

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 40.]

LONDON, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

## A PEACE FOOTING.

WE all of us know—for he himself publicly and solemnly declared it at Bordeaux, years enough ago to enable us to have found out its truth—that the Emperor Napoleon desires to found his empire upon love and good will to all men. *L'Empire, c'est la paix* is a maxim which only needs to be recalled to be appreciated at its full value, and if there are still in existence some unworthy detractors who seek to cast doubt upon the imperial word, and to soil the imperial principle by a comparison of actual events with this great declaration, they will be silenced at once by a consideration of the Emperor's new Army Organization; which shows how determined he is to remain at peace most completely, since it only provides an army of a million and-a-half of men for the defence of the country. This ridiculously small force, however, has been felt to be utterly inadequate to the national requirements, and in the interests of France some slight modifications are to be introduced into it before the Chambers close; and in order that those members of the Corps Législatif who please to indulge in harmless demands for that permission to make interpellations which is never granted, we think it our duty to lay before them the chief heads of the scheme as it will finally stand:—

ART. I.—The annual contingent of the army comprises every living creature in the country which attains, has attained, or is likely to attain the age of twenty-one years.

Are exempted only—

Young men over seventy years of age, if blind, lame, deaf, toothless, under 1 mètre 55 centimetres in height, and orphans of both father and mother.

If a young man is subject to one only of the above-mentioned infirmities, his case will be judged by the Council of Revision undermentioned.

Young women employed in operas, ballets, sale of gazettes, cafés chantants, bals champêtres, or other works of reproduction.

Babies in long-clothes, on giving satisfactory proof that they are well acquainted with the use of arms;—these will be enrolled in the reserve, as being already in arms.

Letter carriers, spies, newspaper editors, and officers of the administration in general.

ART. II.—Those of the above-named who are indicated by lot will serve in the ranks of the army.

ART. III.—Those who are not indicated will serve all the same.

ART. IV.—The duration of service is fixed at nine years certain (unless shortened by needle-guns, fevers, or other incidents of warfare), reversible at the will of the Emperor, M. de Bismarck, or the King of Italy.

ART. V.—Soldiers are allowed to marry (with the permission of the Minister of War) upon the advent of an era of universal peace, or the submission of all European powers to French domination. Soldiers of the reserve may marry when they please, on affording sufficient proof that they are not fit for anything else.

## GARDE NATIONALE MOBILE.

ART. VI.—The Garde Nationale Mobile is composed of all those who are not designated by the preceding Articles, including those who are excepted from their provisions; and is for the

defence of the coasts and frontiers, and the defence of fortified places.

ART. VII.—It can only be called out by a special law to be passed by the majority, reserved to the Government in the Chambers, as it may judge expedient.

ART. VIII.—Nevertheless the battalions of which it is composed may be called together by an Imperial decree, as occasion, or M. de Bismarck, may arise.

ART. IX.—Those who compose the Garde Nationale Mobile enjoy all the rights of citizenship, with the following exceptions:—

They cannot change their residence, except on written permission from the préfet, the colonel of their regiment, the general commanding, and two gendarmes.

They cannot drive out, read opposition newspapers, engage in any business, marry, sneeze, cough, or sleep away from home, or call their wives their own, without giving ten days' previous notice of their intention to do so.

ART. X.—The Emperor, general commanding, colonel, préfet, sous-préfet, or any two gendarmes may suspend this law provisionally, and enact any other which may be necessary.

It will be seen from this how united is the Government under which the French now live, and we look forward with much hope to the interesting spectacle which France will present, when it is no longer peopled but by soldiers and cripples. It is distressing to observe, however, that a certain blind discontent prevails among some sections of the population, who are not, and do not want to be either the one or the other; and it is to be hoped that they will be brought to reason before the elections are concluded, and will recognize the advantages which are offered to them in the new organization of the army which is to defend them against the foreigner—and themselves.

## THE NATIONAL "NOAH'S ARK."

PROFESSOR OWEN'S Colossal Hobby Horse is in danger of death from surfeit. The Natural History department of the British Museum is described by a contemporary as being in "an almost intolerable state of repletion." The learned professor, however, has great hopes of his gorged hobby's recovering his pristine vigour, and seems to want a national guarantee for his maintenance for the next thirty years. With an unbridled greed of space, we are asked for six acres of ground for pasturage, and that the poor animal may be protected from the rain, we are to be saddled with seven or eight miles of glass case, in which, we presume, the "hobby" may cram—and be crammed without inconvenience for one generation.

## TO WHAT BASE USES.

WE have observed in an enterprising hosier's shop-window the "Tomahawk Tie." We have seen advertised in the *Times* the "Tomahawk Polka" and the "Tomahawk Waltz." Messrs. Hancock Burbrook and Co. have invented a charming "Tomahawk Breast-pin." An enthusiastic tobacconist in the Strand has manufactured a "Tomahawk Pipe." We suppose we must regard these as so many compliments. But may we not implore some one to save us from our friends?

## DINNER PARTIES.

AN amusing article has recently appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* on the subject of Talkers, and the circumstances under which their talents are experienced to the greatest advantage. On this subject, too, our accomplished contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, has had an article, in which the writer states that the time at which a good conversationist is most acceptable is during dinner. This remark is joined to a dissertation on talkers in general, and their influence on the common weal of the party of which they happen to be members. We agree in the main with what the writer of the article in question has said; still we cannot but own that we hold in much dread the regular (so to speak) professional conversationist. It is true that the race of men such as Brummel and others is extinct, and people of the present day may congratulate themselves that it is so; for if one half of the sayings attributed to the *beaux* of days gone by can be relied on as authentic, it may be questionable whether they were not great bores, but it is indubitable that they were great snobs; in fact it is impossible that it should have been otherwise with men who were, for the most part, prigs by nature and toadies by profession. This class of social offender, however, is now no more, and the professional diner-out, as he was understood in the days of our grandfathers, is not to be found amongst us. But you will still meet with a certain number of men who lay themselves out for conversation during dinner, and one of such is not unfrequently a danger rather than an advantage to the party. The conversation incurs the risk of being monopolised by one person; whilst if it is sought to avoid the peril by inviting three or four gentlemen well known for their ready wit, it is not unusual to find that they get in one another's way. The man who is really an attraction at a dinner party is a courteous and well-informed gentleman, who although desirous to make his society acceptable to his neighbours, will not view it as a personal affront, should somebody else chance to make an agreeable remark or tell an amusing story.

