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OUR

G R E A T

Peace Festival

AND

POW-WOW;

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, JUNE 1869.

*[These Sketches appeared originally in the "WIDE WORLD" newspaper,  
published in this city.]*

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O U R

# Great Peace Festival AND POW-WOW.

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## PROSPECTUS.

**W**ISH to propose to the citizens of Boston and its suburbs, (comprising New-York, Chicago, the little West, and the Southern States,) a project so gigantic in its conception, that at first sight it may seem wild and impracticable, but upon reflection I am convinced they will not only favor it, but unite with me—heart, hand, and purse—in its consummation.

Four years have passed away since R. Lee, Esq. coincided with Gen. Grant that a longer effusion of blood was a wretched extravagance,—and taking into consideration the fact that his army was entirely surrounded by mudsills, and were greatly in need of a square meal—he very considerately made Gen. Grant a present of his sword, as a testimonial of his regard; and the war which for four bloody years and forty-eight bloody months had deluged our country with gore and things, was ended.

We have not, as a people, commemorated this great event, except in the hanging of Wirz, and the acquittal of Surratt, and my proposal is that this happy and united country assemble on Boston Common on the 22d day of June next, which being the anniversary of the chopping down of the cherry-tree by Geo. Washington, will not cause any unpleasant

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feelings to arise in reference to the difference of opinion existing between the North and South, for the four years prior to April, 1865.

The object of this gathering is for the purpose of having a grand Musical Peace Festival and Pow-wow, for a season of three days, in honor of the restoration of peace. My first project in reference to the carrying out of this scheme is the erection of a cheap but substantial board-fence around the Common, eleven feet high, which when done, will form a grand coliseum, capable of holding several millions of people. I have consulted several of our leading architects as to the cost of such a coliseum, and the most unanimous one thinks it can be done for \$743,000,000, and a trifle of ten or possibly eleven cents over. This includes whitewashing, and the puttying of knot-holes, to prevent small boys and unrepentant rebels from looking through. My present object then is to find 743 men in Boston who will give \$1,000,000 each, in aid of this great work, or 743,000,000 men who will give \$1.00 each. This insures a triumphant success. And if the thing works well, I may get up some little ones for ten cents.

The scale upon which I propose to carry out the musical part of this gigantic festival is most magnificent, and is called the Fairbanks scale. I shall allude to this hereafter.

I will here state that enclosures of money in aid of this gigantic project should be addressed to the undersigned, at the office of *Wide World*, Boston.

The public's humble servant,

MOSE SKINNER.

Americans and Fellow-Citizens!

*"Let us have Peace!"*

This you can easily do, by aiding this great work.—  
What did Gen. Grant say? It is a matter of history, that

Keep the head clean with Choate's BAPTACOMI,  
or Liquid Champoo.



when the Democrats and Republicans were undecided as to which should nominate him for the Presidency, he remarked, "Gentlemen, it is perfectly immaterial to me, only—

*"Let us have Peace!"*

as I have several thousand cigars on hand, which I want to smoke in quietness."

What did my noble dog "Watch" say, when he stole the bone from the two contending pups: (see engraving)

*"Let us have Piece!"*

What did Gen. Washington say, at Valley Forge, when his servant asked him what he would have for dinner, and told him there was nothing left but dried peas? Turning to Lafayette, in a voice choked with emotion, he said:

*"Let us have Peas!"*

\* \* \* \* \*

The great object, then, is a GRAND JUBILEE OF PEACE. Peace! how sweet a word! 'Tis a salve for every wounded spirit. Like a lovely fairy, it floats over us and lulls us with its angelic presence. As regards those money enclosures, they can be forwarded as above. O beautiful, sweet, and lovely Peace! how happy are we in thy presence! Poets chant thy lays, O Peace! Peace! Peace! If I have omitted to mention about money enclosures, they can be forwarded as above.

