

Punchinello, Vol. II., No. 33, November 12, 1870

Various

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Punchinello, Vol. II., No. 33, November 12, 1870, by Various

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

Title: Punchinello, Vol. II., No. 33, November 12, 1870

Author: Various

Release Date: November 17, 2003 [EBook #10105]

Language: English

Character set encoding: ASCII

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCHINELLO 33 ***

Produced by Joshua Hutchinson, Steve Schulze and PG Distributed Proofreaders

```
+-----+
|
|  _THE HANDSOMEST AND THE BEST._      |
|      |                               |
|  Every Saturday,                    |
|      |                               |
|  THE GREAT ILLUSTRATED PAPER OF     |
|  AMERICA.                            |
|      |                               |
|  _Illustrated with Drawings from the Best |
|  Artists in America and Europe._     |
|      |                               |
|  Able Editorials, Excellent Stories, Attractive |
|  Miscellaneous Reading.              |
|      |                               |
|  BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED ON TINTED PAPER. |
|  For sale everywhere.                |
|      |                               |
|  FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Boston. |
|
```

Livros Grátis

<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

We will Mail Free	
A COVER	
Lettered and Stamped, with New Title-Page,	
FOR BINDING	
FIRST VOLUME,	
On Receipt of 50 Cents,	
OR THE	
TITLE-PAGE ALONE, FREE,	
On application to	
PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING CO.,	
83 Nassau Street.	
HARRISON, BRADFORD & CO.'S	
STEEL PENS.	
These Pens are of a finer quality, more durable, and cheaper than any other Pen in the market. Special attention is called to the following grades, as being better suited for business purposes than any Pen manufactured. The	
"505," "22," and the "Anti-Corrosive,"	
we recommend for Bank and Office use.	
D. APPLETON & CO.,	
Sole Agents for United States.	

Vol. II. No. 33.

PUNCHINELLO

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1870.

PUBLISHED BY THE
PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,
83 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

* * * * *

FOR SALE.--22 VOLS., 52 NOS. EACH, OF London Punch, COMPLETE

FROM 1841 (1st YEAR) TO 1862, INCLUSIVE. PRICE Fifty Dollars.
ADDRESS P.F.G., P.O. BOX 2783, NEW YORK CITY.

See 15th Page for Extra Premiums.

Bound Volume No. 1.	
The first volume of PUNCHINELLO-- the only first-class, original, illustrated, humorous and satirical weekly paper published in this country--ending with No. 26, September 24, 1870.	
Bound in Extra Cloth, is now ready for delivery, PRICE \$2.50.	
Sent postpaid to any part of the United States on receipt of price.	
A copy of the paper for one year, from October 1st, No. 27, and the Bound Volume (the latter prepaid), will be sent to any subscriber for \$5.50.	
Three copies for one year, and three Bound Volumes, with an extra copy of Bound Volume, to any person sending us three subscriptions for \$16.50.	
One copy of paper for one year, with a fine chromo premium, for.....\$4.00	
Single copies, mailed free .10	
Back numbers can always be supplied, as the paper is electrotyped.	
Book canvassers will find this volume a Very Salable Book.	
Orders supplied at a very liberal discount.	
All remittances should be made in Post-Office orders.	
Canvassers wanted for the paper everywhere. Send for our Special Circular.	
Address, Punchinello Publishing Co.,	

83 NASSAU ST., N.Y.
P.O. BOX No. 2783

FOR COUNTY CLERK,
CHARLES E. LOEW.

APPLICATIONS FOR ADVERTISING IN
"PUNCHINELLO"
SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO
JOHN NICKINSON,
ROOM NO. 4,
No. 83 Nassau Street, N.Y.

TO NEWS-DEALERS.
Punchinello's Monthly.
The Weekly Numbers for October,
Bound in a Handsome Cover,
is now ready. Price 40 cents.
THE TRADE
Supplied by the
AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
Who are now prepared to receive Orders.

Bowling Green Savings-Bank,
33 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK,
Open Every Day from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M.
Deposits of any sum, from Ten Cents
to Ten Thousand Dollars, will be received.
Six Per Cent. Interest,
Free of Government Tax

INTEREST ON NEW DEPOSITS
Commences on the First of every Month

HENRY SMITH, _President_

REEVES E. SELMES, _Secretary._

WALTER ROCHE, EDWARD HOGAN, _Vice-Presidents_

A NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK.

EVERY MOTHER

Should read and have for constant reference this much
needed manual for the family, MATERNITY, by Dr. T.S.
VERDI, of Washington, D.C. It is a _complete treatise on
Motherhood_, treating of Pregnancy, Labor, the Nursing
and Rearing of Infants, the Diseases of Children, the
Care and Education of Youth, Reflections on Marriage.
_Emphatically and thoroughly commended by Distinguished
Physicians, and by the Medical, Religious, and Secular
Press._

Circulars sent on application; or, Book sent free by
mail on receipt of price, \$2.95.

J.B. FORD & CO., Publishers,

39 Park Row, New York.

FORST & AVERELL,

Steam, Lithograph, and Letter Press

PRINTERS,

EMBOSSERS, ENGRAVERS, AND LABEL
MANUFACTURERS.

Sketches and Estimates furnished upon application.

23 Platt Street, and 20-22 Gold Street,

[P.O. BOX 2845.]

NEW YORK.

FOLEY'S

GOLD PENS.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

256 BROADWAY

The only Journal of its kind in America!!

The American Chemist:

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO AMERICAN INTERESTS.

EDITED BY
Chas. F. Chandler, Ph.D., & W. H. Chandler.

The Proprietors and Publishers of THE AMERICAN CHEMIST
having purchased the subscription list and stock of the
American reprint of THE CHEMICAL NEWS, have decided to
advance the interests of American Chemical Science by the
publication of a Journal which shall be a medium of
communication for all practical, thinking, experimenting,
and manufacturing scientific men throughout the country The
columns of THE AMERICAN CHEMIST are open for the reception
of original article from any part of the country, subject to
approval of the editor. Letters of inquiry on any point of
interest within the scope of the Journal will receive prompt
attention.

THE AMERICAN CHEMIST

Is a Journal of especial interest to

SCHOOLS AND MEN OF SCIENCE. TO COLLEGES APOTHECARIES,
DRUGGISTS, PHYSICIANS, ASSAYERS. DYERS. PHOTOGRAPHERS,
MANUFACTURERS.

And all concerned in scientific pursuits.

Subscription, \$5.00 per annum, in advance;
50 cts. per number. Specimen copies, 25 cts.

Address WILLIAM BALDWIN & CO.,

Publishers and Proprietors,

434 Broome Street, New York.

[Illustration: FASHIONABLE RELIGION.

Father. "WELL, MY DEAR, DID YOU HAVE AN AMUSING SERMON THIS MORNING?"

Daughter. "O NO!--VERY STUPID. DR. CHIPPER ISN'T THE LEAST FUNNY
NOWADAYS--PREACHES THE REGULAR OLD MISERABLE SINNER SORT OF
BUSINESS."]

* * * * *

GREAT MEN OF AMERICA.

By MOSE SKINNER

DANIEL WEBSTER

Was the sort of a man you don't find laying round loose nowadays to any great extent. It's a pity his brains wasn't preserved in a glass case, where the imbecile lunatics at Washington could take a whiff occasionally. It would do 'em good.

We are told that as a boy DANIEL was stupid, but this has been said of so many great men that it's getting stale. Some talented men were undoubtedly stupid boys, but it doesn't follow that every idiotic youth will make an eminent statesman. But there are plenty of vacancies in the statesman business. A great many men go into it, but they fail for want of capital. If they would only stick to their legitimate business of clam-digging, or something of that sort, we should appreciate them, and their obituary notice would be a thing to love, because 'twould be short.

But D. WEBSTER wasn't one of this sort. He didn't force Nature. He forgot enough every day to set five modern politicians up for life. When he opened his mouth to speak, it didn't act upon the audience like chloroform, nor did the senate-chamber look five minutes after like a receiving tomb, with the bodies laying round promiscuously. I should say not. He could wade right into the middle of a dictionary and drag out some ideas that were wholesome. Yes, when DANIEL in that senatorial den _did_ get his back up, the political lions just stood back and growled.

Take him altogether he was our biggest gun, and it's a pity he went off as he did, for he was the Great Expounder of the Constitution.

HON. JOHN MORRISSEY

Is also a Great Ex-pounder. Even greater than WEBSTER, for the constitution of the United States is a trifling affair, compared with the constitution of J.C. HEENAN.

Mr. MORRISSEY is a very able man and made his mark early in life. Before he could write his name, I'm told. No man has made more brilliant hits, and his speeches are concise and full of originality. "I'll take mine straight." "No sugar for me," &c., have become as household words.

A man like this, though he may be vilified and slandered for awhile, will eventually come in on the home stretch with a right bower to spare.

That's a nice place JOHN has got at Saratoga. Fitted up so elegantly, and with so much money in it, it looks like a Fairy bank with the fairies gambolling upon the green. It's all very pretty, no doubt, but excuse me if I pass.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

This gentleman is yet destined to send a thrill of joy to our hearts, and flood our souls with a calm and tranquil joy. This will come off when his funeral takes place. He wasn't born like other people. He was made to order for the position of common scold in a country sewing-circle.

But he wasn't satisfied. He wanted to be an Eminent Lunatic and found private mad-houses. And so he began to lecture. He used to rehearse in a graveyard, and it was a common thing for a newly-buried corpse to organize a private resurrection and make for the woods, howling dismally.