But even a guest such as this will not alone suffice to make a dinner party an agreeable entertainment. The fact is, the whole of our prandial system, as at present in force, stands greatly in need of reform. In the first place everybody knows that a dinner party, to be really pleasant, should not consist of more than six or eight carefully selected persons. Now the statistics of those who have the habit of dining out frequently would show, beyond a doubt, that where they are asked to one dinner of eight people, they are invited to ten parties where the numbers consist probably of twice as many.

The best chance of meeting a pleasant circle is to be found during the months of January and February, when folks are beginning to return to town, when parties are arranged at very short notice, and when people are glad to come, and the hosts are glad to see them. Later on in the season it is duty, and not pleasure, that prompts the invitation. A moment of reflection will suffice to show how unlikely it is that the system which at present governs the arrangement of dinner parties should secure agreeable results. For example, the wife of a Peer, or of a member of Parliament, has, of course, a very great number of friends, from whom she has received, at different times, several social courtesies. She has her visiting list, and, when the season sets in, she fires off invitations, in batches of fourteen or sixteen, without much consideration as to the judicious assortment of her guests, further than that they should be more or less of the same social rank. The day arrives, and with it arrive those ladies and gentlemen who have been invited; the host and hostess "go in" to dinner with the lady and gentleman of the highest social position. So far so good, because the givers of the feast may be likened to the Impresario of an Operatic undertaking, who is not supposed to derive any personal enjoyment from the entertainment which he has prepared for others. But, when to the host and hostess have been assigned fitting partners, what becomes of the rest of the company? Well, the married men take down the married ladies, and the bachelors offer their arms to the young unmarried damsels; and so you would think that everybody is going to have a delightful dinner. Not a bit of it. It appears that Lady ——'s husband is a bore, and that Viscount ——'s wife is a lady blessed with but a slender amount of intelligence, and no conversational powers whatever. Can anything be more natural, then, than that Viscount ——'s

wife and Lady ——'s husband should be assigned to one another? They have an equal inaptitude for contributing towards the general hilarity, and thus the hapless pair are mated together, for about two hours and a half, without the possibility of a separation.

We will travel on round the table and see what amount of amusement is being experienced by the bachelor and the unmarried lady. In the first place, it seems that the young lady does not want any dinner at all. Indeed, it would be very strange if she did; for she made a capital meal at two o'clock, and has had some tea and cake at half-past five. She is quite unprepared, therefore, to wade through a *menu* of countless dishes. Not so the young gentleman; he has had nothing since breakfast but a glass of sherry and a biscuit, and, as he has been playing at racquets for two hours, his appetite is ravenous, and he eats everything that he can get hold of with an eagerness that fills his next-door neighbour with wonder and dismay.

After this somewhat unsatisfactory fashion the interchange of social courtesies is disposed of, and one by one the lady of the house ticks off the names which appear in her visiting list, so that when the season is over, and the bustle of town is exchanged for the repose of the country, she has the consciousness that she has done her duty towards her acquaintances.

Still, her dinner parties have not been very pleasant; though, with a little more care and consideration, there is no reason why they should not have been perfectly agreeable.

Before concluding these remarks (which by the way, render it improbable that our society will be sought out by those who have the habit of giving dinner-parties), we may observe that these entertainments are, as a rule, much too long. It is true that we have made some advance on those dark days when the whole dinner was placed on the table, and when the guests were subjected to the affliction of beholding their own countenances reflected in huge dish-covers, under circumstances of the most aggravating distortion; still it must be borne in mind that everything has its limit, not excepting the human appetite for food; and after two hours of heat, clatter, and the abiding odour of many dishes, it is not unnatural that folks should be desirous of seeking a purer atmosphere, and some occupation other than that of eating.

It is one thing, however, to point out an evil, and another to suggest a remedy. For our own parts, we have endeavoured to effect the first, and we must leave it to the good sense of society to accomplish the last.

## AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

IN consequence of the great jealousy and dissatisfaction which has been created in all classes of society, by the very premature selection of a gentleman named Wheatstone, inventor of the Electric Telegraph, for the honour of Knighthood, the Earl of Derby has submitted to Her Majesty the names of the undermentioned persons for a similar distinction.

Mr. Defries, inventor of the Largest Chandelier in the World.

Mr. Holloway, inventor of a Popular Pill.

Mr. Thompson, inventor of the Sansflectum Crinoline.

Mr. Pomeroy Button, inventor of the Rantoon.

Mr. Samuel, inventor of the Sydenham Trousers.

Mr. Samuel's brother, ditto.

Mr. Cormack, inventor of the Harlequinade of several Pantomimes.

Mr. Poole, inventor of ready-made Gentlemen.

Mr. Murphy, inventor of the Confessional Unmasked, and other startling revelations.

The names of the undermentioned persons have likewise been brought before Lord Derby's notice with a view to the same honour being conferred upon them; but his Lordship, taking into consideration the ill feeling which the unfortunate selection of Professor Wheatstone has caused, has felt himself compelled to decline the responsibility of recommending them to the Queen

Mr. Alfred Tennyson,  
Dr. Livingstone,  
Mr. Charles Dickens,  
Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

## UNDER THE MOON.

## PROLOGUE (CONTINUED).

12.

A stranger—never did my eyes yet see  
So strange a being ; yet so calm, so winning,  
The very blast which poured in gusts on me  
Became a Zephyr ; there and then beginning.  
To play around us in a soft sweet breeze,  
Telling of limpid streamlets under trees.

13.

His type was of no nation that I knew,  
His form had lightness one might call æthereal ;  
His unknown costume seemed to me as new  
In shape and colour as in strange material ;  
I could not choose but gaze, and gazing, doubt  
My senses with my brain were falling out.

14.

How often one has met, when passing through  
That crowd the world is pleased to call society,  
Some face with sympathy to hold the clue  
To all one's heartstrings' truest piety ;  
Whose soul peers through its eyes and seems to pray  
"What my heart thinks may your's find lips to say !"

15.

Some such expression of encouragement  
Made me address the being now beside me :  
"The hour is late ; the night is nearly spent ;"—  
The words were uttered, seeing that he eyed me,  
Simply to lure him from his silent mood,  
And thus he answered, turning where I stood :

16.

