

# The B'HOY.

VOL. I.

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NO. 2.

THE B'HOY,  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
BY PETER TEASLE.  
Price five cents.

## AN EVENING STROLL.

'Twas a bright moonlight night in the month of March when the quiet citizens of this place were hushed in profound slumber, and as we did not feel like participating in that blessing, and having a desire to stroll, we put on our hat, and made for up town, fast as our legs would carry us, to enjoy ourselves in a promenade.

We walked on until we heard music, and oh! such music, it penetrated the inmost recesses of the gizzard; and inspired us with a desire to — yes to get away from it soon as possible. But hold from whence did those soul-disgusting,

From that little low whiskey shop on Jefferson street, that has no license, where a would-be pompous looking fellow is walking back and forth behind the counter, with all the majesty of a modern Cæsar. As we became disgusted with this hole our curiosity prompted us to wend our way onward to other scenes of darkness.

A loud noise at the lower end of Lud low street, arrested our attention, and as we proceeded thither, our steps were cut short by hearing the hearty ha! ha! resound through the streets, and our first impulse was to stop and enquire the cause, we were politely informed that it was a house of ill fame, of colored women, and that it was not unfrequently the case that white men were seen coming out from there at the dead hour of midnight.

We proceeded further, and saw a great many things which we are compelled through want of room to defer until our next publication when we will give a full account of what we seen in the Evening stroll.

It is said that this paper will take better than any other in this City.



The above cut represents the Green Street House, at which our old friend Mr. Charles Fagan, is Superintendent. To those who know his liberal and commodating and gentlemanly mail in his favor; but to those who are strangers in the city, we would bespeak for him a name, that he is the most accommodatng and gentlemanly mail in this city, when all the rest are out.

## LIKE TO KNOW

Whose business it is if Mrs. L ———, does take a walk with Mr. N ———, while her husband is away from the city. The lady gets *lonesome* don't she?

Whose business it is if a certain snob does keep a certain lady in this city in shoes. She certainly can't go barefooted, can she?

Whose business it is if a certain lady does swear all day long and pray at night, she enjoys herself, don't she?

Whose business it is if a certain dutch pigs-eye, across the canal, does sell liquor without license?

Whose business it is to find out what so many young men go up to the head of Jefferson street for? You go there to see the *E-l-e-p-h-a-n-t*, do you? Oh! very well.

## 'TIS RUMORED

That the Taylor Band is to give another Concert, before long.

That a certain typo is to marry soon. Let us know.

That the Editor of the Troy Clipper, was badly taken in. How is it, Brown?

That a number of young gents are greatly enamoured of Germantown lately.

That the Post Office will change hands soon, very likely.

## WE OBSERVED

The other day quite a number of pretty young ladies, promenading the streets.

The Daguerrotype of a monkey and his half brother hanging out on Main street.

A young squash head who pretends to be a man, tell an old lady in the market house, that she had better go home and say her prayers. You had better stay at home and take a few lessons from your mamma, before you venture out again.

That the President's inaugural was very short, but not sweet.

## SALUTARY.

Opining that the motives, which we have in view in publishing this little sheet, will not be misconstrued, we take great pleasure in laying our paper before you, and will trust to your kind indulgence for the perusal of its contents; although we cannot offer you as our editor, or contributors, the names of known and talented writers, yet we will bespeak for ourselves that those abilities with which we are endowed, shall be used to the best possible advantage, and it will afford us no common pleasure, if our poor exertions will serve to while away the tiresome hour, or make the hearty laugh respond to what was previously a sigh.

It is our intention to amuse and edify if possible our friends and acquaintances, and at the same time inform the public of the whereabouts of crime and misery—to deal with no unsparing words towards those canting hypocrites who abound in the Churches of God; and remain an impartial observer of the distractions which appertain to all religious societies. We trust that what we have said in relation to ourselves will suffice for an introduction to you, and therefore refer you to our columns for any further information in regard to us, and willingly resign ourselves to abide by your decision.

PETER TEASLE ESQ.

We would call the attention of our readers to those communications from our Cincinnati correspondents.



The above likeness represents an retired editor, of this city, now at Washington, in presence of Gen. Taylor, where the following colloquy took place:

Editor.—(Making a bow,) Aw, Genewal, aw good mornin'; I suppose aw you know that I am the individual aw, who first waised your name aw for President.

Gen.—No sir! I was not aware of that fact.

Editor.—Indeed aw, pon my honaw.

Gen.—No matter sir, take a seat what can I do for you in return.

Editor.—Aw, believe me Genewal, your most obedient, aw if you can I should like to have the Post Office in Dayton, for I —

Gen.—(Laughing,) Don't mention it my dear sir, most assuredly you should have my influence, but Gen. S —, is to have that appointment.

Editor.—(Aside,) "The last plank to which I clung is now shivered," my friends at home have deserted me and now I have no place to lay my weary head. (Aloud,) But Genewal is there no other chance for me.