A village out West was singularly unfortunate last summer. In the first place the cholera raged, then they had an earthquake, and then G.F. TRAIN lectured three nights. Owing to this accumulation of horrors the village is no longer to be found on the maps. TRAIN'S second night did the business for 'em. The once happy villagers are now aimless wanderers, and one poor old man was found in the churchyard, studying a war map of Paris and vicinity in a late New York paper.

It is said that TRAIN has his eye on the White House, and is indeed a shrewd, far-seeing man. When he visited Europe and kissed all the little Irish girls, could he have had in his mind the time when they, as naturalized American Female Suffragers, would cast their votes for G.F. TRAIN as President?

That the mind of the reader may not become hopelessly dazed by contemplating this last paragraph, I will stop.

MOTHER GOOSE.

I cannot close these memoirs without a simple tribute to this remarkable woman, who has probably done more to mould the destinies of this Republic than any other man put together. She was an eminently pious woman, devoted body and soul to Foreign Missions, and to the great work of sending the gospel to New Jersey.

But it was as a composer that her brilliant talents stand preeminent. MOZART, BEETHOVEN, and a host of others excelled in this respect, but they all lack that exquisite pathos and graceful rhetoric which so distinguished this queen of literature. The beautiful creations of that fruitful brain are as a passing panorama of constant delight. Her style is singularly free from affectation, and, while we are at one moment rapt in wonder at her chaste and vigorous description of the annoyances of a female in the autumn of life, training up a large family in the limited accommodations afforded by a common shoe, we cannot but feel a twinge of compassion for the singular Mrs. HUBBARD and her lovely dog, who "had none," only to have those tears chased away by the arch and guileless portrayal of the eccentric JOHN HORNER.

That we cannot to-day gaze upon the classic lineaments of her who welded such a facile pen, is a source of the most poignant regret. It is a crying shame, for I think I am correct when I say that there does not exist on the civilized globe a statue of this peerless woman, but she will always live as long as there are infant minds to form, or tender recollections of childhood to remember.

P.S.--I forgot to say that I hold a copyright of old GRANNY GOOSE'S works. I have just got it renewed, and it is as vigorous as a kicking-mule. Send in your orders. Contributions to the old gal's statue will be duly acknowledged, and deposited with my tailor.

* * * * *

THE PLAYS AND SHOWS.

JANAUSCHEK is a Bohemian, and with the Bohemian propensity for picking up things, has picked up the English language. The public is somewhat divided in its estimate of her skill in speaking English. One-half of her average audience insists that she speaks better English than nine-tenths of our native actresses: the other half asserts that she is at times nearly unintelligible. Neither of these statements necessarily contradicting the other, they might both be easily true. The fact is, however, that she speaks English like a foreigner. Mud itself--or a Sun editorial--could not be plainer than this definition of her exact proficiency in our unmelodious tongue.

If we go to see her play "Lady Macbeth," we meet evidences at every step of her want of familiarity with English, or at all events with American customs. We find her playing at the ACADEMY, and we at once remark that no one but an unnecessarily foreign actress would dare to awaken the sepulchral echoes of that dismal tomb. We find, too, that at the very threshold of the house she defies the one of the most time-honored institutions of our stage, by employing a pleasant and courteous door-keeper--instead of the snarling Cerberus who lies in wait at the doors of other theatres. We find again that she outrages the public by the presence of decent and civil ushers, who neither insult the male spectators by their surly impudence, nor annoy the lady visitor by coloring her train with tobacco juice. So that before the curtain rises we are prepared to lament over her unfamiliarity with American customs, and to predict her ignorance of the American, as well as the English language.

Divers well-meaning persons repeat the dialogue of the earlier scenes of the play. There is a good deal of dramatic force in the legs of Mr. MONTGOMERY, who plays "Macbeth," much animation in the feathers which Mr. STUDLEY'S "Macduff" wears in his hat, and a foreshadowing of ghostly peculiarities in the solemn stride of Mr. DE VERE'S "Banquo." We listen to these gentlemen with polite patience, waiting for the appearance of "Lady Macbeth." When at length that strong-minded female strides across the stage, we hail her with rapturous applause, and listen for the strident voice with which the average "Lady Macbeth" reads her husband's letter.

We don't hear it, however, for JANAUSCHEK reads in a tone as low as that which a sensible woman who was plotting treason and murder would be apt to use. Why "Lady Macbeth" should proclaim her deadly purpose at the top of her lungs is quite incomprehensible, except upon the theory that stage traditions have confounded the Scotch with the Irish, and that the "Macbeths" husband and wife--being the typical Fenians of the period, were accustomed to roar their secrets to the listening world.

Be that as it may, we are constrained to note the actress's unfamiliarity with the language, as evinced in the tone in which she reads the letter, and also in the way in which she urges her husband onward in the path of crime. The usual "Lady Macbeth" "goes for" her weakminded spouse, and drives him by threats and strong-language to consent to her little game. JANAUSCHEK, on the contrary, does not raise a broom-stick, or even her voice, at "Macbeth," but actually coaxes him to be so good as to kill the king, so that she can bring all her relations to court, and appoint them surveyors, and internal revenue collectors, and foreign ministers. This is not the tone of other actresses in the same part, and we therefore at once charge her departure from the common standard to her ignorance of English.

We listen with fortitude to the dismal singing of the witches and their friends in mask and domino. The music, we are told, is "LOCKE'S music." What is the proper key for LOCKE'S music, is a question which we have never attempted to solve, but we heartily wish that the key were lost forever, since by its aid the singers open vistas of musical dreariness which are disheartening to the last degree. But we sustain our spirits with the thought of the bloody murder that is coming. Talk as we will, we all enjoy our murders, whether we read of them in the Sun and the Police Gazette, or witness them upon the stage.

When JANAUSCHEK comes upon "Macbeth" with his bloody hands, and explains to him that it is now too late to repent, either of murder or matrimony, she furnishes us with more instances of her unfamiliarity with the language. Her night-dress is not at all the sort of thing which an English-speaking woman would be willing to sleep in. We are confident upon this point, and we have on our side the testimony of a married man who has lived four years in Chicago, and has been annually married with great regularity. If he doesn't know what the average female regards as the proper thing in night-dresses, it would be difficult to find a man who does. Then, too, her gross ignorance of English is shown in her back hair, which is a foot longer than the average hair of previous "Lady Macbeths," and is as thick and massive as a lion's mane. Wicked and punnish persons go so far as to call it her mane attraction. They are wrong, however. JANAUSCHEK does not draw by the force of capillary attraction. By the bye, did any one ever notice the fact that while a painter cannot be considered an artist unless he draws well, an actress may be the greatest of artists and not be able to draw a hundred people? But this is wandering.

Owing to the imperfections of her English, JANAUSCHEK does not indulge in drinking from the gilded pasteboard goblets which grace the banquet scene. She also shows her lingual weakness in the sleep-walking scene. For instance, when, after having reigned queen of Scotland for several months, the happy thought of washing her hands strikes her, she commits the absurdity of scrubbing them with her hair. On the other hand, she pronounces the words "damned spot" with a perfection of accent that constrains us to believe that she must have taken at least a few lessons in pronunciation from some of the leading members of WALLACK'S company. Still, her way of walking blindly into the table, and falling over casual chairs, ought to convince the most skeptical person that her English accent is not yet what it should be. And in general, her walk and conversation in this scene demonstrate that even the most carefully simulated somnambulism may not resemble in all respects the most approved Oxford pronunciation.

But when we are freed from the depressing influences of the Academical Crypt, we forget all but our admiration of JANAUSCHEK'S superb acting, and the exceptional command which she has gained over a language so vexatious in its villanous consonants as our own. And we express to every available listener the earnest hope that SKEBACH and FECHTER will profit by her success, and at once begin the study of English, with the view of devoting their efforts hereafter to the American stage.

MATADOR.

* * * * *

POISONING THE PLUGS.

A Rampant Virginia editor proposes to kill off the Yankees by putting poison in chewing-tobacco, so that we shall meet mortality in mastication, fate in fine-cut, and perdition in the soothing plug! In short, Virginia not having got the best of it in political quiddities, this pen-patriot is for trying the other kind. The short-sightedness of this policy will be evident, when we remember how many Republicans consider the weed to be the abomination of desolation. Virginia might poison chewing-tobacco till the crack of doom, but what effect would that have upon the eschewing (not chewing) GREELEY, who, even if he used it, has bitten T(he) WEED so many times that he can consider himself poison-proof. When, moreover, this LUCRETIA BORGIA in pantaloons remembers that his scheme might prove more fatal to his friends than his enemies, perhaps he will take rather a larger quid than usual, and grow benevolent under its bland influences.

* * * * *

FIRM AS A ROCK.

All the newspapers are full of descriptions of the earthquake of the 20th of October, and of the panic thereby occasioned. We are proud to state, although massive buildings quivered and great cities were scared, that Mr. PUNCHINELLO was not in the least shaken. At the moment of the quake (11h. 26m. A.M.) he must have been seated upon his drum partaking of a lunch of sandwiches and small beer. He did not perceive the slightest reverberation, nor did the drum give the least vibratory sign. Mr. PUNCHINELLO has prepared a most elaborate and scientific paper, giving a full and elaborate and intensely scientific description of the various phenomena which he did not perceive, and which he proposes to read before any scientific associations which may invite him to do so. Terms, \$50 and expenses.

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE PREVAILING DISORDER.

Planet (responsively). "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, EH?--GOT THE FEVER AND EARTHQUAKER--GOT 'EM BAD."]

