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## THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

FROU-FROU.



his nice little French drama has now been running at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE more than seven weeks. It is the story of a man who killed the seducer of his wife, and then forgave and received back again the guilty woman.

The same tragic farce was played in Washington some eleven years ago. The actor who played the part of the outraged husband made an effective hit at the time, but he has never repeated the performance. Since then he has become a double-star actor in a wider field, There are those who insist that he is an ill-starred actor in a general way; but as he has left the country, we can leave those who regard his absence as a good riddance of bad rubbish, and those who call it a Madriddance of good rubbish, to discuss his merits at their leisure.

After the execution of unnecessary quantities of noisy overture by the orchestra, the play begins. Soon after, the audience arrives. It is a rule with our play-goers never to see the first scene of any drama. This rule originates in a benevolent wish to permit the actors to slide gradually into a consciousness that somebody is looking at them; thus saving them from the possibility of stage-fright. Simple folks, who do not understand the meaning of the custom, erroneously regard it as an evidence of vulgarity and discourtesy.

The first act is not exciting. Mr. G.H. CLARKE, in irreproachable clothes, (the clothes of this actor's professional life become him, if any thing, better than his acting,) offers his hand to FROU-FROU, a small girl with a reckless display of back-hair, and is accepted, to the evident disgust of her sensible sister, LOUISE.

*Sympathetic Young Lady who adores that dear Mr. Clarke.*—"How sweetly pretty! Do the people on the stage talk just like the *real* French aristocracy?"

*Travelled friend, knowing that persons in the neighborhood are listening for his reply.*—"Well, yes. To a certain extent, that is." (*It suddenly occurring to him that nobody can know any thing about the Legitimists, he says confidently.*) "They haven't the air, you know, of the genuine old Legitimist *noblesse*. As to BONAPARTE'S nobility, I don't know much about them."

*He flatters himself that he has said a neat thing, but is posed by an unexpected question from the Sympathetic Young Lady, who asks.*—"Who are the great Legitimist families, nowadays?"

"Well, the—the—(*can't think of any name but St. Germain, and so says boldly,*) the St. Germain, and all the rest of 'em, you know." (*He is sorely tempted to add the St. Clouds and the Luxembourgs, but prudently refrains.*)

The second act shows the husband lavishing every sort of tenderness and jewelry upon the wife, who is developing a strong tendency to flirt. She insists that her sister LOUISE shall join the family and accept the position of Acting Assistant Wife and Mother, while she herself gives her whole mind to innocent flirtation.

*Worldly-wise Matron of evident experience.*—"The girl's a fool. Catch me taking a pretty sister into my house!"

*Brutal Husband of the Matron suggests.*—"But she might have done so much worse, my dear. Suppose she had given her husband a mother-in-law as a housekeeper?"

*Matron, with suppressed fury.*—"Very well, my dear. If you can't refrain from insulting dear mother, I shall leave you to sit out the play alone."

(*Sh—sh—sh! from every body. Curtain rises again.*) More attentions to pretty wife, repaid by more flirtation at her husband's expense. Finally FROU-FROU decides that LOUISE manages the household so admirably that misery must be

the result. As a necessary consequence of this logical conclusion, she rushes out of the house with a gesture borrowed from RIP VAN WINKLE, and an expressed determination to elope.

*Jocular Man remarks*—"Now, then, CLARKE can go to Chicago, get a divorce, and marry LOUISE."

*This practical suggestion is warmly reprobated by the ladies who overhear it, one of whom remarks with withering scorn*—"Some people think it so smart to ridicule every thing. To my mind there is nothing more vulgar."

*The Jocular Man, refusing to be withered, assures the Travelled Man confidentially that*—"The play is frightful trash, and as for the acting, why, your little milliner in the Rue de la Paix could give MISS ETHEL any odds you please." (*Both look as though they remembered some delightfully improper Parisian dissipation, and in consequence rise rapidly in the estimation of the respectable ladies who are within hearing.*)

After the orchestra has given specimens of every modern composer, the fourth act begins. FROU-FROU is found living at Venice with her lover. Her husband surprises her. He is pale and weak; but, returning her the amount of her dower, goes out to shoot the lover.

*Rural Person announces as a startling discovery*—"That's Miss AGNES ETHEL who's a-playin' FROW-FROW. Well, now, she ain't nothin' to LYDDY THOMPSON."

*Jocular Man says to his Travelled Friend*—"The idea of Miss ETHEL trying to act like a French-woman! Did you hear how she pronounced *Monsieur*?"

*Travelled Man smiles weakly, conscious of the imperfections of his own pronunciation. To his dismay, the Sympathetic Young Lady asks*—"What does that horrid man mean? How do you pronounce the word he talks about?"

*Travelled Man, with desperation*—"It ought to be pronounced m—m—m—" (*ending in an inaudible murmur.*)

"What? I didn't quite hear."

*The Travelled Man will catch at a straw. He does so, and says*—"Excuse me, but the curtain is rising."

FROU-FROU, in a dying state and a black dress, with her back-hair neatly arranged, is brought into her husband's house to die. He kneels at her feet. "You must not die. I am alone at fault. Forgive me sweet angel, and live." With the only gleam of good sense which she has yet shown, FROU-FROU refuses to live, and dropping her head heavily on the arm of the sofa, with a blind confidence that the thickness of her chignon will save her from a fractured skull, she peremptorily dies.

*Subdued sobs from the audience, with the single exception of the Jocular Man, who says*—"Well, if that's moral, I don't know what's immoral; and I did think I had lived long enough in Paris to know that."

With which opinion we heartily coincide, adding also the seriously critical remark that though Messrs. DAVIDGE and LEWIS play their comic parts with honest excellence, and though Mr. CLARKE is really a good actor in spite of his popularity with the ladies of the audience, Miss ETHEL, upon whom the whole play depends, is so obviously incompetent to personate a brilliant and *spirituelle* Parisienne that one wonders at the popularity of FROU-FROU. The majority of the audience are ladies. Can it be that they like the play because it teaches that the sins of a pretty woman should be condoned by her husband, provided she looks well with her back-hair down?

MATADOR.

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## **PUNCHINELLO AND THE ALDERMEN.**

The City Aldermen have called in a body to pay their respects to PUNCHINELLO. PUNCHINELLO has not returned the compliment, since he likes neither their looks, their diamonds, or their diamond-cut-diamond ways. They curb streets by resolution, but they have not resolution enough to keep the streets from curbing them. They gutter highways, but oftenest let Low Ways gutter them. They wear fine shirt-fronts, but resort to sorry and disreputable shifts in order to procure them. They are gorgeously and gorged-ly badged with the City Arms in gold, but no city arms open to badger them with golden opinions; and, altogether, the Aldermen pass so many bad things that PUNCHINELLO can afford to let them pass like bad dimes, before they are nailed to the counter of that Public Opinion to which they run counter.

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### **Will the Aldermen Respond?**

Do they who took up the SEWARD intend to perish by the SEWARD?

[Footer: Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by the PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New-York.]

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## **HINTS FOR THE FAMILY.**

Since the first publication of the hints to economically disposed families, PUNCHINELLO has received a great number of letters from all parts of the country, cordially indorsing his course. One gentleman writes that he has already saved enough money from the diminution in the cost of his wife's pins (in consequence of her having adopted the plan of keeping them stuck into a stuffed bag) to warrant him in subscribing to this paper for a year. Many of the readers of our first number write us that they now never take a meal except from a board, or a series of boards, supported by legs, as

PUNCHINELLO recommended. Highly encouraged by this evidence of their usefulness, PUNCHINELLO hastens to offer further advice of the same valuable character.