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Since publishing the above idea of a Grand Peace Festival, I have received letters from musical people, all over the country. They say it will be a decided success. I have also been waited on by a deputation of the hotel keepers and the leading merchants, who are all enthusiastic in their praise. They say, "Go ahead; we'll back you." And they've set their names against some large sums, in aid of the project.

The contributors will each be entitled to a season ticket, admission into any free lecture, and anything in the St. Jokehim for \$1.00, the proprietors having kindly volunteered to open a branch store in the cemetery adjoining the Common, the occupants of one of the largest tombs magnanimously consenting to vacate for the purpose.

The West side of the Coliseum, comprising the parade ground, will be reserved for men who expected to get into Grant's cabinet and did n't. The top of the flag-staff will be reserved for the Washington correspondents who knew of whom the cabinet was to be composed.

Several hundred velocipedes will be sent to various parts of the country, to bring invited guests; and most of the prominent men of the country are expected, including Miss Dickinson, Theo. Tilton, (not the inventor of the "tilting skirt,") and Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler. In order to promote harmony of feeling, Brick Pomeroy and Ben Butler will enter the Coliseum arm-in-arm, embracing each other fervently at intervals, followed by Andy Johnson and Nasby, weeping hysterically on each other's bosoms.— Ex. Sec. Welles will also be present, and receive his friends under the great elm, previous to retiring permanently to the Old Ladies' Home.

I will now endeavor to convey an idea of my

## GRAND PROGRAMME.

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### FIRST DAY.

The First Day will be devoted to a congratulatory address upon the rebel victories in the Shenandoah Valley, and a psalm of praise because there was n't any more killed at the New Orleans Massacre, the frying of doughnuts for the vast assembly, and the preparation of Alabama cla(i)ms, for a

big stew, by Reverdy Johnson—his recent experience in mixing up those dishes entitling him to the position. Vice Admiral Semmes, of the C. S. Navy, having furnished the materials for the stew, will be entitled to the first dish. Com. Winslow will season the dish with some of his famous “Kearsarge pepper,” and it is expected the stew will go down.

As this is a Peace Festival in every sense of the word, it is considered highly desirable to do away with everything of a warlike nature to be found in the country. Having in view this idea, there will be a grand hash, consisting of red hot shot, unexploded bomb-shells, cavalry sabres, old spurs, ramrods, haversacks, minie rifles, gunpowder, half-cocked army officers, Hardee’s tactics, Ben Butler’s tactics, West Point Cadets, cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, army mules, veteran corpses, and in fact everything in any way appertaining to war; and all who don’t partake freely, will be regarded as bitter unrepentant rebels of the deepest dye. A solution of whiskey and gunpowder, called the “Fort Pillow mixture,” will be administered to those having a weak appetite, and ex-officers of the army desirous of “picking a bone,” can have the opportunity.

A re-hash of the Impeachment trial will then be served up; at the close of which, all the hard feelings engendered by the war, will be smothered, and served up as a dessert, with the famous “Southern Braggodocia sauce.” Owing to the Prohibitory Law, there will be no drinks of any kind upon the ground, excepting the drink known as the “Velocipede-rink,” although there is some talk of boiling the Oriental tea store. Other preparations for the comfort of the guests will be made. A large tank of gore, from the Brighton slaughter-houses, will be placed upon the ground, and any of our Southern brothers who are of the same mind in reference to “wading in Yankee gore,” as they were in ’61, can have the opportunity. The last ditch of the Confed-

eracy will be removed to the Common, and no obstacle will be placed in the way of any Southern gentleman desiring to die therein.

I will here state that passengers will be allowed to pass over East Boston bridge, free, and that arrangements will be made to have the Great Eastern run to Hingham and back, touching at South Boston Flats; and we have reason to believe that the Black Maria will make occasional trips to Lynn, to accommodate invited guests from that city.

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## SECOND DAY.