* * * * *

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OH YES! PUNCHINELLO has an Editor's Drawer, and a very nice one, too. (As no allusion is here made to any of the artists of the paper, you needn't be getting ready to laugh.) This Drawer--and no periodical in the country possesses a better one--is chock full of the most splendid anecdotes, and as it is impossible to keep them shut up any longer (for some of them are getting very old and musty), a few of the bottom ones will now be given to the public.

A GENTLEMAN just returned from a tour in Western Asia sends to the Drawer the following account of a little bit of pleasantry which took place in the gala town of South Amboy:--

A young doctor, clever, rich, pure-minded, and just, but of somewhat ambigified principles, was strenuously married to a sweet young

creature, delicate as a daffodil, and altogether loveliacious. One night, having been entreated by a select party of his most aged patients to go with them on a horniferous bendation, he gradually dropped, by dramific degrees, in a state of absolute tipsidity, and four clergymen, who happened to be passing, carried him home on a shutter, and thus ushered him in all his drunkosity, into the presence of his little better-half, who was drawing in crayons in the back parlor. "My dear," said she, looking up with an angelic smile, "why did you come home in that odd manner, upon a shutter?" "Because, _mon ange_," said he, "you see that these worthy gentlemen, all good men and true, _mon_ only _ange_, brought me home upon a shutter because they were not able to get any of the doors off of their hinges. (Hic.)"

This is almost _too_ funny.

The descendant of the Hamnisticorious sojourner in the ark knows what is good for him. For pungent proof, hear this: A young lady, a daughter of the venerable and hospitable General G-----, of Upper Guilford, Conn., was once catechizing a black camp-meeting, and when the exercises were over, a colored brother approached her and said:

"Look-a-yar now, 's MARY, jist gib dis nigger one obdem catekidgeble books."

"But what would you do with it, CUDJO, if I gave it to you?"

"Oh, _dis chile 'ud take it_!"

Ha! ha! ha! Our colored brother will have his wild hilarity.

Two septennialated youngsters of Boston. Mass, (so writes their gifted mother), thus recently dialogued:

"PERSEUS," said the younger, "why was the noble WASHINGTON buried at Mount Vernon?"

"Because he was dead," boldly answered his brother.

Oh! the tender-aged! How their sub-corrected longings curb our much maturer yearnings.

Here is an anecdote of a "four-year old," which we give in the exact words of our correspondent, an aged and respected resident of Oswego county, in this State:

"Well, now, ye see, I couldn't do nothing at all with this 'ere four-year old 'o mine, fur he was jist as wild an onruly as anything ye ever see; and so I jist knocked him in the head, and kep the hide and the taller, and got thirteen cents a pound for the beef, which wasn't so bad, ye see."

Strange, practical man! We could not do thus with all our little tid-toddlers of but four bright summers.

A correspondent in San Francisco sends the Drawer these epitaphs, which

are entirely too good to be lost.

The first is from the grave of a farmer, much notorified for his "forehandidification," and who, it is needless to say, was buried on his own farm:--

"Here lies JOHN SIMMS, who always did
Good farming understand;
E'en now he's gratified to think
He benefits his land."

Here is one upon a gambler, who died of some sort of sickness, superinduced by some description of disease:--

"His hand was so bad that he laid him down here;
But up he will certainly jump,
And quick follow suit for the rest of the game
When Gabriel plays his last trump."

Here is one on a truly unfortunate member of the human race:--

"Here lies CORNELIUS COX,
who, on account of a series of unhappy occurrences, the principal
of which were a greatly increased rent and consumption of
the lungs,
Got himself into a tight box."

The ladies must not be neglected. Sweet creatures! even on tombstones we sing their praises. This is to the memory of a fashionable and lovely siren of society:--

"She always moved with distinguished grace,
And never was known to make slips.
At last she sank down into this grave
With the neatest of Boston dips."

An old lady in Bangor, Maine, sends the following entertaining anecdote of one of our most distinguished fellow-citizens:--

The late Senator R----, who, by the way, was a very portly man, was in the habit of riding over the fields to consult Judge B----, his wife's cousin, on points of extra-judicial import. One morning, just as he was about to get down from his horse.--(NOTE BY ED.--The middle of this anecdote is so long, so dull, and has so little connection with either the head or the tail, that it is necessarily omitted.)

"Well," said the Judge, "what would you do then?"

"_I don't know_," said the Senator. "Do you?"

If our public men were, at all times, as thoughtful as these two, the country would be better for it.

NECESSARY NOTE.--Persons sending anecdotes to this Drawer (or those reading them), need not expect to make anything by the operation.

* * * * *

PRUSSIAN PRACTICE AND PROFESSION.

KING WILLIAM of Prussia thinks he has a mission to perform, and goes on his present raid in France as a missionary. To an unprejudiced sceptic, however, needle-guns, rifle-cannons, requisitions on the country, devastations of crops, bombarding of cities, and the rest of the accompaniments of his progress are, if possible, even worse in their effects upon the unhappy people subjected to his missionary efforts than the New England rum which accompanied the real missionaries in their descent upon the now depopulated islands of the Pacific. Private people with missions are nuisances, but public people with such ideas are simply unbearable.

In the case of kings, if we may trust the democratic movement which this war in Europe is aiding so greatly, the only mission the people will soon allow to kings is dis-mission.

* * * * *

Prussian Cruelty.

"A PASS for THIERS," the telegrams state, has been promised by the King of Prussia. There is a sound of mockery in this. Prussia's obstinacy in pushing the war has made so many widows and orphans that all France is a PASS for TEARS.

* * * * *

[Illustration: FRIGHTFUL SHOCK SUSTAINED BY BEAU BIGSBY ON BEING SUDDENLY BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH ONE OF THOSE DISTORTING MIRRORS.]

* * * * *

OUR PORTFOLIO.

"Up in a balloon, boys!"--_Macbeth_.

TOURS, FIFTH WEEK OF THE REPUBLIC, 1870.

DEAR PUNCHINELLO: To all men of lofty ambition I would recommend a balloon excursion. The higher you get, the smaller and more insignificant do earthly things appear. A balloon is the best pulpit imaginable from which to preach a sermon upon the littleness of mundane realities, first--because no one can hear you, and your congregation cannot therefore be held responsible for indifference to your teaching; and second--because at that height you are fully impressed with the truth of what you say.

Aspirations of whatever kind, all longings and emotions of the "Excelsior" order, all appeals to "look aloft," come handier when you can "do" them in an aerial car.

You will pardon this philosophic digression in respect to the peculiar feelings of a man who has just been "up in a balloon." Our air-ship had been anchored in the _Champ de Mars_ two days, waiting for a fair wind. An hour before we started, a Yorkshireman, who had evidently never seen such a creation before, annoyed me with incessant questions as to what it was. His large, wondering, stupid eyes never ceased gazing at the

monster as it tugged heavily at the stake which held it. "Na' wha' maun _that_ be?" he exclaimed, starting back as it gave a very violent jerk. I could stand it no longer, and thus broke forth:--

"See here, my good fellow, you've got plenty of cheek to be bothering me with your confounded ridiculous questions; and so I'll answer you once for all. What you see tied fast there is called a balloon, and it's only a French method of drawing Englishmen's teeth." He left me--I trust not in anger; but that was the last I saw of the Yorkshireman.

We got off, (M. GODARD and I) about four o'clock P.M., and ascended steadily till Paris, with its rim of fortifications, looked more like the crater of a volcano than anything else. I brought out my opera-glass as we moved in the direction of Versailles, and reconnoitred the situation. In a field adjoining the palace I saw an object that looked like a post driven into the ground, and capped with a large-sized clam-shell. GODARD levelled his glass and examined it. His lip curled proudly with scorn as he said:--

"That is the butcher himself, WILLIAM of Prussia. The clam-like appearance you notice is due to the baldness of his head."

I only said: "Can it be possible?" and we moved on. How my blood throbbed as we cavorted through the blue depths of heaven! I was far from feeling blue myself, and GODARD said that if anything I was green. The bearings of the remark did not strike me at the time, as a cannon-ball from the direction of Versailles whirled within twenty feet of the balloon and lifted the right flank (a military expression) of my moustache into your subscriber's eye, notwithstanding it was waxed with LOUVET'S best, warranted to keep each hair _en regle_, even in the worst gales. From that moment I renounced LOUVET. Following the cannon-shot came a miscellaneous assortment of small projectiles, which had the effect of creating some excitement among the atmospheric _animalculae_, but failed to disturb the serenity of M. GODARD or myself. When about ten miles from Blois I detected what I supposed was a large vein of chalk-pits. It was very white, and apparently motionless. My companion expressed his surprise at the difficulty I had in distinguishing objects correctly, and seemed to lose patience.

"_Bigarre_, you no know zat? It ees ze dirty Proosien linen vashed out, and hoong zere to dry!"

I told him in Arabic that he needn't get his back up; but he understood me not, and continued playing with the cats which we were transporting to Tours to protect the Commissary stores from the ravages of the rats that the Prussians had despatched to eat up the provisions of the garrison. Towards night I began to have a queer sensation in the stomach. It wasn't like sea-sickness, nor like the feeling produced by swinging. If a man just recovering from the effects of his first cigar were offered a bowl of hot goose-grease for supper, I suppose he would have felt as I felt. At the moment a queer twinge took me; I ejaculated: "Oh! Lord!"

"Vat ees de matter?" inquired GODARD. If the man had had any other nationality, I might have talked sense to him; but he was a Frenchman, so I said:--

"Do you love me?"

"Do I loves you?"

"Yes!" I roared frantically, "do you love me?"

"_Begaire_ I dunno, but I zinks so."

"Then," said I, dimly discerning a chance of relief from my suffering, "throw me out as ballast."