It may have been frequently noticed that all families require food at certain intervals, generally three times a day, and in the case of children even oftener. The cost of providing this food at the butcher, baker, and provision shops is necessarily very great, and it is well, then, to understand how a very good substitute for store-food may be prepared at home. In order to make this preparation, procure from your grocer's a quantity of flour—ordinary wheat flour—buying much or little, according to the size of your family. This must then be placed in a tin-pan, and mixed with water, salt, and yeast, according to taste. If the mass is now placed by the fire, a singular phenomenon will be observed, to which it will be well to draw the attention of the whole family; old and young will witness it with equal surprise and delight. The whole body of the soft mixture will gradually rise and fill (and sometimes even overflow) the pan! When not in view by the household, it will be well to cover the pan with a cloth, on account of dust and roaches; but it must be observed that



a soft and warm bedlike arrangement will thus be formed, and if the family cat should choose to make it her resting-place, the mixture will not rise.

After this substance is sufficiently light and spongy, it must be taken out of the pan and worked up into portions weighing a few pounds each. But it must *not be eaten* in this condition, for it would be neither palatable nor wholesome. It should be put in another pan and placed in the oven. Then (if there be a fire in the stove or range) it will be soon hardened and dried by the action of the heat, and will be fit to be eaten—provided the foregoing conditions have been perfectly understood. When brought to the table, it should be cut in slices and spread with molasses, jelly, butter, or honey, and it will be found quite adequate to the relief of ordinary hunger. A family which has once used this preparation will never be content without it. Some persons have it at every meal.

PUNCHINELLO has read with great pleasure a recently published book, by CATHARINE BEECHER, and her sister Mrs. STOWE, the object of which is to teach ingenious folks how to make ordinary articles of household furniture in their leisure hours. One article not mentioned by these ladies is recommended by PUNCHINELLO to the attention of all economical families. It having been observed that it is a highly useful practice to provide for the regular recurrence of meals, bedtime and other household epochs, an instrument which shall indicate the hour of the day will be of the greatest advantage. Such a one may thus be made on rainy days or in the long winter evenings. Procure some thin boards and construct a small box. If it can be made pointed at one end, with two little towers to it, so much the better. Make a glass door to it, and paste upon the lower part of this a picture representing a scene in Spanish Germany. Paint a rose just under the scene. Then get a lot of brass cog-wheels, and put them together inside of the box. Arrange them so that they shall fit into each other and wrap a string around one of them, to the end of which a lump of lead or iron should be attached. Then put a piece of tin, with the hours painted thereon, on the upper part of the box, behind the door, and get two long bits of thin iron, one shorter than the other, and connect them, by means of a hole in the middle of the tin, with the cog-wheels inside. Then shut the door, and if this apparatus has been properly made, it will tell the time of day. Any thing more convenient cannot be imagined, and the cost of the brass, by the pound, will not be more than fifteen cents, while the wood, the tin, and the iron may be had for about ten cents. In the shops the completed article would be very much more costly.



In his "Hints" PUNCHINELLO always desires to remember the peculiar needs of the ladies, and will now tell them something that he is sure will please them. They have all found, in the course of their shopping, that it is exceedingly difficult to procure at the dry goods stores, any sort of fabric which is so woven as to fit the figure, and they must have frequently experienced the necessity of cutting their purchases into variously-shaped pieces and fastening them together again by means of a thread. Here is an admirable plan for accomplishing this object. Take a piece of fine steel wire and sharpen one end of it. Now bore a hole in the other end, in which insert the thread. If the edges of the cloth are now placed together, and the wire is forced through them, the operator will find, to her delight and surprise, that the thread will readily follow it. If the wire is thus passed through the stuff, backward and forward, a great many times, the edges will be firmly united. It will be necessary, on the occasion of the first puncture, to form a hard convolution at the free end of the thread, so as to prevent it passing entirely through. This method will be found much more convenient than the plan of punching holes in the stuff and then sticking the ends of the thread through them. In the latter case, the thread is almost certain to curl up, and cause great annoyance.

### **Sporting Query.**

Was the fight between the "blondes" and STOREY of Chicago a Fair fight?

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### **Prospect of a Short Water Supply Next Summer.**

A convention of milk dealers met this week at Croton Falls to prevent the adulteration of milk by City dealers.

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### **LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.**

Commissioner Piegan, of Montana, submits the outline of a treaty with the Indians, which embraces the following provisions, (the embracing of provisions being strictly in character:)

1. No infant under three months of age, and no old man over one hundred and ten, to be killed by either party in battle. All women to be killed on sight. Where the small-pox is raging, the field to be left to the Small-Pox.
2. Presents to Indians to consist chiefly of arms, ammuniton, and whisky.
3. Liquor-sellers and apostles to be encouraged on equal terms.
4. Amateur sportsmen to be warned against killing Indians during the breeding season.
5. Quakers and VINCENT COLLYER to be assigned to duty at Washington.
6. Four months' notice to be given of any intended attack on a White camp.
7. In scalping a lady, the rights of property in waterfall and switch to be sacredly regarded.
8. Declarations of love (during a campaign) to be submitted in writing.
9. The usual atrocities to be observed by both parties.
10. Hostilities to terminate when the last Indian lays down his tomahawk, (to take a drink,) unless sooner shot by his white brethren, or removed to a new reservation by the small-pox.

Action on this treaty is expected to take place in about ten years.

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### **RATHER PERSONAL.**

*Ardent Lover.* "THEN, WHY, OH! WHY, DO YOU SCORN MY HAND?"

*Young Lady.* "I HAVE NO FAULT TO FIND WITH YOUR HAND, BUT I *do* OBJECT TO YOUR FEET."

### **A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.**

It is now settled that PIERRE BONAPARTE, who has been sentenced by the High Court of Tours to leave France, is coming to New-York with the intention of opening a pistol-gallery in partnership with REDDY the Blacksmith. As the Prince is known to have "polished off" at least four men with his revolver, his reception by the occupants of "Murderer's Block" and other famous localities of the city will doubtless be very enthusiastic. A suite of apartments is now being fitted up for his accommodation in East-Houston Street—The rooms are very tastefully decorated with portraits of the late lamented BILLY MULLIGAN and other celebrated knights of the trigger. The Prince, it is understood, will drop his



title on his arrival here, and enter society as plain PETER BONAPARTE—thus Englishing PIERRE, because it is French for stone, and he thinks that his exploits entitle him to take rank in New-York as a Brick.

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### **The Beginning and Ending of a Chicken's Life.**

HATCHET.

---

### **The Best Envelope for a Sweet Note.**

"CANARY laid"

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### **WOMAN, PAST AND PRESENT.**

DR. LORD, in a lecture lately delivered by him in Boston, on PHILIPPA, the mother of the BLACK PRINCE, (who was a white woman,) told about JANE, Countess of MONTFORT, (you all know who *she* was,) and how She once defended a fortress and defied a phalanx with eminent success. Of her the lecturer said,

"Clad in complete armor, she stood foremost in the breach."

She did that, did she, this JANE of old? Tut, sir! that's nothing to our modern JANES, crowds of whom are now yearning to stand "foremost in the breeches."

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### **A Bill that the Young Democracy Couldn't Settle.**

BILL TWEED.