The morning of the Second Day will be ushered in by the crowing of roosters and the howling of a select choir of tom-cats, who have kindly volunteered for the occasion: to be followed by the washing of faces and hands, by the assembled multitude,—the Frog-Pond to be used as a wash basin. Tooth-brushes will be furnished by the committee; and it is earnestly requested that there be no extravagance in this respect—twenty-five tooth-brushes to every one hundred individuals is considered ample. At ten o'clock, the National Anthem of “Old Bob Ridley” will be performed by all the bands in the country, including “Gideon’s Band,” Band Joe, Waist Band, a very intelligent Contra Band, and a Hat Band, together with a choir of two or three hundred thousand voices. It will be performed as follows:

### FIRST VERSE. (Very warm.)

All the bands, and 2000 voices, belonging to 2,000 different individuals.

### SECOND VERSE. (Decidedly hot.)

All the bands, 5000 voices, the Great Organ, and all the organs in all the surrounding towns and villages.

THIRD VERSE. (Red hot.)

All the bands and voices, and 1000 additional voices from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; all the organs in all the cities and towns in the United States; 2000 hand organs; 6000 jewsharps; 5000 of the basest viols; the rolling of drums, the rolling of thunder, and the rolling in of waves on Chelsea Beach.

Ringling of all the church bells in the United States and New Jersey. Ringling of all the bells in all the cheap boarding houses. Ringling of dumb-bells, diving-bells, and several South-End belles. Wringling of dish-cloths, handkerchiefs, and several hundred noses.

The peeling of cannon by 400 artillery men; the peeling of oranges, bananas and lemons by the assembled multitude.

The blowing of fish-horns; blowing of noses; blowing of politicians, and blowing of 40 sperm whales.

The crowing of roosters in all the towns in New England, including Col. Greene's campaign rooster. The yelping of pups; the howling of tom-cats; the croaking of frogs; and the braying of jackasses, &c. &c.

[*Note.*—The pups will be yelped and the tom-cats howled by electricity from the Fire Alarm Station.]

During the singing of the last verse, the fountain in the Frog-Pond will play the national air of "That's the way the money goes," and some selections from the old masters;—and by kind permission of Major Jones, the Brewer fountain will brew ale. There will be no other bruin upon the ground, the bear having been removed, as he cost the city *deer*.

Several pieces not mentioned in the programme,—including the national airs of New Jersey, Chelsea, and Marblehead—will be performed with similar grand effect.

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK,

the great soul-inspiring marine tableau, of Secretary Welles pursuing the Alabama in a row-boat, will take place on

the Frog-Pond. Captain Semmes may be plainly seen, through a piece of smoked glass, sitting on the poop-deck of the Alabama, with his thumb resting gracefully on his nose, and his fingers gyrating toward the Secretary in a playful manner.

To be followed by an address by Daniel Pratt, the great American traveller. Subject: Is Boston destined to become one grand velocipede rink, or is it not?

ANTHEM OF PRAISE,

by the undertakers of Boston, in view of the approaching cholera season. At 2½ o'clock,

THE LOCAL DRAMA OF "THE SILVER SPOON,"

Ben Butler in his great part of "Grab'em, the New Orleans detective."

GRAND JEWSHARP ORATORIO AND SING-FUNNY,

from Gen. Lee's Grand Peace Overture to Gen. Grant, in April, 1865; arranged for the Contra Band—three hundred jewsharps will perform the part usually played by one, and at its close, one hundred drummers will play upon one drum, and seventy-five fifers upon one fife, and it is supposed the effect will be awe-inspiring.

ARTEMUS WARD'S OVERTURES TO BETSY JANE,  
DURING THEIR COURTSHIP,

will be performed by the wax figures at the Museum, who have kindly volunteered.

AN ADDRESS BY GEN. FORREST, LATE C. S. A.,

on the "Kind feelings and brotherly love now existing in the South toward the North."

GRAND CHORUS BY ONE HUNDRED INMATES OF THE  
BLIND ASYLUM. ("We can't see it.")

