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Title: Punchinello, Volume 1, No. 08, May 21, 1870

Author: Various

Release date: February 1, 2006 [EBook #9962]  
Most recently updated: December 27, 2020

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Cornell University, Joshua Hutchinson, Steve Schulze and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

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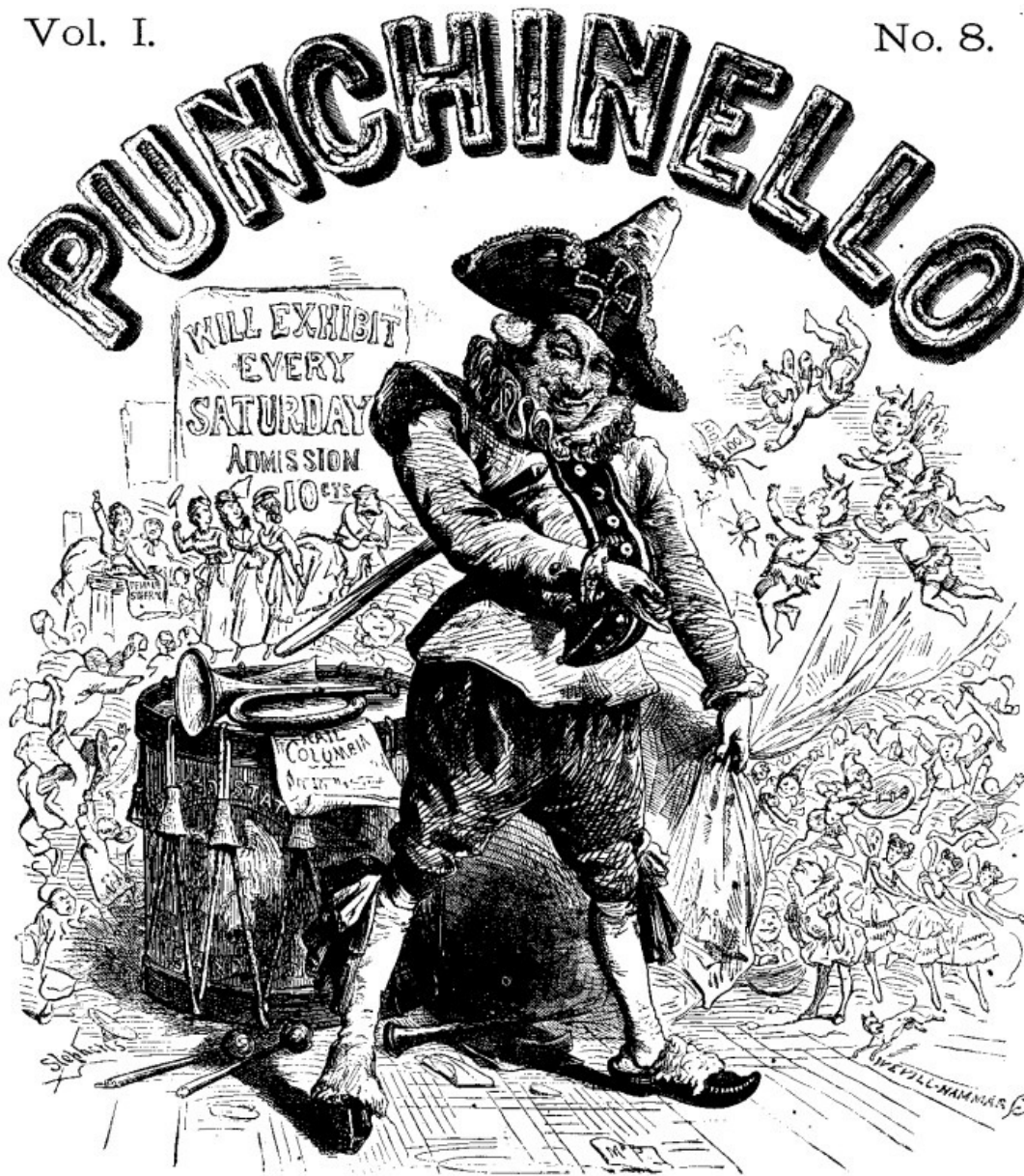
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Vol. I. No. 8.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

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---

### THE GREAT CANAL ENTERPRISE.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.]

BOSTON, May 8th, 1870.

We Bostonians are greatly surprised that your valuable journal has as yet taken no notice of the great undertaking of the century—the Cape Cod Canal. However, you New-Yorkers are quite out of the world, and unless you read the Boston *Transcript* regularly, can not be expected to know much about the enterprises with which the earnest men of the nation are occupied. The great Cape Cod Canal is, however, not meant simply for the benefit of the Bostonian nation, but for the commerce of the civilized world. It is destined to work a more important revolution in the trade of Plymouth, Barnstable, and Nantucket, than the Suez or Darien Canals.

Of course you are familiar with the peculiar conformation of Cape Cod. It juts out into the Atlantic like an immense elbow, and, indeed, is understood to be modelled after the brawny arm of the gallant CHARLES SUMNER. Vessels passing between ports on the western and those on the southern coast of Massachusetts, are now obliged to make a wide *detour* in order to circumnavigate the Cape. It is now proposed to cut a canal across the Cape just where it juts out from the mainland, and thus avoid the tedious circumnavigation. The enormous importance of this work will be at once perceived. The Canal will be nearly four miles in length, and will be made of a uniform width of four feet, with a depth of two. This gigantic undertaking will of course cost an immense amount of time and money, but under the able supervision of ELKANAH HOPKINS, the gifted engineer who constructed the board-walk in front of Deacon BREWSTER'S house, at Standish Four Corners, there can be no doubt of its success. Advantage will be taken of the duck-pond of Captain JEHOIAKIM BROWN, which is situated in the course of the proposed canal. By leading the Canal directly through this pond, at least a quarter of a mile of excavation will be avoided. M. DE LESSEPS is known to have decided upon making a similar use of the Bitter Lakes in the construction of his Suez ditch, after having seen ELKANAH HOPKINS' plans for our great Cape Cod Canal. Vessels will hereafter pass through this Canal instead of taking the long

voyage around the Cape; and it is believed that the *saving* which will be effected in the transportation of cod-fish and garden-sass by the consequent shortening of the voyage, will be something enormous. There are those who believe that the Canal will yield a yearly revenue of from eighty to ninety dollars in tolls alone. It is understood that the European Governments have already proposed to the Mayors of Boston and Barnstable to guarantee the neutrality of the Canal in case of war; but it is not possible that the proposition will be acceded to. Bostonians should have the exclusive control of this magnificent work, and the Selectmen of several of our prominent towns have drawn up petitions against the proposition of neutrality. The opening of the Canal will be the most splendid pageant of modern times. Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE will recite an original poem on the occasion; Mr W. H. MURRAY will preach a sermon; Mrs. STOWE will read a new paper on BYRON, and the State authorities will proclaim a solemn day of fasting and festivity. A procession of ten fishing-schooners, headed by a flat-boat, containing the Mayors and Selectmen of all the Massachusetts towns, will pass through the Canal. After this, literary exercises are ended; and the following month will be devoted to the delivery of an oration by Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, on "The Classical Ditches of Ancient Times, and their Influence on the Cause of Truth and Freedom."

You, and the minor New-York papers, expect to devote most of your space to this wonderful undertaking. It is more important than any event which has taken place since the election of Mr. SUMNER to the Senate. It is a subject which will interest all your earnest readers, who will be greatly obliged to me for calling your attention to it.

A FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

---

### **OLD SAWS RE-SET.**

That must be a pernicious agitation of the circumambient atmosphere, which conduces not to the benefit of any individual.

The common table utensil which is too frequently conveyed to the fountain, to obtain the thirst-slaking beverage, will ultimately become fractured.

By devoting our attention chiefly to the smaller copper coin, the larger denominations represented by paper currency will require no *surveillance*.

Persons who inhabit residences composed of a brittle, transparent, silicious material, should refrain from forcibly casting fragments of granite, etc.

When the optic image of a given object is not projected upon the *retina* of the visual medium, that object fails to be desired by the chief vital organ of the human anatomy.