"Oh, _horrible! horrible! Mon Dieu!_ vat a man!"

I turned my sickly gaze upon him and saw that he was deadly pale, and that the perspiration stood out in great drops upon his forehead. The explanation was plain enough--he took me for a maniac. I would have protested and moved the previous question, but taking a small phial from his pocket he broke off the head and threw the contents in my face. Ten seconds later I was totally oblivious, and upon recovering found myself in this place, where such strange things are going on that my fingers prick to write them.

DICK TINTO.

* * * * *

AN EX-MONSTER.

It is a bad day for monarchs. Boston has, for several weeks, had upon Exhibition His Marine Majesty the Whale. The captive was shown for the ridiculously small sum of two shillings, and great was the gathering to gaze upon the spouter, who would have come just in time to attend the political caucuses, only he happens to be dead, and cannot spout any more, albeit his jaw is still tremendous. His defunct condition renders it unnecessary to feed him upon JONAHS, which is lucky for a good many superfluous voyagers upon the Ship of State. If the King of All the Fishes can draw such crowds at a quarter a head, what a chance is there for our friend LOUIS NAPOLEON! If he will but make an Exhibition of himself in this country, we promise him full houses, and a greater fortune than that which he has lost.

* * * * *

THE MICROSCOPIC MAN.

Bumps have a great deal to answer for. Of course we refer to phrenological bumps, from which, possibly, the powerful adjective "bumptious" is derived, it being applicable to a person whose conflicting bumps keep him continually on the rampage.

Of all such persons, the one with microscopes in his bumps for eyes is the most bumptious. He is continually detecting pernicious particles in everything that he eats and drinks. One such will seize a pepper-castor, invert it over his mashed turnips, spank it as if it were a child, and then, peering at the dark particles with which the succulent heap of vegetable matter is dusted, proceed to deliver a lecture upon the poisons that we swallow with our daily food. He sees iron-filings in the pepper. Also particles of the tail-feathers of Spanish flies. He will tell you that if you continue to use pepper like that for a long duration--say seventy or eighty years--you will have iron enough in your

stomach, from the filings, to make a ten-pound dumb-bell, and blistering stuff sufficient from the Spanish fly to draw all the interest of the National Debt. If the pepper happens to belong to the Cayenne persuasion, he magnifies it into a hod of bricks. It is his hod way of accounting for it. Keep using it daily for half-a-century, says he, and see if you don't wake up some fine morning and find yourself a brick chimney stuck up on the roof of a house for bats to live in. It will be a just judgment on you; and small will be to you the consolation should some poetical friend pen an epigrammatical threnody to your memory, telling in "In Memoriam" stanzas how you "went up like a thousand of bricks."

"Beef?" says the microscopic man, probing the meat with a pencil of light that beams from his right eye (the other being closed for concentration purposes), "Beef, sir?--not a bit of the _bos taurus_ about it, sir. Horse, donkey, mule, zebra--what you will, but not a single fibre of ox. Did you ever see the fibres of beef run in a direction due north and south, like these? If you did I should like to know it, sir. I inspected this meat raw, sir, to-day, on the butcher's stall, and the minute _ova_ perceptible in it were those of the horse gad-fly, not the ox gad-fly, sir. Yes, begad, sir, and I'm prepared to maintain the fact upon oath, sir."

Porter and other malt liquors are favorite subjects for the analysis of the microscopic man. As you are placidly enjoying your pint of GUINNESS'S brown stout, he will look at you for minutes with a compassionate smile. Then, suddenly plunging into his favorite horror knee-deep, he will ask you if you know what becomes of all the ends of smoked-out cigars. Of course you submit that little boys pick them up and smoke them to everlasting annihilation. "Pshaw! sir," exclaims the microscopic person; "there is a man in the City of Dublin, sir--I believe he is a baronet now, but will not force that as a fact--and he made an enormous fortune by going about the streets at early dawn and picking up all the cigar-stumps he could find, and they were not few, as you may suppose, in that smokingest of cities. He used to furnish these by the ton to old GUINNESS, who used them for giving color and body to his famous 'Stout.' Body?--I should think so rather!--but only think where the body came from! Just recall to mind the filthiest gutter that ever you saw in your life, with the numerous ends of cigars that you perfectly remember having observed sweltering in it, and then take another pull at your GUINNESS, sir, and I wish you joy of it, sir!"

Once we remember to have heard the subject of the possibility of lizards snakes, frogs, and other cheerful reptiles having resided for indefinite periods in the stomachs of human subjects, discussed in the presence of the microscopic man. A lady of the party was skeptical on the subject, dwelling especially upon the impossibility of any person swallowing a reptile unawares. "Observe those water-cresses of which you have been partaking so freely, madam," said the microscopic man. "Beneath each leaf I discern _ova_ of things that it might horrify you to enumerate in full. Suffice it to say, then, for the present, that on the leaves of this small sprig culled by me at random from the cluster, are to be detected the germs of the _trigonocephalus contortrix_, than which, when fully developed, no more deadly reptile wriggles upon earth. See this minute agglomeration of yellowish specks on the stalk of the cress. These are the eggs of the _lacerta horrida_, a lizard that within the large warts with which its epidermis is studded secretes a poison of the most virulent character. Others, too, I discern, but they are too disagreeable to dwell upon--not to speak of one having _them_ dwell

inside one, instead--ha! ha! Now, remember that all these germs are hatched by gentle warmth. No degree of temperature that we know of is more gentle than that of the human stom--"

At this point the lady fainted, and the microscopic man was thrown promptly out of the window by her husband, who has since been presented by a committee of grateful citizens with a gold-mounted cane, as a mark of consideration for his services in ridding the world of a monster.

* * * * *

"GREEK MEETS GREEK."

Oh, lovers of your lager beer,
Drinkers of wine and ale,
Ye editors and ministers,
Come listen to my tale,
And learn the very slight basis
Characters are built on,
By reading of the fight between
FULTON and friend TILTON.

In New York City, Broadway street,
Friend FULTON took his way,
Squinting in ev'ry restaurant,
For it was then mid-day;
He saw a bottle on a stand,
With words all in gilt on,
While right before that awful stand
Guzzling wine sat TILTON.

On Sunday night, while walking down
Bow'ry to the ferry,
TILTON did spy a lager shop
Where the folks were merry,
And saw a sight that op'd his eyes,
For, in that beery vat,
Nine lagers foaming by his side,
Reverend FULTON sat.

With spirit sword bound at his side,
And his hand the hilt on,
Brave FULTON smote at hip and thigh
Of our little TILTON;
Then TILTON took a mighty quill,
Called FULTON a liar,
FULTON took that to his church,
Will he take it higher?

Now TILTON says that FULTON lies,
FULTON says 'tis TILTON;
I wish this epic was told by
HOMER or by MILTON.
I cannot tell which yarn is true,
Nor what each is built on,
But surely there's been lying by
FULTON or else TILTON.

* * * * *

A FINE OLD LADY.

In this day of monetary papyrus, it is pleasing to read of an ancient matron in Lafayette, Ind., who, at the age of eighty-nine, has gone to her reward, leaving no property save a \$20 gold piece. For several years, she has been reserving this honest coin to pay her funeral expenses; and one cannot help surmising that she must have been distantly related to the late Old Bullion BENTON. "No National Bank nonsense at my tomb!" said she; "no grimed and greasy currency for my undertaker! I will have a specie-paying funeral or none at all." As we have the precedent of a great many Old Ladies in the Cabinet, we are rather sorry that it is too late to invite this clear-headed dame to take a chair in Washington.

* * * * *

[Illustration: A MODEST REQUEST.

Disbursing Agent of Political Organization [to Delegation on biz.]:
"AH! GENTLEMEN, YOU REPRESENT THE----"

Spokesman. "YES; WE WANT \$200. I'M THE KNOCK-'EM-DOWN CLUB, AND HE'S THE TARGET COMPANY."]

* * * * *

THE WRONG "DUMMIE."

Gatling (our countryman, you know) has invented a Battery Gun. They have been trying this gun over at Shoeburyness (how is that, for a name?) in England, to see whether they had not better order a few, in time for the next war. It seems that they conducted their experiments by firing at "dummies, representing men." (Oh, if they had only had some of our American Dummies there, who Represent Men so inadequately.) There were 136 of these simulacra, "99 of whom," says the report "would have been killed." That is, if it had been possible to kill them. In fact, they would have been killed four or five times over. "Kilt intirely."

We shall always feel that a great opportunity was here lost of ridding the country of certain nuisances, who, if anything at all, are worse than dummies, and deserve not four only, but four hundred balls in them, "forty-two one-hundredths of an inch in diameter," or even larger. There are so many, it would be useless to attempt to specify them: and besides, everybody knows who they are. We would begin with the Politicians, and end with the Brokers. And then the Millennium would begin, "sure pop."

* * * * *

TROUBLE FOR THE RISING GENERATION.

Mr. PUNCHINELLO has often thought with what melancholy feelings the naughty boys must gaze upon a fine grove of growing birches; but what pangs would a knowing child experience upon finding himself in Randolph county, Illinois, where they raise twelve bushels of castor-oil beans to the acre! Of what depths of juvenile wretchedness and precocious misanthropy is that crop suggestive! We see it all--the anxious parent--the solemn doctor--the writhing patient--the glass--the spoon!

Howls like those of a battle-field, only less so, fill the air. The wretched victim of pharmacy, conquered at last, gives one desperate gulp to save himself from strangulation, and all is over! Ye who remember your boyhood's home! tell us if there was any joke in all this!

* * * * *

THE GREAT MODERN O MISSION.--The English Mission.