---

### **Cool.**

ENGLAND has a Bleak house, but New-York has a Bleecker street.

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### **A SOROSIAN IMPROMPTU.**

One of the sisters of Sorosis, at the last meeting of the club, was delivered of the following touching "Impromptu on some beautiful bouquets of flowers:"

"With hungry eyes we glanced adown  
The table nicely spread;  
Our appetites were very keen,  
And not one word was said,

"Till of a sudden "Ohs!" and "Ahs!"  
Gave token of delight,  
As, from a magic flower-bed.  
Bright buds appeared in sight.

"May this sweet thought suggest the way  
In which to spend life's hours;  
And we endeavor every day  
To scatter fragrant flowers."

The first verse reminds us not a little of several olden nursery rhymes of a prandial and convivial character, of which the most prominent is that relating to little JACK HORNER, who sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie. But even he is not described as having "hungry eyes," though there is small doubt but that he had a good appetite, and was "hungry o' the stomach." It is pleasant to know that the table was nicely spread, though not as "keen appetites" would have demanded, with bread and butter; but, as the subject calls for, with flowers—food of a very proper character for hungry eyes to feed upon. Nor is it any wonder that those of the sisterhood who went to the table expecting to find something more substantial than flowers set before them, should at first sight have been unable to utter one word. And only, after their first astonishment and disappointment was over, the magical letters O's and R's, which, we may presume, was a short way of calling for Old Rum, to restore their drooping spirits, though our poetess, with a woman's perverseness, would have us believe they were intended as "tokens of delight."

Of the last verse we can only say that it is an evident plagiarism of the well-known juvenile poem, commencing,

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!"

We confess, though, that we are unable to discover the "sweet thought" that is to "suggest the way"

"In which to spend life's hours!"

Moreover, we believe it would be tiresome and monotonous to be occupied "every day" in scattering "fragrant flowers," even if we were certain that the lovely members of Sorosis would regard them with "tokens of delight."

We regard this Impromptu as a failure, and call upon ALICE, and PHEBE, and CELIA, and other tuneful members of the Sorosis Club to come to the rescue of their unfortunate sister—the perpetrator of the above verses.

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### **Suggestive.**

Our sheriff's initials—J.O.B.

---

### **How to Rise Early.**

Lie with your head to the (y)east.

---

### **Query for Barney Williams.**

Is the "Emerald Ring" a Fenian Circle?

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### **Not During Lent.**

It is hardly probable that General GRANT will dismiss FISH from the Cabinet during Lent.

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## **THE REAL ESTATE OF WOMAN.**

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: We would not for the *World*—no, nor even for PUNCHINELLO—cast any reproaches upon the vigorous movement made in these latter days to find the real estate of woman; but why, tell us why, should we find enlisted in this cause at present, as members of the various *Sorosis-ters*, so many single sisters with pretensions to youth?

THE TOURS OF MRS. JIFFKINS.



Tour 1.—SHE SEARCHES FOR A MAN.

We have always looked upon the champions of woman's righteousness, those who believe in the *fee-male absolute* as the real estate of woman, as principally married women, whose housekeeping has proved a failure, (except in the single item of hot water,) and certain ladies who have lived to mature age without reference to men, and whom no man would take even with the best of reference.

There surely must be something wrong, somewhere, when those in the younger walks of age take on this armor.

Where is the need?

Why should they who have never had their young lives blighted by a husband linger pathetically over the tyranny of the sterner sex?

Instead of shedding all these tears over other people's husbands, they ought rather to rejoice that they have been spared such inflictions in the past, and give exceeding great thanks that they are beyond danger of such in the future.

There may be other young women (if I may so speak) who are so heart-broken because of the oppression of their sex, as wives, so disgusted with the state matrimonial under the present constitution of society, that they would not marry—oh! no.



Tour 2.—SHE SEARCHES FOR  
A FIRE. "THERE'S SOME-  
THIN' A SINGEIN'!"

Now, we all remember the cogent reason why John refused to partake of his evening repast, and we assure these young persons that they have nothing whatever to fear. The danger is past, and they are safe beyond the possibility of a peradventure.

They are not the kind that men devour. And yet we can not help feeling pity for them; their experience has been *trying*, but in vain; they know what it is "to suffer and be strong"-minded; they have learned "to labor and to wait," and it is well; for in all probability they will wait for some time.

It may be that the poor creatures are afflicted by the thought that *perhaps* they may be called upon to make warning examples of themselves, and marry; and that *perhaps* the man they marry may be a tyrant, and—but the contingency is too remote.

Some tell us that their youthful ardor is to uphold the standard of woman's mission: they want to work.

Well, all we can say is—*go it!* for under the circumstances, with no one to work for them, the best possible thing they can do is to work for themselves. But couldn't they do more, or at least as much, without so much noise? If they only had plenty to do, and not so much spare time to talk about what they are going to do, wouldn't they be better off, and poor frail man be the gainer thereby?

If they could only resolve upon such a course, and stick to it, don't you think they would receive more aid, material and moral?

Many would gladly contribute of their substance in such a cause, with overflowing hearts; and the world of man will gladly guarantee to those who avow their determination not to marry, entire immunity from any temptation in that direction.

As to the rest—those weak creatures who *will* be satisfied with good husbands and broad home-missions—they know no better; they will continue to move in their limited spheres, benighted but happy, and every thing will be satisfactory.

Lawyers tell us that since the statutes of 1848, a woman's *real estate* has been within her own control; we take a broader view: we think it *always* has been within her own control by virtue of that old first statute given to our gentle mother, EVE.

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## AN OLD BAILEY PRACTITIONER.

In England they have an institution called the Old Bailey. It dealt from time immemorial in such queer animals as "four-footed recognizances," and in such strong assistance to justice as "straw bail" affords. The court-room of the Old Bailey may be called a historical vat of crime. Until recently, New-York was Old Bailey-less. Now detectives go about the streets singing an air which reminds one forcibly of the tune called "Unfortunate Miss BAILEY," only that it is Mister BAILEY they have missed. Old BAILEY is really like JOHN GILPIN in two respects; all rumors about him begin by calling him "a citizen of credit and renown;" and they generally end by referring to him as a man who was gone to "dine at—where?"

Our New-York Old BAILEY has disappeared. Either the FULLERTON earthquake has swallowed him up, or he has gone to the unknown land to which most Spiritual mediums migrate. There never was a greater Spiritual medium than Old BAILEY. He has had spirits on the brain during several years past. He thrived on spirits. He had only to rap on casks of spirits, and greenbacks would rustle therefrom like trailing garments out of the Spirit-world. He had assistant mediums in all the Federal officers. And now the question asked of Commissioner DELANO, (who, by the way, in this respect would gladly become DELA-yes) is "Canst thou call 'spirits from the vasty deep?' and if thou canst, where is Old BAILEY?" Banker CLEWS is one of his sureties, but he owns no Clews to his principal's whereabouts. Do not PUNCHINELLO'S subjects all know that whisk brooms sweep clean, and that no broom swept cleaner the Augean stables of Federal plunderers than that wretched Old BAILEY'S whisky broom? There is, however, an old proverb which claims that industrious brooms soon wear out. But BAILEY is unlike a broom, in that no one can find a handle to his whereabouts.