When the vigilant feline quadruped, frequently observed in the abodes of man, is absent, the common domestic animal of the *genus mus* may indulge in various relaxations of an entertaining nature.

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### **Common Pleas.**

Pleas of Temporary Insanity.

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### **A Standard Work.**

J. RUSSEL YOUNG'S new paper.

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### **Drugs in the Market.**

An English chemist has discovered a process by which wood of any kind can be dyed a beautiful and permanent violet hue.

Should that chemist fail to succeed in his profession, he might profitably turn his attention to writing for the stage, seeing that he has a decided turn for Dye-a-Log.

## THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.



egs have heretofore been inseparable in the public mind from LYDIA THOMPSON. Her successes have varied inversely as the length of her trunk-hose. She has built up her reputation by "break-downs," and has clutched the burlesque diadem with, innumerable bounds of her elastic legs. Now, however, she has grown weary of offering up her fatted calves at the shrine of a prodigal New-York audience, and desires to hide the lightness of her legs under a bustle and crinoline. Wherefore she exchanges her PIPPIN for a MOSQUITO, and appears in serious instead of comic burlesque.

*Mosquito* is a play written expressly for Miss THOMPSON, by DUMAS *père*. There is the more reason to believe this assertion, inasmuch as DUMAS, or somebody else, has already written it expressly for a variety of other people. It was written for MENKEN, under the title of "*The Pirates of the Savannah*," some six years since, and was written for somebody else and played at the Porte St. Martin about seventeen years ago. We should not be surprised if the "Veteran Observer" of the *Times* were prepared to prove that it was written expressly for him about the year 1775. In view of these facts, no one will regard it as improbable that it was also written for Miss THOMPSON. Be that as it may, however, there is no doubt that Miss THOMPSON appeared in it on Monday evening last, and that the following synopsis is much more accurate than even the play itself.

After an overture, performed principally on an exasperating drum, the curtain rises on a scene in a seaport town in South America, or, to be exact, in Bolivia. Various disreputable pirates, whose appearance is a libel on a profession adorned by such men as Captain EYRE and the managers of cheap American republishing houses, conspire together in such mysterious words as these:

*Valderrama (a pirate chief.)* "To-night we must—"

*Pierre (a comic pirate.)* "We will, or—"

*Val., etc.* "You have your—?"

*Pierre.* "I have; and—"

*Both Together.* "S-s-s-h. Some one comes. Swear to—"

*Enter LYDIA THOMPSON, clothed on with crinoline. (To various pirates.)* "Well! How's things? Are you still the—?"

*Various Pirates.* "We are; and if—"

*Enter BRENTANO, the father of LYDIA. He addresses her in tender accents.* "Me cheyild, the hour is come. I must away. *(To Valderrama.)* Shall we—?"

*Val., etc.* "We shall. Come, my friend, and—"

*They come. Scene changes to a lonely glen. Comic Pirate explains to LYDIA the secret of her birth in terms which leave it more unintelligible than ever. Various pirates conspire to murder BRENTANO. Scene again changes to BRENTANO'S garden. Various pirates enter and shoot the old man. Applause. Somebody sets the house on fire. Enter LYDIA disguised in boy's clothes. She vows eternal fidelity to VALDERRAMA. The audience wildly welcome her familiar legs, and the curtain falls amid tempestuous applause and the frantic beating of the fiendish drum.*

*Rather Dull Old Gentleman.* "I can't make out what it's all about. Why does she want to follow VALDERRAMA when she knows he has killed her father?"

*Theatrical Person, who has seen the manuscript play.* "Don't you see? She means to avenge herself by reading the *Nation* to him, or by singing Shoo-fly. She'll make his life a burden."

*Dull Old Gentleman.* "Oh! I see. But will she turn pirate, too?"

*Theatrical Person.* "By no means. There were no strong-minded women on the Spanish main. The pirates were bad enough, but they didn't have all the vices of the present day. She'll go to Paris with VALDERRAMA, and he will take the title of MARQUIS of FONSECA, and live sumptuously on old BRENTANO'S money. Just you wait and see."

*Curtain rises on second act, showing the Hotel Fonseca, at Paris. Several French noblemen repeat ponderous witticisms to one another. Enter Miss MARKHAM with clothes on. She represents the icy DIANA DE MAULEON.*

*Diana.* "Mon Doo! there is my lover LEON DE BEAULIEU. I won't have him, for he ain't rich enough."

*Leon.* "Mademosel! I love you."

*Diana.* "Mosshure, what's your name? who are your parents? and what's your income?"

*Leon.* "Alas! I have none."

*Diana.* "Then leave. Ah! Good evening, Mosshure, the MARQUIS DE FONSECA."

*Fonseca (aside.)* "LEON is the son of somebody, I forget who. Never mind, I'll murder him and marry DIANA."

*Mosquito (in other words, Lydia Thompson in a dress that shows her legs.)* "I love LEON. I must save him. I will save him."

*Scene changes to an inn on the coast within a few yards of Paris. Enter PIERRE and other pirates. They conspire to murder LEON and the French language. Enter MOSQUITO disguised as a serving maid. She dances, sings, and overhears the plot. Enter LEON in order to be murdered. By a neat little stratagem MOSQUITO contrives to have the pirates shoot each other, and saves LEON. Curtain falls, followed by more maddening performances on the drum.*

*Dull Old Gentleman.* "I begin to see into it a little; but who is LEON, and why does FONSECA want to murder him?"

*Theatrical Person.* "Well, I can't just now remember. It is all cleared up in the last scene, though. You see, MOSQUITO is the daughter of BRENTANO, who was killed. She has another father who comes on later. Somebody else is LEON'S father, and you see FONSECA is the brother—no, the aunt of PIERRE—no, that's not it precisely—but you'll see."

*Dull Old Gentleman (doubtfully.)* "I hope so; but that infernal drum makes such a noise that I can hardly think. Who is that tall, awkward woman with the turned-up nose, who plays 'DIANA?'"

*Theatrical Person.* "Hush, GRANT WHITE is sitting right behind you. That is Miss MARKHAM, and she is considered to be very handsome. She is a little awkward in clothes, but she'll get used to them in time."

*The third act begins. Every body, from the Comic Pirate down to a Dramatic Writer who is in the play, go to a ball at the Palace Gardens. MOSQUITO, disguised as a Gipsy, dances and tells cheerful fortunes. Fonseca proposes for DIANA'S hand and roars the subject over in a private conversation with her father, while he and the old gentleman stand on opposite sides of the garden. Every body quarrels with every body else. The Comic Pirate challenges LEON to fight a duel, intending to murder him. MOSQUITO, backed by the REGENT of ORLEANS and the entire court, stops the duel and denounces FONSECA. The latter tries to murder her and is shot by the Comic Pirate. Then explanations take place, by which every body is proved to be the father or daughter of every body else, and the play is ended by an appropriate suggestion from the REGENT, that the entire party should engage in a congratulatory dance.*

*Dull Old Gentleman.* "Well, I must say I don't understand any thing about it. I can't even make out the different actors. Who is the rather pretty, fat woman, dressed like a boy. She don't act a bit, but she dances nicely."

*Theatrical Person.* "Why, that is LYDIA THOMPSON. The play was written for her, you know."

*Dull Old Gentleman (evidently getting irritable.)* "All I've got to say is this, that I don't know which is the worse, she or the play. What is the stage coming to? In my day we used to have something like acting at the old Park. Ah, there was PLACIDE, and ELLEN TREE, and—"

The old gentleman goes slowly out, muttering reminiscences from ancient history. A tall, intellectual-looking man is seen to withdraw into the grass-plot in the court-yard, and is there heard to appeal to the chimney-pots and stars to note the surpassing beauty of the vocal velvet of the fair MARKHAM. And the undersigned wends his way homeward with the conviction that *Hamlet*, with the part of HAMLET omitted, would be intelligible and attractive in comparison with LYDIA THOMPSON and PAULINE MARKHAM with their legs banished from public view. MATADOR.