* * * * *

[Illustration: THE LITERARY PIRATES.

SUGGESTED BY BIARD'S PICTURE, AND SHOWING THE PIRATICAL ROVER "HARPY" SPRINGING A TRAP UPON THE GOOD SHIP "AUTHOR" IN A FAVOURABLE TRADE WIND.]

"THE HARPY."

With literary ventures stowed
As full as ship can be,
The good ship "Author" holds her way
Over the fickle sea;
Now sings the wind, and, all serene,
The ripples forth and back
Lap lightly round her gleaming sides
And whiten on her track.

Far westward, on the line of blue
That meets the pearly^[1] sky,
There looms up large a stranger sail,
A sail both broad and high;
And as she near and nearer draws
She hovers like a bird,
And strains of music from her deck
Upon the air are heard.

Now closer draws the stranger sail--
Are sirens they who hang
About the quivering cordage with--
Hallo! what's that?--bang! bang!
The trap is sprung, the siren ship
Runs up the sable flag--
It is the pirate "Harpy," and
She takes the "Author's" swag!

[Footnote 1: A famous foreign writer offered us L500 to print this Pearl Street, but we wouldn't do it for double the money.--[ED.]]

* * * * *

WEAPONS THAT TAMMANY HALL CAN NEVER BE TAKEN BY.--SHARPE'S Rifles.

* * * * *

HIRAM GREEN AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

Bread and Butter vs. Old Cheese.

I hadn't got but a little ways into the Navy-Yard, when a soldier steps up before me, and pints his bagonet at my throack, said:

"Pass."

I stepped tother side of him to obey his orders, when he agin pinte his gun at me and said:

"Pass."

Thinkin I was on the rong side of him, I undertook to pass into the middle of the road, when he vociferated in louder tones:

"Pass!"

"Well," says I, by this time considerably riled at sich skanderlous treatment at the hands of this goverment, "if you'l stop rammin your bagonet into my hash digester and let me pass, ile be hily tickled."

I was madder than if I had been a candidate for offis, and didnt get elected.

"See here, Mister hard-tack Cowpenner," said I, addressin him, "how dare you stop me in this ere outragous manner? You say 'pass,' and when I try to pass, you jab at my innards with that mustick in a rather oncomfortable manner. What do you mean?"

"I mean, sir," said he, sholderin his shootin iron, "that if you want to go further, you must get a pass from the offis across the way."

"Oho! that's a gooseberry pie of a different flavor," said I, coolin off; "why didnt you say so before?" and I pinte for the offis to get the pass.

After bein put through a course of red tape, such as feelin of my pultz, lookin down my throte, and soundin me on my Spread Eagleism, I got the pass.

While on my tower of observashuns, a mechanikle lookin individual approached me, and says:

"Good mornin, Congressman WEBSTER."

I turned in cirprise, as several other men dropped their tools and rushed out and surrounded me.

"God bless you, Mister WEBSTER!" said one.

"Make way for the noble and good WEBSTER," said another.

"Let me kiss the hand of the great statesman," says a third, fallin to and gettin my thumb in his mouth.

"Mister WEBSTER, take care of me, I am yours to command," says a 4th, who jumped wildly for an old tobacker cud I had just throde away.

On all sides, men was fallin down to worship me, just as if I was the Golden Calf, spoken of in scripters, or else some great poletikle Mogul,

with a pocket full of blank commissions, ready to be filled out for good fat offices.

All of a sudden, it popped into my mind that these 8 hour sons of toil hadent heard that DANIEL WEBSTER was dead, or else didnt see the joak, when DAN said: "I aint dead," and supposed from my likeness to him that I was D. WEBSTER.

I couldnt blame 'em for makin such a mistake, when I reccolected the time I was introjuced to the great man. It was when I was Gustise of the Peace.

As our hands clasped each other, we was both revitted to the spot, and the rivets was clinched tite.

"What! it can't be possible!" said Mr. WEBSTER, the first to break the silence. "Well if you haint another WEBSTER, you'l pass for D. WEBSTER'S bust, any day."

"And," said I, wishin to return the compliment, "if you haint _Green_, you can pass any time for GREEN on a bust."

This was one of my witcisms, and it made DANIEL blurt with lafter.

But, Mister PUNCHINELLO, me and WEBSTER looked so much alike, that if his tailor had sent him a soot of clothes at that time, I believe, in the confusion, that just as like as not, I should have thought I was WEBSTER, and wore off the clothes.

But, to "retrace my tale," as the canine said, when a flee was suckin the heart's blood from his cordil appendige--

"Well, my friends," said I, humerin these men in their mistake, "what can I do for you down to Washington?"

"Do for us? thou great and mitey!" said they all to once, "keep us into offis--we 'go' _you_, Nov. 8th."

"Well," said I, "my good men, my word is law down to Washington. Everybody respects the great DANIL WEBSTER."

"Eh!--who--what," exclaimed several.

"I say that I, DANIL WEBSTER, is great guns with the goverment," was my reply.

"DANIEL WEBSTER be d--d," said the ring-leader. "No, Sir! ED WEBSTER, the nominee for Congress, and Wet Nurse _pro tem._ over Unkle Sam's family in this 'ere _nursery_, is the man we're after. Haint you that man?"

"You don't mean the chap who was U.S. Assessor, agin whom I heard them Wall street brokers and scalpers cussin and swearin like a lot of Rocky Mountin savages chock full of fluid pirotechnicks, because he made them pay a goverment tax?"

"The same! the same!" they all hollered.

"Well! sweet woers of the bread and butter brigade," said I, "speakin

after the manner of men, you've got onto the wrong hen-coop this time. As Shakspeer, who is now dead and gone, says:--

'A rose by any other name
Is sweeter-er than I,
I've discovered I haint the _game_
You want to see roost high.'

They left me, yes, they left me. I wasn't the man, but some awdacious retch had sot 'em on tellin 'em I was _the_ man.

Surgeon GOODBLOOD, of the man o' war _Vermont_, then took me under his charge. I found him one of them _noble_ doctors, under whose perscriptions a man could enjoy 'kickin the bucket.'

He took me to see the soljers drill.

"Them's the Marines," said he, pintin to the bloo cotes.

"Sho! you don't say?" says I. "Are them those obligin gentlemen who are allways ready to listen to what is told 'em?"

"Yes," says the Dr.; "anything nobody else believes, we tell to the Marines."

I mite okepy your hul paper tellin all about the war vessels, pattent torpedoes, monitors, and sich, which I saw, but will close with the remark:

That old rats never pile livlier onto roasted cheese, than a bread and butter patriot does onto candidates who has the _cuttin_ of a good _fat loaf_. That's wisdom which will wash.

Ewers,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,

Lait Gustise of the Peece.

* * * * *

SIMILE USED UP.

We regret to state, that in consequence of a late discovery by one BECHAMP, of living things in chalk (he has actually seen 'em wriggle!) we are no longer at liberty to say, "As different as Chalk and Cheese." The difference is gone! If it is not, we would ask, where is it?

It is true, chalk is not in so general use, as an article of diet, as cheese, except in boarding-schools; but the difference is plainly one of degree rather than of kind. We have heard of "prepared chalk." It has been whispered that gentle spinsters use it for a beautifyer. We rather incline to the belief that it is prepared for the inside rather than the outside of humanity.

At any rate, the two articles now agree in their most prominent characteristics--which they did not, till M. BECHAMP looked into the matter with his microscope.

'Tis thus, alas! our cherished similes are going. One by one are they Be-champ-ed (or chawed up) by the voracious creatures who hunger and thirst after novelty. Why, we expect to be told, ere long,--and have it proved to us,--that the Moon after all is actually and truly made of Green Cheese. And there will go another fond comparison! Nay, more;--perhaps Cheese itself is but Chalk, in its incipient stages of development,--with the tenantry already secured, however, that make it so lively inside.--_Si sic Omnes_.

* * * * *

To Our Youthful Friends.

We wish to do all in our power to keep the world cheerful. If there is a youth of our acquaintance who despairs of ever raising a fine moustache, we would remind him of that comforting apothegm of the Spanish: "Un cabello haze sombra"--"The least hair makes a shadow." Courage, lad! and do not cast that shadow from thy lip. If there is a single hair already there, it is a manly and noble thing!

* * * * *

"Done Brown."

"TOM BROWN" is not looked upon as a sheepish person, and yet, the English of his name is ewes ('ughes).

* * * * *

[Illustration: REAL HARDSHIP.

"HERE'S A GO!--STRASBOURG IN RUINS--TRADE DESTROYED--O DEAR! DEAR! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO FOR OUR PATTY DEE FOY GRASS NOW!"]

* * * * *

POEMS OF THE CRADLE.

CANTO X.

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush and scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw what he had done, with all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush, and scratched them in again.

Some people have a very curious way of doing things. Nowadays when the world has advanced by prodigious strides almost to the limit of civilization, and having no further to go, is debating within itself whether it shall lie down and take a rest, a man don't go to so much trouble to have his eyes out. The age is a fast one, you know; so, when the man feels like having his glims doused, he just jumps into the midst of a crowd of real b'hoys, runs his head, good-naturedly, you know, against a pair of knuckles, and the business is settled with "neatness and despatch," as the job-printers say.

How different our poet's description. He must have been a man of wonderful experience; and foresight, let us add, since from his simple yet wonderfully powerful sketches there is gained an insight into all the mysterious workings of humanity, from the lulling of the babe in the

cradle, the ruthless disruption of the apron-string that he is led with, because some naughty little boys laughed at him, to the tolling of the bell by the old sexton over another dead.

