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"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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THE LATEST MISSIONARY EFFORT.

THE English people have been lately undergoing the process of conversion to a great extent. Vigorous and earnest missionaries have been at work among them, and strange creeds have been propagated with astonishing tact and perseverance—creeds which, while we were loudly condemning them, have none the less steadily made head against every opposition. The old landmarks of politics and morality are being rapidly swept away by the tide of advancing intelligence: the old alphabet and the well-thumbed grammar of orthodoxy have been entirely superseded by new text-books. We have learnt that nothing is what we thought it was; that the old names, so familiar to us, with all their associations, the odours of the past that still hang about them, are all meaningless gibberish, and there is nothing left but for those who are young enough to set to and begin all over again, and for those who are too old to learn, to lie down and die in their old ignorance, still cherishing their old prejudices as the Truth.

This is no doubt a very satisfactory state of things, and a highly gratifying evidence of our national progress; but it is sad, very sad for those who have tried to carry the past with them into the present, and would fain believe that they can carry with them some part of it at least into the future. To learn that a Tory Government means democratic revolution is a terrible shock to these archaic minds, upon which bursts at the same time the revelation that the Honourable House of Commons is a sort of human bear-pit, with the beasts fighting for the bones; and that the high and mighty House of Lords is but a School for Abuse. But there still remained one stronghold of their faith: Church and State were both tottering from the open assaults of their foes and the secret underminings of their professed friends, but that pearl beyond price, British Morality, still remained intact; our mothers, our wives, our daughters, and our sisters were still miracles of purity; Society was gay perhaps, but always proper; our amusements were innocent, our dramas were still purged of all impropriety by the fatherly supervision of a Christian and a Lord Chamberlain. Those horrid wicked novels, and those more horrid and more wicked plays, in which everything good and true was turned into ridicule, and everything impure and false exalted and glorified, were written and read only by the French or some other dreadful foreigners. They would never be tolerated in this country; the men and women would rise *en masse* and hiss such pieces off our boards had anybody dared to present them. Alas! the good souls who believed this had not marked the signs of the times: the great work of conversion was quietly going on under their noses; missionaries from without were at work, aided by those within, who had long believed in secret, and now were not ashamed to profess their faith in public.

Pass we over the steps by which the glorious reformation advanced: how caterers for public amusement cleverly availed themselves of the progress of education, and proved the utility of our public schools by showing that their pupils really did manage to take away with them enough classical learning to know who Venus, and Mars, and Bacchus, and Jupiter were, and to appreciate the subtle humour of a pretty impudent girl, representing one of these deities, kicking her legs about in a breakdown. Then the Music Halls were elevating the masses; and comic songs, in which vulgarity just stopped short of indecency,

had become household words among us. Finally came the Paris Exhibition, and thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen rushed to Paris; they must of course live there "*ong Francy*,"—so, just as they drank claret at breakfast and took more chocolate than was good for them, so did they go and see some of those naughty pieces of Offenbach, of which they had heard the music, but not the words. Many were in raptures. "Schneider was delightful! so refined with all her vulgarity—so full of '*sheek*,'" as they called it, pronouncing the word with all the point which utter ignorance of its meaning could lend. Others confessed that she was very clever, but did not think it would do over in England; others pretended to like it, as they did absinthe, but the after-taste of both, they confessed to themselves, was not clean or pleasant; a very few saw what both actress and piece really were, and said—nothing. But the seed was sown, and it only needed perseverance to reap the harvest. British morality was already on the wane. The new creed would find plenty of converts in chaste England, if a proper missionary could be procured.

As the envoy is sent with presents to the doomed barbarian, merely to prepare the way for the general and his army, so was Finette sent before the all-conquering Schneider. The mission was, on the whole, successful. The stalls were crowded during the performance, and she reaped many honours. What if some voices were heard in execration of this *recherché* remnant of classical times? Finette paid, and it was evident that the sect was large and influential enough to warrant the despatch of the missionary-in-chief.

And so Schneider came, and appeared first as the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein, a vulgar edition of Catherine of Russia,—appeared before the most brilliant audience that ever welcomed any aspirant to the favour of the British public. Royalty, and every grade of the aristocracy except the spiritual peers, were present; and even they might have been present in spirit, if not in the flesh. The great apostle of the new creed was on the first night rather modest; she restrained somewhat the freedom of her gestures, and only introduced a few pieces of superfluous vulgarity, out of compliment to the English taste. The experiment was thoroughly successful; the professors of the new creed were in ecstasies; the sternly decorous matrons, the bashful, innocent maidens of England had received their great apostle with the most perfect cordiality. Alas, for the blind confidence of mankind! The great cause was destined to be betrayed by its greatest champion. Determined that her new converts should have their eyes opened to what they were really worshipping, she gave free vent to her enthusiasm; she carried shamelessness to its extremest limits, and absolutely frightened away some of the more timid spectators, who were on the point of falling down before the new divinity. This was the first check which the victorious proselytizers received.

It is difficult to speak too highly of Schneider's honesty, and of her noble truthfulness. She could lend herself to no artifice. *La Belle Hélène* gave her the opportunity which *La Grande Duchesse* but imperfectly afforded. She seems to have said to herself, "These foolish English have been told to fall down and worship me; they have been told that I am full of '*esprit*,' of '*verve*,' and what not; that they really ought to bring their daughters, their sisters, their wives, to see me. Poor fools! they always do what they are told. They *shall* see me without any mist of fascination, without any veil of elegance to hide the real coarseness of my performance; they do not understand the language in which I play, therefore I will make my meaning

plain by my gestures. What before I suggested, I will now describe in action. They shall not be able to say that, dazzled by my wit or by my grace, they did not clearly see what it was they were applauding."

Bravely she fulfilled her purpose. It was possible even to invest such a vulgar "travestie" as *La Belle Hélène* with a sort of spurious refinement which might have blinded people to the gross indecency of the plot and dialogue. But Schneider resisted the temptation; she showed to the noble and the pure ladies there assembled such a portrait as probably they had never before had the opportunity of admiring. Well might the parents and husbands steal doubtful glances at one another's faces; well might their daughters and wives seek refuge behind an astonished stare, or a sickly smile of idiotic vacancy. But we must not wrong the audience by inferring that such conduct was at all general. No! there were scores of women who watched with eager and delighted faces every movement of *La Belle Hélène*. Such gigantic strides has the new religion made in this age of enlightened progress! It is possible that the new Gospel of Indecency may not be so popular as its predecessor. We shall owe it to the courageous frankness of Mdle. Schneider if it dawns upon the minds of the ornaments of Society that they really *will* be compelled to blush if they go on assisting at such talented representations. Royalty was absent on Monday night; but on Tuesday night they shed the glory of their presence once more on the goddess of the nineteenth century. Let the heads of families devote their holidays to the study of so interesting a religion. Let us by all means awake and be joyful; let us forget the musty precepts of purity and decency which we have been taught in our dreary old churches. Let us grasp the beautiful creed, let us worship the beautiful goddess that Imperial France has sent us. But, for heaven's sake, let us hear no more of British Morality.

