

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 53.]

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.

VERY LIKELY!

THE praiseworthy determination of Lord Russell to be at the head of every important movement, however prejudicial to his own interests or contrary to his principles, will probably in the Republican future lead to something like this:—

April 2, 1870.—A large meeting was held yesterday in Westminster Hall, for the purpose of supporting the bill introduced into the House of Commons by the Right Hon. John Bright for abolishing the House of Lords. Earl Russell presided.

The Noble Chairman rose amid loud cheers. He said that he was proud and delighted to see so vast a meeting assembled together in support of a measure which he had always advocated. Though belonging himself to an aristocratic house, he had always been a "friend of the people." If he had been anything else, perhaps the world would never have inscribed among its famous men the younger son of the Duke of Bedford. (*Cheers.*) He had always disliked the House of Peers. It was much against his wish that he had ever been made a belted earl; and as for his son, he need hardly say how odious the idea of any title, but that of Nature's nobleman, was to that exemplary young tribune. (*Loud cheers.*) He thought Lord Amberley had ever done his best to bring ridicule and contempt on that order to which he had the misfortune to belong. (*Cheers.*) As for himself, he could never hope to describe in sufficiently strong terms the humiliation which he felt when elevated to the Peerage. He felt it was robbing the Lower House of something more than prestige, or honour, or eloquence. It was like shutting out the light of the sun. (*Hear, hear.*) He could not do anything in the House of Lords but tease Lord Derby, and that was poor sport for such an intellectual giant as himself. (*Cheers.*) Then there was nobody to listen to him in the Upper House when he did think fit to speak, except the Wool-sack and the Reporters, and a drowsy Law-Lord or two. It was throwing pearls before swine. (*Laughter and cheers.*) Then the robes were so ridiculous. Such beauty as his—he spoke with all humility and modesty—was "when unadorned adorned the most." (*Loud cheers.*) The Father of Reform needed no gorgeous livery to add splendour to his appearance. (*Hear, hear.*) After speaking with similar modesty and good sense for about an hour and a half, the noble Earl concluded by proposing the first resolution, "That the House of Peers be abolished."

1872.—Second Month of the Spring, First Year of the Republic.—In the House of Assembly last night the terms of impeachment of John Russell, citizen, late Earl, were read, after which—

CITIZEN BRADLAUGH rose and proposed without further ceremony that Citizen John Russell be ordered for execution. He said the old man was a bloated aristocrat, and had sucked the blood of the people; besides, he was a Bore. They had better get rid of him at once. (*Applause.*)

CITIZEN RUSSELL rose with some emotion to second the proposition. He said he was perfectly ready to vote for his own execution, if it was the wish of the people. He had always held their desires and interests far higher than any petty selfish considerations of life or property. (*Applause.*) He was getting old—(*laughter*)—and perhaps no more glorious end could await him than to cement with his blood the foundation of true

liberty in this country. (*Approbation.*) After all, it was a grand thing to be executed as an aristocrat by the chiefs of that Republic which he had helped to establish on the tomb of the monarchy and the aristocracy. (*Murmurs.*) History would speak well of him. (*Cries of "Cut it short."*) They might let him speak, as they were going to cut him short for good and all so soon. (*Laughter.*) He should die with harness on his back, like a brave horse that long had dragged the State Coach. (*Applause.*) He had two requests to make: one was that he might be allowed to write a letter to the President of the Republic on the "State of Public Affairs," and to Mr. Deputy Bradlaugh on the subject of "Political Executions;" also, he should wish copies of his last speech to be printed and distributed among the crowd after his execution, and one copy to be printed on vellum and preserved in the archives of the Republic. (*Murmurs.*) He had nearly done. (*Hear, hear.*) It had been his humble aim in life to make himself one of the foremost men of the age, and he had succeeded. He hoped they would let him die with some ceremony, and that his progress to the scaffold might be through the principal thoroughfares, and on a platform sufficiently elevated to admit of his resolute features being seen by the ladies. (*Laughter.*) That was all he had to ask; and now, wrapping the mantle of his dignity around his majestic form, he would meet his fate with unflinching courage. (*Applause.*)

The proposition having been carried, Citizen John Russell was removed to the New Millbank by an escort of troops. He was sustained to the last by a noble fearlessness, and a just sense of his own importance.

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

THE CURRENT QUESTION.

Why is Mr. Disraeli's policy like Gounod's *Faust*?
[Prize: A Free Ticket of Admission (not transferable) to the Lowther Arcade.]

LAST WEEK'S QUESTION.—THE PRIZE.

We have great pleasure in awarding the prize (a seat in the Cabinet) to R. E. P.

Why is Lord Stanley like the Lion on Northumberland House?

R. E. P.—Because his *head* points one way, and his tail (the Conservative party) another. Please, I'll take Mr. Hunt's place! [Quite so—take it!—ED. TOM.]

OTHER ANSWERS.

FUNNIBOI.—1. Because he ought to be put down (a roar from a Radical). 2. Because they both keep watch over the *Percies* (*Purses*) exemplified in the "War Secretary's" case by the care he has taken to keep down the expenses of the Abyssinian Expedition. 3. Because, zoologically speaking, he is not an ass.

CYMRO CALL, OR THE "CULTURED CELT."—Because the lion has been on the wall, and Lord Stanley in the Cabinet; neither have seen things "*done*" on the "SQUARE" (Trafalgar).

COCKADOODLED00.—Because the first is a Dizzy Duffer, and the second (to look at) makes a Duffer Dizzy.

BROILER.—Because he can't wag (influence) his tail!

VI-TUPPER-ATION.