"Had you not spoken I must hence have gone ;  
"My mission unsuccessful, disappointed :  
"But let me first explain, e'er I run on  
"With what appears a theme somewhat disjointed.  
"Give patient hearing to my story brief :  
"Though strange, 'twill force your conscience to belief.

17.

"That moon, whose glistening orb looks coldly down,  
"Casting her beams upon the murky river ;  
"Whose every ripple bears a silver crown,  
"Which jealous breezes into diamonds shiver ;  
"That moon you look on as the lamp of night,  
"Is where I dwell, and whence I now alight.

18.

"The Planets framed by one productive Will,  
"Are peopled with His likeness through creation ;  
"And all the worlds these mortal creatures fill,  
"Receive at first the self-same consecration ;  
"The same advantages accrue to all  
"Which blessed your little earth before the Fall."

(To be continued.)

## WISHY-WASHY.

WE cull the following flower from the garden of advertisements, which bloom in the columns of a well-known cotemporary :—

"The beard which the Emperor Maximilian wore long and full is in perfect preservation." *Vide* statement (in the *Standard* of 27th January, 1868) drawn up by the Commission appointed to report on the authenticity of the contents of the coffin containing the body of the Emperor Maximilian on its arrival at Vienna.—N.B. Mr. Kershaw has the gratification to announce that the Emperor Maximilian was in the constant habit previous to his melancholy death of using Lily Water of Circassia.

Now, there is something refreshingly ingenuous in this. "The Lily Water of Circassia," according to Mr. Kershaw, has perfectly preserved the unfortunate Emperor's beard—even in death. Our own head and beard alas! show that the silvery signs of age are slowly yet surely creeping upon us. Come, Mr. Kershaw, take us under your fostering care—ere we dye.

THE LATEST "DO."—Mr. Train's *Cork* lectures.

## PAT'S REPUBLIC,

or,

## THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

DENNIS O'SHAGNESSEY TO PHELIM MAGUIRE.

No. 2.

*2nd Year of the Irish Raypublic.*

OH! Phelim, my darlint, it's sorra bad news I have to tell you. Sure it's a year since I wrote to you, asking you to come back to the ould cuntry, and I have been expecting you ever since. But, Phelim, you've done quite right to stop where you are ; and keep the ocean between you and this land of desolation as long as you can my boy, for it's mighty little you'll get by coming here, barrin' starvation and oppression.

Och hone Phelim Maguire, friend of my youth, to whom I owe more black eyes and other such iligant compliments than I can stop to count, you mayen't belave me, but it's thru all the same, the Irish Raypublic is nothing more than a mane desaver—bad luck to it.

We got on very well at first—after the Shan Van Vocht was elected—and I took my sate in the Senate in my Toga, as proud as a pig with a Queen's wedding-ring through its nose. Then the land was all divided among the boys ; of course, we took an extra share for our trouble, but everybody was quite satisfied, except them to whom the land had belonged before. Somehow, they didn't seem to see the fun, the covetous rascals. Every boy had his bit of ground, and those that had not a roof to cover them were given something out of the Treasury to build them a cabin with, for as all the money was from the taxes which the Saxon had wrung out of the poor Irish, who'd a better right to it than those that had paid it? Well, Phelim, you see things went as smooth as a pig's throat as long as the money lasted, the Shan-van Vocht entertained the senators, and the senators entertained the Shan Van Vocht, and we had balls, and banquets, and dayjunays in the gardens with lots of fiddles, and a foin spree it was, I can tell you. But at last the money was all gone, more's the pity ; and then we had to raise more. We tried to get up a loan like the other Raypublics, but dhivil a soul would lend us any money, because we had not any security as they call it. So we were obliged to order some taxes—but of course no one who was loyal to the Raypublic, was to pay any. Oh Phelim, you should have seen how loyal everybody was—sorra a boy could we find but would not swear to stick by the Raypublic till he died, and afterwards too if they wanted it. Then we found most of the boys had not interfered with their ground any more than by drinking good luck to themselves and a fine harvest ; and the praties that ought to have come up as thick as lies do out of a lawyer's mouth, never came up at all, the spalpeens—the fact is Phelim, those murdherin' Saxons had poisoned them all, and sorra a pratie would grow except where they had been planted. So there was great distress, and the boys got troublesome, and at last one day they broke into the Senate House and rattled the furniture about our heads, till I wished I had a policeman's helmet, instead of a beautiful bald spot on the top of mine. As for the Shan Van Vocht, he ran away to France with all the property he could lay his hands on, and now we are governed by a Council of Ten about as ugly blaygards as ever were seen outside a prison. Theyre confiscatin the land right and left, and selling it for what it will fetch—and the owners as objects they claps into prison, where they've nothing to eat but their own clothes, and little enough of them. I'm expecting to be arrested every day, Phelim, and I only got off by sending to the Council of Ten a barrel of the most lovely whiskey that ever forgot to pay the duty. Oh Phelim, we're a miserable race, and what St. Patrick was after when he killed all the snakes and toads, and left alive those other blaygards, I'm sure I can't tell. Be anything you like, Phelim, but take your friend's advice—don't be a Raypublic.

Yours among the ashes of Freedom,

DENNIS O'SHAGNESSEY.

P.S.—I shall immigrate to ould England.

THE ONLY PART OF SPEECH A SCOTCHMAN CAN'T DECLINE.—The Verb—*To Drink*.

A MAN who is fit for every *Commission* (of the Peace).—A good *Christian*.

### WHERE IS THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN?

IF one sits down quietly in one's arm-chair and tries to imagine a Lord Chamberlain, one pictures to one's self an elderly nobleman of formal manners, in a flowered robe, walking backwards up-stairs, or filling up cards of invitation, or thoughtfully scratching his nose with a gold key. In these grave occupations does a Lord Chamberlain's duty mainly consist. But there is another duty which he is supposed to perform *per alium* if not *per se*, which is not so trivial as at first sight it might appear, or as the L. C. and his subordinates evidently consider it, and that is the Censorship of our Theatres.

We believe that when the French Company honoured St. James's Theatre last year, this terrible Functionary awaking suddenly to action, vetoed the production of several excellent comedies by that company on the ground of their immorality. We all know that British ideas of morality are rather vague; what a Lord Chamberlain's are we cannot attempt to divine. Perhaps the Court Balls reconcile him to limited notions on the subject of female dress, of which he cannot divest himself. So we must not wonder if we find the morality of our eyes, if not of our ears, experimented upon rather severely at some of our London theatres. Perhaps the Earl of Bradford (we have remembered his name at last) thinks that the quantitative economy in dress, shown by some of our most talented (!) actresses, is evidence of a gradual return to the primitive and pure morality of our first parents (before the Fall), seeing that they are nearly naked and are not ashamed. We may be wrong in resenting this tendency to strip the female form of all the delusion which dress lends to it; it may be another of those triumphs which Truth, who delights in exposure, is ever gaining in this millennium of Honesty.