COMIC FRENCH.

MY DEAR "PUNCH,"—It is probably an age since you went abroad—though going abroad would not make you more at home in a foreign language—but it is no reason because you stay at home coddling your rheumatism that you should prove your great ignorance of the French language. You really should rub up your dictionary, which has been mislaid for so long a time; and then if you occasionally have a happy thought you will be able to express it, we hope and trust, as happily, without making the public acquainted with your want of modern education. However, as it is thirty years since you were brought up, you may have forgotten much by this time.

Without going farther back than your last number, may we ask what on earth you mean by *chique* (sic)? "*Chiquer*" is to chew tobacco, and *chique* would be what sailors call a "quid." How this word is applicable to Mdle. Schneider it is difficult to imagine, though we have no doubt that she would be quite up to a *quid pro quo*, did you address your remarks to her in her native tongue; but that is evidently an improbability about which it would be futile to speculate.

By the way, on looking at the context we see you mean "*chic*"—don't forget the word, old fellow, "*CHIC*"—which has not the same pronunciation as the word you use for it. *Chic* of course you mean, the signification of which may be translated by many words, but scarcely one. *Chien* may be well translated by "*go*," but the other word is usable in many different ways—*smart, swell, style, knowing, plucky, the real thing, et hoc genus omne*.

We remember with pleasure an actor who performed *General Boum* in Paris, by name Couderc, who knew how to be a buffoon, and not a particularly clean buffoon when he was in the humour, but who no doubt, or he would not have given us pleasure, had a great deal of talent for quiet drollery, and in this part was inimitable; but you, my dear *Punch*, speak of one "Kouder." Ah! we see; you are kind enough to show us how to pronounce his name. Why didn't you write it "Koodare" while you were about it?

By the way, while you rub up your French, do give yourself the trouble, in spite of the heat, to look into your *Lemprière* and see whether *Leda* is spelt with a diphthong; you are always right, but *LÆDA* does not look *chique* by any means. And some of your young friends have been at college, *Punch* dear, haven't they? On reflection it strikes us you had a trip last January abroad: certainly you gave us some Evenings from Home at the French Theatres. We didn't say anything at the time, for after

all it really doesn't signify; but you put some queer French into the mouths of some Parisians supposed to be conversing at a masked ball, or some place of that kind. It is too sultry to look through the back numbers, and between you and ourselves we should scarcely care to waste the time, even if we wanted to warm our fingers, but you should be more cultivated, you should indeed. You won't do it again! All right, let us have some iced shandygaff at the club! At *our* club. There would be sure to be some "foul play" at yours.

CORRUPTING GOOD MANNERS.

THE Elder Brethren of the Trinity House are sad dogs. When seamen arrive at a certain age, and attain a certain position in the world, they should abandon those vices which unfortunately are incidental to their otherwise honourable calling of master mariners: at all events they should cease to glory in them. *Apropos* of the banquet at the Trinity House last week, at which the Prince of Wales, half the Ministry, and all the great people left available in London were present, the *Court Newsman*, in his report of the proceedings, gives the following item of intelligence:—

"Prior to the dinner, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, as Master of the Corporation, swore an oath according to the usual custom."

It is an admitted fact that sailors of the old school possess in a high degree the terribly low habit of making use of bad language, but we have always understood that in the young school of the present day the pernicious custom is out of fashion. All persons who know anything about the private life of our Princes must be aware how incapable any of their Royal Highnesses are of making use of expressions, the propriety of which could be called in question by the most fastidious moralist. It is a great pity, therefore, that the Duke of Edinburgh should suffer himself to be led astray by a body of old gentlemen, who should be sufficiently respectable to know better.

A TOWN CRIER.

LORD NAPIER of Magdala has created a sensation in the very fullest acceptation of the term. We do not refer to the occasions of his visit to the Crystal Palace or of his presence at the Wimbledon Review. These events, it is true, served as channels for the pouring forth of the exuberant enthusiasm of some hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, but it was on the day of the General's visit to the City that his immense popularity achieved its greatest triumph.

It should be understood that the "freedom" which was conferred on the gallant nobleman on Wednesday last is in itself no trifling gift. It can neither be forwarded to its destination by the intervention of the Parcels Delivery Company, nor be sent to its recipient by the aid of a penny postage-stamp. The "freedom" must be fetched away in *propria persona*, and even then it requires the presence of the whole body of civic dignitaries to transact the business necessary to the occasion.

It was from a private gentleman from the ranks of the goodly array of honest citizens who met together to do honour to the last new hero that his Lordship received the most touching assurance of the national gratitude. People have shouted, and hurrah'd, have waved handkerchiefs, tossed hats, and smashed umbrellas in ecstasy at a sight of the victorious General, but the City Chamberlain is the first person who has cried over him.

In the reports of the City Chamberlain's speech on the occasion referred to (which, strange to say, was not eloquent, being as a speech somewhat below the average of such addresses), the newspapers state that the words of that worthy official were constantly interrupted by his deep emotion. What more can the General wish or hope for beyond this? The recollection of monster gatherings and magnificent fireworks must have seemed to him but puny demonstration when he beheld a worthy citizen, whom he had never seen before in his life, and who, on his part, had probably not heard of Sir Robert Napier a twelve-month ago, blubbing at the honour of being permitted to talk about him.

We do not know who the City Chamberlain may be, but he certainly should be put on the entertainment committee next time we have a Belgian reception or a Sultan's visit.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

PROLOGUE.

OVID'S Heroical Epistles give
 The pattern for my verse, except that I
 In mine shall tell a tale consecutive,
 Whilst his are but a letter and reply.
 This diff'rence too there is, that his will live,
 Whilst mine, just as 'undoubtedly, will die.
 Did I not really think, I would not say, so.
 But I am no one—he was Publius Naso.

My programme's brief. The *dramatis personæ*
 Will be a most sweet maiden, dam, and sire ;
 A worthless vagabond with lots of money,
 And a poor devil with a heart and lyre ;
 Two minor correspondents, either funny
 Or grave, as the occasion may require.
 The scene—now, London—now, a mansion hoary.
 The characters themselves will tell the story.

EPISTLE I.

From Florence to Erica.

Dearest Erica, O such glorious news !
 All is arranged. We go at once to Town.
 Mamma at length has carried all her views,
 As she explained them, when you last were down.
 For weeks, Papa most flatly did refuse,
 But, though he still, at times, affects to frown,
 Has quite giv'n in, and list'ning now to reason,
 Taken a house for the entire season.

I never was in London, as you know ;
 And think ! I shall be there to-morrow night !
 But this, remember, must no farther go,
 As for a week I shall be lost to sight,
 Having no dresses, either high or low,
 Save such as, there, would make me look a fright.
 Here, nothing can be got. Our country milliner,
 Mamma declares, was really slowly killing her.