To satisfy the indignation of Northern Radicals, Jeff Davis will be thrown into the Frog Pond, at three o'clock. To satisfy the Southern gentlemen present, he will be immediately bailed out by Horace Greeley, who will use his venerable white hat for the purpose. At four o'clock all the male singers in New-England and elsewhere available, will be united to all of the female singers, forming one of the "grandest matrimonial choruses" ever heard outside of a Chicago Divorce Court.

GRAND NATIONAL CHANT,

"We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,"

by a select choir of fifty African blondes from Joy Street, and all the negro minstrels in the country, with "black crook" accompaniment.

SINGING OF NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC AIRS,

by the multitude, including any airs which may be floating round, in addition to which the popular symphony by Mozart, entitled "My Johnny was a shoemaker," by a party of young ladies from Lynn, and the soul inspiring muse, by Beethoven, "Oh no, I'll never marry," by a choir of old maids, will be performed. At five o'clock,

A GRAND DINNER

will take place on the Beacon Street Mall. After justice has been done to the sumptuous repast, I shall propose the following toast:

*The Army and Navy.*—"May we get exempt from one, and get big bounties in the other."

To be followed by other toasts, by a toasting-fork—including dry toast, dropped-eggs-on-toast, etc. etc.

During the dinner a large calcium light will be suspended from the big elm, and will cast its reflections upon our Southern friends. Any other reflections cast upon them

will be considered derogatory to Peace. At ten o'clock, all are requested to retire to rest.

Taps will be sounded at twelve o'clock, and anything tapped after that hour will be seized by State Constables.

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### THIRD DAY.

Address by Alex. H. Stephens, on "The dignity of labor, as applied solely to the black man," in which he will prove that the black man was made exclusively for the purpose of being practiced upon with the revolver.

Address by Horatio Seymour, on "The natural blood-thirstiness and hatred of the North toward the South," and paying a glowing tribute to the kind feelings and magnanimity of the South, in not taking prompt measures in reference to the disloyal element formerly existing in the Andersonville Stockade, at that time occupied by Northern refugees who had escaped the tyranny of Lincoln.

#### A CONUNDRUM, BY NASBY.

"Why did our hearts swell with joy, when at the close of the war, we beheld our brave boys returning from the perils and hardships of—Canada?"

Gen. Forrest, the great fire eater, late C. S. A., will then perform some of his startling feats, among which is the great feat of swallowing two pounds of powder, and then dropping a lighted match down his throat.

A petition will then be read, requesting the Government to do away with the homes for disabled soldiers, and denouncing them as a wretched extravagance.

#### ADDRESS BY ANDY JOHNSON.

*Subject.*—"Was Judas Iscariot the right kind of a young man for a quiet tea-party?"

In conclusion he will read a list of the persons he has pardoned, and an extra paper will be issued every hour, containing the names.



I have received an appeal, signed by several of our leading merchants, asking me not to hold this Festival on the Common, but in some other spot. That no misunderstanding may ensue, I here insert it.

*Boston, March-out, 1869.*

MR. MOSE SKINNER: Sir,—We have read with surprise and awe, your proposal to hold a Peace Festival on Boston Common, and forward you this our protest. We place our objections on the following grounds:

1st. In building a coliseum such as you describe, viz.: By building a board fence eleven feet high entirely around the Common, you would be confining the Common to a very limited space. It would naturally chafe under this restraint, as it has been accustomed to roaming around at its will.

2d. The four ladies and gentlemen who now occupy the position of watchers at the base of the Brewer Fountain, should be considered. It is not using them with gentlemanly consideration, to thus debar them from their view of Park and Tremont Streets, which is the only recreation they enjoy. This your board fence would do.

3d. Serious fears are entertained that the fountain on the Frog Pond would overflow with indignation at this act of tyranny, and it is very evident that the frogs would suffer no small inconvenience, from the danger of being bailed out with Jeff Davis. They are not generally croakers, but we think that their objections in this respect are very laudable.