If the Lord Chamberlain can conquer for one moment his propensity to walk backwards, which, unless his eyes can see through his head (an improbable conjecture), must interfere with his view of what should be before him, we venture to hope that he may perceive an opportunity, all the more pleasant from its rarity, of doing something useful. We are old and constant play-goers, and we have lately visited a certain theatre, which was full of delightful recollections of an intellectual and refined Hamlet, a treasure such as, even spite of all the industry of our original dramatists, it has not been often our lot to have imported from Paris. The very name of the lessee was enough to promise us enterprise, and to forbid us to think of good taste; but we were not prepared for the disgusting outrage on decency which, we regret to say, we witnessed.

And here let us be serious, for irony is out of place in dealing with what appears to us the most gross and filthy exhibition that has ever disgraced our degenerate stage. We allude to the dance of four creatures introduced in the pantomime at the Lyceum. Squeamishness is not one of our virtues—we have been in very queer places, we have seen many strange sights, and we have been in very low company; but never have we beheld any sight so utterly revolting as this "dance." How any man, who retains the slightest trace of respect or affection for any living woman, can calmly look on at such a shameful exhibition, so shamelessly gone through by women, we cannot imagine. Dance is it called? Yes, such as might be danced by the worst of Circe's herd; such as Satyrs, outcasts even from their own society, might dance out of ferocious defiance, as if in glorification of perfect grossness. Utterly devoid of grace, voluptuous only to those minds whose pleasure is in seeing woman unsexed, without a gleam of fun or humour even of the coarsest kind, unless as a study of how far the degradation of human nature can go, we are at a loss to imagine what attraction this monstrous sight can have, except to those who think that everything which is called French must be admired by every Englishman or English woman who pretends to be fashionable. Never have we felt so bitter a sense of shame as we did when we found ourselves seated amongst women who could look at such a sight and feel no anger.

To what extent will the degrading apathy that is consuming the hearts and souls of society not go, if this infamous exhibition can be calmly witnessed night after night by those who profess modesty? We cannot trust ourselves to write further on this subject, or we might appeal from the virtuous to the vicious, and ask the frequenters of our Casinos what they think of such a performance in public. If there be any who consider it a beautiful or an amusing sight to see women abandoning them-

selves to revolting grimaces and brutal gestures, for Heaven's sake let them enjoy their peculiar tastes in private—do not drag into a pantomime, an entertainment professedly appealing to mothers and their children—an excrescence of foreign vice which would not be tolerated in the city whence, we are told, it is imported.

Smarting yet with shame at this most disgraceful spectacle we ask, and we will demand an answer to our question—Where is the Lord Chamberlain? If his office of Censor of our Public Exhibitions means anything, let him step in and forbid this thing. If not, the voice of the people, awakened from their torpid amazement, will demand the creation of a Minister of Public Decency, whose title shall not be a mockery, nor his power a sham, but who shall render such an exhibition an impossibility in any public place of entertainment within this country.

### LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

[COMMUNICATED.]

THERE have been many insinuations and assertions made of late by interested writers, to the effect that the French press is not free, and that, in fact, it is in a state of abject subjection to the will of the Emperor, M. De Persigny, the sous-préfet, or of anybody in authority who deigns to take an interest in such a low and vulgar thing as a newspaper. The French Government might well rely upon its well-known liberal character for an answer to these insinuations; but anxious to give the public opinion of Europe every opportunity of appreciating the purity of its intentions and the high utility of its views, it has prosecuted no less than seventeen Parisian newspapers, including (for princes are impartial) even the inspired *Constitutionnel*, and has, by the results of the trials, demonstrated the fact that while the press is restrained from doing evil, it has the most unlimited power of doing good. This will be understood from the following text of the judgments given by the courts upon the crimes which have been proved, and the punishments inflicted for them:

*Le Glaneur*.—Whereas Bosselet, editor of the newspaper, is convicted of having given an account of a sitting of the Corps Législatif, which, being perfectly true, is calculated to bring the majority of that body into ridicule;

That the said Bosselet has thus committed the crime of telling the truth, in order to excite hatred and contempt, as foreseen by the 14th Act of the Decree of 17th February, 1852;

Condemns Bosselet to 1,000 francs penalty, or six months' imprisonment.

*Le Journal de Paris*.—Whereas Gressier is convicted of having given the date of the meeting of the Corps Législatif, and of having stated that M. Thiers sneezed when M. Rouher had done speaking;

Condemns Gressier to 1,000 francs penalty, or six months' imprisonment.

These two specimens of the judgment of the Court are given to shew the perfect legality of the proceedings, and, as the rest are rendered in the same manner, it is only necessary to say that eight other editors were visited with the like paternal punishments—*i.e.*

*L'Intérêt Public* for having used the word "amendment."

*L'Union* for having used the word "curtaif"

*Le Journal des Débats* for saying that M. le Ministre de la Guerre was "animated."

*La France* for saying that M. le Ministre de la Guerre was not animated.

*L'Avenir Nationale* for reporting an opposition speech.

*Le Temps* for saying that the Palais of the Corps Législatif is on the other side of the Seine.

*Le Siècle* for using the word "Corps."

*L'Opinion Nationale* for expressing in its title the result of a vote of the Corps Législatif.

The Government of the Emperor has nothing to add to the above account and leaves it to all European publicists to decide whether the crimes in question do not require punishment at the hands of a Government resolved to maintain order and gaolers.

THE Irish authorities, it is said, allow no one to store up gunpowder. This is scarcely fair when it is borne in mind that the other day they themselves "let off" a *Train*.

WHERE CHARITY BEGINS!

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a recent number, slightly touched on a highly interesting topic,—the misappropriation of charitable trusts. It is a pity that able journal did not continue the subject, for it is more than probable that that all-believing individual, the British donation giver, has not the remotest idea of what becomes of the cheques he generally pulls out in what the *Daily Telegraph* would term "his periodical spasms of charity."

