT.

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According to an Ohio paper, a double child has been born to a couple named FINLEY, in Morrow county. It is, so to speak, a double-ender, being provided with a supplementary head at the point where the feet are usually situated. The child is a female-and a very curious amendment to the Sixteenth Amendment, since, should it arrive at woman's estate, it will, of course, be entitled to a double vote. How will it be should one end go Republican and the other Democratic? To send a duplex woman into the world seems to be a very unnecessary freak of Nature, seeing that there is enough of duplicity in womankind already.

* * * * *

Homoeopathic Politics.

THE CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION, finding that their sands of life are nearly run out, are now advertising privately for some fresh candidates, who for a salary will undertake to cure the ring-worms of the body politic by their pimple prescription of substitution, or putting yourself in their place, which is a political modification of the law in homoeopathic medicine, *similie similibus errantur*, or in morals, "set a rogue to catch a rogue."

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[Illustration: WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

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Cook (negotiating for situation). “WELL, IT’LL BE NICISSARY FOR ME TO HAVE A FOTERGRAFF OF YER WIFE, AND A RICOMMINDATION FROM YER LAST COOK.”]

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