4th. Not only would it make bald headed places on the grass, wear out the seats, rub the paint off the fences, and crowd the flagstaff, but such a large number of persons must necessarily carry off large quantities of gravel upon the soles of their boots.

These, our valid reasons, do we thus lay before you, feeling sure that they carry conviction with them. We consider the Common holy ground, and the time is most assuredly coming, when *no one* shall be allowed within its hallowed precincts. It pains our heart's core to see the thoughtless deers, as they frisk and gambol o'er its surface, and we considered it a just retribution that the bear, who temporarily there did dwell, destroyed one of these wicked creatures in the midst of its sin. No, O no, Mr. Skinner, not the Com-

**Choate's O. B. and O. Tooth Paste, sent by Express  
for 75 cents.**

mon—anywhere else—but do not insist upon the Common. Oh! say you will not, Mr. Skinner. We objected to new thoroughfares, free churches, horse cars, Cochituate water, the widening of streets, etc., etc., but the rash and impetuous freebooters who compose the rising generation, would not listen to us; but the time is coming, the time is coming.

Let us hear from you at an early day, and that you will accede to our request, is the prayer of this petition.

Yours respectfully,

|                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| A. FOSSIL,      | O. FOGY,        |
| EWELL B. CUST,  | O. R. U. SANE,  |
| U. R. A. RETCH, | A. MOULDY PATE, |
|                 | and 49 others.  |

If popular prejudice obliges me to select another spot, I think strongly of choosing the St. James' Park, as I am acquainted with two of the waiters in the St. James, who would render me all the assistance in their power. Their names are Tom and Jerry, and they belong to one of the oldest families in Boston.

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The above appeal, requesting me to select some other spot, and giving very sensible reasons therefor, has had its effect; and the additional fact of my being positively forbidden by the City Fathers to hold the Festival on the Common, has led me to reflect whether the St. James Park would not be a better place, and I finally decided in favor of that locality.

I will state that the work goes bravely on, and that money enclosures in aid of the great project, are pouring in upon me. My correspondence, embracing as it does some of the highest musical authority in the country, is one of the most flattering proofs of the success of this enterprise.

*State of Maine, March 20th, '69.*

MR. MOSE SKINNER: Sir,—I got a letter from you, telling about a big concert on Boston Common in honor of the surrender of Lee, and the restoring of peace and things

to this happy and united country, which I indistinkly remember as having occurred some years ago. At first, I didn't think much of the plan. It seemed at this late day, too much like setting down and goin into raptors of joy, because your great-grandfather's last illness was not attended with any pain. My wife thot so too. On looking at the letter agin, however, I saw you had rit out an order for me to call on Tuttle, and git measured fur a soot of close next time I was in Boston, and as soon as I read that, the scales fell from my eyes, and I think your mighty project is a tarnation big thing. My wife thinks so too. It must be a very nice feeling to feel that this whole country will owe its future peace and happiness to you, in which you to-day, sir, stand in the position of the Boss Olive Branch of 19th Sentry. Oh, Mr. Skinner, you must be a happy man, to feel that unborn generations will rise up and call you blessed. I killed my pig yesterday. He ways 450 pounds sterlin, and I am going to send you a spare rib. I will send by express, and I will not forget to call on Tuttle for them soot of close. I think your Peace Festival is one of the biggest things I ever heard of, and I am happy to say that my wife Abigail Jane coinsides with me in this view of the matter, tho she thinks she cood be more of a coinsider if you had made some jinral observations in reference to a new bonnet for her, in your letter. And now Mr. S., may happy dreems be thine, and may a select number of fust class angels perform lulabys to you evermore.