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## **PUNCHINELLO IN WALL STREET.**

The great art of Doing others as they would like to Do you has always commended itself to



PUNCHINELLO as a very happy rendering of a certain fusty old rule which, in its original shape, did very well some nineteen hundred years ago, but is altogether out of date in these brisk times. Hence the gambols of the merry bulls in that Broad Street which leadeth to DIVES palace are just now highly entertaining. In that illustrious quarter of this amazing metropolis there is a beautiful game going on which is vastly more interesting to watch than to join in, and this little game is much as follows:

A number of the members of that worthy family of undoubted ancestry and opulence, and known the world over as the "Cliques," have gone into the dairy business. The cheese-presses are kept and the churning is done in the big offices by the wayside; but the milking is carried on in a very Long Room, found, from considerable experience, to be peculiarly adapted to this profitable line of trade. Now in the pastoral realms of Finance, it is an odd fact that not only is the milk all cream, and golden cream into the bargain, but it is sometimes hard to tell which are the dairy-maids and which are the kindly animals with the crumpled horns which furnish the lacteal supply which is so particularly sought after. Of course every body wants as much cream as possible, and all have faith that, at the nick of time, it will be given to them to milk instead of the other thing. There is a pleasant amusement known among juveniles as "SIMON says up," etc. This is the very milk in the stock-market cocoanut. When some great member of the big Clique family cries "DANIEL says up," and every body shouts by mistake "DANIEL says down," then the Long Room does a very huge business indeed, and the number of cheeses made is marvellous to relate. When, on the contrary, Clique says "down," and the crowd cries "up," and it really should be up, then the great Clique discover that their dairy-maids have become the other thing, and that all the cheese is going the other side of the way. This is exceedingly damaging to the Clique firm; and as it is very painful indeed to be the other thing, since it makes sore heads and brings on a tendency to "bust," requiring much careful nursing to recover from the effect, the Clique family is always careful to arrange every thing in a manner that shall best insure the monopoly of the lacteal element to itself.

At present the Cliques have made, most excellent provisions. It is a rule that nothing so stimulates the production of cream in the financial pastures as that curious esculent the greenback. Oddly enough, also, although this esculent is greatly sought after by the other useful animals in Uncle SAM'S plantation, yet, from one and another cause, vast quantities of this exhilarating food have been amassed in and around the banks of Wall street—those banks where the woodbine vainly twineth, and by whose side our allegory unhappily lies. With plenty of greenbacks, therefore, to make every one gay and festive, with the pumps hard at work to keep the stocks well watered, and with all sorts of devices to lead the Street family (and a very low but ambitious and prolific family it is) to cry "up" when DANIEL says "down," the jubilant Cliques have set their mind upon a thriving Spring business.

PUNCHINELLO gazes down upon the game with equal and serene mind. Since all wish to milk and not to be the other thing, and as it is not clear which is going to be which, he is content to watch the cheeses as they come from the press, and to declare that they at least are seemly and good to behold. If PUNCHINELLO could only believe that the Street family was likely to succeed, he would certainly doff his cap to them. Success is beautiful. It is to Do others as they would Do you. That is the Nineteenth Century. It is, therefore, sublime. One gets exhausted in hurraing for the Cliques. They are always getting the best of it. But the Street people need encouragement. It is not pleasant to be the other thing. And if the bloated Clique party are not some time brought to a turn, the day will come when we shall find all Clique and no cheese—a consummation devoutly *not* to be wished for!

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### **"Too Much for Good Nature,"**

The acting at Wood's Museum.

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### **A Question for the "Veteran Observer,"**

Who was the "Oldest Inhabitant"—Old PARR, or old Grand Par?

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### **Miss-Conductors.**

The young ladies who bring back the Trains.

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## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE.]

GREAT BRITAIN.

Having a peculiar privilege as the correspondent of PUNCHINELLO, I was on the floor of the House of Commons when Mr. GLADSTONE made his short speech, on the 25th, about England and possessions. I was standing by the O'DONOHUE when the Minister said, "*A free and voluntary contract is the only basis for continued union.*" I whispered to O'DONOHUE—Good for Ireland! He did me the honor to repeat it aloud; but the Minister's answer was not heard.

Mr. EASTWICK had just been making a speech about "tightening colonial relations." The *Press Ass* made this charge somebody or other with "making tight the Colonel's relations." It was just like that fellow. I only succeeded by chance in saving him from sending across some stuff about the Cardinal Archbishop of CRANBERRY, instead of CHAMBERY. I got a dispatch from, him quoting the *Virago* of Paris—meaning the *Figaro*, of course. And then that *Schema*; a Sphinx could not have made it more of a puzzle, whether he meant that the bishops voted that the Pope should be *deified*, or *defied*, or that the *de fide* should pass by their vote.

CYRUS W. FIELD has been here, in communication with AIRY, the astronomer Royal, about a telegraph to the moon. A lunatic observation makes it wax plain that it will not be in wane to attempt it. STOKES and HUGGINS, moreover, have been taking views of people through the spectroscope. *Absorption bands* are very striking in the *spectra* of the ROTHSCHILDS and other bankers. *Bright lines* are seen in TENNYSON and WILLIAM MORRIS; *dark lines* in SWINBURNE.

Gaseous substances are shown to exist in certain bodies and people; a great deal of gas was discovered in VICTOR HUGO. Traces of iron are visible in NAPOLEON III; and still more, at the last observations, in BISMARCK. VICTOR EMMANUEL had more of the phosphorus; the Pope, of sulphur; the PRINCE of WALES, of mercury; the editor of the *Times*, of lead. GARIBALDI and MAZZINI have a carbon-ari appearance through the instrument; with some look of nitrous incandescence, also. Laughing-gas is evidently abundant in PUNCH.

The Lords of the Admiralty have observed that Mr. HALE has proposed in Congress a 16 million bill for a new American navy. It will be at once proposed to the House of Commons that 32 millions be spent in iron-clads here. And the Cabinet of the French Emperor have already prepared their little bill, demanding of the *Corps Legislatif* a sum of sixty-four millions for monster ships. All this is, of course, encouraging. Mr. HALE had better try again,

Of course you have heard of the great Fenian raid, which really is to come off. You know there are immense amounts of vegetables and other provender brought to London from the Continent every day. Now a large number of sworn Fenians are to go to Holland and learn Dutch, so that they can go over disguised as petty dealers in food, get to London armed with revolvers, and carry off the Queen! As the Fenians always do exactly what they promise to do, this may be relied upon as certain to happen. It is said that the Queen is studying Dutch as an amusement; which may be very convenient on the way; she can expostulate with them better in Dutch than in Irish.

From GERMANY, we learn that JANAUSCHEK is coming to London to play in English. Also that a ballet corps is coming over to dance in Spanish, and an opera troupe, to sing phonographically, in Hindoostanee. A new opera, by BALFE, is spoken of; subject, the Tower of Babel. This was suggested by the Ecumenical Council; where some body must have been LISET-ening.

A World's Congress of Croquet Players will be held next month at Baden. They will not hold their debates in Latin. Among the points discussed will be, whether it is allowable to pop the question on the croquet ground. Old maids are quoted as thinking that it distracts the game. Younger ones would consider it allowable in certain cases.

What people some travelling Americans are! There is one *nouveau riche* from New-York, who has been going about all over Germany, asking every body for the sculptor—he thinks his name was METTERNICH—whose most famous work was the *Status quo*! He wants one of these, he says, for his *jardin des plantes*; which is going to be as big as the one near Paris. He has also heard of the Marquis of BUTE; and wants to buy one or two of his things; because somebody once read to him, out of a copy-book, that "a thing of Bute is a joy forever." I have not time to tell you, today, about my late interview with the Pope. —PRIME

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN POLICEMAN.



OPEN CASE.



IN CASE OF ASSASSIN.



IN CASE OF STAGE ACCIDENT.



IN CASE OF PICK-POCKET.



IN CASE OF MAD BULL.

## OUR PORT-FOLIO.

Upon opening our mail, the other morning, a communication signed "Tragedian," purporting to come from the father of three boys, (each remarkable in his way,) particularly attracted our attention. He stated with peculiar succinctness some singular developments of genius in the second of these prodigies, which do not always accompany such tender adolescence. "But twelve years old!" exclaims the enraptured parent, "and yet my FRITZ has produced a tragedy in three acts, entitled 'The Drewid's Curse.' No less a judge than our leading town lawyer, squire MANGLES, was so kind as to say that such an instance of the histrionic flux in a child of FRITZ'S years, was utterly unparalleled. If PUNCHINELLO could find space for a few specimens of the 'Curse,' they shall be cheerfully furnished."