Only a few days ago the public were treated to an edifying correspondence in reference to this subject, and heard, doubtless much to its surprise, that the money it had subscribed with a view to the feeding of starving fellow creatures had fallen into the hands of religious propagandism. In a word, hungry working men had been forced to sit out a stirring discourse on "the devil" as the price of a meal. This sort of thing is, we hope and believe, not of every-day occurrence; but there is another "charitable scandal," which is;—indeed, we should not use the word "occurrence" at all, for what we allude to is established respectably, right, and left, in all the pomp of report,—chairmen, secretaries, and what not. Need we say that we refer to a type of the ordinary Charitable Institution existing in our midst, and to which so many of us are called upon daily, monthly, or yearly, to subscribe?

Let us take an instance:—

THE SUPERANNUATED RESPECTABLE OLD WOMEN'S SOCIETY,

(Founded in 1804, with a view to the support of Sixty aged Gentlewomen.)

Patron:

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SPOONBURY.

Account for the Half-year ending December 31, 1867.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.				
£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.		
The Earl of Spoonbury .....	1	0	0	Annual Dinner .....	239	10	4
Titus Pecksniff, Esq. ....	5	0	0	Secretary's Salary ...	200	0	0
A Friend .....	0	3	9	Matron's ditto.....	100	0	0
The Boys of the Sunday School, Upper Muffington .....	0	0	11	Under Officer's ditto	201	9	8
Oliver Snobb, Esq. ....	1	0	0	Directors' Fees (Attendance, &c.).....	300	0	0
Mrs. Snobb.....	0	10	0	Feeding One Decayed Gentlewoman for Twelve Months ...	9	0	6
Miss Snobb.....	0	5	0	Burying ditto .....	1	7	0
Miss Clementina Snobb .....	0	2	6	Tracts supplied to ditto during life ...	1	0	0
A Well-wisher (through the Misses Snobb).....	0	1	4	Printing, &c. ....	5	0	0
X .....	100	0	0	Auditors .....	5	0	0
Jeremiah Griggs, Esq. ....	5	0	0				
The Worshipful Company of Kettleholders .....	50	0	0				
Anonymous.....	200	0	0				
Annual Subscriptions	400	2	9				
Endowment Fund ...	299	1	3				
	1,062	7	6		1,062	7	6

I have examined the above Accounts, and find them to be correct, HEZEKIAH FILCH, Auditor.

RATHER TOO BAD.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, the Distinguished Statesman, the Promoter of Female Suffrage and Tramways, the Mæcenas of America, the Regenerator of Europe, the Guardian of the Universe, is about to vindicate his spotless honour from the contamination which it has received at the hands of the Irish Police, by bringing an action against the Government, laying his damages at £100,000. Really this is most ungrateful of George Francis Train, for he has obtained the notoriety, which he was bidding for, far more cheaply than he could ever have hoped. He knows exactly how to get up as a magnanimous martyr. He attempted, however, one rather mean piece of revenge—namely, sending tickets for his lecture to all concerned in his arrest and detention. This was cruel. Fortunately, it was unsuccessful, for the sense of penitence was not strong enough in the offenders to induce them to submit to the penance.

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

THE Peculiar People are a sect whose proper place is in a Lunatic asylum or a prison. They hold that it is a sin to call in the aid of doctors in sickness—quoting some text in support of their wicked folly. Their course of treatment in sickness is as simple as that described by Sir Samuel Baker in his account of the African tribes. One of the "Elders" anoints the patient and prays for him; a glass of brandy and water is given, and the rest is left to Providence. If men had been prevented by their Creator from discovering anything of the art of healing, or if the requisite remedies had been denied them, there might be some sense in expecting a miracle every time one falls ill, but in the present state of the world such idle negligence, though its professors may seek to dignify it with the title of pious faith, is simply wicked—and when helpless children are the victims of it, as it appears they have been in many instances, it is time for the law to attempt to teach these "Peculiar" people reason by prompt and just punishment. A man may profess any absurd form of creed he likes, but if he takes to practising it, he must be taught to respect the laws of humanity and morality. We might have a Sect arise who thought it incumbent on them to save all children from future perdition by cutting their throats while they were yet in a state of innocence.

We say all this, *pace* Mr. Codd, the coroner of Essex, (he seems certainly to have a cod's head on his shoulders), who after taking counsel of the Recorder came to the conclusion that if the parents believed sincerely in the Lord, the letting their children die for want of medical aid was not manslaughter. E'cod! (as Jonas Chuzzlewit would have said) its a bad look out for the children.

An Elder of the "Peculiar" has written a defence of his Sect to a contemporary. The grammar is certainly peculiar. Here is a specimen:

"And, respecting the views they hold, and why call themselves 'Peculiar' is when they had to register their chapels," &c.

As for the sense of the letter—*deest*. Freedom of religion we most heartily advocate, but if every pack of fools who can contrive to support their folly by isolated texts of Scripture are to be allowed to form sects, and to carry out their ridiculous fancies regardless of life and property, pleading their fanaticism as a sufficient excuse for their crimes, the sooner we have a modified Inquisition, the better.

ALI BABA IN PALL MALL.

ANOTHER Fenian alarm—another Fenian conspiracy has ended in vapour, after alarming every Department of the State, civil and military.

At a recent inspection of the gas lamps that vainly endeavour to throw some light on the mysteries of the big Government office in Pall Mall, the intelligent Morgiana of that Department discovered on several of the gas standards the *secret* mark so well known to the police, by which the Fenian Captain of Bandits is supposed to indicate to his forty co-conspirators—the thieves!—what buildings are to be attacked and destroyed whenever an opportunity offers.

The faithful Morgiana, handmaid to Bellona, could not pour boiling oil into the discovered covers of treachery, for they were gas and not oil lamps; but she immediately informed the police, and all Scotland Yard was on the *qui vive*. Sentinels were examined, but in vain; no suspicious strangers with gloomy looks had been observed about the place. As a precaution, all the marks were carefully obliterated. Redoubled vigilance became the order of the day at Pall Mall, and sleepless patrols the order of the night.

But the troubles of the authorities were not yet over. In the course of the week a complaint was received from the Gas Company, that some mischievous and ill-disposed person or persons had wilfully obliterated the marks placed by the Company's foreman on all the War Department gas lamps, for which the meter had been duly examined; and much extra trouble and expense would have to be incurred by the Company to replace the usual marks by which the War Office gas charges have for many years been examined.