PUNCHINELLO has heard a great deal about the practice of the Old Bailey in London. He thinks it likely that so long as the Administration continues to protect Federal plunderers, and to cover their tracks by attacks against alleged city and State abuses, these Old Bailey practices recently introduced into the United States Courts and United States procedure, within or without revenue offices, must soon entitle a large number of Federal officers, all over the country, to be happily styled "Old Bailey Practitioners."

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### **A Gay Young Joker.**

Thus spake the old Republican Machiavel, THURLOW WEED, a day or two since, to W.H. SEWARD, the sly old fox with the "little bell."

"TWEED 'I win."

"Tweedle-dee!" retorted SEWARD. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"I mean," rejoined THURLOW, that his name, T. WEED, is identical with one that erstwhile loomed largest in the sovereignty of the State of New-York."

SEWARD smiled.

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### **PHILADELVINGS.**

"Mother! mother!" screamed a little girl from above stairs to her maternal parent in the parlor. "Mother, I've been crying ever so long, and HANNAH won't pacify me!" And now PUNCHINELLO notices that it is not only little girls who act in this charming manner; for the Hon. WILLIAM D. KELLEY, of Philadelphia, has just screamed over the Congressional banisters that he must be pacified, or he will no longer serve the good people of the Fourth District of Pennsylvania. Therefore some fifteen hundred of his constituents have written him a letter, and have said to him, "Dat he sall, de poo itty-witty darling-warling, have his placey-wacey as longey-wongey as he wants it, and the nasty- wasty one-legged soldiers sha'n't trouble him for situations any more, so they sha'n't." So the poor fellow straightens himself up, ceases his sobbing, and consents to be pacified and take his three thousand a year for a little while longer. This may do very well for once in a while; but the Honorable WILLIAM D. announces that, not only does he desire to be pacified in regard to the people who expect him to get them situations, but that he wants to be with his family for more than six months in a year, and that his property affairs are a little mixed. Now, what if he should ask, next time, that his family shall be assigned apartments in the Capitol, and that he shall be put on the Grant Category, and be presented with an estate by his grateful constituents? And suppose he should declare that he would serve no more unless General LOGAN should be included among the number of those from whose importunities he is to be defended? The good Irish blood of WILLIAM D. has always boiled at the sound of the slogan, for it generally means fight, and he wants—pacifying. PUNCHINELLO respectfully presents his condolences to the people of the Fourth District of Pennsylvania, and hopes that they will have a happy time of it with WILLIAM D.

He has also noticed that the Philadelphians are having a lively and brotherly dispute over their new public buildings; they don't know where to put them. Most of the citizens are very much opposed to doing any thing on the square; that is to say, Independence Square, where the citizens assert their freedom by treading down all the grass, and making a mud-flat of what was intended to be a turfy lawn. Some folks want the buildings on PENN Square—so called because it is split in the middle, and answers its intended purposes only on paper. But the good Quakers hate to interfere with the rights of the blacks, whether they be men or women, and so many of the latter make this square their abiding place every summer, that it would seem like a violation of the spirit of the Fifteenth Amendment to disturb them. But there is no doubt that the good Philadelphians will have their new buildings some day, for they are very enterprising. Witness the disposition of one of their leading men, "Slushy" SMITH by name, who wants fifty thousand dollars with which to open an avenue from the Delaware to Sixth street, basing his claims upon the fact that such avenue will lead to Fairmount Park! Now, as the nearest point of the park is two miles and a half from Sixth street, the vigor of the scheme and the foreseeing character of the projectors are worthy of a metropolis.

PUNCHINELLO is furthermore delighted to see that a son of PENN has decided the great question of the Pope's infallibility, which so vexes our OEcumenical fellow-creatures. POPE has been beheaded at Harrisburg, and of course there is no further need to discuss his infallibility. When a man loses his head, he is fallible. To be sure, the case was only one of a picture of GRANT and his Generals, which hung in the State Library, and in which POPE'S head was painted out, and Governor GEARY'S substituted; but the act shows, on the part of the adherents of the leaden-legged governor, a head-strong determination to proceed to extremities which has given rise to the gravest apprehensions; but PUNCHINELLO hopes for the best. It is expected that the Legislature will soon compel the inhabitants of the City of Fraternites to send their children to school, whether they like it or not. This is certainly progression, and PUNCHINELLO now looks confidently forward to a law compelling all Philadelphians to wash their pavements twice a day; to have white marble front-steps (without railings) to all their houses; to build said houses entirely of red brick, with green shutters; to make their sidewalks of similar bricks, laid unevenly, to agitate passers-by and so prevent dyspepsia, and that each house shall have at least one little gutter running over its pavement.

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### **"Lost at Sea."**

BOUCICAULT when he wrote the play.

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### **LETTER FROM A FRIEND.**

FRIEND PUNCHINELLO:

Thee is right welcome; but thee should look upon this as a city of Friends, and not place it in thy wicked pages, but rather in thy Good Books—all the more since thee claims to exalt the good things pertaining to pen and pencil, and this is the great City of Penn and Pennsylvania.

If thee should come this way next summer, to ruralize, thee might behold our swollen Schuylkill, and say, Enough! Thee might see our City Fathers, and say, Good! Doubtless thee has heard of our butter? Well, thee might then taste it, and also say, Good!—if thee likes. It is cheap. Thee will understand me, friend, that it is cheap to say "Good" and good to say "Cheap."

If thee will but talk "plain language," thee may circulate freely in our streets, and behold our horses and dogs rubbing noses against the fountains; nay, refreshing themselves thereat by the sight and sound of little water!

Cruelty to Animals is Prevented—but thee knows this; for has thee not thy BERGH? Thee does with *one* BERGH, but we have two—Pittsburg and Harrisburg—and, moreover, a proverb which says, "Every man thinketh his own goose a SWANN" If thee needs, we can spare thee Harrisburg, and trust to the laws of Providence.

But, friend PUNCHINELLO, if thee comes here, thee must be careful what thee does. If thee does *nothing*, thee may be restrained. Thrift accords not with idleness.

We permit none but official corner loungers and "dead beats;" and, having a very FOX for a Mayor—whose police are sharp as steel traps—thee comes into danger, unless thee be a Repeater. True, thee might disguise thyself in liquor and—as friend Fox taketh none—escape.

This epistle is written out of kindly regard for thee, and because the Spirit moveth me to wish thee well and a long life; although thee may not live long enough to behold our new Public Buildings, the site of which no man living can foresee.

I remain, thine in peace,  
PHINEAS BHODBRIMME,  
PHILADELPHIA, 3d Month, 29th, 1870. Mulberry Street.

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### **Consolation for Contemplated Changes in the Cabinet.**

There are as good Fish in the sea as ever were caught.

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### **Revels in the President's Mansion.**

The Black man in the White house.

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### **Nothing Like Leather.**

A leather-dealer in the "Swamp" writes to us, asking whether we cannot administer a good leathering to the prowlers who infest that district at night. We don't know. Had rather not interfere. Suppose the poor thieves find good Hiding-places there. Let the leatherist guard his premises with a good-sized Black—and tan.

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### **"Raising Cain."**

The Southern papers announce that cane-planting is generally finished, which is more than can be said in this section, where it looks as though the cane was about to usurp the place of the pen. We are not surprised, however, to be informed that not half as much cane has been planted in the South this year as there was last season, owing to the fact, no doubt, that the Government has gone into the business of "raising Cain" so extensively in that section.

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### **Good for a "Horse Laugh."**

What is the difference between the leading *equestrienne* at the Circus and ROSA BONHEUR?