(It might as well be stated here that curses of this character are already quite abundant, and that PUNCHINELLO can not find space for any of them. Still a kind word may not be misunderstood.)

To the son of a man who spells "Druid" with a "w," all things must be possible, from a hangman's noose to a Presidential nomination, and the danger to be apprehended in this case is, that some of "Tragedian's" posterity may slip into one or the other of them. A parental raid upon all the pens, ink and paper that could possibly come within the reach of a youth whose soul revels in Druidical reminiscences, is the only effective remedy which at present occurs to us. The "histrionic flux" is a kindred disease, and would, of course, be susceptible of the same treatment.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: I am not mad, but to you, alone, I confide the secret of my sanity. Nevertheless I thirst for blood.

Feelings over which I have no control, render it imperative that I should shoot somebody. Precisely who may be the victim of this insatiable desire, fate alone can decide. I propose some day next week to commence a general fusillade from the windows of my office upon the passers-by. My sole security in this affair, is a maiden aunt now in the Lunatic Asylum. I look with confidence to her malady as my triumphant vindication. My object in writing to you is to ask whether, in your opinion, the fact is sufficient to *guarantee* a verdict of "Not Guilty," in case I am prosecuted for murder, or whether an unscrupulous jury could sacrifice me to the unsettled condition of the popular mind on the subject of justifiable insanity. Yours sanguinarily,

—RABIES.

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PUNCHINELLO expresses his opinion in reference to the above letter with great reluctance. He fears that if he gives his advice according to his real convictions, he may be overrun with similar applications, and if he gives advice that he doesn't feel, he will condemn "RABIES" to the mortification of the gallows. He therefore takes a middle course, and observes that the possession of an aunt in the Lunatic Asylum is certainly strong presumptive evidence that her nephew is no better than she is. Here in New-York, it would be difficult to upset such evidence, but elsewhere the result might be different. "RABIES" gives no clue to his whereabouts. PUNCHINELLO, therefore, presumes that he does not contemplate murder here. Very well, then, it would be unadvisable to kill any one, until at least two respectable physicians could testify that either before or after the act they had called upon "RABIES," fully interviewed him on the subject of the maiden aunt, and found that the slightest allusion to her was productive of any of the following phenomena:

- 1st. Sudden and violent twitching of the eyes.
- 2d. Discoloration of the veins of the nose, resulting in an appearance abnormally rubicund.
- 3d. Manifestations of extravagant thirst, which water could not satisfy.
- 4th. Tendency to reach for his boot-straps, as if with the view of lifting himself by the same.
- 5th. Rapid rise of the pulse from 50 to 500—say within the space of ten seconds.
- 6th. Shoo-fly! movement of the hand toward the cheek as if some thing had alighted there, and patient were trying to rub it off.
- 7th. The presence of a cicatrix on the left temple (This is a most irrefutable proof of insanity).
- 8th. Psychological developments indicative of "moral alienation."
- 9th. Gangrenous condition of the tongue, proceeding from a disordered liver, and mysteriously communicated to the brain.
- 10th. Any symptoms going to show that patient might mistake another man's wife for his own.
- 11th. Discovery at the last moment that patient's father suffered himself to be hung for murder.

PUNCHINELLO offers these as the accepted *data* by which RABIES may measure his chances for life in case he executes his avowed purpose, but I would impress upon him the fact that these are necessary *outside* of New-York only. Here proof of the lunacy of the maiden aunt would be sufficient.

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## UNCLE SAMUEL

To His Lit-tle Lads in Con-gress.

[A LESSON IN EASY WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.]

My lads! I will be plain with, you:  
I am not pleased with all you do.  
I hate to scold, and yet I must;  
And you will take it well, I trust.

When first I saw you, nice and clean,  
It was a sight to show the Queen!

I was an ass to like you so;  
But where we *wish* to like, we do.  
I should have known it could not be;  
For luck, of late, is gone from me.  
No more I see the good old times  
When fools were fools, and crimes were crimes,  
And boys and men had work to do,  
And did not play till work was through.  
The times have changed; so have the boys!  
I know this, when I hear your noise,  
And note your slack work, day by day;  
Each lad must have his own small way,  
If it is but to loaf and loll,  
Or else, not to come in at all,  
Or not to care for what is done  
If so be it can yield no fun,  
Or else, to be as coarse and rough,  
As rash and rude, and grum and gruff,  
As though it were some bear that spoke,  
Whom all the world must long to choke.

For shame, my lads! I let you draw  
All I can spare to you by law;  
Each lad of you takes all he can,  
But not a soul acts like a man!  
What do you *do*, for such fine pay?  
What have you done these five months? Say!  
You know you ought to do some good;  
The friends that sent you, think you should.  
Have you no pride, no sense! In fine,  
Why do you waste their time and mine?

If it could move you, I'd tell how  
The boys that sat where you sit now  
Once *earned* their pay, and got the name  
Of fine, brave lads! But you!—for shame!  
Boys, I could thrash you all, I fear!

It may be, times will change, this year—  
Your friends all tire of you, I know,  
And what, if they should let you go!  
The school, through you, has such a name  
All good men feel a kind of shame;  
They feel the world must laugh, at last—  
The world that could not scorn the past!

Oh, think of that, my lads! I see  
You do not mean to turn from me.  
From *me*, your best of friends? Oh, no!  
I may seem grave, and dull, and slow.  
But you and I, my lads, are one!  
Your fame, your blame, I can not shun.  
Much have I borne for you, of late;  
But you are small, and I am great!

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### **A Reflection for Recorder Hackett.**

The GRAHAM bread bakers are useful members of the community, but the same can not be said of GRAHAM bred lawyers.

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**CRITICAL INTELLIGENCE.**

*Able Critic.* "BUT WHAT SORT OF A CREATURE IS THAT UPON WHICH THE YOUNG WOMAN STANDS?"

*Artist (who likes to "sell" bores.)* "O! THAT'S A GONOPH."

*Able Critic.* "AH! YES. I THOUGHT SO." (And he wonders what in thunder a "gonoph" is.)

**A SONG OF THE NEW BABEL.**

[Dedicated with sentiments of the most inexpressible respect to the Members of the Forty-First Congress.]

**I.**

Oh! who, for any payment auriferous or argent,  
 Would undertake to do the work that Mr. Speaker does—  
 With nobody to help him except the trembling Sergeant,  
 While still begin and never end the shout and scream and buzz?  
 Oh, never any where, save in desert groves Brazilian,  
 Was ever heard such endless and aimless gabble yet.  
 For there the tribes of monkeys to the number of a million,  
 Screech and chatter without ceasing, from the sunrise to the set.

Rap! rap! rap!  
 To quell the rising clamor;  
 Order! order! order!  
 Hammer! hammer! hammer!

**II.**

O strength of tongue how awful! O power of lungs how mighty!  
 Whence draw ye, honest gentlemen, your constant wind supply?  
 Whence comes your inspiration, belligerent or flighty?  
 Your common-place that grovels and your metaphors so high?  
 Pray, why not try, for novelty, a kind of solo speaking?  
 One man upon his legs—only one upon the floor?  
 For eloquence, 'tis possible, does not consist in shrieking,  
 And really where's the argument in all this thundering roar?

Rap! rap! rap!  
 To quell the rising clamor;  
 Order! order! order!  
 Hammer! hammer! hammer!