We understand that the officials at Pall Mall at once resumed their usual daily slumbers.

Now ready,  
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,  
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),  
OF  
THE TOMAHAWK,  
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



\* \* Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

EVERYONE has heard the report that the Marquis de Caux is going to marry Adelina Patti, but everyone does not know that the nightingale is not going to keep her notes for the family, but will soon leave Paris to fulfil her engagements at St. Petersburg. The firm will travel under the title—Patti and Caux.

WE have been informed, on the most incredible authority, that the Russian Government is carrying out its tenacity *in re* the suppression of everything Polish to such an exhausting extent, that an official injunction has been issued, forbidding any Russian subjects from joining the proposed French Arctic Expedition, lest they should seem to be supporting what still presumes to be called the "North Pole."

MISS ADA ISAACS MENKEN seems likely to achieve as great a success in the literary world as she did on the stage. She has already mounted the wild steed Pegasus, and we shall soon know something of her wonderful achievements on that restive animal. Her Poems, which will unite the physical vigour of an athlete, with the mental robustness of Alexander Dumas, will, so report says, be rounded into melodious harmony by the great lyric poet of our day, Mazzini's own Laureate. Dedicated to "my friend, Charles Dickens," this volume ought to be a literary treasure. We hope that men of talent and genius, having allowed this aspiring *tragédienne*, this modern Sappho, to use their names, and to pick their brains, when they wake to the exquisite fame they have reached by these means, will not be ungrateful, or think that they have any one but themselves to thank.

"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!

SCENE!—A homely-looking kitchen table, covered with meat, vegetables, &c. By the fire a red-cheeked servant-maid reading a cheap periodical.

SIMPLE enough—is it not? Nothing *very* wrong about this. A kitchen interior—a scene for low comedy or high farce, eh? Something funny about Jeames' 'aughtiness or Mary's romance. Wrong, quite wrong, for here you have the first act of a tragedy which begins in sin and ends in death! You look at the scene before you and wonder. "What is there wrong in this?" You ask, "in this or that?" You peer keenly into the details of the

picture and you can discover nothing offensive to your sense of decorum. The servant seated by the fire is vulgar, but what have you to do with that? She will answer the bell when her master rings for her, and will carry up the coals at the beck of her mistress. Quite so, what more do you want? The plates look clean and the hearth is tidy. Again, what more do you want? In fact you become quite disgusted with the Peep-show Man, you consider him an imposter, a shallow twaddler. Very well, very well my good friends, you know best. If you see nothing wrong in the picture before you so much the better. Unhappily for me I'm hypercritical, and what seems so good and innocent to you, appears to me horrible and devilish! You have (with all your cleverness) overlooked one important feature in the picture. Don't you see that the figure holds a magic wand in its hand? No, you don't; and what's more, you declare that I'm wrong, that it's hands close over nothing more than a halfpenny miscellany! Nothing more! So be it. And now, what do you think is included in those two little words "nothing more?" Misery, ruin, death! Yes, a thousand times yes! Do you know there is something very painful to me in the picture of this servant-maid. I've called myself "a Peep-Show man," and you may have dubbed me a miserable scribbler. In spite of this, the subject is very painful to me. You see one may scribble for one's bread, and yet have the heart of a gentleman, and I declare that no gentleman could see the picture of that poor girl as she drinks in deeper and deeper the poison that will kill her, without feeling cut to the heart. As I look at her with her earnest gaze fixed upon the sheet before her, I can imagine the demons dancing and singing upon her shoulders, creeping from under the pages and peering into her face, joining hands and whirling madly round her head. I see before me a picture that would delight a Doré to have to depict, a poem that would inspire a Dante to have to sing! I see the seeds sown of a tree that will bring forth the fruit of death! I see a body floating down the river, a soul drifting towards perdition!

SCENE 2.—*Lights, ghastly merriment, laughter without heart, song without tune.*

But one moment. Look quickly and turn away. Do you see that figure over there? Yes, in the tattered shawl and the broken bonnet. It is the servant, the vulgar servant you've seen before! Don't look at her face, though, or you'll cry!

SCENE 3.—*Under the bridge.*

Cold and dark and damp! The mighty town asleep, and only the tiny dirty wavelets of the river stirring! Scarcely a sound save the splash of the water as it beats against the stone. It is not a pleasant place at any time, but very wretched now in the cold night air. See, a few lights still twinkle in the distance, and the moon peeps from out the clouds and shines down upon the water. This is better; but what is this that is drifting to the shore? See how it comes nearer and then is dragged back, comes nearer and drifts away. The very moon-beams seem afraid of it, and shiver as they bathe it in their light. But it comes closer and closer with every splash of the water, and at last is washed on shore.

The same figure!

Dead!—Dead, with all her sins upon her head!—Dead, with her glazed eyes fixed upon the Heaven she had defied!—Dead, with her poor hands clasped over her still heart!—Dead, unforgiven, and soon to be forgotten—an outcast, and with but one claim on society—the claim to a pauper's shroud, and a place in the union part of the Cemetery!

Is she guilty?—Is this poor, ignorant girl a fit object for our denunciation—for our scorn? Must we call her self-murderess because it was she who jumped from the bridge—she who plunged into the water that waited so greedily to receive her? Is there no one who can explain why this miserable woman was so tired of her life, and so anxious to fling it aside? Yes, there is some one who can answer this and many other questions, but whose identity will be hidden until the day when infamy will be known as infamy, and sin as sin. Until the day when fools will cease to sing in praise of the "ruddy roses of vice," and will allow their estimation of the "languid lilies of virtue" to have been incorrect—until that day when justice will surprise, and the secrets of all hearts will be known—that poor, wretched soul will remain Waiting for the Verdict!



*WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!*

OR,

*"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE WORLD."*





## EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMS. OF A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

... OUGHT I to be a Special? Well, I don't know. Jawkins of the Treasury says I ought; but, then, Jawkins isn't one himself yet. He's going to be. Ah! I dare say. Of course I ought to be ready to protect my wife and children, my home and my hearth, my flag that braved, and all that kind of thing. But I think Sophia might almost protect herself: when she took the rector for a burglar, coming through the park that night from the Dubully's dinner-party (it was frosty, and Sophia prefers goloshes to the brougham on a frosty night—well, the fact is we don't keep a brougham and Nolamps had let all his clarences out on that night), she knocked the reverend gentleman down, though I had to apologize.