IT is certainly surprising that, in spite of a "Third Series of Proverbial Philosophy," lately published, Mr. Tupper should have so thoroughly ignored the common proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. His "first" should have been his "last;" and to that he should have stuck, and gone no further. Then he really would have attained a certain reputation—he would have provided the proprietors of every fourth-rate ladies' seminary in the kingdom with an inane and harmless volume, which year after year might safely have been given away as a prize (prizes are *never* read); and so he would have secured himself, in course of time, a nook in thousands of book-shelves, and a name made conspicuous by the brightness of the binding. But these limits were too narrow for the lofty aspirations of Tupper. He pants for mountain air and scenery—he makes his wings out of *three* series of "Proverbial Philosophy"—and then assays to scale Parnassus. Of course, he fares no better than other aeronauts; and now we find him struggling in a dense slough, into which his impudence has precipitated him. Like *Captain Wragge*, and with, in a moral sense, an equally "bilious green eye," Tupper has turned Quack-Doctor of Divinity! Tumbling—or, more probably, kicked—down the slopes of Parnassus, he has contented himself with a humbler position "on the *Rock*," from whence he periodically shoots his Lilliputian arrows, dipped in the irritating venom of Tupperian bigotry, against all who dare to differ from him. But this does not content him, and so we find that Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. have published a new edition of the Doctor's proposed course of spiritual treatment, entitled "Tupper's Protestant Directorium." With the doctrines contained in this *healing* publication we have nothing to do—we express no opinion respecting them; but as to the mode in which our cheap Quack prescribes for the public, we have one or two words to say. Of the "prescriptions" themselves, we will only observe that if they are as deficient in *good taste* as is their author's method of prescribing them, they will unquestionably prove a very nauseating draught to whomsoever may venture to imbibe them. The very first word on the title-page of the "Directorium" is evidently Tupperian—"The Anti-Ritualistic Satire"—just as though no one else ought, could, should, or might dare to publish any other such satire, save the great Proverbial Philosopher. This modest spirit is delightfully sustained—unity of aim and purpose is evident throughout; the synonym of nearly every line might be *self*. In "the original Preface" (why "original?"—no one else *could* have written it) we are told that "honest indignation produced these verses," and that they were "written off at a heat"—(this must mean that Tupper, the New Light, the Refresher of Nations, the Latter-day Apostle, so far forgot himself as to fly into a passion: for surely he does not mean to accuse himself of the sin of ever having been on a race-course!)—and he has "purposely not been at the trouble to recast them"—(why "trouble" to tell us this? Could a public, gasping for Tupperian nectar, murmur at the cup in which it might be proffered?—especially when we are told the reason)—"thinking that somewhat of original freshness would be sacrificed by so deliberate a process." If these were the words of any ordinary mortal, we should feel justified in paraphrasing them thus:—"I am tormented with a vile temper; in its worst paroxysms I have dashed off various lots of irritable balderdash, which I am heartily ashamed of, but I am so saturated with conceit that I am determined to publish what I have written. I won't attempt to correct it, for if I did, I know I should have to tear it up." But Tupper is extra-ordinary, and as he undertakes to teach and reform mankind he can, of course, know nothing of vanity or spleen; the nearest approach to such human failings is thus humbly and modestly expressed—"My righteous indignation and its very possibly indifferent verses." No, Tupper! You wrong yourself—you never wrote "*possibly indifferent* verses;" they were always, believe us, unmitigatedly vile. But—slightly to alter a sentence of this great author's—"such a theme as the infinite antagonism of English" common-sense "against" Tupperian twaddle "is simply inexhaustible; I only suggest touches:"—that, however, *we* certainly do not—we point to Tupper's satire, and cry most emphatically *noli tangere*; unless, indeed, one has a diseased fancy for wading through pages of spiteful bigotry, such as this pitiful poetaster offers in his "Directorium" to "England's heart and mind." This "heart and mind" Tupper defines as "good pulp within, but with a bitter

rind." We wonder whether we could define the mind of Tupper? Imagine the *Proverbs of Solomon*, Bohn's *Lucretius*, and *Bacon's Essays* thrown into a fungus-teeming swamp; imagine a peculiarly offensive toad-stool springing up over their resting-place; then imagine a gander with an enlarged liver, and decked with peacock's feathers, gobbling down this putrescent growth, and after his meal meeting his death from the kick of a jackass who had strayed from some clerical paddock. Next, believe for a moment in metempsychosis, and imagine the "mind" of this *improbable anser* retrograding into a human form: there you will have the mind of Tupper—very pulpy and very bitter—very religious, forsooth, and very vain—enjoying so sweet an amalgamation of these latter properties, that we can only conceive him on Sundays as praying and preaching his own compositions to himself, before a looking-glass.

THE GOLDEN PIPPINS.

THE *Jeunesse Dorée* of London is getting up a Club House, its head-quarters in Pall Mall. This Club is to be very exclusive, and the entrance fee is to be one hundred guineas. There must be some exhibition or entertainment in connection with the Club of an extraordinarily attractive nature to make the entrance fee acceptable to members. Perhaps there is a rare or unique library selected for their use. Perhaps they are intending to collect on their walls gems of pictorial art, or costly objects of *bric-à-brac*. Perhaps they are only going to be admitted to the honour of seeing a Prince in his shirt sleeves playing skittles at sovereign points. Anyhow, no candidate is to be elected who cannot satisfactorily answer the following questions:—

Matriculation Examination for such gentlemen as may be proposed for admission into the Club known as "The Golden Pippins."

- 1.—Have you been familiar at any time with any person under the rank of a Baron? and who?
- 2.—Did you ever employ any tailor but Poole? and why?
- 3.—Were you ever tempted to pay your tailor's bill?
- 4.—Have you ever been introduced to Mdle. Schneider? and how is it she is not by this time created a *bond fide* Grand Duchess?
- 5.—Did you ever demean yourself so far as to play pool for half-a-crown points? What sum do you think the minimum?
- 6.—What is the best translation of Paul de Kock?
- 7.—Can you imitate Elise Holt or Finette?
- 8.—To which do you prefer listening: Patti or the Great Vance? Nilsson or Arthur Lloyd?
- 9.—Can you remember any poem superior to "the Chickaleary Cove," unless it is "Walking in the Zoo.?"
- 10.—Which game is the most instructive: skittles or American bowls?

Walk up candidates and be in time! be in time! Only a hundred guineas! not to mention the yearly subscription! Champagne and truffles all day. Where is the Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*?

A FREE PRESS.

APROPOS of the promotion of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Napier, K.C.B., commanding in Abyssinia, to the dignity of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, the *Morning Star* observes: "Theodore is dead, and Sir Robert Napier takes the first steps to high honours over his prostrate body." What is to be said? Why are there no press laws, with fines and imprisonment, or even horsewhips, to meet such cases as these? They manage such things better in France.

A HOME-THRUST.—The failure of the spiritualist's assassination. By the way, could it be the spirits having a rap at Home?

PIPING TIMES.


THERE is to be another "Peace Congress." To a certain class this, no doubt, will be immensely cheering news, but to those who yet can recall the too famous meeting held at Geneva last year in the interests of brotherly love and goodwill, we fear the announcement will come very much in the shape of what is vulgarly called a "*dampener*." Of course it is impossible absolutely to define the moral nature of Peace as imagined by her votaries in 1868; but we are very much afraid she will be much the same kind of lady who was platformed in 1867. True, too, that there were names of a certain weight attached to the Geneva effort, for that terrible old humbug Garibaldi alone was in himself enough to draw a good audience; but what can be said of the promised manifesto that is advertised to take place in the coming September at Bruxelles? With the most perfect respect and amiability we ask, who on earth has ever heard of the *Rev. Henry Richard*? Or, let us go a step further and enquire, *who is Mr. Cooper*? Of course these two gentlemen are excellent people in their way, and probably famous enough in their own particular spheres; but what claim have they to be dragged from a comfortable and respectable obscurity, and hustled on to the theatre of the world to meet the sneer, the hoot, or the encore of millions? Unfortunately for these gentlemen a "Peace" Congress now-a-days suggests something very shocking indeed. Last year the world got well initiated into the mysteries.

"*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*," that was the motto at Geneva; and need it be added that the propositions, such as they were, were put and carried with a tasty relish of that delightful seasoning so essential to the success of large continental public meetings, which foreigners admire under the title of *libre pensée*, but which we less educated Englishmen call unmitigated blasphemy? If it be, then, not too late, we would strongly urge the Rev. Henry Richard and Mr. Cooper to withdraw from the enterprise, abandon their little meditated Belgian trip, and leave Peace to look after herself. Let them take our word for it, the Millenium will not be ushered in by a public meeting at which two mildly disposed Englishmen play an important part. Nor will a resolution or two passed in 1868, even *without* the broken heads and swallowed teeth of 1867, persuade M. Bismarck or the Emperor of the French to take to muffins and confidence. No good can possibly come of agitations of this class, while the amount of evil they are capable of propagating is measureless. French atheists, cutthroats, Italian adventurers, nobodies, gentlemen with everything to gain and nothing to lose, make but poor company even for British enthusiasts. The rag-tag and bob-tail of the Continent, the scum of Europe will meet the British delegates at Bruxelles; and, this being the case, the wisest thing they can do will be to abandon the whole thing without further consideration. Perhaps a glance at the following list of resolutions, to be proposed at the promised Conference, may assist them materially in arriving at a sensible and satisfactory conclusion on the matter. It is quite unnecessary to add that the movers of the resolutions in question appear to have been guided by a rigid adherence to the principles that found so much favour last year.