**III.**

The country listens sadly to the racket most distressing,  
And wonders, in its bother, if e'er the time will come  
When the Fates and Constitution will vouchsafe to us the blessing  
Of a House of Representatives completely deaf and dumb;  
Or if, perhaps, in exile these noisy mischief-makers,  
The stream of elocution run most fortunately dry,  
In seats of legislation, rows of ruminating Quakers  
May shake their heads for "Nay" and may nod their heads for "Aye."  
Rap! rap! rap!  
To quell the rising clamor;  
Order! order! order!  
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

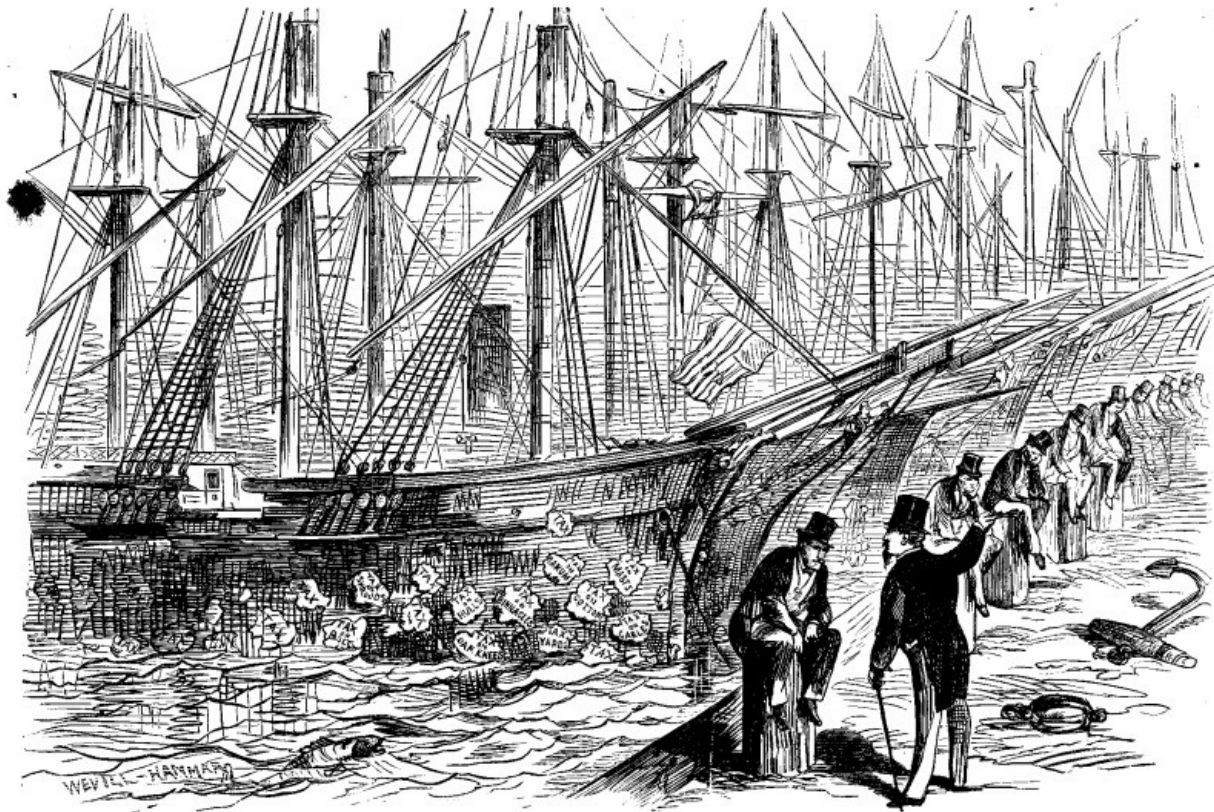
#### IV.

But if these mighty nuisances we cannot stop or flee 'em,  
If past all other remedy the sounding evil reaches,  
Oh, why not send for GILMORE of the Boston Coliseum,  
That he may drill the Members in a chorus to make speeches?  
Then shall stop the fierce *rencontre*—shall cease the idle rating;  
Then debates shall he no longer without a head or tail;  
And while the power of song every soul is demonstrating,  
Each member cherubimical will scorn to rant or rail.  
Rap! rap! rap!  
To quell the rising clamor;  
Order! order! order!  
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

#### V.

But if for solo speaking Members still feel an avidity;  
If they burn to make orations of most uncommon zest,  
Let them just take our precaution against intense stupidity!  
Let them study PUNCHINELLO and learn how to make a jest;  
But away with dreams chimerical and projects vain, though clever!  
The power of tongue's proportionate to wondrous length of ear;  
The beast that carried BALAAM is as garrulous as ever,  
And still the lobby listener must be content to hear  
Rap! rap! rap!  
To quell the rising clamor;  
Order! order! order!  
Hammer! hammer! hammer!

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### BARNACLES ON OUR COMMERCE.

*Intelligent Foreigner.* "WHY ARE ALL THESE AMERICAN SHIPS LYING IDLE IN THEIR DOCKS, SIR, INSTEAD OF EARNING MONEY AT SEA?"

*Despondent Ship-owner.* "IT'S ALL THE BARNACLES, SIR. NO SHIP CAN SAIL WITH THEM ON, AND WE DON'T KNOW HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET THEM OFF."

### CONDENSED CONGRESS.

#### SENATE.



Just as usual, WILSON had another little scheme on hand. There was no money in it—nothing but a little Massachusetts glory. It was to set apart a day to decorate the graves of the Union dead. Mr. WILSON remembered that it would have been more consonant to his own feelings to confine the ornamentations to the graves of colored men and the men of Massachusetts. But for the sake of peace and harmony he was willing to decorate all round.

Mr. GARRETT DAVIS suggested that it didn't make any difference whether they set apart a day or not. If people wished to decorate, they would decorate, and if they didn't, they wouldn't.

Mr. DRAKE said Mr. DAVIS'S hands were dripping with loyal gore.

Mr. DAVIS said he would reply to that insinuation the first leisure week he had. In the meantime he contented himself with hurling the foul slander back into Mr. DRAKE'S teeth, if Mr. DRAKE had any.

Lest Mr. DAVIS should execute his threat of making a speech, the Senate referred the subject.

Then there was a first-class wrangle about giving pensions to Mrs. LINCOLN and Mrs. RAWLINGS. It was represented that Mrs. LINCOLN was given up to riotous living upon pumpnickel and ganzebroost, at a German watering-place, and that there was a rumor afloat that unless Congress pensioned her at once, she might marry a German prince. Mr. SHERMAN, on behalf of the Finance Committee, represented that German princes were notoriously expensive and impecunious, and that it would be much cheaper to pension Mrs. LINCOLN alone than to pension her and a German prince together. He submitted some statements, showing what it had cost Great Britain to have German princes marrying into the Royal family. The Senate, therefore, incontinently passed the bill.

Mr. Morrill introduced a neat little swindle, which does equal credit to his hand and heart,



providing that the United States should have the free use of all patents granted under it. He said this was to discourage that pernicious class of men, the inventors. In many branches of industry, such as arms, the Government was the only customer of the inventor. In those cases, the inventor's gray hairs would be brought immediately to the grave. And inasmuch as the Government had a finger in almost every body's pie, the future FULTONS and GOODYEARS would starve to death before the completion of their diabolical devices.

Some land-grabs were rushed through, when Mr. SAULSBURY objected. He said nobody made any thing out of this except the Western Senators. He called upon the men of the Eastern States to stand up for their share. He had a little game in the interest of his own constituents. It was no chimerical railway. It was a good, substantial, practical concern. He demanded six million acres in behalf of the Delaware Balloon Navigation Company. If this demand were not complied with, it would show that the Senate were actuated by the basest personal motives.

## HOUSE.

The gentle JULIAN insisted upon proposing his sixteenth or seventeenth amendment. He said that he understood several women intended to vote, and he introduced this to preserve his domestic peace.

Mr. JENCKES, for the forty-fifth time, called up his Civil Service bill.

Mr. BUTLER, for the thirty-seventh time, introduced a bill to annex San Domingo.

Mr. KELLEY and Mr. SCHENCK raved a neat but not new duett, "Give us Tariff or give us Death."

Mr. LOGAN gave a fine rendering of his famous bass solo, "The Tariff be Hanged."

Mr. SCHENCK intimated that Mr. LOGAN was an insect. At first he said he was a pismire, but the Speaker said pismire was not parliamentary, and he modified it to grasshopper.

Mr. KELLEY said that he took his stand upon American pig-iron, for which our fathers fought and bled. Did they never hear of Valley Forge? Our fathers suffered in that forge for the sake of protecting their children in the right to smelt in other forges. He said that the man who could smelt two pigs of iron where only one was smelted before, was a public benefactor.