There, everything is perfect, I suppose ;
 Therefore, until my wardrobe be completed,
 Or nearly so, I must not show my nose.
 But *you*—you know how warmly you'll be greeted,
 Although I may not yet have got my clothes.
 Eight-forty is our train. Now, why not meet it ?
 We should arrive at fifty past eleven,
 And seeing you, Erica, will be heaven.

I cannot write coherently, my head
 Is swimming so with hopes, and fears, and fancies ;
 'Tis not a bit of use my going to bed,
 For of a wink of sleep there not a chance is.
 I picture to myself all I have read
 Of flow'r-shows, morning concerts, dinners, dances,
 The Opera, the Park, the Drive, the Row,
 Until I scarce believe we are to go.

I sit and wonder what I shall like best
 Of all the things in Town. I rather shrink
 From the idea of dinners : when one's dressed,
 One does not eat, nor, dressed or undressed, drink.
 But London balls ! I only tremble lest
 They should not be as charming as I think.
 Some girls abuse them ; is it they are spiteful ?
 For somehow I feel sure they are delightful.

Of course we take our horses, and my bonnie,
 Bright, bounding Sunshine is to go as well.
 So brisk and yet so gentle ! When I'm on, he
 Answers my voice, even as your hand a bell.
 I would not part with him for any money,
 Though scores of men implore Papa to sell.
 Indeed, I own I am so wild about him,
 I doubt if I would go to Town without him.

But other things there are, which I must leave
 Behind, for which, despite my joy at going,
 I cannot help, Erica dear, but grieve,
 Now that soft winds and springtide airs are blowing.
 It makes me almost wish for a reprieve
 When doves coo, and I hear the river flowing ;
 And when the cuckoo calls in exultation
 I feel a something more than hesitation.

For I shall miss the nightingales this year
 (I hope you do not think me very silly) :
 I do so love their liquid notes to hear
 In the deep twilight, when all else is stilly.
 And then my soft-eyed, beautiful young deer,
 Sent me, you recollect, by cousin Willie ;
 It seems so cruel, leaving a poor fawn
 All by itself on a deserted lawn.

Fancy ! Papa proposed it should be sold,
 Or sent to join the others on the fells !
 Since you were here I bought a chain of gold,
 And hung its pretty neck with tinkling bells ;
 And it has so domestic grown, and bold,
 It comes into my boudoir. My heart swells
 With pain at leaving it. But what's the use ?
 I fear I am a silly little goose.

You see I've been accustomed, all my days,
 To live this country life amongst my pets ;
 So, surely, at the parting of the ways,
 I am not wrong to feel some weak regrets ?
 But, by the way, what's a good place for stays ?
 And are the chignons ever worn in nets ?
 And, 'Rica, Willie says the girls all paint.
 It can't be true ? Indeed, I'm sure it ain't.

He also says—I think you'll ask, what next ?—
 He too shall be in London for the season ;
 Though, *entre nous*, I know he's sadly vexed,
 And deems *my* going little short of treason.
 Papa adheres, as ever, to his text,
 And looks on Willie as bereft of reason.
 But when a man's a genius and a poet,
 Strangers but rarely, and friends *never*, know it.

I wish that you could see the witching view
 Which stretches out before me as I write !
 The grass so green, and oh ! the sky so blue,
 And all the trees in Spring's first livery dight,
 So soft in outline, subtle so in hue,
 And the young lambs skipping with mad delight ;
 Whilst the free lark divides his ample pæan
 'Twixt mortal ears and the far empyrean.

'Twas Willie taught me first to love these things,
 And I shall *always* love them ; but I do
 Find him unjust when fiery scorn he flings
 On all besides, and says that false and true
 We jumble up, and so we lose our wings.
 Now this, I think, is nonsense ; do not *you* ?
 I worship sunsets and admire a sonnet ;
 But yet, I own, I dearly love a bonnet.

I hear that tiny ones are all the fashion,
 Which just will suit my stupid little head ;
 And mantles with a sort of belt or sash on,
 Tight round the waist, are coming in instead
 Of ugly loose ones. But my great, *great* passion
 Are those short skirts of which I just have read.
 And do you know—I'm *certain*, too, she meant it—
 Mamma declares I ought to be presented.

Well, really now, I must conclude my letter,
 Which, were I not so foolishly excited,
 A trifle longer should have been, and better.
 I do assure you, I could scarcely write it ;
 Moreover, you already were my debtor.
 But that is nothing. Shan't I be delighted
 On seeing you to-morrow ? So, to end,
 Being Erica's ever-loving friend.

THINKING EVIL.

EVERYBODY has heard of a certain devotee of high art, who, as the French say, *pour conserver la morale*, dressed up a lot of statues in longcloth and calico. Has everybody, however, heard of the doings of the "General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church" in Ireland? Possibly not; but their capacity for nasty-niceness gives them a sort of claim on the attention of all who are interested in hooting down this sort of snobbery in whatever shape it happens to crop up.

It appears that the Irish Commissioners of National Education, after having taken immense pains with the revision of their school books, have yet managed to fall foul of the "General Assembly" in question. Space would be wasted in recapitulating the objections which have been taken by this pure-minded body to various works, passages, and lines published under the sanction of the Commissioners. Their worth, however, may be estimated from the fact that the expression "By Jove!" is denounced as a "profane exclamation," while "Yarrow" is condemned on the plea that "the advanced pupils of the national schools will, many of them, learn love songs soon enough, and extensively enough," without such a stimulus. It will be seen that, at this rate, our old friend Dr. Blair himself would turn out a sorry old reprobate, and prove almost as dangerous in an infant school as Don Juan or one of Mons. Sardou's comedies. Doubtless the powers of a Presbyterian General Assembly approach the inexhaustible as nearly as is compatible with their earthly exercise. Yet even the well of nasty-nice refinements may have suffered from the recent drought, and, like everything else, run dry in consequence. The genius of the gentlemen who think wicked and pernicious things, and suppose that everybody else, school children especially, are equally prone to fly at the naughty and disreputable side of everything, may therefore have come to a sudden halt. This would be fatal to their prestige, so let them by all means take courage and pick up a hint or two from a few "suppressions" which are here most confidently subjoined:—

- (1.) "*All hail, Macbeth!*"—Addressed by the witches to Macbeth, to be altered to some less pernicious form of greeting, such as "How do you do?" "Good morning," &c., &c. "All hail" suggesting the *public-house*, with all its associations of drunkenness, debauchery, vice, theft, and murder.
- (2.) *Aunt Femina's Little Fables for Little Children*.—The story entitled "The Young Wolf and its Dam" to be utterly expunged.
- (3.) *The Pilgrim's Progress*.—The man with the muck-rake to be cut out, on account of the naughty, wicked, libertine thoughts suggested by the title of his implement. Giant Pope also to be greatly reduced, his size being far too complimentary.
- (4.) Geography to be subject to a searching investigation, and in the meantime the river *Dee* to be ignored on account of the connection of the celebrated medical man of that name with the —.

Boulogne to be the capital of France in consequence of the disgraceful conduct of *Paris* over the apple.