CONGRESS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE,

To be held at Bruxelles September, 1868.

N.B.—Doors, if not previously kicked in like one o'clock, to be opened at Three.

 To ensure respectability a small fee of two sous, which may be taken out in sticking plaster or medical attendance, will be charged for admission.

NOTICE.—Only 6½ pounds of gunpowder allowed to each delegate. Any quantity above this prescribed amount, which has been carefully fixed by a committee in council, will be charged for by scale. See Tariff.

Children *with* arms (loaded) must pay the full price.

To prevent confusion and disturbance Lynch law will be administered every quarter of an hour by a band of self-picked volunteers.

RESOLUTIONS.

(1.)

That the great deity of Chance, having created the eternal

destinies of every human being free, equal, and fraternal, it behoves mankind to rise against his too free, unequal, and too little fraternal neighbour, smite the oppressor, and, in the sacred name of peace, deluge the world in blood without further notice.

Proposed by TRIUMVIR SCAVENGERINI; seconded by CITOYEN LEBOSH.

(2.)

That Garibaldi be worshipped, elected Dictator of the Universe, and asked to become Honorary President of the Pothanger Debating Society.

Proposed by A BRITISH WORKING MAN; seconded by A MAN AND A BROTHER.

(3.)

That, seeing the evil condition of mankind notwithstanding that the great day of Armageddon has come off five successive times, this meeting do, with much groaning, resolve that universal peace be now declared, and that notification of the same be sent to the great apostate Lewis Napoleon, Count von Bismarck, and a few other august great ones who shall be selected at a special prayer meeting, to be hereafter held for the purpose.

Proposed by THE REV. MACPRYOR GUSH B.; seconded by A FEW SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

(4.)

That one *grand* knife be set up, and the heads of King, Que en Emperor, all rascal, be cut off forthwiz—at once—now.

Proposed by MONS. PIGOT, Prof. Acad. Par. 1848; seconded by MR. JOHNBRIGHT.*

(5.)

That no money subscribed at this meeting be returned.

Proposed by AN ANONYMOUS ENTHUSIAST; seconded by ANOTHER.

(6.)

That, in the interests of perfect harmony, the minority, after each division on each of the above motions, be hung, and that the majority, under the direction of the president, see that this resolution be carried into effect.

Proposed by A MEXICAN PRESIDENT; seconded by A FEW MORE SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

A "SPIRITED" ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE understand that the following articles (the property of a gentleman retiring to Russia) will shortly be sold by auction:—

Lot 1.

A highly intelligent dinner-table, accustomed to drawing up wills, deeds of gift, &c. A most faithful servant to his present master, to whom he is very strongly attached.

Lot 2.

A well-educated card-table, with patent electric hammer and wire complete. Can spell the most difficult words correctly, and has some knowledge of the rudiments of French. Very rare specimen.

Lot 3.

A cheerful and *rather* humorous hall-table. Accustomed to dancing and playing on the guitar. Can jump over sofas. No objection to old ladies. Fond of fun, and enjoys a *good* practical joke as much as any one.

Lot 4.

A highly connected kitchen-table, whose education has been somewhat neglected. Fond of good society and the aristocracy. Knows the Emperors of Russia and France. Never swears before ladies, and has a *penchant* for diamond rings.

Lot 5.

A poetical toilette-table intimately acquainted with Oliver Cromwell, Titus Oates, and the late Queen Anne. Can draw, play upon the concertina, and pick a pocket without coming within the clutches of the law. No objection to travelling, although accustomed to *home*!

* Supposed to be a forgery.

FELIX INFELIX.

It is not quite a year ago that we gave a little counsel gratis to Monsieur Raphael Felix *à propos* of his intentions to repeat the speculation he had just completed. He then promised to bring over his troupe in '68, and we suggested several alterations which might be practised with judgment and benefit in the French company then introduced to London.

Now M. Felix has just issued a prospectus of his intentions with regard to his lease of St. James's Theatre from May to August, and we are again threatened with the performances of Monsieur Ravel and of Madlle. Deschamps. Both of these artistes are a year older than they were; and at that time, as we did not wish to be impolite, we merely hinted that they were not as young as they might be. But we now ask,—why, when it is quite practicable for Monsieur Felix to engage tolerable actors who leave Paris about May for their provincial tours, and would be received with open arms on this side of the Channel,—why are we to put up with performers who are no longer engaged at any period of the year in Paris, and who are, moreover, by no means fitted for the plays in which M. Felix proposes they shall appear?

We objected last year to Ravel because he appeared in grossly indecent farces like *Le Caporal et la Payse*; and we see *Les Pommes du Voisin* underlined, in which Ravel can find plenty of opportunities to disgust any one except the "Girl of the Period." But if we must have him, let him keep to his *gros rire*, for which he is fitted—no one need go who is not fond of laughing at coarseness,—but in art's name don't let him appear in *La joie fait peur* or *Le Duc Job*. Just fancy Mr Toole performing *Romeo*, or the Great Vance singing Beethoven's *Adelaide*!

Madlle. Deschamps, who seems to stand or fall by Ravel's fortunes, has, like all Frenchwomen, better taste in dressing than is possessed by the fair sex of other countries,—at any rate infinitely more than is shown by our own actresses, some of whom will set aside all correctness of costume rather than miss an opportunity of showing some fancied graces, ignoring the sleeves and high dress of a certain epoch for the pleasure of exposing what was once a fine arm and shoulder; others heaping up silks on satins and yellows on blues, or playing poor governesses in court dresses. Madlle. Deschamps does not sin in any way on the stage either in dress or manners; but we submit that pieces played by Delaporte or Victoria are scarcely those likely to show her to advantage. In fact, we like Madlle. Deschamps when her name is Rose and she comes from the Théâtre Français; but that is not to be.

Now, if Monsieur Felix succeeds in what he pompously announces as "some important engagements now pending," which we hope may mean Schneider and the Grand Ducal Court (but which is just as likely to mean the celebrated comedian Monsieur Cabotin and the equally renowned actress Madlle. Ratenville), we should suggest that until such engagements are made, and some show of talent is held out, the prices at the French Play should be tariffed for the benefit of the inhabitants of Soho and Lestair Squarr, so that the exiled *charcutier* may have a box at his command for the pleasure of again indulging in *La Vie de Bohème*, or that the decayed *chevaliers*, whose unwashed faces we know so well, may take a lesson at a reasonable price from *Les Focrisses de l'Amour*.

It is really a pity that Mr. Albert Wolff, who gave us those amusing articles on London Thieves in the *Figaro* last month, is not here to laugh at the aristocratic audience paying ten shillings and sixpence a stall for what they in Paris might see better acted at the Batignolles for seventy-five centimes, or three-quarters of a franc; and when one remembers that Rachel has trod those boards, and Regnier and Rose-Chéri have been seen there in some of their best creations, one is surprised at Mr. Mitchell lending his support to the speculation. . . . After all, the rising generation sees such execrable acting on the London stage, and knows so little vernacular French, that all we have said will be considered as utterly unfounded and particularly uncalled for. There again we fall into error, for the Drama is really flourishing among us, and every young man or woman speaks French fluently.—*Ecce signum*.