The one is known as the "Fair Horsewoman;" the other, as the "Horse Fair Woman."

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### **A Drawn Battle.**

Any fight that gets into the illustrated papers.

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### **A Suggestion.**

It is proposed to transport passengers by means of the pneumatic tunnel. In view of the dampness of this subterranean way, would it not be proper to call it the Rheumatic tunnel?

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## **THE UMBRELLA.**

(CONCLUDED.)

It has been suggested that should a select party from the Fee-jee Islands, who never before had wandered from their own delightful home, be thrown into London, they might immediately erect the copper-colored flag, or whatever their national ensign might be, and take possession of that populous locality by right of discovery. So, in like manner, should

you leave your umbrella where it would be likely to be discovered—say in a restaurant, or even in your own hall—the fortunate and enterprising explorer who should happen to discover it would have in his favor the nine points of the law that come with possession, and the remaining points by right of discovery—a good thing for dealers in umbrellas, but bad for that small portion of the general public not addicted to petty larceny.

DICKENS, in one of his Christmas stories, tells us of an umbrella that a man tried to get rid of: he gave it away; he sold it; he lost it; but it invariably came back; despite his moat strenuous exertions, like bad *incubi*, it remained upon his hands.

This strange incident does not come within our present treatise; it is of the supernatural, and we are seeking to write the natural history of the umbrella.

The man who, has an umbrella that has grown old in his service is a curiosity—so is the umbrella. If a man borrow an umbrella, it is not expected that he will ever return it; he is a polite and refined mendicant. If a man lend an umbrella, it is understood that he has no further use for it; he is a generous donor whose right hand knows not what his left hand doeth—neither does his left hand.

A reform with regard to umbrellas has lately been attempted. A very expressive and ingenious stand has been patented, in which if an umbrella be once impaled there is no chance of its abduction except by the hands of its rightful owner. A friend of ours, who owned such a one, placed all his umbrellas in its charge, and went his way joyfully with the keys in his pocket. During his absence, a facetious burglar called and removed umbrellas, stand, and all. Our friend concludes that it is cheaper to lend umbrellas by retail.

Despite the apparent severity of these remarks, there may be much romance connected with the umbrella. Many a young man immersed in love has blessed the umbrella that it has been his privilege to carry over the head of a certain young lady caught in a shower. In such a case the umbrella may be the means of cementing hearts. Two young hearts bound together by an umbrella—think of it, ye dealers in poetical rhapsodies, and grieve that the discovery was not yours!

How many agreeable chats have taken place beneath the umbrella! how many a *confessio amantis* has ascended with sweet savor into the dome of the umbrella and consecrated it for ever!

The romance alluded to may be spoiled if there be great disparity in height. If the lady be very tall and you be very short, (so that you can't afford to ride in an omnibus,) you will be apt to spoil a new hat; and if, on the other hand, the lady be very short and you be very tall, you will probably ruin a spring bonnet and break off the match.

Again, if you should happen to carry an umbrella of the vast blue style—to your own disgust and the amusement of the multitude—and, under such circumstances, you meet a particular lady friend, your best course will be to pass rapidly by, screening yourself from observation as much as possible.

It would also be awkward should the day be windy, and, as you advance with a winning smile to offer an asylum to the *stricken dear*, the umbrella should blow inside out.

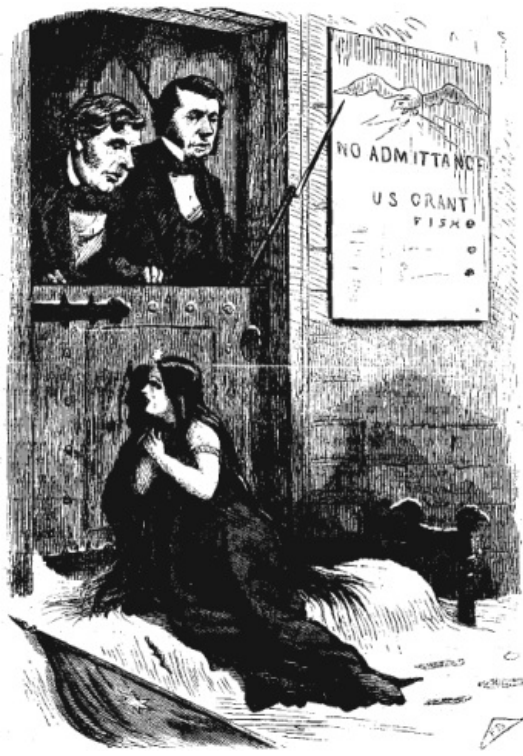
The poet has raised the umbrella still higher by making it the symbol of the marriage tie. He says,

"Just as to a big umbrella  
Is the handle when 'tis raining.  
So unto a man is woman.  
Though, the handle bears the burden,  
'Tis the top keeps all the rain off;  
Though the top gets all the wetting,  
'Tis the handle still supports it.  
So the top is good for nothing  
If there isn't any handle;  
And the case holds *vice versa*."

All will appreciate the delicate pathos of the simile. Speaking of similes reminds us that there is one on Broadway. An enterprising merchant has for his sign an American eagle carrying an umbrella.

Imagine the American eagle carrying an umbrella! As well imagine JULIUS CÆSAR in shooting-jacket and NAPOLEON-boots. The sign was put up in war times, and was, of course, intended as a Sign of the times, squalls being prevalent and umbrellas needed. Now that the squalls are over, let us hope that the umbrella may speedily come down. Just here we close ours.

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**ALAS! POOR CUBA!**

*Messrs. Fish and Sumner.* "LET HER STAY OUT IN THE COLD."

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**"Ironing Done Here."**

CAPTAIN EYRE'S conduct has raised the Ire of the whole civilized world.

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**Right to a Letter.**

THE Collector of the Thirty-second District is charged with having committed larceny as Bailee.

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**THE DESCENT OF THE GREAT MASSACHUSETTS FROG UPON THE NEWSPAPER FLIES.**

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**AN OLD BOY TO THE YOUNG ONES.**



o-day I'm sixty-nine—an Old Boy. But, bless you! I was three times as old—I thought so then—when I entered on my nineteenth year. I tell you, boys—but perhaps you know it already—that the oldest figure we ever reach in this world, the point at which we can look over the head of METHUSELAH as easy as you can squint at the pretty girls, is at eighteen and nineteen. Every body else around about that time amounts to little, and less, and nothing at all. What's the "old man"—your father, at forty-five—but an old foggy who doesn't understand things at all? Of course not; how could he be expected to? He didn't have the modern advantages. He didn't go to school at five, the dancing academy at seven; nor did he give stunning birthday parties at nine—not he. He didn't wear Paris kid-gloves in the nursery, learn to swear at the tailor at ten, smoke and "swell" at twelve, and flirt at Long Branch, Newport, or Saratoga at thirteen. The truth is—you think so—the Old Man was brought up "slow." And, to tell the truth, you had much rather not be seen with him outside the house.