Several unmentionable Dutch towns to be cut in half.

All *seas*, especially inland ones, to be referred to as little as possible, on account of their episcopalian tendencies. The *Ural* or *Ooral* Mountains to be ignored on account of their intimate connection with a refrain of a very Bacchanalian character, &c., &c., &c.

And a good deal more to the same effect!

Seriously, why does not some sober member of the Presbyterian General Assembly rise up and denounce such disreputable twaddle as this?

ANOTHER POEM BY MILTON.

THE following poem has been forwarded to us by a learned gentleman, who says that he discovered it inside the lining of a four-wheel cab which took him to the station after dinner. It was written on the fly-leaf of a "Bradshaw's Guide," dated 16— something or other. We have read the verses ourselves, but decline to offer an opinion concerning their merits, as we prefer to allow our readers to come to their own conclusions

anent the views of our esteemed correspondent. He advances the following arguments in proof of its authenticity:—

- (1.) The antiquity of the vehicle in which he found it, which, he says, could never have been cleaned since the days of Milton.
- (2.) That the driver's name was John, and might have been Milton.
- (3.) That Milton knew Greek.
- (4.) That if he didn't, he ought to have.
- (5.) The initials, or rather two-thirds of them, are decidedly Milton's. (May not W. be short for "written by?")
- (6.) That Milton was in the Long Parliament, and therefore knew what it was to be kept in London during the hot weather.
- (7.) If Milton did not write it, he should like to know who did?

ODE TO THE COUNTRY.

Who would not fly
From London in July,
Where underneath a coppery sky,
Like crust of pie,
We miserable mortals bake and fry,
'Οτοτοτοι, 'Οτοτοτοι?

Ai ai, ai ai,
I can but faintly sigh!
Fain would I cry;
But as they ooze from out my sun-bleared eye,
The dusty tear-drops shrivel up and dry!
Nor drug, nor dye
That Rachel can concoct, or wealth can buy,
Can save my scorched face from looking like a Guy!

Oi με, oi με,
How gladly would I be
Beside the iodine-distilling sea!
Or 'neath suburban tree
Smoke solitary pipes and sip the fragrant tea.

Ai ai, ai ai,
Or further hie,
With artificial fly,
To blubbering rills and sneezing streams, and try
Unconscious of their savoury destiny
The timid trout to take, and teach them how to fry!

Ti ti;
Oh why?
Should business tie,
Or duties Parliamentary,
Or, worse than all, that hag Society,
Upon whose altars victims, once so spry,
Grow moist and limp, then steam, perspire, and die;
Why should these keep us here in hot captivity?
Ti ti;

Τυπτόμεθα.
But stay, oh stay!
Are there not all the weekly bills to pay?
And duns, dense dunces, clamouring at delay?
Oh nay! oh nay!
E'en duns themselves to Margate wind their way;
I, to appease them, will no longer stay,
But pack my carpet-bag, and fly from town to-day.

W. J. M.

WANDERING MAHOMEDANS.

THE French Exhibition of 1867 amongst its many influences on the times, has certainly done something to upset the sentimental theory that there is no place like home. At all events it would appear, to judge from the recent proceedings of many of the Royal personages who quitted their kingdoms for the first time last year to visit Paris, that, in their august opinions, if there are no places precisely like their native lands there are several localities infinitely more attractive. These migrations of Royalty have not been confined to the potentates of Western Europe, but have even extended themselves to the conservative monarchs of the East. The Viceroy of Egypt is already en route to Ems and the German watering-places, and it is even rumoured that the Sultan contemplates a trip to the South of France. A few years ago such facts and rumours would have been voted absurd impossibilities. Now that the ice has been

effectually broken the reaction is pretty sure to be complete, and we may expect to hear next that the Shah of Persia is about to visit Boulogne for sea-bathing, or that the Tycoon of Japan has taken lodgings at Tunbridge Wells for the winter. Exhibitions are supposed to be good for trade, and they probably are, but they have a most topsy-turvy influence on society.

A SNARL BEFORE A SNAP.

At the last sale of the dogs captured by the police, 68 lots of valuable animals fetched the insignificant sum of £20, "which amount," adds the semi-official announcement, "has been handed over to the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, at Holloway." What a pity it did not occur to the charitably-disposed Commissioners of Police that the donation would have been far more profitable to the Institution had it been offered in kind instead of in money; for, had the sale been conducted under the supervision of a respectable body, possessed of some knowledge of the manners and customs of the canine race, the 68 lots would have probably fetched prices not far removed from what the lots were worth, instead of about 500 per cent. less than their ordinary market value.

Somebody must have made a good deal out of the auction at Cremorne; and it is almost a pity that the £20 was not divided between the policemen engaged in the captures, who must have had a great deal of the trouble, and, of course, cannot have reaped a penny of the profit. At all events, the public will not be appeased by the emptying out of the dregs of a good speculation on a quasi-charitable object.

The dog days will, thank goodness, soon be over; but Sir Richard Mayne's edict will not so easily be allowed to drop into obscurity. If every dog must have his day, it is a satisfaction to know that Sir Richard's turn is yet to come.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW ALLY.

MR. GLADSTONE is certainly a fortunate, if not a very prudent man. He has the happy art of attracting towards himself the most incongruous elements of humanity. The great army which he will lead to victory next year will be a vast and miscellaneous host, to which that with which Hannibal invaded Italy affords the only parallel. Let us hope that Mr. Gladstone's fate may not afford a parallel to Hannibal's.

The latest visitor to the sacred shrine in Carlton terrace, where the great dictator keeps his household gods and his temper (he sometimes takes the former, but rarely the latter, to the Palace of Westminster), the latest ally which—we beg pardon, whom the Coriolanus of the nineteenth century has taken unto his heart is a very remarkable man. Mr. Finlen or Finlan (like many other great men, the mere letters of his name live less accurately in our memory than his mighty deeds) is one of the most remarkable persons of the age. He has gained a distinction—shared, we believe, only by the immortal Broadhead—of having gone too far even for the Reform League, and of having been publicly disowned by that band of heroes. We are sorry that of his birth and antecedents we know nothing; his fame burst into full blossom without any budding preliminaries. Last year at the head of a deputation he, like one of the Gracchi, defied the bloated oligarchy of his native land in the shape of Mr. Hardy and the messengers of the Home Office. His conduct on this occasion was spoken of by his detractors, who were many, with great harshness; it was said, indeed, that his brutal insolence and overbearing blackguardism deserved a greater punishment even than being repudiated by the Reform League. Working men resented being classed in the same category as Finlen the Defiant. In short, this great defender of our liberties was said to have shown no respect for law, order, or decency. Showers of obloquy were poured upon the martyr. Avalanches of abuse and scorn were rolled on him by the Press. But he would not be crushed; he bided his time, and in time his reward came with his opportunity; he was received by the great, the good, the noble, the honest, the pure-minded, the Homeric hero, Gladstone, "like a father." Well may the father be proud of his son! It is no little consolation for the noble exile from the Treasury Bench to feel that if the House of Lords and Bench of Bishops are ranged against him,

Finlen is on his side. Let Mr. Disraeli triumph; let him gather around him his Orange hordes and shout "No Popery" till he is hoarse, Finlen and his two thousand are on the side of Justice and of Ireland. We heartily congratulate both Justice and Ireland on their good fortune.