But of course it is the correct thing. We gentlemen of England have no right to stay at home in ease. Ease! and I don't know how to meet the Christmas bills. But of course the right thing to do is to be sworn-in. Sophia objects to swearing, in or out—but women are so illogical. Am I to be a Special or am I not? If I am, what good can I do? Good, indeed! I presume I can rally with the best; and if I do rally it will certainly be with the best, as I should not get much protection from the duffers. Good, indeed! Let the Ferocious Fenians come! Let the Irish apply! I shall be ready as soon as my new butler arrives. Livergills was steady and portly—decidedly portly, not to mention the sherry—but Sophia was informed by the maid, who had it from the footman, that Livergills, on retiring to rest, never would put out the light. "Put out the light, and then" (quotation rather apt) I put out the butler. My new man was gamekeeper in his younger days, and can crush a pewter pot in his grip. I trust he will not crush too many of my flasks of champagne. But, once installed, I shall be ready for the onset!

... Sophia has declared against swearing-in. She is not going to have her dear Alexander called out at night to catch his death of cold, and make every thing late the next day, because he won't get up at the proper time. Why, all the servants will give warning. Her Alexander's health is far too precious!

... That cook is rowing again down stairs—will I speak to her! Why should Sophia wish me to speak to the cook of all people? I have spoken, and so has Norah. Yes, my cook's name is Norah, and Sophia didn't know she was an Irish-woman. Norah had too evidently been treating herself, if not her friends, at some house or other more or less public. Norah was speaking in a most shocking manner of her mistress—let alone her master. I felt it my duty to remonstrate. Norah's reply was characteristic. "Ye think I'm dhrunk, now: divil a bit! But ye hate me becuse I'm Irish—I know ye do. Yes, but ye do thin; and I hate you, ye blatherin' idiot (*rather familiar*) as calls yeself masher. Go! No, bedad, and it's meself as will not go. Hooroo for the green!" Of course my dignity was being compromised, so I left the "young person" (so she was described in her character), and retreated. W 22, who, from information received, was passing shortly after, was attracted by smoke issuing in several volumes from the kitchen window. W 22 was admitted, and discovered that Norah was lying on her back on the kitchen table, kicking out the coals from the grate on to the floor. As several planks of the flooring were in a blaze, there is reason to suppose that the smoke was caused by ignition.

... Sophia is decided. I am to be a special constable. Well, really it is serious. You see Norah may have friends in the House of Detention; and though I am accustomed, after eighteen years of married life, to being blown up, I have no wish to see my front wall taken out and the interior of my house in the *Illustrated London News*. A great compliment, no doubt, owing to the hole in our side, but making one "More honoured in the breach"—(quotation singularly happy!) than one cares to become.

... Practising all day sternness of deportment and a general military bearing—Shoeblick's remark decidedly invidious that I looked like a Fenian—can't imagine why. Of course because I didn't have my shoes blacked. No, it's not a riddle. Let me see, could one make a riddle out of that? Why is a man who doesn't have his shoes blacked like a Fenian? Well, I must leave that to cleverer men than myself,—not that I couldn't answer it if I liked; but really such puerile futility for

a man who is about to take an oath for his country and his commonwealth, while that great enigma of the day, how to exterminate Fenianism? remains unanswered.

... Passed Norah in the street. My deportment stern and my bearing as military as possible on so short a notice. Norah's remark without point, that "Masters like that might thread on the tail of her petticoat." Can't imagine to whom she referred. Was glad she didn't resort to personalities.

... Purchased a life-preserver at the chemist's, I mean at the ironmonger's. At the chemist's took twenty drops of sal-volatile, my deportment not feeling as military as convenient in case of meeting my late cook on my return home.

... Hancock arrived; his waiting at table slightly suggestive of beating the covers, especially the pewter ones, but highly satisfactory owing to the display of biceps. I give Hancock orders to ring all the bells at three a.m. to give me an opportunity of judging of his punctuality and my own readiness for action. Retire to rest early. Sophia regrets her ineligibility for swearing in.

... The moment has arrived. I am about to appear before the magistrates. Don't weep, Sophia! It is a trial, no doubt, but not a judicial one. If I were going to be made a Mason I could not feel more—no, not nervous—solemn is the word which best expresses my feelings—at this momentous moment. Really I don't suppose that the oath of the flaming poker will be administered as on those occasions—I mean when Masons are sworn in. Ah! you are right. I ought to be a Mason, there is something so nobly charitable in that fine old institution. It isn't often Sophia gives me the opportunity of dining out alone. Masons dine together continually. I shall be a Mason.

... I will wait to see the effect of Special Constableism. That is a new word I take it, but eminently useful, and no one can hesitate as to its meaning. Will my conscience allow me to swear? Sophia says there is no harm, in the cause of patriotism. I never thought of that—I am a Patriot! I may find myself historical before long. I may hear myself spoken of as a second Wat Tyler—no, not Wat Tyler—by the way, who was Wat Tyler? Something to do with the Gordon riots, if my memory of Magnall does not fail me. The press will speak of me as the modern Joan of Arc. "*Arc! arc! the watch-dogs bark*" (quotation more than usually felicitous), the watch-dogs being of course the policemen jealous of my reputation—"Even at the cannon's mouth." (It would perhaps be better if I dropped quotations at present.) The solemn hour approaches. Before one hour has elapsed I shall be proprietor of a staff. I shall have the Queen's authority to make use of it. ... Hancock is without on the front steps. Our brewer is on the point of delivering an eighteen-gallon cask at the door. ... Not unmindful of approaching honours, and conscious of the necessity of caution—great caution on the part of Saxons generally,—I order Hancock to refuse admission to the cask, and to dismiss the drayman. ... That brewer's man was in conversation not a month ago with Norah, my Fenian cook. Who knows but he may have divided the home-brewed XX with that Gorgon, and filled up the cask with petroleum! ... I have done my duty. Sophia is proud of me. Will she not be prouder when I return—a sworn-in Special!

(To be continued.)

## PICKING HOLES IN COATES.

'BELGRAVIA,' which really scarcely does justice to the quarter whence it takes its name, has opened its chaste columns to a most malicious attack on the character of poor Romeo Coates. The most disgraceful imputations were freely made by the ignorant and reckless writer on Mr. Robert Coates' private character. These have been most perfectly refuted by those who were intimate friends of the late gentleman. This nuisance is a growing one: certain scribblers, whose utter ignorance of their subject is only exceeded by their presumption, haunt, like literary ghosts, the graves of dead men, more or less celebrated in their life time, and dig up the corpse for the purpose of defacing it. We are not surprised at *Belgravia* finding a place in its columns for one of these pieces of calumnious twaddle. We shall be surprised if they find a place for an apology. Why not, out of compliment to the author of "Circe," change the name of this notorious magazine to 'Whitechapel?'