EPITAPH ON THEODORE.—He sleeps at last who never took a Nap-here.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Lace*.—A needle's epigram: all the more valuable for the beauty of its point.
- Lady*.—An indefinite word used to define any one of the feminine gender.
- Lamb*.—Much admired as a husband, with plenty of mint sauce.
- Landlady*.—A person who is often wrongly called a lady, and has no right to what she lands.
- Language*.—A torrent from woman's tongue; a current from her eyes.
- Laugh*.—The bell which announces a pretty set of teeth.
- Legacy*.—The spice which embalms your memory.
- Letters (Love)*.—The tombstones of the past, with the epitaph "Here lies—"
- Liberty*.—What woman feels inclined to take if refused.
- Life-guard*.—Two yards or more of Household cloth, much sought after by nursery-maids.
- Lion*.—The animal of all others she prefers to tame.
- Liqueur*.—The feminine of cognac.
- Lock (of hair)*.—A cutting which carries a train of thought back to a past junction.
- Lordship*.—A ship few women would refuse to steer to the United States.
- Lottery-ticket*.—A marriage certificate.
- Love*.—The deuce of hearts.
- Lover*.—A servant who is never asked for a character from his last place.
- Luggage*.—The gauge of a woman's philosophy.
- Luxury*.—A mistress in whose lap one forgets the lapse of time and the slaps of conscience.

THE CHARITY MARKET.

At the present moment, though it is difficult to believe such a thing possible, a good round sum of one hundred thousand pounds is idly reposing in the hands of a dozen or so individuals, who are at their wits' end how to dispose of it.

It appears that the committee of the Lancashire Relief Fund have something over this amount still deposited at their bankers', and it is now more than three years since a single application has been made by any of those persons for whom the money was subscribed. Under these circumstances the committee have recently commenced to feel a little uncomfortable under their responsibility, and have even gone so far as indirectly to beg suggestions from the outer world as to the disposal of the heavy balance still resting in their hands. Notwithstanding, however, this open competition, the propositions which have been received have been neither numerous nor practical. The question of getting rid of £100,000, simple as it seems at first sight, on closer acquaintance is a good deal more difficult than most people would imagine. Somebody suggested that the spare money might be divided amongst the hospitals of the country, and the idea was hailed with acclamation, but somebody else argued that these admirable institutions were well supported by their regular subscribers, and that any temporary extraordinary addition to their funds might serve to divert their established incomes into other channels. So on behalf of the hospitals the money has been declined with thanks.

It is now stated that the committee have given up the question as hopeless, and, failing any other plan, have decided upon investing the spare hundred thousand at three per cent. until another cotton famine may occur: for, prosperous as business is at present, it is sanguinely argued by the members of the committee that the lamentable distress which existed some years ago may exist some day again, and then how useful would this money be to form the nucleus of another relief fund!

Surely this is a rather far-sighted policy. It requires a strong glass indeed to peer into the future, and descry a cloud or shadow which would betoken the recurrence of such sad events as are now happily passed and gone; and in the face of such an improbable catastrophe it is scarcely justifiable to allow a large sum of money, subscribed by charitable people for a charitable purpose, to lay idle pending such an unlooked-for

and unlikely state of things. The committee should exercise a little wholesome discretion. Let the money be retained for the present by all means, but for no indefinite period; let it be used for the purpose for which it was subscribed. The weather is warm now, and is daily becoming milder, but the cold nights of November are not far distant, and when the winter sets in £100,000, large as the sum is, will not go very far to meet those urgent appeals on behalf of the poor, the starving, and dying, which come to us as surely and regularly as Christmas itself. It is not only in Lancashire that distress sometimes exists, and ready as Englishmen always are to respond to appeals from all quarters, the time has not yet arrived for the establishment of a Charitable Reserve Fund. This would be well enough if the supply exceeded the demand, but as at present the demand exceeds the supply, plentiful as the latter may be and is, to retain a large sum of money for an indefinite period in the face of so much distress would become a heavy responsibility. It would be better to return the undistributed fund—to declare a dividend to the subscribers, and leave them the option of redistributing of their donations as they think fit.

*"THE SWEET LITTLE CHERUB WHO SITS
UP ALOFT."*

Bustle, bustle, little Russell,
Shove your tiny nose in front,
Cry out "I'm the man for muscle,
"I will bear the Battle's brunt."

Perched on Gladstone's brawny shoulder,
Chirrup loudly "A'nt I tall?"
Danger past, you'll e'en get bolder
And declare you did it all!

England now to lead her stronger
Heads and hearts, not Whigs, expects:
"Elliot's Entire" no longer
She'll accept for treble X.

Leave the spouting to your betters,
Beales and Bradlaugh's noisy batch;
Stick to writing perky letters,
There you'll never meet your match!

*FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.*

Magdala, April 16, 1868.

YOU have, of course, had all the news weeks ago, and possibly do not expect any further information from me, but nevertheless I mean to give you something by way of a finish. The Abyssinian difficulty being now quite solved—that is the expression—I start homewards at once. You know I have very nearly taken this step on three distinct occasions. Once, the first time I was stung by the *Sclepta-pedra diabolicalis* (the common tetse gnat). Again, the morning after a certain dinner with the 133rd to celebrate the arrival of Bracer with 5,000 mules. Lastly, for the third time, when we came in sight of this place, and heard that the late lamented Theodorus meant business. However, my duties as a correspondent were superior to all other considerations. I held on to my post, and here I am about to commit the last of my letters to the last mail for home. Am I reclining amid the smouldering ruins of barbaric splendour? No. Am I, you ask again, hurrying off a few pencil lines in the confusion of action, seated on a drum head? No. I have little or nothing heroic to communicate. I am not even one of the fourteen wounded. No, let me confess it, this Abyssinian expedition has been a very quiet affair after all, and for once, even the penny papers have been "out." Quite between ourselves (do not publish this) as far as I can make out, the carnage seems to have been quite unnecessary. It does not read prettily, does it, this account of slaughter on one side and a few scratches

on the other? The business was well managed, no doubt, as the issue proves, but one can scarcely call it glorious work. Perhaps you have not yet got all the reports of the attack as I did. Here they are, and see if you like them—on reflection.

April 15.

Magdala is ours. After a desperate resistance on the part of the enemy, and thirty-six hours' bombardment on ours, the place was carried by assault at half-past four this afternoon, at the point of the bayonet. The Abyssinian losses are roughly estimated at 2,500 wounded and 15,000 killed. We have one man slightly scratched. The troops are in the best spirits. All well.

April 17.

Magdala has surrendered at discretion. Theodore has blown his brains out. The prisoners are in our hands. The resistance offered by the enemy was desperate in the extreme, and our losses are already set down at fifteen wounded. Those of the enemy are considerably greater, nearly 150 to 1. We do not exactly know what to do next.

The two following versions may have more weight with you, as they come from foreign sources. It is only right to add that they are both slightly prejudiced.

From the Correspondent of the "New York Herald."

April 1.

"Wall, the British cuss has slicked in; O yas—he has. Not before, however, the darned niggers ketched well hold of his tail. Britisher's loss, 2,000, cut up into apple saas. John B. Theodorus and his platform—wall, call it 500 into smithereens. Gold, 145½; Midling Upland, 23½; Exchange in London, 87½."