Mr. Gladstone is often accused of a want of generosity and consistency: surely his conduct towards Finlen should vindicate his character in this respect. The rejected of the Reform League, the outcast of working men, is received with paternal love in the house which has so often been filled with the most distinguished throng that this country can produce. Other champions of liberty shrunk from noticing, much less receiving as their ally and friend, one who had earned so successfully the fame of a turbulent bullying spouter of sedition. Surely it was generous for the chief of the great Liberal party to take such a man to his bosom!

Next, it was thoroughly consistent in the man who, when his name was a rallying word for the mob that kept London in a state of riot for three days, when his portrait was carried at the head of the bands that tore down the railings of the park and destroyed the pleasure-ground of the people, sat in his place in the House of Commons silent, without saying a word in defence, not of folly and vacillation, but of law and order; it was thoroughly consistent in such a man, when a deputation of mischievous, idle agitators, who represented the real working men of England about as well as a score of aristocratic bookmakers from Tattersall's would have done, came to him and announced their intention of holding a meeting for the purpose of talking sedition and blasphemy on Sunday in Hyde Park, thereby annoying the thousands of respectable and hard-working men who were trying to enjoy their one day of recreation there,—it was thoroughly consistent in Mr. Gladstone to tell Finlen and his comrades that he had nothing to say about the proposed meeting but that "the reasons urged by the deputation why it should be held were worthy of consideration."

These, indeed, are glorious times! On one side a wily adventurer, scattering broadcast over the land the seeds of a fearful religious conflict; on the other a man who has been proclaimed great so often, that he might teach himself to believe the imputation, and act as if he deserved it, the chosen champion of Justice and of Liberty, holding out his hand to the pestilent scum of mobs, openly countenancing that foul-mouthed, seditious Licence which is an outrage to Justice and an insult to Liberty.

UNDRESS UNIFORMS.

A FEW days since the Judge attached to the Divorce Court dispensed with the presence, in Westminster, of forensic wigs. This innovation must not be allowed to pass into a precedent, or we may expect to hear of the following regulations becoming law:—

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS FOR THE ARMY

(during July and August).

HEAD-DRESS.—Cabbage leaf, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

SWORD.—Sword-stick umbrella, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

COAT.—None.

TROUSERS.—Fine muslin.

BOOTS.—Linen slippers, trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

POUCH.—Fitted up with a refrigerator for the accommodation of officers fond of ices.

AMMUNITION.—Per diem, twelve rounds of wafers and three rounds of strawberries and cream.

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS FOR THE NAVY

(during July and August).

PERAMBULATING SHOWER-BATH.—Curtains to be trimmed with bullion according to the rank of the officer.

SWORD.—As in the army.

COAT, TROUSERS, AND BOOTS.—None.

IMPROVING ONE'S FRENCH.—Why is "cancan" masc.? Because it is unfeminine. What should be the correct fem. of "cancan"? Can't can't!



* * 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. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE report that Mr. Gladstone had consented to receive a deputation of London thieves, in order to hear their grievances against the police, is, we are glad to say, unfounded. The right honourable gentleman is expected shortly to entertain Mr. Broadhead at Carlton-house terrace, in order to hear that distinguished individual's sentiments on the subject of rattening.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY "DUFF" (we presume this gentleman, in his modesty, has only revealed half of his surname, or perhaps as a determined man prefers the positive "Duff" to the word in its comparative form) has retired from the contest for the representation in Parliament of Aberdeen University. This is much to be regretted; and we sincerely trust that he will consent to stand for some other place—say, Abney Park Cemetery. It is reported that the "Honourable Member" (that is to be) takes some interest in the lively spot we have specified. We are convinced that Mr. "Duff" will find no greater admirers of his talent than the "grave and reverend" constituents to whom we now beg most respectfully to call his attention.

IT seems rather hard that though the Court has been so constant in its attendance at Mdlle. Schneider's receptions, she has never been received at Court or even at Marlborough House. However, she ought to be content with the great attention paid her by the Princes of the Blood. The Prince of Wales has been to see her three times, Prince Alfred four times, Prince Louis of Hesse three times, the Duke of Cambridge twice, and other Princes of smaller note we don't know how many times. Besides this, it may be noted that the Duke of Edinburgh immediately on his arrival from Australia first dined with his brother, then went down to see his mother, and came up next day, without losing any time, to see the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. "Honour where honour is due," seems to be the motto of our Royal Family.

FRESH FROM THE "MOLD."

IT is reported that a Mr. Vaughan Williams, judge of the County Court at Mold, the other day rebuked two solicitors for daring to appear before him, "the one in a velveteen coat, and the other in a shooting jacket." Noticing the circumstances, a contemporary has already asked "what is the professional costume of a solicitor?" We have not yet seen Mr. V. Williams's reply, and it is very possible that that evidently fastidious gentleman may not trouble himself to give one. However, he has all the merit of having raised a highly interesting discussion. Would the Buckingham Palace standard of

"morning trousers and evening coats" hit the mark, or would even this be considered "indecorous" in a court of justice? We hear it looked very *nice* at the Palace, although the general effect was broadly comic; and if this is the case, perhaps nothing could be more appropriate to the proverbial solemnity of a County Court. Perhaps, though, justice is literally dispensed in another *mould* where Mr. V. Williams presides, and the merry laugh over innocence trampled under foot is never heard in the cavernous and earthy regions suggested to the imagination by the name of his *locale*. Perhaps the wisest way, in the absence of any absolute authority, to arrive at a solution of the matter would be to throw it open to the suggestion of clients. Of course there would be several propositions for beautiful white robes and wings, but taking the sum total of opinion in general, we have no doubt the professional dress of a solicitor would be something very terrible and imposing indeed.

ALLEN LORD MAYOR.

MR. ALDERMAN ALLEN, a citizen swell,
Was a bookseller proud 'neath the sound of Bow Bell;
(I'raps dined on prime joints and took muffins at tea :)
And a very respectable tradesman was he.
But woe was the hour, and November accurst,
When his turn came to sit among magistrates First.
In the House of the Mansion he took the chief chair :
"Now I'll read 'em a lesson," quoth Allen Lord Mayor.

He took his small spites and his tricks of the trade,
And therewith the office ridiculous made ;
Such trumpery maxims and politics small
Were never yet heard within range of Guildhall.
And he said, "If those scribblers, the newspaper men,
Dare to make ME the butt of a critical pen,
I'll be amply avenged ; for when Napier is there
I'll shut out their reporters," quoth Allen Lord Mayor.