You are "one of the boys" now. I was, fifty years since. A long time ago, that; but I've lived long enough to see and know that I was a great fool then. You'll come to that, if you don't run to seed before. I see now that what I then thought was smartness, was mere smoke; and it was a great deal of smoke with the smallest quantity of fire. The people I thought amounted to nothing, and whom I symbolized with a cipher, were merely reflections of my own small, addled brain. I, too, thought the old man slow, *passé*, stupid. I took him for a muff. He must have known I was twice that. What does one of the boys at nineteen care for advice? *I didn't—you don't*. It went in at the right ear and out over the left shoulder. Old gent said he'd been there; I said I was going. I did go. So did his money. My talent—if that's what you call it—was centrifugal, not centripetal. I was a radical out-and-outer, as to funds. I made lots of friends—you should have seen them. They swarmed—when there was any thing in my pocket. They left me alone in solitude at other times. At twenty-nine I got pretty well along in life. But I find I did not know so much as at nineteen. I had seen something of the world, and also something of myself. The more I saw and studied the latter individual, the less I thought of him. I began sincerely to believe he was a humbug. At thirty-nine, I knew he was; or rather had been. By that time he had begun to mend—had he? He had married, and there was call for mending, equally as to ways, means, and garments. From that hour I cultivated in different fields. My wild oats were all *raked* in. I was getting away from nineteen very rapidly—happily receding from the boy of *that* period. Mrs. BROWNGREEN beheld a man devoted to domestics and the dailies. The clubs I left behind me—twice a week. I was at home early—in the morning. I kept careful watch of my goings and comings—so did my curious neighbors. I had my family around me—also sheriffs and trades-people. I stood tolerably well in the community; for I was straight in those times even when in straits. But there was one stand I never did like to take—anywhere in sight of my tailors. They were ungrateful. I *gave* them any amount of patronage, and they turned on me and wanted me to pay for it. That's the way of the world. It wants much, and it wants it long; and when its bills come in, it is found to be the latter dimensions with an emphasis.

Well, boys, when you get out of the nineteens, you will begin to learn something. First of all, that you don't know much of any thing. That's the beginning of wisdom, though twenty is pretty well on to begin at a good school. You will learn that frogs are not so large as elephants, and that a gas-bag is sure to end in a collapse. You will learn that the greatest fool is he who thinks he sees such in everybody else. You will learn that all women are *not* angels, nor all people older than yourself "old fogies." You will see that humanity—or its best type—is not made of equal parts of assurance, twenty-five cent cigars, Otard punches, swallow-tail coats, and flash jewelry; and that the chances, in the proportion of nine to one, are that "one of the boys" at nineteen is one of the noodlest of noodles.

Truly, JEREMIAH BROWNGREEN,

*An Old Boy of Sixty-nine.*

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## THE INDIAN.

Indians were the first inhabitants of this country. "Lo!" was the first, only, and original aboriginal. His statue may be seen outside of almost any cigar-store. His descendants are still called "Low," though often over six feet in height. The Indian is generally red, but in time of war he becomes a "yeller." He lives in the forest, and is often "up a tree." Indians believe in ghosts, and when the Spirit moves them, they move the Spirits. (N.B. They have no excise law.) They have an objection to crooked paths, preferring to take every thing "straight." Although fond of rum, they do not possess the Spirit of the old Rum-uns. They are deficient in all metals except brass. This they have in large quantities. The Indian is very benevolent; and believing that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," he often scalps his friends to allow them to sleep better. This is touching in the extreme. He is also very hospitable, often treating his captives to a hot Stake. This is also touching—especially to the captive. He is very ingenious in inventing new modes of locomotion. Riding on a rail is one of these. This is done after dinner, in order to aid the digestion, although they often "settle your hash" in a different way. Indians are independent, and can "paddle their own canoes." It is very picturesque to see an Indian, who is a little elevated, in a Tight canoe when the water is High. (No allusion to LONGFELLOW'S "Higherwater" is intended.) Indians are pretty good shots, often shooting rapids. Their aim is correct; but as Miss CAPULET observes, "What's in an aim?" (Answer in our next.) They are also skilful with the long-bow. This does not, however, indicate that they take an arrow view of things. Not at all. Sometimes, when reduced by famine, they live on arrow-root. Sometimes they dip the points of their arrows in perfume, after which they (the arrows, not the Indians) are Scent. That this fact



was known to Mr. SHAKESPEARE is shown by his line,

"Arrows by any other name would smell as wheat."

What is meant by the allusion to wheat is not quite clear; but it probably refers to old Rye. An Indian may be called the Bow ideal of a man. And then, again, he may not. It is a bad habit to call names. The Western people have given up the Bow, but still retain the Bowie. "Hang up the fiddle and the bow," (BYRON.) Perhaps it is arrowing to their feelings. Perhaps it is not. The Indian is different from the Girl of the Period. He has "two strings to his bow," while she has two beaux "on a string."

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## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

When the *Daily Trombone* warns the POPE of Rome that his course is prejudicial to the interests of true Catholics, the venerable prelate doubtless adopts a new policy forthwith. When the *Evening Slasher* informs NAPOLEON that unless he conciliates the people of France his dynasty will be overthrown, the Emperor doubtless at once confers with his Minister of State concerning the advice thus proffered. When the *Morning Pontoon* warns VICTORIA that her persistent seclusion is damaging to the cause of the throne, Her Gracious Majesty, without doubt, changes her habits of life instantler. When the *Sunday Blowpipe* sagely informs BISMARCK that he is a blunderer, the great diplomatist is probably thrown into convulsions by the appalling intelligence. When the *Weekly Gasmeter* coolly accuses the Czar of Russia of insincerity and double-dealing, that potentate doubtless writes a private note to the editor, defending his honor and policy. When the *Gridiron* advises VICTOR EMMANUEL to be less rigid in his diplomacy, or he will regret it, beyond question V.E., alarmed and chagrined, reverses his policy in accordance with the advice tendered. When the *Daily Pumpkin* informs GRANT that the people are disappointed in him, he simply smokes.

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## Very Fishy!

An English exchange speaks of the Emperor of Russia as "a queer fish." Must we infer from this that he is a Czar-dine?

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## RATHER A HARD HIT.

*Emily, (in conflict with the new Parson.)* "THAT FASHIONS MAY BE CARRIED TO EXTREMES, I ADMIT; BUT WOMEN, AT LEAST, TRY TO DISPLAY *their* PHRENOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENTS TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE."

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## HIGH CHURCH AND LOW CHURCH.

We are frequently asked what is the difference between High Church and Low Church?

We inquired of a Low Churchman for his definition of a High Churchman.

Well, said he, a High Churchman is a—Well, he is a—Well, I should say he was a—Well, hang me, he is a—High Old Pharisee.

We next inquired of a High Churchman what made a brother Low Churchman?

Well, he is a—Well, I say he is a—Well, some people call him a—Yes, he is a—Well, he is a darned Low Pharisee.

We hope our efforts in getting at the truth are eminently satisfactory to all interested, as they are to us.

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## A Seasonable Hint.

One of the correspondents speaks of being ushered into the august presence of the President. April presence would have been the more appropriate expression—not to say First of April presence.

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## "The Long, Long, Weary Day."

The Philadelphia *Day*.

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## WEATHER PROPHECIES FOR MAY.

About the first of the month look out for squalls and damp weather. The sun's rays may be warm, but the beefsteak will be cold. There will be more or less cloudy days throughout the month—especially more. If the mornings are not foggy, they will be clear—that is, if the almanacs are not steeped to the covers in deceit. If we prophesy pleasant weather, and it should prove stormy and disagreeable, you can have redress by calling at the office of PUNCHINELLO.

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## GREELEY ON BAILEY.