From the Correspondent of the "Gazette de France."

April 31.

"Hoorah! in Anglische. *Perfide Albion* has one black eye. *Ma foi*, O yes. The *Nègòrés*, armed, *pauvre enfant*, with the *pop-gun*, has beat *les Boulesdougues* and their Sir Armstrong. Glorious! *Vive la France!*—*mais* to our *mouton*. At two of the clock they charge! They jump, they scream, they leap, they tremble, they push, they cry, they *turn-taille*! Ah! *C'est la guerre!* The *Nègòrés* he watch, he say the dam, and the fight is made. One shock! two shockes! it is finished. The *Nègòrés* with 3 *pop-gun* take the victory from *Lor-Napierre* with 5,000,000 *breesh-loader*! It is a second *Vaterloo*. *Vive la France!* *Vive le Canal de Suez!!!* *Vive les Messageries Imperiales!!!!* O yes!!!!!"

Such are the reports that reached me after the first announcement of the event, and I dare say they will have come to your ears already. You must, of course, take them for what they are worth, until you get some really reliable information, which I trust will, if it does not realise the French view of the matter, at least show that as little blood was shed under the circumstances as was compatible with the success of the attack. The question which is agitating everybody's mind at the present hour is what is to come of the British army. Is it to go home, or stay here, or what? Again, on this subject reports are rife in all directions, and it is almost superfluous to add that the French, who are the most jealous of our presence in the Red Sea, are not the most backward in suggesting the probable or possible bents of our future policy. Slopper—you may remember him, my scientific friend—who, by the way, has just turned up among the other prisoners, says that Abyssinia has been already purchased by the Government, and will be at once removed to the South Kensington Museum. This I do not believe, no more does Bracer. He, on the contrary, insists that it has been determined "at Head Quarters" to select all the most unhealthy spots, and erect camps upon them for the purpose of training our troops for service in the Mauritius and Sierra Leone. The American says he can see through our "plant" just as if it was "so much skinned isinglass;" but that is all he says; and when one comes to turn it over, it certainly is vague. As to my French friend, he is the most confident of all. "*Morge-bleu—blanc bec. Sacrrrrr*—but you are jealous of our *Cochin chine—Sacrrrrr*—"—and that is all he has to say about it. As far as I am concerned, I hope the whole of the British force, having accomplished its avowed mission thoroughly, will do what I purpose doing at once—my mission is done—I am coming home.

NOTICE.

On Tuesday, the 26th of May, will be published the
"DERBY NUMBER"

of the

T O M A H A W K.

The size of the paper on this occasion only will be increased
to Twenty Pages.



LONDON, MAY 9, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE present rage for inquiring into the religion of our public men seems to be a kind of reaction from our indifference to their morality.

It is said (we believe Mr. Home says so) that the great Spiritualist, whatever that may be, has been attacked in the street. Mr. Home has been pricked in the hand. We thought it could not be *in his conscience*.

THE Dairy Reform Company seems prospering. We are glad of it, and hope that they may succeed in making the milkmen walk their chalks. We are sorry that this Society does not include among its meritorious projects any attempt to infuse the milk of human kindness into the cream of Society.

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE is evidently a gushing young batchelor, who wishes to ingratiate himself with the fair sex. He really ought to be conveyed in triumph, on a car constructed of chignons and bloom of roses, from one end of the Ladies' Mile to the other. Well, as we have often said, woman owes her power to the injustice with which she is treated. And we are quite ready that she should keep one property at least to herself for her sole use and comfort—her tongue.

MR. CHARLES BUXTON'S effort to purge the debates in the House of Commons of personalities does not seem likely to meet with much success. It strikes us that a good deal of temper and public time is lost over these pot-and-kettle-drums, as we may perhaps be allowed to call them. Why should not the House set aside one night a week on which it might resolve itself into a Committee of Abuse for the purpose of mutual recrimination? Then on all other nights the members should be compelled to confine themselves to measures and not men. If Mr. Mill succeeds in enabling lovely woman to add M.P. to her other charms, some such arrangement will be absolutely necessary, or the discussions in the House will become so *personal* that all public business will be utterly set aside.

CONTRADICTIONS.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES writes to us to say that, though he favours muscular Christianity, he begs to contradict the report that he is a Mussulman; nor does he get up a private prize-fight in his own house every morning as a "relish for breakfast."

MR. LOWE writes to say that he is not an Evangelical Missionary; that he never was eaten by the savages when in Australia; that he never spoke in Exeter Hall in his life; and that he is not the author of the Ebenezer Hymn Book.

MR. WHALLEY is anxious to repudiate the accusation of having been met near the Oratory at Brompton, "clothed and in his right mind." He is not, and never was, an acolyte; nor does he carry a model of the Pope's foot in a glass case round his neck. He does *not* appear at Weston's Music Hall *nightly*; nor is he engaged by Mr. Vance to write his songs for him.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON did not invent the Wheel of Life. The accomplished Baronet most distinctly contradicts the report that he is a Shaker or the original "Dancing Dervish." He does not appear among the troupe of Japanese Tumblers; nor is he preparing an entertainment in opposition to Mr. Woodin.

LORD JOHN MANNERS begs to state that the report that he is a Mormon is totally unfounded. He never spent two years at the Agapemone; nor was he the real leader of the mob who tore up the railings in Hyde Park. He never followed Garibaldi disguised as a Jack-in-the-Green.

MR. ROEBUCK writes to say that he is not the gentle Gazelle alluded by Byron: that he did not wear female dress up to the age of 21; and that he does not have water-arrowroot every day for supper.