But London waxed wroth such a lesson to learn,
And longed for November the Ninth to return,
When blustering Allen should quietly drop
From the City's chief lord to the swell of his shop.
'Twere better if claims for the citizen throne
Were settled by merit, and merit alone,
For by rotary choice you may vote to the chair
Such a very small party as Allen Lord Mayor.

PAYNES AND PENALTIES!

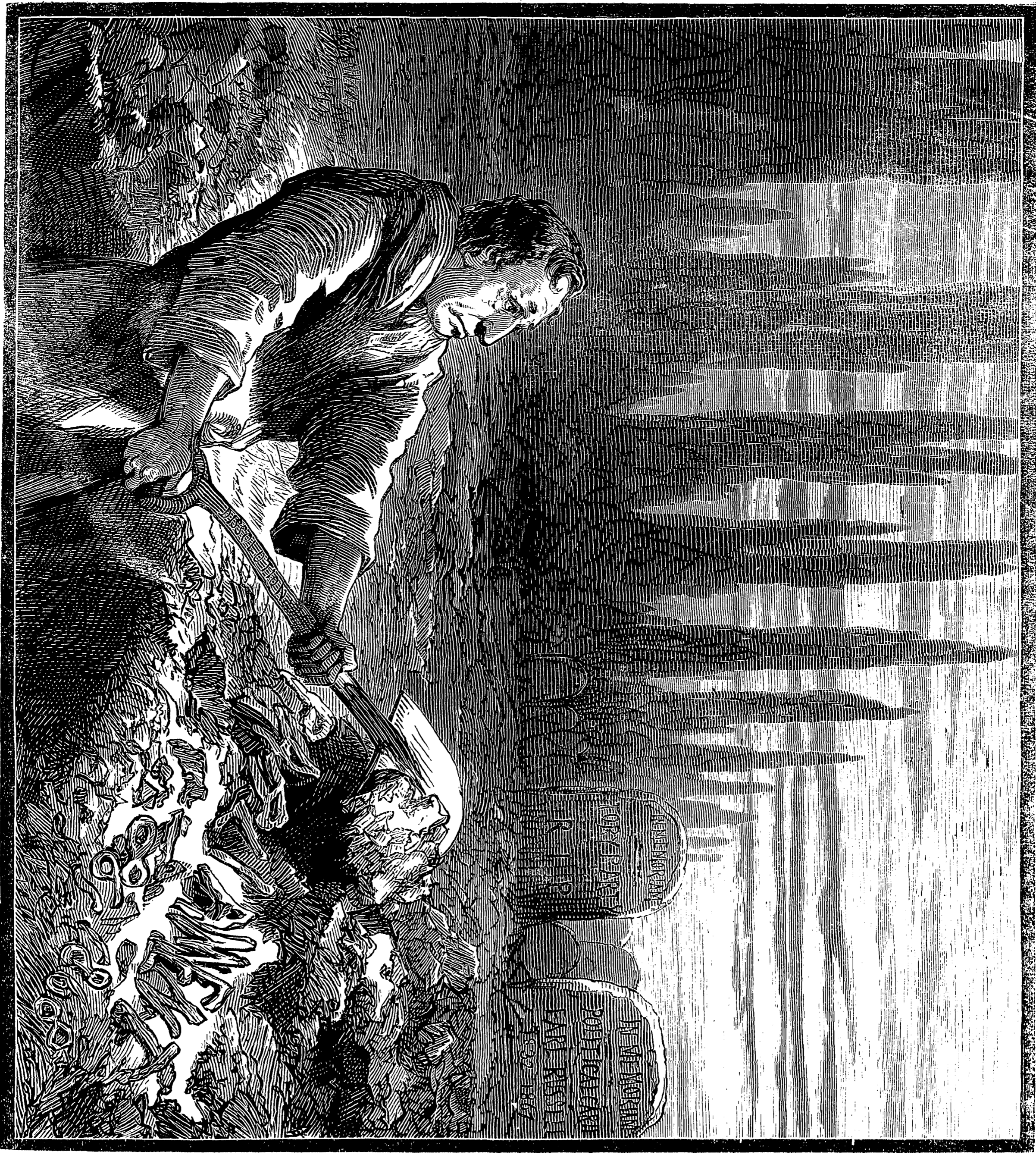
OF course TOMAHAWK has no wish to be disagreeable, but really he *must* call the attention of his readers to the following extract, cut from a newspaper recording a case tried at the Middlesex Sessions :—

The jury acquitted the prisoner.
Mr. Payne : Prisoner, the jury have acquitted you. You are not innocent. You know very well that you took the two sovereigns. I have no moral doubt of your guilt.
The Prisoner : My lord, the jury have acquitted me.
Mr. Payne : Yes ; and therefore you may go. But don't get into custody again.
The prisoner was then discharged.

This is justice with a vengeance ! A prisoner is found "not guilty" (a verdict tantamount to a declaration of innocence) by a jury, and the judge coolly sets the finding at naught by delivering a verdict of his own ! As this is not the first time that the "Assistant Judge" has rendered himself ridiculous on the bench he adorns (?), by conduct at once injudicious and eccentric, TOMAHAWK trusts that the "prisoner" so grossly maligned by "his Lordship" will not allow the matter to drop, but will commence an action for libel. Mr. Payne may be a very "mad wag," but he is a very indifferent lawyer.

THE LINENDRAPERS' ANTHEM.—"Oh, bless our Sale o' Prints!"

WHAT Railway Station would be the best for artillery? Cannon's treat.



DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE!
OR,
THE POLITICAL "TRAPPIST."



"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

CHAPTER II.—Private Dubbs.—Our First Mutiny.

AT about four o'clock p.m., on a hot day in July, might have been seen two young men travelling in a first-class carriage on the Modern Babylon Extension and North Diddlesex Railway, with tickets in their pockets, granting them a ride from London to Burnham Scrubs. They (the young men) were both very magnificently dressed in green uniforms covered with silver and turned up with red, and one of them (the younger) looked very martial and beautiful. The elder of these two young men was Captain Cockloft, of the B.S.R.V.C., while the younger (the one who looked so martial and beautiful) was myself.

After an hour's panting and puffing, whistling, creaking, and stopping, the train rushed into a station, and the voice of a sleepy porter was heard to exclaim "B'rum Crubs, B'rum Crubs!" Upon which Cockloft and I jumped out of our carriage and made ready to deliver our tickets. The engine, which seemed to have a very hearty contempt for the station, pulled up at the platform for an instant (apparently that it might have time to indulge in a highly derisive whistle), and then, turning up its steam at the signal post, it puffed away creakingly and pantingly to other climes.

I was not surprised at the conduct of the engine, for certainly the appearance of Burnham Scrubs Station was not calculated to fill the soul of even a rustic with respect—the place was weedy and overgrown. The Company had mistaken their town: a very long platform had been constructed, and had been allowed to run to seed—not a third of it had ever been used. The cobwebs in an unfurnished refreshment stall told eloquently of the mournful but ambitious career of a disappointed, if not ruined, confectioner. In fact, the station was horribly lonely, and looked as if a goods train had carried into it and deposited upon the platform, a packet containing a cause in the Court of Chancery, which parcel had never since been called for. Even the porter (once a lively fellow, to judge from the merry twinkle that still lingered in his eye) had sobered down into what might be aptly termed a "weird wag." The place was wretchedly dismal, and we made haste to leave it.