The *Tribune* extenuates the defalcations of Collector BAILEY, on the ground that "he fought the crowd" (other revenue defaulters) "zealously, effectively, persistently," etc. Suppose that Mr. GREELEY, while pursuing his wild career in the dire places of the city, should fall in with a gang of pickpockets, and get hustled. Suppose that a strong fellow came along and drove away the thieves. Suppose that the strong fellow then "went through" Mr. GREELEY, and eased him of his purse, watch, and magnificent diamond jewelry. Would Mr. GREELEY extenuate the outrage because the strong fellow had previously "fought the crowd zealously, effectively, persistently"?

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## California Bank Ring.

The California Bank went back on the greenbacks. Congress, being not so green, went back on the California Bank Ring. It was not a Ring of the true metal.

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## In Vino, etc.

Wine merchants should never advertise. "Good Wine needs no Push."

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## INTERESTING TO BONE-BOILERS.

Comparative osteology has ever been a favorite study with PUNCHINELLO in his lighter hours. He loves to compare a broiled bone with a devilled bone, and thinks them both good; but he fails to hit upon an adequate comparison for the boiled bones that poison the air of certain city localities with their concentrated stenches. Why don't the Health Inspectors make a descent upon the boilers of bones, and Bone their boilers?

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## "Jersey Lightning"

That most of the so-called foreign wines sold here are made in New-Jersey, is proved by the strong Bergen-dy flavor possessed by them.

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## Sutro the Dore(r).

Sutro, having bored Congress to grant him a royalty on all the ore taken out of the Comstock lode, now proposes to bore the Nevada mountains. He says there are loads of silver in that lode. The principal metal thus far shown by SUTRO is native brass. SUTRUO asks only the Letter of the law—the royal—T.

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## Query.

Does it follow that a FREAR charter will secure a Freer municipal election?

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## BOOK NOTICES.

A BATTLE OF THE BOOKS. Edited and published by GAIL HAMILTON. New York: HURD & HOUGHTON.

A regular equinoctial Gail goes whirling and tearing through tin leaves of this smart book. Its aim is to riddle and rip up the system by which certain publishing houses crush authors, and defraud them of their proper dues. The book is written with spirit, and has been issued in a very attractive form by the Riverside Press.

HANS BRETTMANN IN CHURCH, WITH OTHER NEW BALLADS. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Philadelphia: T.B. PETERSON & BROTHERS.

Mr. LELAND, so well known as one of the most learned of our German scholars, has made a specialty of the character known in this country as a "Dutchman." The little volume under notice, which has been very tastefully set forth by Messrs. PETERSON, contains much amusing matter, couched in that queer compound of German and English in the manufacture of which Mr. LELAND excels.

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We are indebted to Messrs. GURNEY & SON for a number of photographs of public characters, executed in the best manner of the art. The "mugs" issued by Messrs. GURNEY are quite equal, if not superior, to that most celebrated of all

## CONDENSED CONGRESS.

### SENATE.



ction in Congress has not been very lively of late. It is Lent; and the exhilarating sort of entertainment provided by the "high requiem" of a SUMNER, or the wild warbling of a DRAKE, is considered to be unseasonable. The Senate is not a faster, though Senator SUMNER'S tongue goes faster than any body else's in it; nor yet a prayer, though Senator YATES is undeniably Prairie in his oratory; but it is a humiliation. As Lord ASHBURNHAM well remarked when he saw it in its fresh hey-day, we may repeat in its old salt-hay-day, "Pon mee sole, uno, it is a pudding-headed lot of duffers."

PUNCHINELLO finds nothing to make his weekly abstract and brief chronicle of this asylum for elderly and uninteresting lunatics about without making it too weakly. In the language of Bishop POTTER, when asked by the Rev. Dr. DIX what he would do in the event of a heart turning up, "I'll pass" to—

### THE HOUSE,

which never fails to amuse and instruct. Mr. COX has been making a shocking speech about the tariff. Mr. COX remarked that he once thought there was nothing like it. But I have been travelling about since, he said, with a summer-mote in my own buck eye in search of Winter Sunbeams in my Corsican brother's. I have been in Corsica, and of Corsican find a parallel of the latitude of this tariff in the leg ends of the robbers, by which I do not mean the ankles of the Forty Thieves, whom I had the pleasure of seeing in company with my "constituents of the Sixth Congressional District of the City of New-York." Well, then, there was a robber in Corsica of the name of PELEG HIGGINS, who found that his business in the Robbin Rednest line was suffering from the opposition of several other robbers in the neighbor and robbin' hood, who "went through" his victims, to use an expressive phrase common among my constituents, before he had his chance. PELEG thereupon went to the priest of the parish, who assessed the sins of the robbers of that vicinity, and offered him half the proceeds of his future crimes if he would increase his tariff of penances on the opposition firms. The priest drew up a schedule of the Whole Duties of Man. It was practically prohibitory on murders, and robberies were assessed from sixty to eighty per cent *ad valorem*. The other robbers remonstrated. The priest said he would protect his parishioners. PELEG is now very much respected, and owns an iron and log rolling establishment. The other robbers were driven out of the business. That, Mr. COX said, was the origin of the Protective Tariff.

Mr. KELLEY wished to know how much British Gold Mr. COX had received for his infamous harangue. As for him, he was bound to protect his constituents (Mr. COX, "Parishioners;" and laughter on the Democratic, or other, side of Mr. KELLEY'S mouth.) As to the charge that he was behind the age, it was absurd. Every Philadelphian knew that nobody could be behind the Age. He advocated the principle expressed by the Pennsylvanian bard,

You tickle me and  
I'll tickle you.

Mr. LOGAN said the army ought to be reduced; and he treated with scorn General SHERMAN'S intimation that it ought not to be reduced. General SHERMAN had once told him that there was a Major-General whom the army could spare. He (LOGAN) was a Major-General at the time. He did not know whom General SHERMAN meant. He did not see the use of the regular army, or of West-Point. In his State a man could get along just as well without knowing any thing; and what was the sense of teaching officers? The more they knew, the more they wanted to know. Give them an inch, and they would take an ell. He didn't know what an ell an ell was, and he didn't want to. He was willing to provide a staff, but not a crutch.

Mr. SLOCUM said he hoped it was not unparliamentary to observe that the gentleman who preceded him didn't know what he was talking about. The French staff is larger than our staff. So is the British United Service Club. So is the Irish shillelagh. If the reductions proposed were carried "out," the staff would stick at nothing. The arms of the service might get on without a staff, but how about the legs.

### Allurements of the Period.

Novelty and nakedness are the elements to which modern managers of plays and shows chiefly look for success. A new song, the name if which it is unnecessary to give, has brought fresh fame and renewed fortune to the proprietors of a celebrated minstrel theatre. Legs have contributed their might to fill the coffers of some of our leading theatrical

managers—legs of the feminine gender, with much display about them, but no drapery. Thus it will be seen that New Ditty in the one case, and Nudity in the other, have taken the great public by the forelock and led it to where the minstrels gesticulate, and the legs and footlights quiver. And now the "lower animals" are touched by the whim of the period, a leading attraction on the bills of the Circus being an equestrian performance with "four naked horses."

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### **Sartorial.**

A TAYLOR carried through the Mexican war; a DRAPER writes the history of the civil war. Drapers and Taylors such as these understand how to mend national Breaches.

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### **A Fatal Technicality.**

"Wimming" have their rights in Wyoming; but then Wyoming can never become "Woming" Territory. And what's to prevent it? Y, don't you see?—that letter won't let her.