Gen.—Well, no, yes, I want some person to arrange my clothes in the morning, blacken my boots, &c., and if you will accept of that place will give you —

Editor.—(Rushing out,) Oh, my ambition where hast thou led me to, would that I had staid at home and remained neutral on all subjects and then I should have had something to do, but now I am thrown out upon the world, and the last cent that I had is expended. Oh, despair, despair, I am ruined forever.

## I LIKE TO SEE

Young ladies retire to bed at 10 o'clock and rise early in the morning.

The Ohio Minstrels have a full house when they give a concert.

Quails, Ducks, Pigeons, &c. hanging out the window, at resturat. For instance were you ever at Henry Franzes old stand. It denotes that you can get something good to eat there.

A certain lady in this city in a Ball room dress. She looks so interesting.

Young ladies that do not put any paint on their cheeks when they go out visiting.

## I DONT LIKE TO SEE

A man with a long modest face, and still longer Roman nose, peer into the face of every pretty girl that comes out of Wesley Chapel on Sunday mornings. Look out Ruben, we're some.

A married woman having so many masculine visitors on a Sunday afternoon, even if she does live in an obscure part of the city.

Young ladies squeezing themselves up with corsets to make themselves look small around the waist. It's injurious girls.

## HUMBUGS.

Old Fagan the man wot threatened to shoot a young gentleman the other day.

That Pigs-Eye that is kept on — st. Keep away from there boys or you will get your brains blowed out.

The officer what attempted to catch the rascal who pushed that man off from the wall of the Main street Bridge, about a week ago. He should be re-elected when his time is out. Oh, Gas!!

## Obstructions to Passers by.

That pile of bricks on the side walk on Main street.

That crowd of loafers that blockade the entrance to the market house on market days.

That pile of rocks across the Jefferson street bridge.

CAUTION.—A certain moustachied young squirt who perambulates the streets late at night, and who is generally seen in the direction of St. Clair st., should be more careful in his movements. That woman who lives in the Alley is rather too ould for him. Look out for him Mr. L —.

CINCINNATI, March 5th, 1849.

Dear PETER—After hinting to me that you were about to publish a new paper entitled "The B'Ho'y," devoted to the exposure of vice, villainy, &c., I thought I would drop you a few lines, giving a brief account of the

**SEDUCTION OF MISS T——R,**

Miss T——r, the victim in this case, is a young and beautiful girl, scarce seventeen years of age, who under the promise of marriage has been robbed of a jewel which when once lost can never be regained.

Without going into the various particulars connected with the introduction to Jacob M——s, the base villain who committed this outrage upon one of the fairest of her sex, we will proceed to give the conversation which took place previous to the fatal hour when she lost her virtue.

"My dear Jane, won't you take a walk down to my cousins on Fourth street, this evening?"

"Jacob you know mother does not like it when I go out without asking her consent, and she will not be at home for two hours yet."

"Never mind your mother, dearest, I will answer for her consent; you know that I love you better than life, and that we will soon be one."

"Oh, Jacob, if you are determined to go I cannot refuse you any longer."

They started arm in arm, and as you dear "B'Ho'y" might well suppose, with no intention on his part to visit any other than a fictitious cousin.

Having strolled on for several squares, Jane became alarmed at the trepidation in his speech, which had taken place within a few moments, and fearing that he was unwell requested him to return.

"Oh, no, Jane, my cousin would get very angry did we not call on her this evening; it is only a square farther, and I know you will enjoy yourself when you get there."

Having come in front of a small frame house, on Elm street below Fourth, which every body knows is an assignation house, he went up and knocked at the door, and in a few moments both were ushered into a room where there was a bed, which alarmed Miss T——r, very much. Her fears were soon, however, overcome by the appearance of the lady who was introduced as the cousin, and who, after conversing a short time, manage on some trival pretext to retire.

Now was the opportunity which the

villian so much desired, and he was not slow in taking advantage of it.

"Oh! Jane, how I love you," and as he said this he placed his arm round her waist, and commenced kissing her.—She carried away for the moment by the pleasure experienced by acknowledging his love, did not bid him desist until it was too late. Seeing her error then, she strove to get away but he held her as in a vice, and told her that on the next Sunday evening she should be his wife.

It is needless to say that one hour hence when they left that house she left it not as she went in, but with sorrow and shame stamped on her features, and when she arrived at home, retired to rest without bidding her kind mother the usual good night.

When M——s, was called upon to fulfill his promise of marriage, he laughed at her, and told her she was a fit companion those brethels in Bank Alley. Fears and supplications had no effect, and when he left the house he left never to enter again.

This man now boards at one of the largest hotels and in a very short time unless he marries Miss T——r we will expose him to his parents who reside in Baltimore city.

Yours in haste.  
**BLACK HAWK.**

**NUISANCES.**

That little cake and beer shop on second street.

That hole in the side walk over by the Montgomery House. Fill it up.

That house of ill fame, nearly opposite the Catholic Church.

That little whiskey shop not far from Third street.

That ten pin alley over the river.

**TAKE NOTICE.**



THERE will run every Sunday an Omnibus line from the corner of Main and Third streets, to the Green Street House. Those who have never visited this superb establishment, would do well to give it a call; for you can see sights there. Old Fagan Superintendent.