"Can you tell me the way to the 'Princess Royal' public-house?" said Cockloft, with a *souçon* of bluster, to the grinning porter.

"Ax yer pardon, gov'nor, but don't yer recollect me?" and the railway official gave a tug at a bit of his front hair.

Cockloft looked at him steadily and exclaimed, "By Jingo, why it can't be Dubbs?"

"Yes, sir, that's me. I ain't likely to forget a flat—leastways, I means a gent as guvs me three 'alf-crowns and a suit of clothes for jining a Volunteer's Corpse, 'specially when I'm 'ard up and doesn't know where to pick up a bit o' dinner."

"Our private!" said Cockloft to me, softly; and then added to Dubbs, "This is one of your officers, Dubbs—Lieutenant Smyth."

Dubbs grinned more than ever, and said, "Thankee, sir."

"You seem to be getting on in the world, Dubbs," observed Cockloft, with the grand air of a noble patron.

"Well, yes, sir; I've been doing werry nicely since I guv up crossing-sweeping and took to this 'ere work—werry nicely indeed, thankee, sir."

"I understand that you will be at the regimental supper to-night?"

"Thankee, sir. If it's not too bold, what will be up at this 'ere supper?"

"Well, you will be introduced to your future officers—to Lieutenant Smyth, for instance."

"Thankee, sir," said Dubbs, pulling at his forelock, "but wot I meant for to say was, wot will the wittals be like—will there be beer, for hinstance?"

"Ya'as," said Cockloft, pulling at his moustache—"Ya'as, there'll be beer. In fact, it will be like an ordinary mess."

"Axing yer pardon, sir, it's just as I thought," replied Dubbs, rather mournfully. "When I 'eard as 'ow you'd given the order for the supper to Mr. Potts, of the 'Princess Ryle,' I said to myself, says I, it *will* be a mess!"

"Quite so. You will appear in uniform, of course?"

"Axing yer pardon, sir, but I *am* in uniform."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me, Dubbs," said Cockloft, suddenly becoming very grave indeed, "that you have been wearing Her Majesty's uniform *here*!"

"Well, gov'nor," replied Dubbs apologetically, "you see I thought as 'ow I might get used to it, sir, by wearing it a little while I shunted the trucks and iled the carriage-wheels. And I'm sure it's done me a world of good. I took quite naturally to the uniform, and, as yer see, the uniform it took quite naturally to the ile!"

"I'm very sorry to hear this, Dubbs," said Cockloft. "You promised me you wouldn't wear your uniform except on duty: however, I suppose we must get you a new suit out of the capitation grant."

"Thankee, sir," replied Dubbs.

"Any of our men come down, Dubbs?" asked Cockloft.

"Only two I think, sir," said Dubbs, promptly.

"Do you know who they were?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't recollect as 'ow I've seen the gents before."

"Do you think they could have been Lieutenant Montgomery and Ensign St. Clare?"

"Werry likely, sir."

"What were their uniforms?"

"Werry long-tailed coats with blue and white stripes, big shirt collars, black faces, and curly wigs. One of the gents 'ad got 'old of a sort of a guitar, and the other, 'e carried a tambourine; and both on 'em was werry wocal!"

"Private Dubbs," said Cockloft, sternly, "I can allow of no tomfoolery. If I hear anything more of that sort of thing, it will be my painful duty to order you under arrest!"

"Thankee, sir," replied Dubbs, with an ill-disguised grin.

"Perhaps we had better march down to the mess room," observed Cockloft with some haughtiness. "Is the band of the regiment in attendance?"

"No, sir, unless you count them two wocal gents."

"Private Dubbs!" thundered Cockloft.

"Ax yer pardon, sir," replied the porter with lively gravity.

"No offence meant, sir!"

"Be careful, sir," said Cockloft, sternly; and then aside to me, "Must keep up discipline, you know."

"Quite so," I replied, "very proper indeed."

Dubbs, after calling to a very small child, carrying a very large baby, to "keep 'er eyes on the tickets, and little Jimmy out of the way of the six twenty-five Up express," led the way down the stairs to the road, where we all three arrived in safety.

"Now," said Cockloft, "fall in!"

Dubbs looked at me with a grin, and I looked at Dubbs with a frown.

"Now," repeated our Captain, "Atten—shun! Fall—in! One—two!"

"I say, old fellow," I began.

"When we are on duty, Lieutenant Smyth, I wish to be called by my military rank. You are addressing your Captain. Remember that, please."

"Addressing my grandmother!" retorted I rather angrily, for a little crowd was getting up round about us, consisting chiefly of a butcher-boy and a couple of infant roughs. "I don't see the fun of making ourselves dee'd ridiculous to pander to your military whims and fancies."

"I am ashamed of you, Lieutenant Smyth," said Cockloft, gravely. "Think of the example you are setting to private Dubbs. You really ought to be tried by court-martial for so forgetting yourself before the Man of your regiment."

"Oh, hang you and the court-martial too," I replied, thoroughly out of temper, for the infant roughs, led by the butcher-boy, were beginning to jeer at us.

"I can submit to this no longer," roared Cockloft. "Private Dubbs, I command you to arrest Lieutenant Smyth!"

"I should like to see him do it," said I, putting my hand to my sword.

Cockloft paid no attention to my defiant gesture, but, pointing towards me, exclaimed, "Do your duty, private!"

"Arrest *me*, indeed!" I cried, angrily. "I command you, private, to arrest *him*!"

"Which do you intend to obey, sir?" asked Cockloft, sternly.

"Well, sir, you see 'e's bigger than you, so, if you've got no objection (I mean no offence), I'd sooner arrest *you*."

"Do, Dubbs," I cried, "and I'll give you half-a-crown."

"Hooray!" exclaimed the infant roughs, enthusiastically.

"Lieutenant Smyth and Private Dubbs," said Cockloft, with gloomy majesty, "on a reconsideration of the subject, I've come to the conclusion that it is unnecessary for you to fall in. How-

ever, it will be my duty to report this affair to the authorities at the War Office. We will muster in half-an-hour's time, if you please, at the mess table." And with this he stalked off.

The very mention of the War Office filled my soul with alarm. What hadn't I done! Arrested my superior officer! Perhaps laid myself open to being shot by a file of soldiers, according to the Articles of War. My only hope was the fact that Cockloft had not been actually arrested. My face must have revealed my emotion: for Dubbs said,

"I'm sorry yer told me to arrest 'im, as I think it will get yer into trouble," and he followed Cockloft with hurried steps.

"Don't do it," I exclaimed.

"Oh, I must," said he, "because yer told me to. I wouldn't disobey my superior h'officer not for h'ever so much."

"Not for half a sovereign?"