Well, there is no use in moralizing. The tale is before us, graphically drawn; and to the reader is left naught but the pleasure of contemplating its beauties. In his pithy way the poet describes a man who, though possessed of some good qualities, evidently did not know how to use them. Though the poet has never yet touched upon politics, yet the careful reader will find that the hero of the sketch must have been a young Democrat, since he is made to appear very nimble, and has a fondness, partial to himself, of getting into rather thorny places. What led him into those dangerous places we have very little chance of knowing. "He was wondrous wise," saith the poet, and forsooth he jumps into a bramble-bush, the last place in the world where a wise man is to be found. But then, perhaps, a tincture of irony flew from our poet's pen; the hero was wise in his own esteem, perhaps; or was wise in the opinion of his friends, whose wisdom seemed to be consummated in doing something ridiculous.

It is very fortunate for the social welfare of community that all its actions should not be sublime. Mankind would become too serious and morose and cynical, and life would be a burden. The ridiculous makes it enjoyable, but at the expense of those who cause the ridicule. Man must laugh, no matter what the cost to the object laughed at.

Ordinary intelligence would have decided the fate of the wise individual who found no other use for his eyes but to scratch them out in a bramble-bush. But our poet dealeth otherwise with his portraits. He shows us the fate of an overwrought, badly instilled wisdom; yet when that wisdom has been deserted by its cause, the promptings of a heart, pure at the core, hold up to contempt the mad teachings of the sophist.

"When he saw what he had done,"

continues the poet, in a sense not entirely literal, for reasons which are not necessary to be explained, this man of wondrous wisdom saw that he had been made a dupe. Cunning as a fox were his would-be friends; but having got him to the bush, there they let him gambol as he would, ensnaring him to his own almost utter ruin.

A new light flashes upon his brain; his folly appears plainly to his mind; he had ruthlessly deserted his fond parents; sought evil counsel; was deserted by his false friends; and was now in a deplorable condition indeed. Remorse sometimes brings repentance; at least it did in this case. Our hero remembered the good teachings of his early youth; and, like the prodigal son, was willing to return to the home of his fathers. True, he was in a bramble-bush; but, similia similibus curantur (which, interpreted, signifies, "You tickle me and I'll tickle you").

"He jumped into another bush,"

found his eyes as they were before his sad catastrophe, and without ceremony returned them to their places, by another operation of scratching.

What more need be said! No circumlocution of words will add to the ending of a tale, but perhaps serve only to conceal the point. The author is careful of his reputation. He restores the hero to his

original position, in full possession of his senses.

There let him be;
But O Be good, say we.

* * * * *

AGOSTINO THE GUNSMITH.

Of gun-tricks, old or new, the best that we know
Was that performed by JOSEPH AGOSTINO,
The gunsmith who, by burglars often vexed,
A week or two since plotted for the next
By planting cunningly a wide-bored fusil,
With buck-shot loaded half-way to the muzzle,
Right opposite the window to which came
The nightly thief, to ply his little game;
And to the trigger hitching so a string,
That when the burglar bold was entering
The charge went off, and, crashing through the shutter,
Relieved the rascal of his bread and butter
By blowing off his head.

O! AGOSTINO,
Far better than the helmet of MAMBRINO,
Or steel-wrought hauberk, fashioned for defence,
Was this thy dodge; 'twas dexterous, immense!
Your health, GIUSEPPE; and for PUNCHINELLO
Construct to order--there's a jolly fellow--
A _mitrailleuse_, both long enough and large
To kill the burglars, all, at one discharge.

* * * * *

SORTES SHAKSPEARIANAE.

A Picture of the John Real Democracy:--

"What are these,
So withered and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?"

Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.

A Portrait of Woodford as a General:--

"That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows."

Othello, Act 1, Sc. 1.

Punchinello to Gov. Seymour:--

"HORATIO, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal."

Hamlet, Act 3, Sc. 2.

* * * * *

PUNCHINELLO CORRESPONDENCE

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nux Vomica. Can you give me a description of the celebrated needall gun?

Answer. Your spelling is so eccentric that we guess you to be connected with the _Tribune_. As for the "needall" gun, we should define it as a gun without lock, stock, barrel, flint, percussion-cap, powder, ball, or anything else.

O.D.V. Yes: a man may die of _delirium tremens_ produced by drinking too much French wine. If the wine should happen to be Chateau Margot, the verdict of a Coroner's Jury would probably be--"died of a margot on the brain."

Fumigator. What is the proper spelling of the smoking mixture known as "Killikinnick"?

Answer. Some authorities derive it from a story about an old Canadian having smoked himself to death with it, and spell it "Kill a Kannuck." Others spell it "Kill a Cynic," and believe that DIOGENES, the founder of the Cynical School of philosophy, died of a surfeit of the article.

Otis Bunker. Was there not, in old times, a tax on fires in England, and did it not lead to an insurrection?

Answer. No tax on fires that we ever heard of. You are thinking, probably, of the Curfew Tolls mentioned by GRAY.

Simon Succotash. The expression to "wind a horn" is frequently used. Do people wind one as they would a watch; and, if so, what sort of key do they use?

Answer. Try the key of A Flat: _you_ are sure to have it.

Pump-Handle. Is it possible for a person to sleep during an earthquake?

Answer. Yes: we are acquainted with persons who can sleep soundly upon any kind of shake-down.

Philander. What is the best way of testing a horse's temper?

Answer. If you have a suspicion that the horse is quick to take a fence, just dash him at one and try.

Gorman Dyzer. We think it quite proper, as you suppose, to eat sausages with turkey on Thanksgiving Day. We decline to answer your other question, as to whether it is right to eat turkey with sausages on Thanksgiving Day. It is irrelevant.

Caspar Van Keek. Why is the height of a horse given in hands instead of feet?

Answer. Because it is considered handier, of course.

John of Boston. I have been blackballed at a club. What am I to do?

Answer. Let things alone. Clubs are not always Trumps.

Margaret Shortcake.--I have a great dread of being buried alive. Will holding a looking-glass to the face of a person supposed to be dead determine whether breathing has ceased or not?

Answer. The test is used by physicians. There is an instance on record of a looking-glass being thus applied to a young girl who had been unconscious for hours. She opened her eyes to look at herself in it, which proved that she was wide awake.

Widow McRue.--How soon after my husband's death would it be proper for me to give up my weeds?

Answer. If your husband allowed you to smoke during his life-time, we do not see why you should give up the practice after his death. Although we do not approve of women smoking, yet a fragrant weed between pearly teeth, with an azure cloud curling heavenward from it, has a certain fascination, and so our advice is, "Dry up (your tears), and light a fresh Havana."

Speculator.--What is the best way to double a \$20 bill?

Answer. With a paper-folder.

Frost-on-the-Pane.--From languid circulation, or some other cause, I frequently go to bed with cold feet. How can I remedy this?

Answer. Don't go to bed. Sleep in a chair.

* * * * *

POLITICS AS A FINE ART.

First Class in Politics, stand up.

First boy--Define politics as an art.

Politics are the art of eating, drinking, sleeping, and wearing good clothes at the public expense.

Next--Is taking presents of houses, horses, &c., included in this art?

No sir, that's a natural gift.

Who invented politics?

It has been stated by Mr. SUMNER that politics were well known to the early Greeks and Romans; but they were first reduced to an art by T. WEED.

What are the elements of success in politics?

Cheek and stamps.

At what place is this art most cultivated?

At Washington.

How many classes of politicians are there?

Three: big strikes, little strikes, and repeaters.

Define them.

Big strikes are those who, when they make a haul, mean business. Little strikes are those who look after the pence, while the big strikes are looking after the pounds. Both these classes have steady occupation. Repeaters are little strikes who are employed only at election time.

Where are they found?

In both the Republican and Democratic schools.

JOHN SMITH, go to the board and do this example: If the House of Representatives has a Republican majority of thirty, and it remains in session until 8 P.M. on the 4th of July, at what time will a Democrat, whose seat is contested by a Republican, obtain that seat?

THOMAS BROWN, you can try the same example with the Assembly at Albany, only taking the majority as Democratic, and the man whose seat is contested as Republican.

Next boy--Who are the most successful artists among politicians?

Carpet-baggers.

What is the art now called in the South?

Black art.

Why?

Because the leading artists there are of an off color.

JOHN SMITH, have you finished your example?

Yes, sir.

When will that Democrat be admitted, if the session ends at 8 P.M. on the 4th of July?

At 5 minutes after 8 on that day.

THOMAS BROWN, what is your answer? When will that Republican be admitted?

At 5 minutes after 8 P.M. on the 4th of July.

Both correct. That proves that politics have been reduced to a fine art. The class is dismissed.

* * * * *

BOSTON FIRST.

Even in the matter of earthquakes the proverbial superiority of Boston to all other places, as a centre, has just been proved. A writer in the Evening Post, discussing the comparative phenomena of the late earthquake at various points, says:--

"Allowing seven and a half minutes for difference of local time, the shock was two minutes earlier at Boston than at New Haven. This implies that Boston was nearer to the centre of disturbance than New Haven."

Further developments will doubtless show that Boston was ahead not of New Haven only, in the enjoyment of the refreshing young cataclasm referred to, but was the absolute "Hub" from which it radiated, and therefore ahead of all the rest of creation in regard of earthquakes as everything else. Property has already gone up to a tremendous figure at Boston, owing to the multifarious fascinations of the place; but the greatest chance folks there ever had to "pile it on" is the admission of the earthquake as a "Boston notion."

* * * * *

From the Seat of War.

What were the Franks-Tireurs before they were organized?

They wear leather gaiters.