Mr. COX said he could not smelt a pig, but he thought he smelt a rat.

Mr. JENCKES said he thought his Civil Service bill would tend to diminish stealing.

Mr. PETERS said he would oppose it for that very reason. He wished to reward his friends. It was no reward for a man who stood by his country in her hour of peril, to be given an office in which he had to work for a living. What patriot would not be disgusted by the ingratitude of a country which dared to insult him like that? There was nothing in this bill to prevent a man dripping with loyal gore from holding office, if he was honest and intelligent; whereas, one of his, Mr. PETERS'S staunchest supporters might be refused an office, if he had the misfortune to be dishonest and dull. The notion of making "capacity and integrity" a qualification for office-holding was unprecedented, and was preposterous. If things went on in this way, even members of Congress would be compelled to do something for their pay. Now he preferred to administer the public service on the good old principle they all had practised, of "You tickle me and I'll tickle you."

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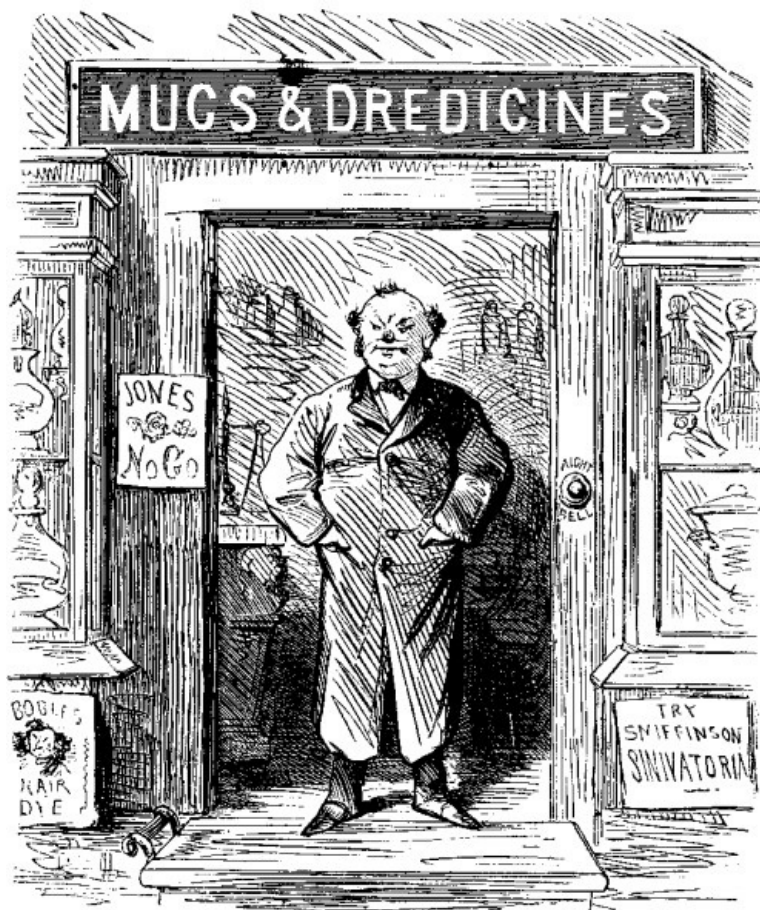
## NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

The Garden City seems to be in a quiescent state at present. There is no startling divorce case on the *topis*, and the main portion of the Court House has not yet fallen in, and Mr. H.'s wife has not recently surprised him in any well-matured plan for putting a *quietus* upon her existence. Domestic felicity is unusually prevalent. The scarlet-fever and measles have prevailed to a somewhat alarming extent; but the most contagious of all has been the *French* fever. This malady seems to have spread amongst all classes; the fashionable and the unfashionable, the strong-minded and the frivolous. French teachers swarm like bees, here, there, and every where, and all speaking the purest Parisian French; even Mons. L'HARMONIQUE, who comes from that wee little town in Canada, where the Canucks "most do congregate." But he says "the Americans do love so much humbug," that he gives them their fill of that article.

We have had French parties, French plays, French lectures. We read French, speak French, sing French, and look French; and, if you are so barbarously ignorant as not to understand that language, why, you might just as well retire for an old fossil or petrification. You're obsolete, that's all; as much behind the times as RIP VAN WINKLE himself, after his memorable sleep. English is out of date here—a relic of the Dark Ages. Fashionable ladies return from Paris, bringing with them accomplished *bonnes*, and every one is prohibited from speaking a word of English to the children; but, in spite of every precaution, the vulgar little creatures will drop the musical foreign tongue, and speak their own native language. They are christened ADÈLE, MARIE, or CLAIRE;

the SUSANS, MARYS, and ELLENS having ceased to exist.

Parisian fashions, of course, reign triumphant, and the pretty young girls in French frizzes and furbelows, shrug their fair white shoulders exactly as they see "that elegant Madame DE——" do, and gesticulate with what they imagine to be the true French grace and vivacity. They all have a charming young teacher, with whom they carry on a most romantic flirtation, that of course means nothing; and each one of these fair students, (who conscientiously puts a "g" to every termination possible, and who says *monseer*;) will tell you, with a complacent smile, that Professor —— considers her pronunciation unusually excellent. They are all studying in the blissful anticipation of a trip to Paris, where they will be presented to the Empress in yellow satin gowns, and then, when they return, how eagerly will they be sought by the fashionable young snobs, who long will see upon their fair brows the reflection of imperial glory. That is, if the dark-eyed ROMEOS abroad allow them ever to return to their native country.



MR. GLAUBER, DRUGGIST, WHO HAS HAD A DISPUTE WITH HIS SIGN-PAINTER, IS NOT AWARE THAT THE LATTER HAD COME IN THE NIGHT, AND TRANSPOSED THE LETTERING OF HIS NEW SIGN-BOARD. THIS ACCOUNTS FOR THE COMPLACENCY OF MR. G., AS HE VIEWS THE CROWDS OF PEOPLE OVER THE WAY WHO STOP TO GAZE AT IT.

## COMIC ZOOLOGY,

Order-Reptilia.

SPECIES-BULLFROG.

Although the batrachian is of the genus *bufo*, he is by no means a *buffo* genius. He may be styled the solemn organist of the swamp; slough music being his specialty. Like other out-door performers on wind instruments, he is chiefly heard in pleasant weather, and during the summer his organ is without stops. Being a Democrat, he appreciates the dignity of labor, and consequently is not ashamed to blow his own bellows.

Winter shuts the bull-frog up like a four-bladed jack-knife, and he does not open until the blades are started by the Spring. He seldom leaves his mud bivouac for active service before April, but a Forward March sometimes induces him to move earlier. As a rule, however, the smaller varieties of the species begin to ply their bog-pipes some weeks before he volunteers a voluntary.

Originally, this member of the Frog family had no surname, but about two thousand years ago, in consequence of his disastrous failure in an attempt to rival a male animal of the bovine species, the prefix "bull" was incorporated with his patronymic by a crooked little Greek. The name, however, more appropriately belongs to the Horned Frog of Sumatra.

The habits of the Bull-Frog are believed by observant naturalists to be strictly temperate, although there is a rumor afloat that he has been seen Over the Bay in New-Jersey. It is suspected, however, that the originators of the story were persons who visited that State to avoid the restrictions of the Sunday liquor-law, and consequently saw as through a glass darkly. Be that as it may, it is certain that this species of reptiles (unlike the "paragon of animals,") is never too drunk to navigate.

Mankind is deeply indebted to the Bull-Frog. We should never have known how to keep our heads above water but for their example, and, though Mr. CHASE may not be aware of the fact, their greenbacks were the first that ever issued from the Banks of America. Naturally, therefore, they are in advance of SALMON, and, long before he put our currency on its present footing, the hinder limb of a bull-frog was a legal tender.