### MILITARY REFORM.

It is not very pleasant, we freely admit, to have to pay an extra income-tax, especially on our now enormous profits, for the pleasure of chastising King Theodore; but there is generally a compensation clause in every measure, and it is certain that the Abyssinian Expedition will have the double advantage—firstly, of keeping in practice the delicate machinery of an army which in India may one day be called upon for heavier and sterner warfare than among the Magdalenes of Abyssinia; and secondly, of pointing out clearly the joints in our harness, the weak points, and the *frictional* parts of our machinery. Such teaching and such experience must be valuable at all times, unless neglected and ignored, which, with the light thrown upon all the details of the progress of the Expedition by "Our Own Correspondent" in the daily papers, is not likely to be the case now-a-days. But they are especially valuable at this moment, when attention is so strongly directed at home to this very subject—the working of our various and too numerous military departments.

The theory of this question has long been anxiously debated at the big office in Pall Mall. Able administrators have reported on the subject; able administrators are now employed to put into life and action the results of their considerations; and to them we would point out the advantage to be derived by a careful study of the operations now being carried on in Abyssinia. On the shores of Africa, and on the march inland, the two systems—that of the Indian Army and that of the British Army—are brought into close contact and daily comparison. It is true that for years past the Imperial and the Indian Armies have been amalgamated, in name, at least, but in systems not at all. In the Expedition against the Abyssinian Royal Jailer, the two systems meet face to face, and the extremes of time seem to meet also. The elephant that took part in the Indian wars of Alexander is there along-side the iron horse of Stephenson; the Indian dhooly jostles the Woolwich ambulance; and the saddle that has sufficed for the use of the Arab for a thousand years is pitted in competition with the latest improvement devised in the Inventors' Room at Pall Mall.

Surely there is good "learning"—good "practice" to be got out of these coalitions by diligence and study; and we hope that the new Controller-in-Chief at the War Office will thoroughly "improve the occasion;" and, sifting out the corn from the chaff, the practical from the obstructive, the useful from the ornamental, will make us all feel that our "extra twopence" has not only enabled us to vindicate our honour, and to increase our prestige in the East and in the West, but may also afford a good field of observation at the right moment to right good observers.

### PURIS NON OMNIA PURA.

WE are not in the habit of taking in any of those weekly pennyworths of unchristian and scathing rant that represent to an only too lamentable extent, the religious press of this country. This being the case, we must be pardoned if we have not got the name of a certain society quite correctly. Is there such a thing as the "Pure Literature Association?" Those of our readers, and we take it they are few, who do patronize the strictly denominational press of a certain type, may have seen some advertisement of this milk and water brotherhood. If they have, and our title does it an injustice, they must set us right. However, what we want to arrive at is this, there is some association, society, club, or committee, that has recently condemned that very harmless and respectable serial *Good Words*, with book, bell and candle. The plea advanced to justify this terrible sentence of excommunication is worthy of repetition. The Purists have flown at *Good Words*, on the ground that it is a publication of an ungodly and rollicking character, a verdict which at once suggests a question that may be put in eight words. What on earth is the "Pure Literature Society?" In the first place, is it a Christian body? We have never read *Good Words*, but we have always imagined it to be a sort of excellent, well conducted, and harmless magazine, that had established a wide circulation by promising never to be naughty. Is it so, a publication of rather as things go, a religious term, or are we wrong? Once more then, what is "Pure literature?" Has it anything to do with the *Confessional Un-*

*masked?* We should hope not, but it must be allowed that the term, taken in connection with its principles, at least as far as they can be ascertained from the fact referred to above, is vague in the extreme. The Society, however, whatever it means, certainly promises sport, though for the moment want of space obliges us to take a reluctant leave of it. In the mean time, we may add that we shall not lose sight of it, and this we promise. It shall be duly hunted up, and dealt with more handsomely on some future occasion.

### A NEW CONVERT TO ORANGEISM.

IT is said that the ex-King of the Two Sicilies is carrying on a secret correspondence with certain Bourbonists resident in Naples. The method employed by the conspiring parties appears to be, though thoroughly original, a little clumsy. Each letter is concealed in—a case of oranges! We have heard of "Pipps' diary," but this beats it hollow, unless, indeed, it turn out to be a covert and really sarcastic hit at that "re-peeling of the union," which Italian sympathisers suppose to be already cemented in the south of the Peninsula.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To use my second 'gainst its own abuse,  
My first maintains his gallant corps of blues;  
When tumults rage behold! this dreaded Form  
Rides on his baton and controls the storm.

(1.)

She often tells me I am this,  
I only wish I were;  
So nestling in my glowing breast  
I felt those fingers fair.

(2.)

See filled with heroes towering forms  
This strange ship o'er the ocean glide!  
A glorious band of robbers they—  
A king's son goes to fleece a bride.

(3.)

This term of reproach why old men do ye use,  
And sneer at the beards which to flourish refuse?  
Why is it a sin, pray tell me, that we  
Cannot help being that which yourselves long to be?

(4.)

Of all the pains that rack the human frame  
Those are the worst to which we give this name;  
E'en homœopathy is useless here—  
The Payne's themselves can not the sufferer cheer.

(5.)

Thou noble bird, king of the feathered Race,  
Who only can'st behold the Sun's full face;  
What hast thou done to man, that in his spite,  
He makes thee emblem of a tyrant's might?

### ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

#### LIVINGSTONE.

LIVING  
STONE  
LINE  
SONG  
TONE  
LISTENING  
TOIL  
LION  
SLING  
VIOLET.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—H. C. G., Cross-deep, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Your Loving Flute, C. S. (Surbiton), Bobby is so Clever, J. A. T., Calumet, Relampago, Macduff, T. Tattershall, Juke, Miss Lollops, Ermine and Woolsack, Torment, Singlewell, F. G. Renard, Samuel E. Thomas, Darby of the Squirt, Cinderella, Ernest, Dead as Mutton, E—Legh—P, and Hon. Sec. C. L. & P. S.