Yours with love,

FERNANDO SCRIGGINS,

*Blower of the Orthydox orgin, Brunswick 4 Corners, Me.*

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*Boston, March 6th, '69.*

MR. MOSE SKINNER: Sir,—I received your circular, setting forth your prospectus for a Grand National Jubilee, in due season; on attempting to read it, however, I was so struck by the gigantic magnificence of the project, that I immediately fainted away, and fell under my work bench. I soon recovered, however, and read three lines more, when I again sank into unconsciousness, and it was only by repeated overtures on the part of my wife, that I finally recovered. My *sole* is filled with awe at the gigantic project, and I would cheerfully sacrifice my *awl*, rather than see it

fail, or would even submit to an increase of my *tacks*. It is very creditable in you to thus assist in *heeling* up the wounds inflicted by the late war, and I hope that you will *peg* away till you are successful in so doing, and this mighty people shall *wax* strong. In reply to your request that I shall whistle "When this Cruel War is Over," with variations, I will only say that, being unaccustomed to whistling anything but Yankee Doodle for several years, I do not think I could furnish the necessary pucker requisite to do justice to that pathetic composition. I might, however, be willing to assist in sounding *taps*.

Yours, &c.,

Y. DOODLE.

---

*Terry Haut, Indiana, March 7, 1869.*

MR. MOSE SKINNER: We have seen your program out here, about your thundering big concert next June, and my daughter Lize, she is jest red hot to take a part. She is 24 years old, corn-fed, wears No. 29 corsits, and has gut a voice like a brigade of famished alligators. She can outsing, out-eat, outwalk, and outcourt, any gal in these parts. When she opens her mouth, you have jest as good a chart of the Dismal Swamp as ever you see, and a bully idea of the Mammoth Cave. She is jest what you want for your heftiest oratory. She will cum as low as any musical instrument of the same size. If you wish to engage her, rite soon, coz she has gut to make a change of under clothing, and git her boots tapped. She wears a pooty good size, and the shoemaker has to move out-doors when he taps them, as his shop ain't very large; so he won't do any work for her, only pleasant days. Direct to

JAKE HOOSIER.

P. S.—Rite soon.

---

*Montreal, Canada, Febuary 28, 1869.*

MR. MOSE SKINNER: Sir,—Your circular, in reference to your gigantic Peace Festival, is creating quite a sensation in this place, and if you have not obtained the requisite number of performers, I should like to proffer my humble services. I am 43 years old, and unmarried. Should like to join in your ancient maidens chant, "Oh, No, I'll never Marry." My voice is a very good falsetto. My teeth, also, are a very good false-set-oh! I can C sharp or B flat, as occasion requires. I am perfectly at home in all the

**Let us have Paste! Choate's Oak Bark and Orris,  
for Whitening the Teeth.**

scales, from a fish scale to a Fairbanks. My voice, in its rippling cadence, resembles my waterfall. My nose is a turnup, which enables me to scent any air. On examination with a pair of tweezers, I find I have an excellent ear for music, and I am perfectly confident that I could sing any strain, without straining my voice.

Hoping to hear from you, I remain yours very truly,  
SARAH NADE.

Among other celebrities from whom I have received letters, assuring me that they will certainly be present, are Clara Nett, Sarah Finn, Major Keys and his son Minor Keys, and Thomas Catt, composer of the celebrated "Midnight Olio."

---

I originally intended to hold this Festival but three days, but several prominent gentleman have applied to me for permission to erect near the Park, various edifices of the Gothic style of architecture, in appearance neat but not gaudy, for the purpose of furnishing the abdomens of the assembled multitude with sumptuous viands, consisting in part of the mixture known as clam chowder; those innocent looking, but deceitful tornadoes, commonly called "cold beans," pronounced by eminent physicans of the old school to be one of the most cheerful tonics that we have; the leathery substance, distinguished from other viands by using the word "liver," with the prefix of "fried," a most invigorating article of diet; and several thousand yards of that highly nutritious article of food known as "fried tripe." There will be large quantities of these viands cooked, and several prominent physicans assure me that five days is really only a fair length of time for their consumption. I have therefore decided, in view of these facts, to hold the festival *five* days instead of *three*; and this will give all a chance to spend what money they may bring with them.