The frog exists in most parts of the world, and at one time all the varieties of the species were Plaguily abundant in Egypt. They were introduced there to punish the people for their rascality, and appeared in such numbers among the Egyptian blacklegs that they stopped the game of PHARAOH. There is nothing poetic in the aspect of the frog. It is simply a tenaqueous bag of wind, yet it has occasionally given an impulse to the divine *afflatus*. We have it on the authority of the celebrated traveller Count SMORLTORK that the distinguished Mrs. LEO HUNTER, once wrote an "Ode to a Perspiring Frog."

The costume of a Bull-Frog consists of a green coat with yellow vest and brownish breeches, and when he requires a change of uniform, he pulls off the old one and swallows it. This fact has been doubted; but why should It be deemed incredible? Are there not parallel cases in the human family? GOLDSMITH tells us that he once lived for a fortnight on his coat and waistcoat; and every pawnbroker knows that a cast-off suit often furnishes the material for a family dinner. Why should not a frog sustain life with his Pants as well as a Christian?

Common brown frogs are good baits for FISH in most of the counties in this State; but when you go to HAMILTON try the greenbacks.

The unlicked cubs of the batrachian family are known (irrespective of sex) as Pollywogs, and are the meanest of all the reptile race except the radical Scaliwags. They are all heads and tails, and then, not the toss of a copper to choose between the two ends, as regards hideousness. The manner in which the tails are gradually developed into legs is very curious, but, as this is not a Caudal lecture, it is unnecessary to describe the process.

It has been metrically stated that the fast young batrachian goes a wooing in an Opera hat, irrespective of his mother's consent, but this assertion is not borne out by BUFFON or CUVIER, and maybe set down as a *lapsus lyrea*. Upon the whole the Bull-Frog, though harmless as a lamb, is nearly as stupid as a donkey, which accounts for his taking up his abode among Morasses, when he might dwell in the woods with the turtle and "feel like a bird." Furthermore, and finally, the subject is a slippery one and difficult to handle, and, therefore, with this remark we drop it.

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### **A Clerical Error.**

A PRESBYTERIAN clergyman, the Rev. CHARLES B. SMYTHE, has been scandalizing a community in New-Jersey by putting gin in his milk, and that on a Sunday afternoon. From the rebuke administered to Rev. SMYTHE by the authorities of his church, it appears that his case must have been a very aggravated one. They admonished him to "walk more correctly in future;" the inference to be drawn from which is that the amount of milk-punch, outside of which Rev. SMYTHE had placed himself, was sufficient to impart a stagger to his gait.

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### **Right to a T.**

The employment of Chinese laborers to build railroads is very suggestive of a well-known product of the Celestial Empire, since railroad tracks are usually laid with T rails.

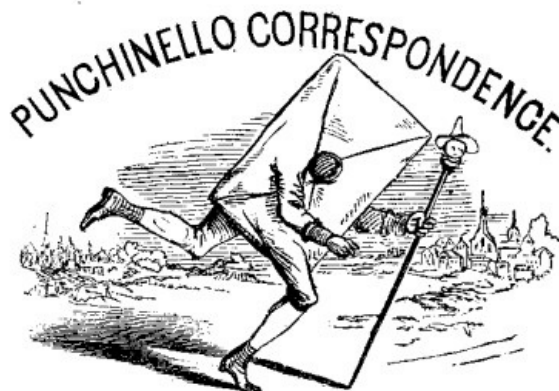
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### **"What's in a Name?"**

**A Be-Knighted Set.**

The Canadian Government.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Anxious Inquirer.* Can you give me any clue to the whereabouts of Collector BAILEY? I have advertised repeatedly for information concerning him without the slightest success.

N.B. PUNCHINELLO begs to give notice that he doesn't keep a detective police agency, but the gentleman in question is said to be in *Esse*.

*Economist.* Is a gentleman who invites a lady to the theatre obliged to hire a carriage to take her in?

*Answer.* Not at all. He can Take her In by not keeping his appointment, or—he can charter an omnibus if he likes.

*Vinous.* Can you give me any information about high wines and dry wines? Can wines be high and not dry, or both high and dry, or how? Please explain. Was HENRI do BOURBON the last of the Bourbons?

*Answer I.* DELMONICO'S *Clos Vouguet* at \$16 per bottle is a high wine but not a dry wine. It might be, though, if it wasn't wet. *II.* Not by a good many.

X. Please, Mr. PUNCHINELLO, who were CASTOR and POLLUX?

*Answer.* Twins. (By Gemini you ought to have known that!)

*Scissors.* Where can I have access to old files of the leading news-papers?

*Answer.* In the editorial rooms of the same. You must be brief, however, as their time is valuable, and these Old Files are apt to be crusty, if bored.

*Old Salt.* How can sea-sickness be avoided?

*Answer.* By never going to sea.

*Linnaeus.* Does a knowledge of botany necessarily involve a knowledge of square root and cube root?

*Answer.* Our correspondent is evidently trying to quiz us. PUNCHINELLO will pay no attention to levity of this sort.

*Claude.* I desire to make a few presents to a young lady who is intellectual but very timid. What shall I give her?

*Answer.* Presents of Mind.

*M.C.* I am going to buy a new faro-table for my place up-town—you know where. What is the best shape and material?

*Answer.* A Square Deal table generally suite *players* the best.

*Williams.* No, sir; the term Fiscal year has no reference to Col. FISK, Jr.

*Gardener.* Haydn's Book of Dates is not a Horticultural book.

*Byron, Jr.* Your verses would be much better if you would pay less attention to your Feet and more to your Head.

*M.J.B.* Dear Mr. PUNCHINELLO: Our darling little pet, Tinkums, is not well, and does nothing but cry all night, to Charlie's great vexation. What will stop the little darling's crying?

We would suggest a hot pitch plaster directly over the mouth—that is, if the child was in the house with us.

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### **Ego Sum.**

I am some. (Pumpkins understood.)

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### **The Milky Way.**

The road from Orange County.

---

### **Edwin to Emma.**

Flax Vobiscum.

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## **SAILING DIRECTIONS**

FOR ENTERING AND LEAVING YOKOHAMA BAY.

From our special correspondent if Washington we have received the following Special Order of the Navy Department, directing United States men-of-war how to approach and leave Yokohama:

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 999.

In consequence of the late disaster to the U.S. sloop Oneida, the following rules are hereby published for the guidance of vessels of war approaching the Bay of Yokohama:

I. On making the land, or if at night, on striking the soundings, all hands will be called to prayers.

II. After prayers all boats will be lowered and towed astern, to be out of the way of damage.

III. The gunner, under direction of the executive officer, will dismount all guns, and strike them into the hold. The reasons for this action will be at once apparent to commanders of vessels, when they reflect that, in case of collision, the guns would be useless as signals, owing to the extraordinary deafness of the officers belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Mail Steamship Company; and a reference to the details of the Oneida's disaster will show the danger of the guns breaking loose and destroying human life. They will, therefore, be at once stowed in the hold.

IV. On entering the bay, the helm must be kept amidships. The rule of the road, according to English interpretation, is so difficult of comprehension that the above is by far the safest plan.

V. Each officer and man will be directed to secure upon his person such valuables belonging to him as he can conveniently carry.

VI. Finally, it shall be the duty of the commander to see that all hands are provided with life-preservers.

VII. The same rules will apply to vessels leaving Yokohama and proceeding to sea.

VIII. Having taken the above precautions, vessels may stand boldly into the bay, and in case they are run into and sunk by any other vessel (say for example one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ships) their officers and men will stand some little chance of saving their lives. But should all precautions fail, the gallant crew will be no doubt greatly consoled, as they sink to their

graves, by the reflection that a pious Congress will pass resolutions of sympathy for their widows and orphans.

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### A PLEA FOR PROTECTION.