---

### **BROADBRIM TO ABORIGINE.**

Friend PIEGAN! with the war-paint on thy cheek,  
I am thy friend; pray listen, then, to me—  
Nay, do not scalp me!—may a Friend not speak?  
Put up thy knife: I draw no knife on thee.

Friend PIEGAN! can thee count the forest leaves?  
For every leaf, thee counts a Pale Face too!  
Full many strokes the Red Man now receives:  
But, PIEGAN friend, what can the Red Man do?

The Small-Pox and the Fever strike him down;  
The White Man is his foe: he cannot live!  
For the Great Spirit tells him, with a frown,  
All men shall perish that will not forgive!

The Pale Face has been here? thy child is killed?  
But little scales are hanging to thy belt!  
Say, when thy father's heart with wrath was filled,  
Did not thee know how thy White Brother felt?

Now, PIEGAN friend! thee has enough of war!  
Bury the hatchet, and thy arrows break;  
Wait for the Happy Hunting Grounds afar—  
A Reservation that they cannot take!

---

### **The Latest from Albany.**

'All O.K. till December.

---

### **Up and Down.**

The almost universal cry, "Down with the taxes!" is inconsistent in one sense, because if taxes were Down, they would certainly be extremely light.

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### **Running and Reid-in.**

And now MAYNE REID is announced as having a lecture on BYRON. At this rate we shall soon have BYRON'S memory embalmed in Stowe-Reid greatness.

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### **Good Roaming Catholics.**

The Sisters of Charity.

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### **A VISIT TO "SHERIDAN'S RIDE."**

PHILADELPHIA, March 26, 1870.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO:

Taking my way along Chestnut Street a few days since, I found my progress arrested at Tenth Street by a great current of humanity, that swept with resistless force into the entrance to the Academy of Fine Arts.

I, too, entered, and, passing around the familiar group of the "Centaur and Lapithæ," which stands beneath the dome, was hurried breathlessly onward by the throng, until I found myself face to face with that *chef-d'oeuvre* of modern art,

T. BUCHANAN READ'S painting of "SHERIDAN'S Ride."

Give the reins to your imagination, now, (a little horse-talk is appropriate here,) and behold one thousand men and women, of refined and cultivated tastes, doing tearful homage to the genius of the great Poetaster—pardon me, Mr. T.B.R., Poet-artist was what I meant to have said.

From these my critical orbs now wandered to the painting; from the painting to PUGH, (the astute "engineer" of the "show,") and then to the painting again. "What drawing!" remarked I. (PUGH smiled, and glanced approvingly at the audience.) "There is much freedom and boldness in it," continued I. "It is very broad, rich in color, and—" "In a word," interrupted a friend of mine, whose grandfather was a Frenchman, "full of *chic*!" (PUGH blushed.)

Admirable and truthful, indeed, is the expression imparted by the artist to the fleet General who suddenly became famous by being Twenty Miles away from the Post of Duty!

The flashing eye; the close-cut military style of the hair; the fierce moustache; the row of three buttons marking exalted grade; the vigorous yet graceful movement of the sword-arm, and the cap disappearing in the distance, indicative of the remarkable time making by the "horsenman"—all these are admirable points in the picture, and worthy of being closely studied by the student of Art.

As I gazed, a shock-headed young man, with a very red nose, whom I at once recognized as a student of the Life Class, sneeringly observed that the "flourish of the sword smelt a little of the foot-lights." (Artists are ever jealous.)

It is easy to see that the clever painter of "SHERIDAN'S Ride" has meaning in the flourish of the sabre. It indicates that his fleet hero uses the weapon, not to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries," but to accelerate with frequent whacks the speed of his heroic charger. The horse has observable points, too, and especially one that might be called by the superficial critic "faulty drawing." I refer to the extraordinary fore-shortening—if the expression is in this case allowable—of that part of the animal which extends from the saddle backward. In this, again, there is a touch of nature that genius only can impart. For what is more conceivable than that the hinder parts of the heroic steed might have been cut away by an unlucky slash with the edge of the sabre? There is precedent for this. Every schoolboy can recall a similar accident which befell the horse of MUNCHAUSEN as he dashed beneath the descending portcullis. And, as from that famous steed's hind-quarters there sprang an arborescent shelter, so, also, as a result of SHERIDAN'S "scrub race," do laurels shade that hero's brows.

My views of the cause of this fore-shortening are enforced when I state that there is a fine atmospheric effect about the horse's tail, which seems to indicate that it was considerably in the rear.

There can be no greater tribute to the powers of the artist, or the worth of the heroic "horsenman," than the crowds which daily, in these heretofore silent and hallowed precincts, "wake the echoes with sounds of praise."

Yonder is "Death on the Pale Horse." As I gazed, Death smiled with approval at "SHERIDAN'S Ride," and the stony figure of GERMANICUS "leant upon his sword and wiped away a tear."...

Suddenly a pistol-shot rang through the vaulted aisles, and, amid the shouts of men and shrieks of affrighted women, I ascertained that a daring rebel, (one EARLY,) moved by the wondrous fidelity of the picture, had drawn a revolver, and fired at the "counterfeit presentment" of the man who had humbled him at Winchester.

Amid the confusion, a manly voice shouted, "Three cheers for the Hero of Winchester!"

"That's Wright!" yelled the shock-headed young man with the red nose....

Then I left the scene, pondering as I went, "What manner of painter is this, who can so deftly limn the features of a hero as to draw tears from his worshippers and bullets from his foes?" And, as I pondered, that abstruse conundrum of CHURCH, the artist, came to my mind: "What if, after all, READ, your brush should steal the laurels from your pen?"

"What," indeed?

CHROMO.

---



CHARLEY, WHO HAS HAD HIS HAIR DRESSED AT THE BARBER'S, SHOWS HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WITH THE AID OF THE CRUET-STAND, HOW IT IS DONE.

---

### **A Long Look-out.**

The dome on the new court-house is expected to be completed by Domesday.

---

### **Appropriate.**

Lester Wallack has his "Tayleure" travelling with him during his "starring" trip.

---

### **"PLEASE THE PIGS."**

Foreign Pig, we observe, furnishes a topic just now for writers in the daily papers. IRON-ically speaking, pig, in the sense referred to, means a lump of metal; but the *World* of March 26th has an accidental, though none the less curious, "cross-reading," which brings foreign pig directly into contact with domestic. It says, (the *World*, not the pig.)

"Protected foreign pig in New-York, \$32."

Precisely on a line with this, in the next column, appears the following.

"What between hogs and policemen, drunken women are being rapidly exterminated in Philadelphia."

The *World's* cross-reading is a capital one, bringing the pigs together nicely, and suggesting the following remarks:

"Protected foreign pig in New-York, \$32," very aptly applies to the gangs of imported burglars and ruffians of all sorts who run riot in our midst, and who can generally insure the "protection" of the police by a *douceur* so paltry even as \$32.

Such hybrids as Philadelphia drunken women, "between hogs and policemen," must be extremely disagreeable objects, and we are glad to learn that they are nearly extinct. Here we are much worse off. Rowdy characters, that may well be compared to "hogs," but are not often to be seen "between policemen," are far too plentiful in New-York, and the sooner they are "exterminated" the better.

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### **By a Broom.**

Nassau street is in such a filthy condition as to suggest a change of its name to Nausea Street.

---

### **Radical Ames.**

To be Military Commander, and then United States Senator from Mississippi.

---

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