* * * * *

Republicans.

It would be dangerous to elect the two leading Republican candidates. They must have monarchical ideas, inasmuch as they both come from Kings.

* * * * *

[Illustration: DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

Mamma. "AH YOU CRUEL, CRUEL BOY, HOW COULD YOU FRIGHTEN YOUR DEAR LITTLE SISTER SO?"

The Incurrible. "I--I ONLY WANTED TO SEE IF HER HAIR WOULD TURN WHITE."]

* * * * *

An Advertising Parson.

There is nothing like judicious advertising--at least, we have been told this often enough to believe it. So thinks a Pennsylvania parson, who advertises himself in a newspaper as follows:--

"Cupid and Hymen. The little brown cottage at Cambridge, Pa., is the place to call to have the marriage-knot promptly and strongly tied. Inquire for Rev. S. J. Whitcomb."

--While he was about it, why didn't the Rev. WHITCOMB advertise the other jobs for which orders might be left at the same shop? Why didn't he say: "Funerals attended with neatness and despatch?" or, "Gentlemen

about to leave the world, will be waited upon at their own bed-sides without additional charge?" or, "Cases of conscience adjudicated upon the most reasonable terms?" or, "A fine assortment of moral advice just received, and for sale in lots to suit purchasers?" Let the Rev. WHITCOMB take our hint, enlarge the field of his advertising, and make lots of the Mammon of Unrighteousness.

* * * * *

Fulton versus Tilton.

FULTON taps TILTON for wine, TILTON taps FULTON for beer; FULTON gets a _tilt,_ because TILTON finds him full. In case of a trial, the verdict would probably be, that a full FULTON ran _full tilt_ against a full TILTON.

* * * * *

"AURI SACRA FAMES."

I saw a parson at his desk,
Silk-gowned and linen-ruffled;
The organ ceased--he rose to preach,
And smirked, and mouthed, and snuffled;

He talked of gold, and called it dross,
And prophesied confusion
To all who loved it--told them that
Their trust was all delusion.

'Twas filthy lucre, dust and dirt,
The root of every evil;
And its pursuit,--too strongly urged,--
Would lead straight to the Devil.

Midst other wicked (Scripture) rogues,
He talked of ANANIAS,--
He and his wife SAPPHIRA were
The wickedest of liars.

He showed us clearly, from their fate,
The sin of overreaching,
And making small the salaries
Of those who do the preaching.

And when his half-hour's work was done,
The miserable sinners
Rolled home in easy carriages
To Aldermanic dinners;

And as I plodded home on foot,
I thought it was all gammon,
To build a temple to the LORD
Of curses against Mammon.

The sin of gold is its abuse,
And not its mere possession,--
Wine may turn vinegar, and gold
May turn men to transgression.

Then tell the truth, O men of GOD!
Nor scorn the loaves and fishes,
Lest we should take you at your word,
And leave you empty dishes!

* * * * *

CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHY.

We remember a writer who merited more notice than he actually received, for his well-considered thoughts on the behavior of Mourners,--whose conduct, as a general thing, is certainly open to criticism.

It is all well enough--"due to decency," in fact--to wear "mourning," and now and then look grave; but "this idea of closing your house," observed our philosopher, "and silencing your piano, and abstaining from your customary amusements and habits _for months_ [only think of it!], because some one has departed from misery to happiness, is not alone supremely ridiculous [though _that_ is bad enough], but it is sublimely preposterous and [what is yet more] disgraceful to the last degree of shame."

Precisely; just what we have always said, whether we believed it or not. It is what any feeling man _would_ say.

The fact is, people sacrifice too much to their friends. Especially after the friends are dead. "The cream of the joke is," as our lively essayist remarks, "that the dead do not dream of your sufferings on their account."

And suppose they did: what _is_ a friend, any way? Why, something you would do well to rid yourself of as soon as possible. There is scarcely anything mean, sordid, contemptible, and disgusting, that an average friend won't do without winking.

It would certainly contribute greatly to the cheerfulness of one about to leave this "mortal wale," to feel morally certain that nobody cared a rap about him, or was going to make any fuss just for a trifle like that.

We must say, however, we would prefer to see our mourning friends go the whole figure, and not visit the opera in weeds. Be jolly, but also _look_ jolly.

The trouble seems to be, that people _will_ be sentimental; they must do a certain amount of tribulation, "whether or no." We would not even counsel the wearing of black diamonds. We would refrain from jet, bog, and ebony. We would not try to grin through a disguise of skull and bones. Be gay (and by all means _look_ gay) in spite of your departed grandmother.

* * * * *

No Great Shakes.

It's a pity that the earthquake came too late for the census, as it cannot now be included among our native productions.

A.T. STEWART & CO.
OFFER
A SUPERB COLLECTION
OF

New Fall Silks,
SELECTED WITH THE UTMOST CARE,
WHICH,
FOR IMPORTANCE AND VALUE,
ARE
UNEQUALLED IN THE CITY.

CUSTOMERS AND STRANGERS
ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO EXAMINE.

BLACK GROUND, WHITE STRIPED SILKS,
FOR YOUNG LADIES' SUITS,
\$1 per Yard.

HEAVY COLORED GROS-GRAIN STRIPES,
\$1.05 per Yard.

A FINE ASSORTMENT
OF
Dark Chene Silks,
SMALL PATTERN,
At \$1 per Yard, worth \$1.50.

AN ELEGANT VARIETY
OF
CANNELE STRIPED SILKS,
In all the New Colorings,
At \$1.50 and \$1.75.

20 CASES PLAIN DRESS SILKS,
The largest assortment to be found in this
Market, from \$2 per Yard.

3 CASES COLORED DRESS SATINS,
Very Rich Quality and High Colorings.

BLACK GRAINED POMPADOUR BROCADED
SILKS,
From \$2.50 per Yard.

500 PIECES BLACK DRESS SILKS,
In every Variety of Manufacture.

ALSO,

THE "BONNET," "PONSON," AND
A.T. STEWART "FAMILY"
AND IMPERIAL SILKS,
From \$2 per Yard.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT

OF
 NEW COLORINGS
 IN
 TRIMMING SILKS
 AND
 SATINS,
 CUT ON THE BIAS,
 From \$1 per Yard.

A SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR
 POPLINS
 HAS BEEN ORGANIZED.

Lyons Poplins, \$1 per Yard.

REAL IRISH POPLINS,
 OF THE BEST MAKE. \$2 PER YARD.

With several Cases of the
 AMERICAN POPLINS,
 IN LEADING COLORS,
 To Close at \$1.25 per Yard, formerly
 \$2 per Yard.

ALSO,

THE CELEBRATED
 "AMERICAN" BLACK SILKS,
 GUARANTEED TO
 Wash and Wear Well,
 AT \$2 PER YARD.

Broadway, Fourth Avenue,
 9th and 10th Sts.

PUNCHINELLO.

The first number of this Illustrated Humorous and Satirical
 Weekly Paper was issued under date of April 2, 1870. The
 Press and the Public in every State and Territory of the
 Union endorse it as the best paper of the kind ever
 published in America.

CONTENTS ENTIRELY ORIGINAL

Subscription for one year, (with \$2.00 premium,) . . \$4.00 |
 " " six months, (without premium,) . . . 2.00 |
 " " three months, 1.00 |
 Single copies mailed free, for10 |

"We offer the following elegant premiums of L. PRANG & CO'S
 CHROMOS for subscriptions as follows:

A copy of paper for one year, and

"The Awakening," (a Litter of Puppies.) Half chromo.

Size 8-3/8 by 11-1/8 (\$2.00 picture,)--for. \$4.00 |

A copy of paper for one year and either of the following \$3.00 chromos: |

Wild Roses. 12-1/8 x 9. |

Dead Game. 11-1/8 x 8-5/8. |

Easter Morning. 6-3/5 x 10-1/4--for. \$5.00 |

A copy of paper for one year and either of the following \$5.00 chromos |

Group of Chickens;
Group of Ducklings;
Group of Quails.
Each 10 x 12-1/8. |

The Poultry Yard. 10-1/8 x 14 |

The Barefoot Boy; Wild Fruit. Each 9-3/4 x 13. |

Pointer and Quail; Spaniel and Woodcock. 10 x 12 for \$6.50 |

A copy of paper for one year and either of the following \$6.00 chromos |

The Baby in Trouble;
The Unconscious Sleeper;
The Two Friends. (Dog and Child.) Each 13 x 16-3/4 |

Spring; Summer; Autumn 12-1/8 x 16-1/2. |

The Kid's Play Ground. 11 x 17-1/2--for \$7.00 |

A copy of paper for one year and either of the following \$7.50 chromos |

Strawberries and Baskets. |

Cherries and Baskets. |

Currants. Each 13 x 18. |

Horses in a Storm. 22-1/4 x 15-1/4 |

Six Central Park Views. (A set.) 9-1/8 x 4-1/2--for . \$8.00 |

A copy of paper for one year and |

Six American Landscapes. (A set.) 4-3/8 x 9, price \$9.00--for \$9.00 |

A copy of paper for one year and either of the following \$10 chromos: |

Sunset in California. (Bierstadt) 18-1/8 x 12 |

Easter Morning. 14 x 21. |

Corregio's Magdalen. 12-1/2 x 16-1/8 |

Summer Fruit, and Autumn Fruit. (Half chromes.) |
 15-1/2 x 10-1/2, (companions, price \$10.00 for the two), |
 --for \$10.00 |

Remittances should be made in P.O. Orders, Drafts, or Bank |
 Checks on New York, or Registered letters. The paper will be |
 sent from the first number, (April 2d, 1870,) when not |
 otherwise ordered. |

Postage of paper is payable at the office where received, |
 twenty cents per year, or five cents per quarter, in |
 advance; the CHROMOS will be mailed free on receipt of |
 money. |

CANVASSERS WANTED, to whom liberal commissions will be |
 given. For special terms address the Company. |

The first ten numbers will be sent to any one desirous of |
 seeing the paper before subscribing, for SIXTY CENTS. A |
 specimen copy sent to any one desirous of canvassing or |
 getting up a club, on receipt of postage stamp. |

Address, |

PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING CO., |

P.O. Box 2783. No. 83 Nassau Street. New York. |

+-----+

[Illustration: RATHER MIXED.