**GAY DECEIVERS.**



Mr. A——, the man wot sports the Silver headed cane. Oh! what a man.

Charley B——, the man wot sparks that gay young vidder in Oregon. I say Charley, why don't you marry?

James R——, the man wot sports the red goatce, smokes cigars, and visits that house on the corner of —— and St. Clair Sts. You're one of 'em.

Wm. McL——, the man wot was going to shoot himself because his lady-love wouldn't consent to marry him.— You couldn't pull the trigger could you? Oh! punkin head!

B. B——, the man wot thinks he can marry any girl that he chooses. Say Byron don't you think you're some punkins? hey!

**WONDER**

If it is true that old Fagan is going to marry that girl in Slyder town. Could you afford to pay the Parson?

If Sam still goes over to Greencastle to see Miss N——, yet?

If that young lady has found her handkerchief yet, which she dropped in such a great hurry?

If that clerk on Main street has got his pay for that dress that he presented to that female the other night?

If that is really a gambling house that is not a thousand miles from Main street. Look out, you're watched.

If the proprietor of the Union House intends to take that eagle down this spring?

If Jake really intends to go to California, or are you only trying to find out whether Betsy, (his sweetheart,) loves him or not?

CINCINNATI March, 2, 1849.

DEAR SIR:—Hearing that you were about to make your first appearance on next Saturday morning and knowing your partiality for society and secrets of the ladies, I thought I could do no more than drop a few lines, to you giving an account of the

SPARTAN LADIES CLUB No. 1.

Society met according to notice, Mrs. Heavysides in the chair roll called, minutes of the previous meeting read and adopted,

Present, Mrs. Heavysides, Tattersall, Tattler, Tiresome, Secret, Vulgar, Nobody, and Breeches, Misses Jones, Smith, Nar, Davis, Brown, Jenkins, Thompkins, Blusterer, Stubborn, Gresser, Strutter, Slander, and Heathen.

Mrs. Jones having sent in her resignation as Presidentess of the club, with some insulting remarks attached thereto, on motion of Miss Slander, it was

Resolved.—That the resignation be not accepted, but that Mrs. Jones be expelled, and that a committee of three be appointed by the Society to give said lady a good cowhiding with her husbands breeches, which it was currently reported she now wears.

The motion being seconded by Mrs. Tattler, it was carried unanimously, and the Society proceeded to vote *viva voce*, for said committee whereupon Miss Slander, Stubborn and Mrs. Tattler were elected.

The next thing in order was the election of Presidentess and

after two unsuccessful ballotings there being three candidates, Mrs. Heavysides was declared elected.

Mrs. Breeches preferred charge against Mrs. Secret, for telling Jenks, a young man that waits on her in the absence of Secret, the place of meeting of this Society.

Mrs. Secret replied and made countercharge against Mrs. Breeches for walking out on the Hills on last Sunday evening with Stiles, after her husband had gone to bed. (At this period the two ladies had each other by the hair, and there is know knowing what the consequence might have been, had not the Presidentess elect here interferred, and led them to their seats.)

At the request of the Society, both charges were withdrawn, and after an injunction from the Presidentess of secrecy, hereafter the society proceeded to consider the committees report in the case of Miss Miserly, who was declared to be in a very peculiar situation. After an eloquent appeal had been made in behalf of the unfortunate lady by Mrs Vulgars, and a reply thereto about being made by miss Brown, the society was thrown into the greatest uproar by the by the exclamation of mrs. Tiresome, "There is a man in the room," without taking time to look around the room. the lights were blown out and such a rush pell, mell as there was down stairs, you never seen or heard of before.

As the meeting adjourned thus summarily I had no chance of learning what would have become of miss miserly, but from the flushed countenances of several ladies, I am of the opinion that she will never behold daylight after the next meeting.

As the regular meeting of the club is next Wednesday morning, you may expect a full account if I can by any possibility get into the room which is over the Canal.

Respectfully Yours,  
SIMON SNUGGS.

WHAT'S THE REASON

That A——, has quit going to see that girl on First street.

That D——, has abandoned his sweetheart on Second street, west of Main.

That old Fagan quit keeping house? Echo answers, "couldn't get any female housekeeper."

That Billy is so sly when he goes down by the old Pleasure Garden?

That Amos acts so curious of late? Does he meditate matrimony?

THAT FIGHT.—It is said that about four weeks ago a grand fight came off between a thriving grocer of this city and an old man by the name of L——w. The latter was crying auction for the sale of the goods of the former and because the crier stated as a fact that the goods were to be sold to pay his honest debts, the said grocer flew into a pet and mounted the old gentleman with an axe handle. But the old man soon got the better of him, when the loud cry of "take him off," convinced us that the bankrupt grocer had got the worst of the bargain.

VERY SINGULAR.—What that young girl who lives not a thousand miles from sixth street should let in that young sprig of the Law, at the back gate about every other night. You would like to pass for a virtuous girl would you?—Some body will be roped in some of these days.