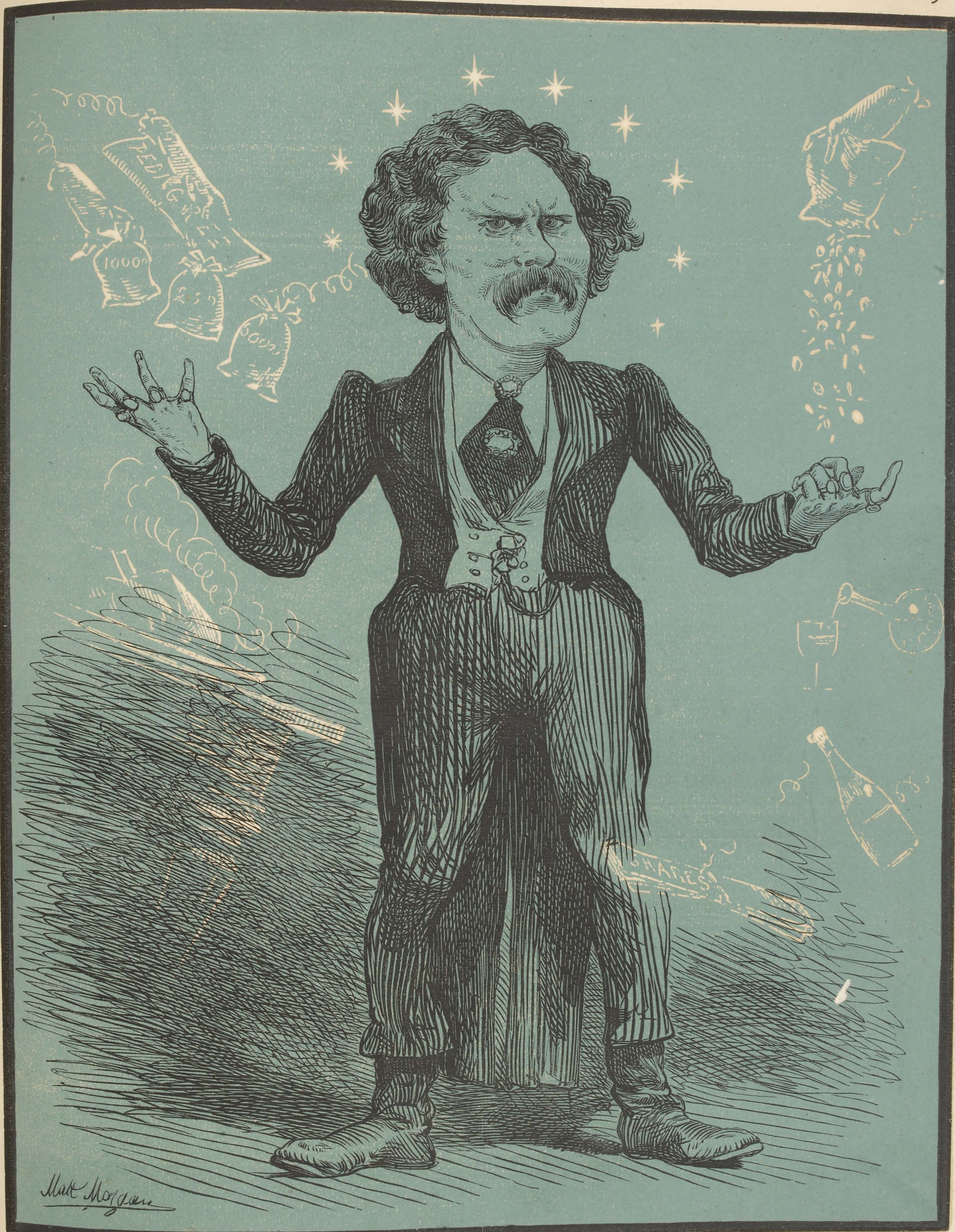
A RAIL AT THE RAILINGS.

WHY should the Board of Works take two years to supply a few hundred yards of iron fencing, which the nearest ironmonger would have sent in in as many weeks? What is to become of London if the most ordinary and necessary repairs cannot be completed under the time in which a private contractor would build half a dozen suspension bridges or construct an underground railway?

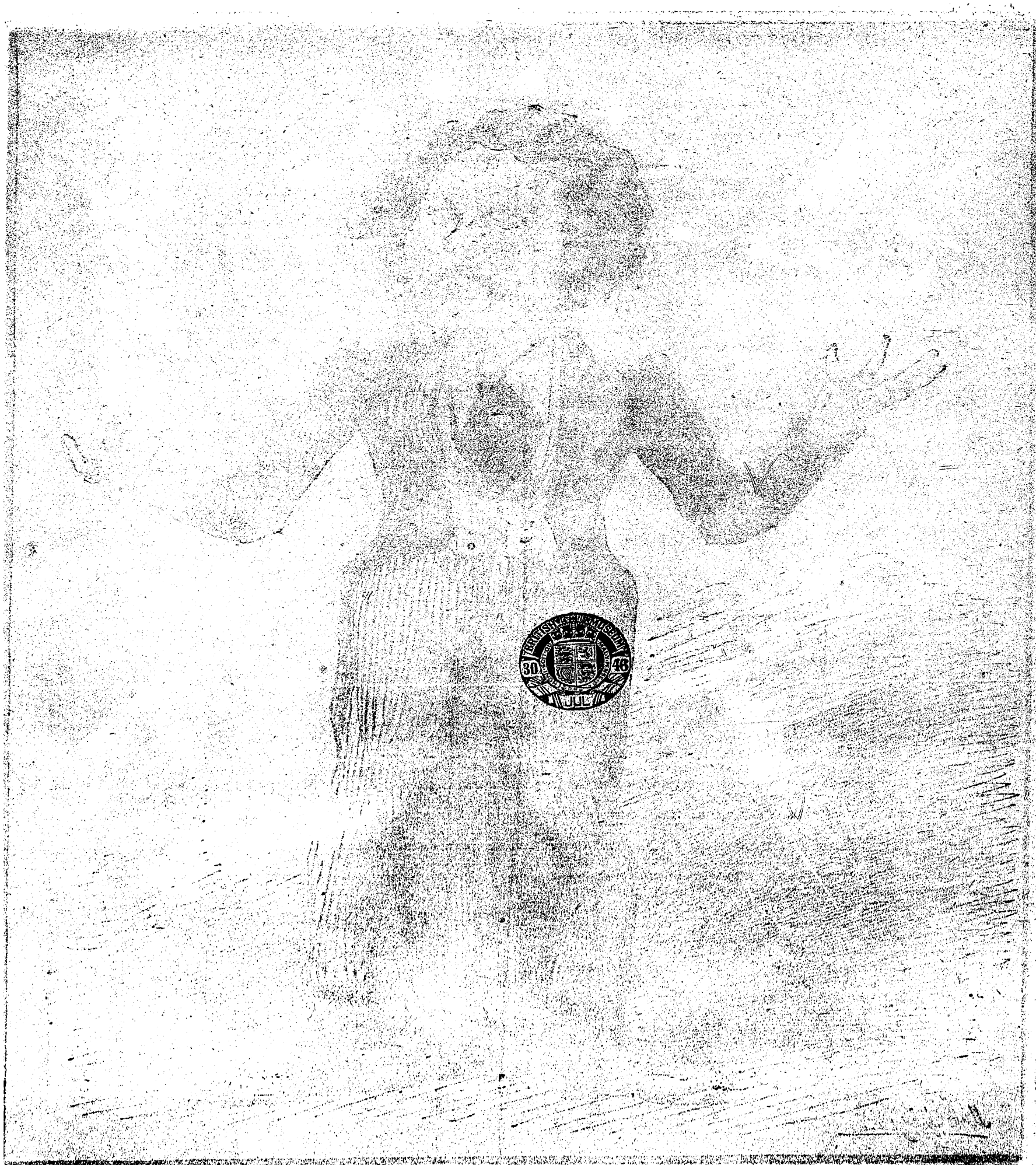
It was in the summer of 1866 that Mr. Beales and his friends occupied themselves with the destruction of the railings of Hyde Park, and it is now May, 1868, and the railings have not yet been replaced. Park Lane has been made a little wider certainly, and is now presentable enough; but the hoarding which has for nearly two years defaced the road at Hyde Park corner, still exists, and may stand there, an eyesore unrelieved even by bright-coloured posters (for bill-sticking is prohibited), for any indefinite period.

If the Board of Works take so long to do so little, what may we expect should any catastrophe occur and necessitate prompt and immediate action on the part of that august body? The ornamental water in Regent's Park where the lamentable accident occurred last winter is not yet drained away; and as for the promised improvement of St. James's Palace and the erection of a West-end General Post-office, there are as yet no signs of them even on paper. Perhaps if the members of the Board of Works were to cease quarrelling amongst themselves and would attend to their business, they would give more satisfaction to their employers, the British public. Whatever the Board may have to urge in excuse of the delay in repairing the mischief done by the Reformers of 1866, the delay is positively inexcusable. With so much wanton incapacity and helpless incapability in the directing body, no wonder that London is the most uninteresting, inconvenient, and behind-hand of modern capitals.