MR. PUNCHINELLO: I like your paper, though it is altogether too light and trifling in its treatment of serious subjects. Besides, it never treats of any thing serious. This won't do. The earnest men and women of the nation require something better at your hands. I have an essay on the "Origin of Evil," which I forward to you by this mail, and which, when published, will give an entirely different character to your journal. I want you, moreover, to advocate our American doctrine of Protection. Even our ablest statesmen, KELLEY, GREELEY, and DANIEL PRATT, have never carried this doctrine far enough. They are willing to protect American iron-masters by prohibiting the introduction of foreign iron, but why don't they protect American laborers by forbidding foreign workmen to land on our shores? I demand protection for the native ditch-diggers. Forbid the Irishmen to land here and to lower the price of labor by competing with our own ditch-diggers. Put a stop to the influx of German tailors and bootmakers, who prevent native artists from earning the wages that would otherwise be theirs. Protect our authors by prohibiting the sale of works written by foreigners. Keep all foreign pictures out of the country, and give our own POWELLS and ROSSITERS a chance. And, above all, protect our American girls by preventing any pretty English, French, or German girls from coming in competition with them. These foreign girls bring their pretty faces here and glut the matrimonial market. The fewer the marriageable girls, the higher their market value. We protect iron-workers, and decline to protect our own daughters. This is an outrage. Shall we prevent the railroad companies from laying rails made of foreign iron, and permit husbands to marry foreign wives? Every patriotic and protectionist instinct revolts against it. I want you to take this matter up. Let us have no more foreign manufactures, foreign iron, foreign books, foreign laborers, or foreign girls. This is the true American system, and I look to you to aid in carrying it out. MOTHER CAREY.

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### PUNCHINELLO IS SORRY.



las! it is with tears in his eyes, albeit unaccustomed to such humor, that PUNCHINELLO condoles with the ladies of Massachusetts on the defeat of the proposition to endow them with the right of suffrage. The Puritan Patriots in the State Legislature, who unanimously recognize the "inborn right" of the black field-hands of South Carolina and Georgia to make laws for the white women of the Republic, have scornfully denied, by a vote of 133 to 68, that the white women aforesaid have any political rights at all; thus officially proclaiming to the world that they consider their wives, their daughters, and the mothers that bore them, inferior to the ignorant male African; unworthy to vote with him at the polls or to sit with him in council.

PUNCHINELLO is aware that the ladies of Massachusetts had set their hearts upon rising to the negro level "before the law," and can therefore appreciate their disappointment; but they ought to have known that neither the ties of nature, the bonds of wedlock, nor the claims of intelligence, are of any force in the Home of the Pilgrims, as compared with the influence of the Ebony Lords of Creation, whose reign as sovereigns commenced with the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment.

The STANTONS, the BLACKWELLS, and the ANTHONYS, the Members of the Women's Parliament and the Sisters of Sorosis, advocated negro suffrage with the full expectation of sharing the franchise with PETE and CUFF; but alas! while these wool-dyed Africans are conducted in triumph to the ballot-box, *they* are ignominiously thrust back from it. For this black wrong there is no colorable pretext. There is not a shade of excuse for it, and PUNCHINELLO hopes that it will open the eyes of the ladies of the land, and prevent them henceforth and for ever from placing the slightest confidence in the gallantry or impartiality of the Puritanic prigs of New-England.

---

### ASTRONOMICAL CONVERSATIONS.

[BY A FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESIDING ON THE PLANET VENUS.]

#### No. III.

D. Now then, father, for that Description of the Telescope!

F. Very well, my child. The great Object of the telescope—

D. Is the Object-Glass, is it not, father?

F. Come, come, HELENE; no nonsense, now. The great object had in view by the inventors of the telescope—

D. Father, don't you mean the Great Object they *expected* to have in view, when they got it made; a Distant World, for instance?

F. Pshaw, child! be serious. Don't spoil a good thing by untimely interjections. They are as mal à propos as a mosquito coming across the Field of View.

D. I'd rather he'd do that than come across *me!*

F. Well, HELENE, you are positively exasperating!

D. Not more so than your mosquito.

F. Well, I declare—this is too bad!

D. So is his bite!

F. Well, well; I must walk out and take the air. [*Going*]

D. Yes, pa, (and see that you don't take anything else!) Now, then! for a grand look for my Charmer! Really, I am getting quite Earthly! [*Looks through the instrument a few moments*] Why, what is this? Oh, pshaw! I see! I've got JUPITER by mistake! I mistook one of his Belts for a new Belt Railroad. It would have been a Big Thing, that railroad; not less than 75,000 miles long, as I figure it. Perhaps those Belts *are* Railroads! Perhaps they have Rings there, as they have at Saturn, only less conspicuous. JUPITER is rather a Slushy planet, if I am correct in regard to its Specific Gravity; of about the consistency, perhaps, of the New-York Poultrice Pavement I've been reading about. I should think that JUPITER'S lack of gravity and consistency would make him a favorite with Aldermen—not the less for having so many Satellites. I wonder if the New Charter is the celebrated Magna Charter under a new name? Probably it is no better. Oh, dear! the annoyance of living so far away! Nothing here attracts me. The distant, the unattainable, is all I think or care about!

F. [*Coming in quietly.*] What's that, HELENE, about the charms of the Unattainable? You don't seem to see any thing very attractive in MERCURY or MARS!

D. Well, some things may be both unattainable and undesirable. That's the case with the little thieving god MERCURY, and that big red-skinned Prize-Fighter, MARS. I can't understand, however, why these disreputable deities should be worshipped in your favorite New-York.

F. Well, as near as I can see, (a matter of a few million miles, more or less,) when you speak of Worship, they have more regard there for Millinery than any thing else. The Christian Religion is based on Humility, which has Purity and Simplicity for her Handmaids. Look into some of these New-York churches! see how the jewels glisten, the rich stuffs fall gracefully in massive folds. Observe the sumptuousness, the elaborate display! A fine Humility this! Then look at the ceremonial. Here is a church edifice, belonging to a denomination that assumes to be Decent and Orderly in ceremony. Is it so in *this* church? What means all this tawdriness of color, the crimson, the blue, the gold; what signify these fantastic designs and figures, these monkey-like genuflexions; this wilderness of sign and symbol, this elaborate abasement, this theatrical show of exaltation? This an improvement on the old dignified simplicity? Do you tell me that childishness, and prettiness, and pettiness, are valid substitutes for a genuine, manly modesty and simplicity?

D. (Oh, dear! he's been drinking again! How bitter the Bitters do make him!) Look! Father, come, quick! Here is a Railroad Accident, such as you have often wished to see. Two trains have collided, and both have rolled down an embankment at least seventy feet high! into a river, I do declare! They are all lost!

F. Do let me see at once, HELENE I [*Looks eagerly.*] Ah, yes; all gone; nothing visible but one smoke-pipe, three stove-pipe hats, four bits of orange-peel, some pea-nut shells, and thirteen copies of the *New-York Ledger*. Sad fate! But see! Some dry-goods-no, a young lady flounders along toward the shore! The bystanders rush up; she is nearly exhausted; pants rapidly; they congratulate her. A well-dressed young man approaches. She instantly begins to think of her looks; her hand flies to her back hair. Heavens! there is so much gone there that she shrieks in alarm! Her fall in the water has detached her Waterfall! *That* gone, every thing is gone! She springs to her feet! Glancing hurriedly over the watery waste, now plentifully strewn with fans, little canes, and certain objects which are either mail-bags or *chignons*, she descries her better part, and with a wild cry, (as when a mother rescues her babe from tigers,) dashes in and seizes the darling object! She presses it to her lips, and impetuously breaks for the shore! Alas! too late, by about ten and a half seconds! "Save it!" she seems to cry; tosses the wad ashore, and down she goes, with her hand on the back of her head, her last thoughts, evidently, more or less, connected with that sympathizing young man on the bank above.

D. Father, you talk like a brute! Have you no feeling? Boo-hoo hoo-hoo!

F. Child, I am *all* feeling. Boo-hoo-hoo-too!

---

## HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant pickles early, if you are up in time; if not, later. But don't eat them late, unless you are equally fond of dyspepsia.

In planting peas, select that kind that does not grow hard and yellow; that is, unless you supply boarding-houses, or have a government contract for the supply of shot.

Grated turnips, mixed with horse-radish, for the table, will assuage one's grief for one's grandmother.

Rice-puddings can be grown, ready-made, by sowing rice with cowcumbers. Try it.

NURSERY.—Transplant from hot-beds to bath-tub as soon as possible, using sponge with palm-soap and cold water. Top-dress with comb and brush. Trim limbs according to age. Train with rods. Much depends on starting right, so start to school right after breakfast.

---

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