"Make it a sovereign," replied Dubbs, stopping short, "and I will do anything. I knows it's wrong to disobey yer, but I've got a wife and a starving family!"

I paid the money and rejoined Cockloft. After a long explanation he became reconciled to me, and we reached the "Princess Royal" without further adventure. When we got to the door of the tavern we were met by a surly-looking man, who in reply to a question about the supper, answered us in the following startling words—

But stop! perhaps I had better keep the account of the ever-memorable supper until next week. Ha! ha! Won't you laugh when you have heard all about it!

(To be continued.)

BLESS YOUR HEART, IT WAS THE WHITEBAIT.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—On the balcony of the Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich.

TIME.—After dinner.

RT. HON. B—D.—Capital whybait, Sir John. Somehow, rather disagrees with me—like Glashtone, eh?

SIR JOHN P.—Good again—like Glashtone—very good. Like the dinner. Deuced good dinner. Landlord most liberal!

RT. HON. B—D.—Landlord Liberal—wish? Lib'ral Conshervative or 'Shervative Lib'ral? Confoun' it! I never can take more than spoonful of whybait.

SIR JOHN P.—It's not the whitebait, Premier, it's th' inclemenshy of weather.

RT. HON. B—D.—Like Glashtone again—finds th' inclemenshy getting too hot for him.

MUDLARK (below).—Chuck us hout a 'apenny, guv'nor.

RT. HON. B—D.—Good boy. Recognishesh his Polit'cal Guv'nor. (Throws a sixpence at the Mudlark). Hit him, by Jove! Goo' shot that, eh, Sir John?

SIR JOHN P.—Cap'al shot. Confounded Pallsher couldn't aim better.

RT. HON. B—D.—Who's Pallsher? Oh, comical shot, Pallsher. Shplendid fellow. Name sheems to shill your heart of shteel, eh, Sir John?

SIR JOHN P.—Hate gunners and gun makers. They know I know nothing about it.

RT. HON. B—D.—That don't signify. Do ash I do—look as if you knew all about it. You aint funny thish evening. Wish Bernaloshborne was here to make one laugh, or Maysheer Anshon, to get a rise out of Sec-Secretary of war.

SIR JOHN P.—Confound Major Anshon and his inquisitive curiosity. Quite enough to go into the midst of a nesht of hornets at Shoeburnesh, without—

RT. HON. B—D.—Come, Shir John. No shop! An' you love me, Sir John.

MUDLARK (who has climbed to the top of a boat's mast and is overlooking the banqueting room).—Aint yer got another tizzy among yer, guv'nor?

RT. HON. B—D.—Enterprishing boy that, Sir John. Got to the top of the pole. Eh! By Jove, he'sh shliping down. Like Glashtone again. Go away little Glashtone, or I shall shy ishe at you, or bottle, or shumsing or other.

MUDLARK.—I aint 'ad no dinner, guv'nor. I'd like to change places with you for a bit.

SIR JOHN P.—Both of you at the mast-head.

RT. HON. B—D.—Been a dowful compliment when you were in th' Admiralty, Sir John. (Throws ice at the Mud-

lark.) That'sh what your friend Pallsher would call a shill shot with a vengeance!

MUDLARK.—I'll send a bobby to you if yer don't 'a done. Come, I say, just muzzle up a bit; two can play at that game.

RT. HON. B—D.—Quite right, little Glashtone; we do it every evening. Shy shtones but no mud, you know. Thasht not Parliamentary.

SIR JOHN P.—Go away little boy, or it will be war between us.

MUDLARK.—Vy yer aint in a fit state for war, you aint. I'd lick the lot, if yer'd come down 'ere.

RT. HON. B—D.—(retiring with Sir John P—).—Jush like Glashtone—Glashtone all over!

Scene closes.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

I.

When roguery for others makes a trap,
And is caught itself few people care a rap:
Such rascals are the dramatist's delight,
And Shakespeare shows one in a pretty plight.
Of all his plays no finer one than that
Of which the title means but "tit-for-tat."

2.

My first is a language few English can speak,
And the Queen of its talkers as much knows of Greek;
My second's an animal not wild or tame,
And one which no sportsman considers true game;
My second at plenty of shops you may buy,
And when joined with my first your own cook will supply.
'Tis not in the least like the name that it bears—
What 'tis called, only God has the power to create;
What it is, man with nature in making it shares,
Like most of the good things that cover his plate.

3.

My first is a spirit, my second a fruit,
My whole in large gardens often has root.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Tempest. 2. Westmoreland. 3. Liverpool.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Renyarf, Two Puss Cats, A Yorkshire Tike (W.H.M.), J. R. Moor, John Cockles, Chêqu'a-dit-oui Une-piyanne-les-gambes-en-l'air & Co., Baker's Bills, Excelsior, W. McD., Alderman Number 80, Linda Princess, The Owl (Folkestone), Pythiakara, Four Stockings Scalps, Sine Macula, Soda Might, Two Enterprising Earwigs, X. Y. Z., Mad Whilk, Two North Grove Children, Sweet as the Rose, A. W. Ryberg, Two Tinkers of Regent street, A πέρκτ υπ φλέε mit zee Στόμμικ αικέ, Annie (Tooting), Three Stray Buzwings, Howard M. C., Tower Mixture, Old Brum, A Dulwich Duffer, A Muzzled Cat, Spindlelilljack, The Binfield Road Wonders, H. J. T., Rolfe, Emily F. Hollowell, Ginger Wine and Shrimps to the Sound of Trumpets, T. H. L. Winton, Muzzled but not Puzzled, C. R. R., Cholic, Two Herefordshire Hogs, A Precocious Mosquito, Gulnare, Galatea, Palmetho, Greywater, Anti-Teapot, Ζημ, Ruby's Ghost, Poppy, Snooks and Co., G. M. S. (Edgbaston), Cats Don't Know, Still Dublin, Sauerkraut, A. Le (Middle Temple), Sciocco, Veau, B. C. H. L., Samuel E. Thomas, J. F. Dexter, Dixon Scrip, W. Burbridge, Blarney, W. H. (Hackney), Ein verrückter Kerl, Lucie J. Wright (Rotherham), Arthur's Pet, Why Not Give Better, Rose Eäler, Frank Stafford, Agnes and Nat, A Darlington Lunatic, A Tuesday Morning Maniac, and Easy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 63.

ANSWERS have been received from Poppy, Grassplot, A Merry Zingara, Chêqu'a-dit-oui Une-piyanne-les-gambes-en-l'air & Co., Monta, Orange Cream Flummery, R. L' Mesurier and Walter Maclean, Alexis, Hawksley, A Jay and No Jay, Edward and Blanch Woodford, Uncle Charles Peter, Dropsical Walking-stick, A Peppered Muffin, Mable May, Old Brum, W. J. M., Rolfe, Bill Buck's Old Slipper, The Nells of the Night, Ynnaf Nesuhlla, W. McD., The Maldon Dan'l, W. T. Taverner, The Savage, A Newcastle Swell, and A Band of Brothers.