These viands, and those before mentioned, will be furnished very low, and there is no reason why anybody should indulge in the wretched extravagance of boarding at a hotel.

Omnibuses will run to the Festival grounds at the rate of 40 a second; and the drivers are earnestly requested, as soon as their horses fall dead in their tracks, to lift them up tenderly, and bear them with care to the grand refreshment saloon, which may be distinguished from the others by the inscriptions, "Sirloin Steak," "Rabbit Pie," etc.

As I said before, letters are pouring in upon me from all quarters, of the most pathetic description, eagerly proffering services and money. Some in their enthusiasm even propose to make me a candidate for State Constable. Kind friends, your money I freely accept, but your candidate I cannot be.

I will now endeavor to give some ideas of the programme for the closing days of the Great Peace Festival and Pow-wow. The fact of my deciding to hold it five days, instead of three, has somewhat disarranged my plans. I have not got enough raw material, in the shape of music, to last me five days; and I shall either have to depend on one rainy day, or else rehash some of the old Oratorios and Sing-funnys, and produce them under another name.

---

## THE FOURTH DAY

will be occupied by the singing of ballads, performances on the banjo, and a hand-organ overture or two. The newspaper known as "Grant's Cabinet Organ," will perform the favorite air entitled, "The Dry Goods Clerk's Lament, or how I lost the Treasury," by A. Stewart. One of our most prominent composers of music has sent us several new

ballads, which will be sung in a very pathetic manner. Among which are the following: "Dear mother, must I get up now?" "Is it raining, dear parent, in East Boston?" "Tell my mother I am bilious," "I feel I'm growing bald, Julia," and the famous conundrum song, "Where, O where, are the Hebrew children?" Two hours will then be devoted to playing bluff, seven-up, and other childlike recreations,—the entire proceeds of which will be devoted to the buying of a linen duster for Andy Johnson, to protect him from the rigors of the approaching season. An entirely new piece will then be performed, by Gideon's Band, entitled "The Metropolitan Horse Railroad Galop," which is respectfully dedicated to the urbane conductors and the careful drivers on the down grades.

### **An Intermission of Three Hours**

will then take place, to allow the assembled multitude to discuss the sumptuous viands for sale at the gothic edifices at an astonishingly low price.

The rest of the day will be devoted to healing up the wounds caused by the late war, and in the outpouring of several large phials of brotherly love, including a bass viol; and hearts that were formerly wrung with grief, will be hung up to dry.

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## **THE FIFTH DAY.**

On the morning of the fifth day, a

### **GRAND MARCH OF PEACE,**

by the assembled multitude. Lawyers will walk together. Republicans and democrats will drink from the same bottle; dogs and bologna sausages will walk along arm-in-arm, in the most peaceful manner. Divorced couples will embrace

cordially. Couples who have been married five or six years will exchange words of love; and rival editors will weep on each other's bosoms. During the march, oil and water will mingle freely together, and all the extremes in the country will meet at a spot to be hereafter selected.

The milk of human kindness will flow like water, and the cream which collects will be used in the manufacture of ice cream, and there is no doubt that there will be many a quartette. Souls that bowed with grief, will pass their best friends without bowing at all; and hearts that were heavy with grief, will be weighed, to ascertain how much they weigh without the grief. Brows that were clouded with sorrow, will have the clouds swept away with a hair brush and fine tooth comb; and brains that were overtaxed, will take oath before the nearest tax collector, that such is the fact. Eyes that were red with weeping, will be read with spectacles. Ears that were always closed to the wails of the suffering, will be open to all sorts of wails, including the wailing of infants, the whaling of school-boys, and all the whales in the Atlantic Ocean. Purses that were always open to the poor, will be open to the fat also; and even horses will stop at the sound of whoa, and give the bit out of their mouth. Everybody with squeaking boots will have music in their souls.