British Swell. "YOU MUST THINK US YOUNG ENGLISHMEN WAWTHER WAPID
 FELLOWS."

American Friend. "WELL--YES--RATHER VAPID."

B. S. "I DIDN'T SAY WAPID--I SAID WAPID: WAWTHER FAST, YOU KNOW.]"

+-----+

"THE PRINTING HOUSE OF THE UNITED STATES" |
 AND |
 "THE UNITED STATES ENVELOPE MANUFACTORY." |

GEORGE F. NESBITT & CO |

163,165,167,169 Pearl St., & 73,75,77,79 Pine St., New-York. |

Execute all kinds of |
 PRINTING, |
 Furnish all kinds of |
 STATIONERY, |
 Make all kinds of |
 BLANK BOOKS, |
 Execute the finest styles of |

LITHOGRAPHY
Makes the Best and Cheapest
ENVELOPES
Ever offered to the Public.

They have made all the pre-paid Envelopes for the United States Post-Office Department for the past 16 years, and have INVARIABLY BEEN THE LOWEST BIDDERS. Their Machinery is the most complete, rapid and economical known in the trade.

Travelers West and South-West
Should bear in mind that the
ERIE RAILWAY
IS BY FAR THE CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, AND MOST
COMFORTABLE ROUTE,

Making Direct and Sure Connection at CINCINNATI,
with all Lines
By Rail or River
For NEW ORLEANS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS,
ST. LOUIS, VICKSBURG,
NASHVILLE, MOBILE,
And All Points South and South-west.

Its DRAWING-ROOM and SLEEPING COACHES on all Express Trains, running through to Cincinnati without change, are the most elegant and spacious used upon any Road in this country, being fitted up in the most elaborate manner, and having every modern improvement introduced for the comfort of its patrons; running upon the BROAD GAUGE; revealing scenery along the Line unequalled upon this Continent, and rendering a trip over the ERIE, one of the delights and pleasures of this life not to be forgotten.

By applying at the Offices of the Erie Railway Co., Nos. 241, 529 and 957 Broadway; 205 Chambers St.; 38 Greenwich St.; cor. 125th St. and Third Avenue, Harlem; 338 Fulton St., Brooklyn; Depots foot of Chambers Street, and foot of 23d St., New York; and the Agents at the principal hotels, travelers can obtain just the Ticket they desire, as well as all the necessary information.

PUNCHINELLO,
VOL. I, ENDING SEPT. 24,
BOUND IN EXTRA CLOTH,
IS NOW READY.
PRICE \$2. 50.

Sent free by any Publisher on receipt of price, or by

PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,

83 Nassau Street, New York.

PRANG'S LATEST PUBLICATIONS: "Joy of Autumn," "Prairie
Flowers," "Lake George," "West Point," "Beethoven," large
and small.

PRANG'S CHROMOS Sold in all Art Stores throughout the world.

PRANG'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE sent free on receipt of stamp.

L. PRANG & CO., Boston.

THE NEW YORK
DAILY DEMOCRAT,
JAMES H. LAMBERT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Publication Office, 166 NASSAU STREET.

Democratic in politics, spicy and sharp, and contains all
the news of the day fifteen hours in advance of the Morning
Papers, and at half-price.

THE DEMOCRAT is a first-class advertising medium, with low
rates. Special rates for long-time advertisements given upon
application to C. P. SYKES, Publisher.

Buy the Evening Democrat,
PRICE TWO CENTS.

PUNCHINELLO.

With a large and varied experience in the management and
publication of a paper of the class herewith submitted, and
with the still more positive advantage of an Ample Capital
to justify the undertaking, the

PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING CO.

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

Presents to the public for approval, the new

ILLUSTRATED HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL

WEEKLY PAPER,

PUNCHINELLO,

The first number of which was issued under
date of April 2.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

Suitable for the paper, and Original Designs, or suggestive ideas or sketches for illustrations, upon the topics of the day, are always acceptable and will be paid for liberally.

Rejected communications cannot be returned, unless postage stamps are inclosed.

TERMS:

One copy, per year, in advance..... \$4.00

Single copies,..... .10

A specimen copy will be mailed free upon the receipt of ten cents.

One copy, with the Riverside Magazine, or any other magazine or paper, price, \$2.50, for..... 5.50

One copy, with any magazine or paper, price, \$4, for.. 7.00

All communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to

PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING CO.,

No. 83 Nassau Street,

P. O. Box, 2783, NEW YORK.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. E. DROOD.

The New Burlesque Serial,

Written Expressly for PUNCHINELLO,

BY

ORPHEUS C. KERR,

Commenced in No. 11, will be continued weekly throughout the year.

A sketch of the eminent author, written by his bosom friend, with superb illustrations of

1ST. THE AUTHOR'S PALATIAL RESIDENCE AT BEGAD'S HILL, TICKNOR'S FIELDS, NEW JERSEY.

2D. THE AUTHOR AT THE DOOR OF SAID PALATIAL RESIDENCE, taken as he appears "Every Saturday," will also be found in the same number.

Single Copies, for sale by all newsmen, (or mailed from

| this office, free,) Ten Cents. Subscription for One Year, |
| one copy, with \$2 Chromo Premium, \$4. |

| Those desirous of receiving the paper containing this new |
| serial, which promises to be the best ever written by |
| ORPHEUS C. KERR, should subscribe now, to insure its regular |
| receipt weekly. |

| We will send the first Ten Numbers of PUNCHINELLO to any |
| one who wishes to see them, in view of subscribing, on the |
| receipt of SIXTY CENTS. |

Address,
PUNCHINELLO PUBLISHING COMPANY,
P.O. Box 2783
83 Nassau St., New York.

GEO. W. WHEAT & Co, PRINTERS, No. 8 SPRUCE STREET.

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Punchinello, Vol. II., No. 33,
November 12, 1870, by Various

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK PUNCHINELLO 33 ***

***** This file should be named 10105.txt or 10105.zip *****

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/0/1/0/10105/>

Produced by Joshua Hutchinson, Steve Schulze and PG Distributed
Proofreaders

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions
will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no
one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation
(and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without
permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules,
set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to
copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to
protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project
Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you
charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you
do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the
rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose
such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and
research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do

practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at <http://gutenberg.net/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.net), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a

copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a

computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you "AS-IS," WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of

electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, is critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pglaf.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any

particular state visit <http://pglaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Each eBook is in a subdirectory of the same number as the eBook's eBook number, often in several formats including plain vanilla ASCII, compressed (zipped), HTML and others.

Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks replace the old file and take over the old filename and etext number. The replaced older file is renamed. VERSIONS based on separate sources are treated as new eBooks receiving new filenames and etext numbers.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.net>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

EBooks posted prior to November 2003, with eBook numbers BELOW #10000, are filed in directories based on their release date. If you want to download any of these eBooks directly, rather than using the regular search system you may utilize the following addresses and just download by the etext year.

<http://www.ibiblio.org/gutenberg/etext06>

(Or /etext 05, 04, 03, 02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90)

EBooks posted since November 2003, with etext numbers OVER #10000, are filed in a different way. The year of a release date is no longer part of the directory path. The path is based on the etext number (which is identical to the filename). The path to the file is made up of single digits corresponding to all but the last digit in the filename. For example an eBook of filename 10234 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/1/0/2/3/10234>

or filename 24689 would be found at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/2/4/6/8/24689>

An alternative method of locating eBooks:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/GUTINDEX.ALL>

Livros Grátis

(<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>)

Milhares de Livros para Download:

[Baixar livros de Administração](#)

[Baixar livros de Agronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Arquitetura](#)

[Baixar livros de Artes](#)

[Baixar livros de Astronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Biologia Geral](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Computação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Informação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência Política](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciências da Saúde](#)

[Baixar livros de Comunicação](#)

[Baixar livros do Conselho Nacional de Educação - CNE](#)

[Baixar livros de Defesa civil](#)

[Baixar livros de Direito](#)

[Baixar livros de Direitos humanos](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia Doméstica](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação - Trânsito](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Engenharia Aeroespacial](#)

[Baixar livros de Farmácia](#)

[Baixar livros de Filosofia](#)

[Baixar livros de Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Geociências](#)

[Baixar livros de Geografia](#)

[Baixar livros de História](#)

[Baixar livros de Línguas](#)

[Baixar livros de Literatura](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura de Cordel](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura Infantil](#)
[Baixar livros de Matemática](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina Veterinária](#)
[Baixar livros de Meio Ambiente](#)
[Baixar livros de Meteorologia](#)
[Baixar Monografias e TCC](#)
[Baixar livros Multidisciplinar](#)
[Baixar livros de Música](#)
[Baixar livros de Psicologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Química](#)
[Baixar livros de Saúde Coletiva](#)
[Baixar livros de Serviço Social](#)
[Baixar livros de Sociologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Teologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Trabalho](#)
[Baixar livros de Turismo](#)