TRUE.—The conduct of one of the prisoners since her trial at the Central Criminal Court has fully proved her to be a Fenian. Remembering the verdict, she should change her name from Anne to In Justice.



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"
OR,
THE FRIEND OF THE SPIRITS.



THE PEEP-SHOW.

AT THE OLD BAILEY.

SCENE.—*The Central Criminal Court during a trial for murder. One-eighth carpet, red curtain, and soft seat (forming the bench) to three-fourths school-desk, form, and table (composing the Bar, Press, and public), to one-eighth plain, drapery-less family pew (confining the prisoner). Long windows (half ground glass) reaching from the ceiling towards the floor. Through the windows an extensive view of brick wall and leaden sky. Hats piled up over the doors of the court. Facing the bench a large clock, under the clock the dock, above the dock three bow-shaped galleries. In the centre hot stuffy air bounded on the North by the Prisoner and his attendants, on the South by the Judges and the City Magistrates, on the East by the Jury, and on the West by the Press and the public. A dead silence. Prisoner calm and bare-headed. Public excited and white-wigged, Judge solemn and black-capped. Text of the Judge's remarks to the prisoner—"You shall be hanged by the neck until you are dead!"*

A SOLEMN scene, my dear friends, in spite of the coarseness of the scenery.

Sensational? I should think so, but there will be a scene far more sensational than this when the Judge has had his say, and the Prisoner has had *his* say, and the Press has had *its* say, and the Chaplain has had *his* say, and last, and not least, the Public Executioner has had *his* say!

Believe me, the scene I have placed before you gains all its effect from the terrible tableau that you know will have to follow before the tragedy can become complete. If I had chosen another time I might have shown you the prisoner guarded by some genial-looking, well-dressed gentleman—on the best possible terms with his counsel and his solicitor—on a footing of intimacy with his companions in trouble. I might have shown you the now empty witness-box filled with a red-haired, pale-faced informer, boasting of his commission in the American army, and admitting that his evidence is a mere question of gold. I might have shown you the jury acquitting three of the prisoners and condemning the fourth—the man with the high colour, blue eyes, regular features, and golden-brown hair—not the white-faced fellow in the huge red beard and yellow-crowned head, nor the sullen, beetle-browed, deep furrowed man in the black curly hair, who stood beside him; nor his companion of the coarse vulgar face and grey-streaked beard, but the intelligent artisan who might have done *so* well and made such a name, had he but kept his hand from the death-dealing powder, had he but turned his fine intellect to other uses than the concoction of murder—murder aimless and foul. I might have shown you the three acquitted prisoners turning their eyes towards heaven, and leaving their companion to his fate without a word of sympathy or encouragement. I might have shown you the genial-looking gentlemen leaving the dock that their places might be taken by stern, powerful gaolers. But no! I prefer to paint this moment, when the Judge is passing the sentence and the Prisoner is listening to his doom.

I will not sentimentalise over the speech of the murderer, effective though it may be. Who can love or sympathise with the words of Cain? I will not lay a stress upon the "learned Counsels" and their doings—the labourer is unworthy of his hire if he earns not honestly his reward. I will merely tell of the audience. Yes, that is the word—*audience*! I see before me men and women who would have hailed with delight the appearance of the Gladiators in the ring, who would have shouted out "*Bravo tauro*," when the time arrived for the infuriated bull to gore the poor blind-folded horse to the very death! I see before me men and women who have come to pry into the face of a dying man—to laugh and feast and be merry as they watch the last feeble struggles for life of a miserable wretch doomed to the scaffold! I see this, and grieve that my pen should be *so* weak when my indignation is *so* strong—that with these *harpies* before me I have not the club of a Hercules!

But my scene is set—now let me attempt to describe it.

First for the Bench. Two learned Judges and a sprinkling of Aldermen. The Alderman seated under the theatrical-looking sword has a right to be there. Oh, I know that: so don't let me abuse him. It is the proud right of the wealthy cheesemonger, or the successful butcher, or the prosperous

grocer, or the "long-established" linendraper, or the "highly-respected" tinker, or the "well-known" tailor who becomes possessed of that gorgeous but highly ludicrous robe,—the Alderman's gown, to preside at the Central Criminal Court. Great heavens! how would the Central Criminal Court get on without him? For all that, we don't want more than one "worthy Alderman." You see if we have *many* of these noble intellectual-looking gentlemen seated beside the Judges on the red cushions, we run the risk of rendering the dignity of the Bench, to mere mortal men, almost insupportable! A nice, stout, honest, red-faced, expressionless shopman garbed in a purple and furred gown, and a pair of ill-fitting trousers, is such a *very* pretty sight at all times, but especially is it a very pretty sight when the nice, stout, honest, red-faced, expressionless shopman takes his seat at the Central Criminal Court, and makes believe that he is trying a human creature for murder! Oh! these Aldermen, these Aldermen, they are *such* merry wags—they have *so much* quiet humour! Near the Aldermen you will notice Viscount Crossbones. His lordship has been hard hit lately on the turf, and finds this "kind of thing" rather better fun than Newmarket. He is telling a good story to Captain Scull. You know Captain Scull, of course? Yes, that's the man; the firm supporter and protector of the Drama—and the ballet!

Let me see, who have we here? First, the white-wigged gentlemen with more time than briefs on their hands. I have nothing to say to them. They have a right to be here and should be here. I don't complain of the medical student who is present at the dissection of a corpse, or the sucking barrister who wears out his gown at a case for murder. Far from it—what *would* the world do without lawyers or doctors? Nor do I complain of the reporters and journalists—what *would* the penny papers do without "scenes in court" and "important evidence, this day?" No. All I wish to say is this: I find Viscount Crossbones and Captain Scull on the Bench, and I find men uncommonly like Captain Scull and Viscount Crossbones (but not so highly connected) in the body of the Court; and I say (with all possible respect to the aristocracy and the army) that had I my way, I would put on my thickest pair of boots and I would kick the Captain and the Viscount off the Bench, and their imitators from the body of the Court. And I say this, knowing perfectly well that "seeing a fellow tried for—what do you call it?—murder is, rather, fun." So much for Viscount Crossbones, and so much for Captain Scull. R. I. P.!

But now I must brush up my hair, and smooth down my collar, and look into the glass to see that I have a sweet smile playing upon my lips, because I'm going to talk about some ladies. *Ladies*, do you hear?—*ladies* listening to a trial for murder! There, I think that will do: so off with my hat, a low bow, and my very best air of politeness.

As you see, the dear young ladies in my peep-show they look very charming indeed—don't they? That one in the blue bonnet is extremely nice; and as for the dear creature in the white gauze and the pink rosebuds, why, she is absolutely *ravissante*. Quite so. And just the place for these dear things—a Court of Justice—isn't it? I'm certain, too, had you seen their conduct during the trial, you would have liked the charming creatures even better. Oh yes, it was *so* pleasant to notice these dear girls as they chatted and smiled to one another, and simpered when the Judge turned towards them, and wiped their lips after lunch, and took *such* an interest in the verdict of the Jury, and looked *so* pleasantly at the Prisoner when the sentence of death was passed upon him. Wasn't it nice that the verdict of the Jury should have been "guilty?" Oh, it would have been *so* disappointing had the unhappy wretch left the dock a free man! Why, had such a calamity occurred, there would have been no "emotion in Court," and no "black cap," and no "speech of the Prisoner," and no "sensation!" But don't let me dwell upon it. There is nothing in the world I dislike more than to see a lady disappointed.