A large meerschaum pipe, called the "Pipe of Peace," will be suspended in a prominent position, and as the throng pass under it, they will take as large a whiff as they can conveniently hold, which they are earnestly requested to swallow, in order to promote harmony of feeling. After which, all the seats in the grand Coliseum will be removed, thereby giving opportunity for an interchange of borrowed toothpicks, pocket-books, hats, vests, &c. &c., thus bringing to a happy close the most imposing musical ceremonies, and the grandest National Gathering since the battle of Antietam, or which has ever adorned the pages of any spelling book.



### THE PRICE OF A SEASON TICKET,

as I said before, is \$743,000,000 ; or 743,000,000 persons can easily form a club, at \$1.00 each, and thus obtain a transferable check, admitting them at any hour of the day or night.

### DISPOSITION OF THE PROFITS.

The entire profits arising from this National Peace Festival, to be distributed among the exempts and sutlers of the late war, and the widows of bounty-jumpers who nobly died jumping ;—the amount to be in proportion to the number of inhabitants in the city or town where they reside, who are in favor of annexation to Boston. If anything is left over, it will be devoted to prevailing on a lady friend of ours who keeps a boarding-house, to part with our trunk, which she has detained in consequence of our being unable to settle a little difference we had with her, which commences “ Mr. Mose Skinner, Dr.”

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### NOTES.

In order to promote kind feelings toward the South, and create a feeling of confidence, Confederate Scrip will be considered legal tender, on the five days of the Festival,—and any person passing a greenback (on the sidewalk) will be subject to arrest.

One-armed and one-legged soldiers are requested to retire into the country, in order that their presence may not cause any unpleasant recollections to arise in the minds of our Southern friends.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus do we “ wind up ” our programme for a Grand Peace Festival, hoping that no one will “ run it down.”

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If a feller gets Cut, or Burns hisself, or has a Bile, or any other darned Sore, jest let him buy a box of REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE. That 'll cure him.”

### A Stiffikit from old 'Bije Hacmetack.

MISTER REDDING,—That ar Russia Salve you make is a puty good thing. I've gin it a tolerable sarching trial, and I kalkilate there aint nothing in the healing line that kin ekel it, you bet. My Sally used to be dreadfully troubled with Chilblains, but sence she tried your Salve, her feet haint worried her a bit. My old woman would sooner be without pork than not hav RUSSIA SALVE in her kupburd. She says doctors aint no 'count side a box of your Salve. Them's my sentiments. But what I rit you this stifficate for is about my youngest boy Bijah. You see, he's jest like all boys, skyroysterin round, into evry darned thing that kums in his way, when one day—I reckon he wont forget it for a spell—he went and sot down in a tub full of biling water by mistake. Jerusalem! you never did hear such a yell as that ar boy set up. It warnt harf a sekond fore he histed himself out of that tub, you bet. Widow Slopper, a neighbor of ourn, heered the burnt critter yell, and in she burst. “Massy sakes! what on airth 's the matter?” She soon found out. “Get the RUSSIA SALVE—tear off his trowsers—stop your yelling—get the flour box and we'll kiver it all over first—then put on RUSSIA SALVE.” \* \* \* She's an awful spry woman is Widow Slopper. Well, Mister Redding, not to take up tu much of your valuble time, jest as soon as Russia Salve cum into collisyun with his allfired sore bottom, he hawhawed right out. “O that's bully! It don't smart a bit. Hooray!” You don't know how tickled the little cuss was. Well, it warnt more 'n a week afore he war well as ever—which war all owin' to RUSSIA SALVE.

P. S. I wish you'd send me your fotygraff. Our minister wants to put it along a lot of other bennyfactors he's gut.

*Noty Beany.* Widow Slopper wants your fotygraff tu. Don't you send her, kos she'll tell everybody it's a pictur of her decceset husband Slopper, who warnt known in these parts never.

Yours to command, BIJE HACMETACK,  
*Sarjunt in Co. K, 16 Indianys, Suckerville Creek, Indiany.*

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