In conclusion, let me say that as I looked upon the sweet faces before me, and noted their expression, I fully sympathised with the aspirations of Mr. Mill, and those who support the scheme for giving females the suffrage. Had woman only her rights, I am certain I could have found among those darlings in that Court on that day a score of fair candidates for the post of Common Hangman!

Psha! I weary of my sarcasm. Were all our matrons and maidens like unto those I saw at the Old Bailey, I'd cry from the very bottom of my heart, God help Mankind!

QUICKSANDS AND QUACK-MIRES.

WE have reason to believe that a pamphlet of an infamous and most insidious character is now in course of circulation through the country—a stream of pestilential vapour issuing from the “Laboratory” of a certain Dr. Robert J. Jordan, who may be consulted daily in a street leading out of Hanover square, W., between eleven and six. We give the man’s name in full, that the house may be known, and avoided, as one would avoid an open sewer. This Robert J. Jordan, M.D., evidently belongs to that family of vile quacks who batten on the fears of the unwary and inexperienced—and who, when once their miserable dupes have adventured themselves within the den, drain them as to mind and body, as to means and energy, by their extortionate threats, with the relentless tenacity of a *devil-fish*. The title of the pamphlet is positively unfit to be given in our columns. It describes a certain “chemical combination” of which this Jordan professes to be the contriver, and which he translates by the expression “The Phosphorised Nervine Tonic.” Now the title, being an Anglicised form of a Greek word, together with the style in which the pamphlet is written, proves that the victims aimed at are amongst the educated *strata* of society; and we therefore have the greater hope that by pointing out this abominable snare we may save some few at any rate from being entrapped. Were this pamphlet publicly exposed for sale (though in that case we believe its very title would ensure its immediate suppression) there would be no necessity for any one to purchase it, and one grievance would be so much the less. But the fact is that this poisonous emanation is enclosed in an envelope and *sent by post* to persons who probably have never come into contact with such moral pitch before, and who have it thus, *volens volens*, thrust down their throats. How far the evil may extend, it is impossible to say. The father may be from home—he may have left instructions with a daughter to open his letters—she opens this—a strange word meets her—the neat and attractive style of printing makes her curious to see what it is all about—she looks out this word in an English dictionary, and though she will not find this very word, she will find several sufficiently akin to it either to make her throw the vile print behind the fire, and wait carefully to see it burn out, or—and is this impossible?—a seed of evil may be sown—a vicious suggestion insinuated—and the unsullied purity of her young mind is *gone*, and that through no seeking of her own, but through the obtrusive filthiness of a shameless quack. Or, what is equally bad, and indeed in its remoter consequences, may prove far more disastrous still, the pamphlet may fall into the hands of the sons—and this is what Dr. Jordan seems to be intending—for the classical title gives a certain weight and authority, and stamps it with a kind of respectability—especially as the style of writing, except here and there, is slimily refined, and even rhapsodical. We should like to quote a sentence, but cannot; the *hoof* is too perceptible throughout. It is indeed just what the vomit of a loathsome reptile would be, who had lost its way in Holywell street, and in getting home again had crawled over one of the Rev. Ormiston’s sermons, a page (one of the worst) of the *Confessional Unmasked*, a Medical Dictionary, and a Complimentary Order for Dr. Kahn’s plague-pit; and had secreted certain properties from each—such a gallimaufury of theological and scientific jargon, profanity, and filth!

The question is, how can these nuisances be stopped? Not so very long ago, a publication similar to this was in a similar way obtruded broadcast through the country, quiet village parsonages being especially selected as fields for the sowing of these seeds of vice. If we can detect the man who sends us threatening letters we have a remedy. Is there none against the scoundrels who, under the garb of science, dare to assault our moral sense in this disgraceful fashion—who dare to *persecute* us by invading the sanctity of private and domestic life with these grossest suggestions—and who, by professing to be able to remove the thorns from the path of vice, encourage and engender it in its most repulsive forms?

Yes, there is, and must be a remedy. Would any magistrate venture to convict some score of indignant fathers, who with this pamphlet in one hand, and a horsewhip in the other, might choose to accept Dr. Jordan’s insinuating invitation, and consult him some day, or better still “daily,” from eleven to six—and who might refuse to leave the doctor’s “laboratory” until they had forced him to swallow several *ris*. bottles of his

precious “Nervine Tonic,” and had each given him a handsome fee in the form of a *liberal horsewhipping* as a *bonne bouche* afterwards. Some protection at all events is required against such unprincipled shamelessness as that we have been denouncing. If our proposed remedy does not generally commend itself, we earnestly hope that some one will at once suggest a better.

THE ABYSSINIAN ACROSTIC.

WE really are quite pained at the tone of certain letters which we have received from some of our—as we fondly thought them—jolly maniacs. We did hope for less asperity at their hands. One naughty “person” is really quite spiteful, and threatens not to take in the TOMAHAWK any more, and to persuade as many of her friends as she can to follow her example. This is very unkind to her friends. If she wants to punish herself for not knowing Abyssinian, let her; but it is a shame to drag her friends with her in her course of self-mortification. We appeal to our dear and valued correspondents, who have been silent: Is it our fault if people don’t know Abyssinian? No doubt our victorious army will, on their return in triumph, drag with them many captives, who will be happy to give lessons in Abyssinian for 2s. 6d. the hour; at any rate, they will be sure to bring plenty of Abyssinian dictionaries. We think our correspondents might have better employed their time in trying to find an answer in English, if they weren’t content with Mr. Rassam’s Abyssinian, instead of calling us naughty names. We really don’t think we are right to encourage them in their unreasonable complaints; but after all, we bear no malice, and beg to offer them the choice of the two following solutions. Of course, every one has heard of the steam man.

(When young.)	B Beales	S Snub	B (Take it.)
(Postman’s knock.)	R Rat-tat	T Tozer	R (A dog’s name.)
(Cool.)	I Ice	E Eli	I (The Arab Chief.)
(Mr. Reade’s play.)	D Dora	A Aminadab	D (Another dog, a good one this time.)
(Coffin.)	E Elm	M Mule	E (Of course.)

Is not that generous. Why, it’s as good as another Acrostic. However, we swore to take a mean advantage even of our friends, so we give this week a nice, appropriate, and easy Acrostic for our naughty ‘ittle popsy-wopsies.

THOSE who, when they can’t find my first,
Into my second fly,
Ought to be sent to bed at once,
And whipped till they do cry.

1. A little word, yet not a noun,
Which ne-ver goes to Rome,
But like a man who loves his wife,
Is al-ways found at home.
2. A stream that flows oh! far a-way;
But if you ask your pap,
He will, if you are ve-ry good,
Find it in the big map.
3. If you do know a nice good boy
Who has this nice short name,
Show him this verse, and you will see
Him blush to find it fame.
4. A bad, cross sort of wick-ed fly,
That does us dare to sting;
If he stings you, mind not to swear,
But say, “You bad big thing!”
5. A girl of whom you all have read—
Now was not she a dear?
When you do see the sun go down,
Then think that she is near.
6. If you do what you know is wrong,
And say it was not you;
The rod which all good chil-dren love
Will make you do this too.

Now then if you cannot guess this, I shall say that you are not wise. Good night. It is time for bed, Nurse. Say good night Pa-pa and good night Mam-ma, and be good, and do not cry.