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HISTORY OF TRADES MARKS—See BRITANNIA

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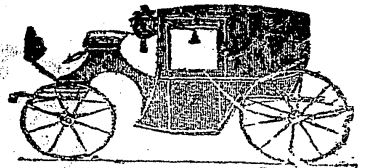
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 121.]

LONDON, AUGUST 28, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

A FAREWELL TO THE CABINET.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has completely deposed the *Times* from the position of leading journal, is most remarkable for its fairness and impartiality in political matters. It lately administered a severe and well-deserved rebuke to several of the Ministry for their insolent demeanour towards the House of Commons, particularly in replying to questions. Mr. Lowe has entirely eclipsed Mr. Layard, who, up to this season, held undisputed the position of leading bully in the House. This remarkable convert to Liberal principles seems to visit upon all unoffending persons who are unfortunate enough to come in contact with him officially, that contempt which he should feel for his own self. For Mr. Lowe to serve with Mr. Bright, and under Mr. Gladstone, those eminent chiefs of the band who assassinated the British Constitution (*vide* the harangues of Mr. Lowe)—those traitors who filled the wooden horse with armed destroyers of our country's liberty, must, of course, be very galling to his sense of consistency, or his conscience, if he has any. But it is rather hard upon the members of the House, and upon the public generally, that they should have to submit to insolent snubs and audacious equivokes at the hands of this plastic patriot whenever they have any information to demand of him. As for the other Ministers, they are but faint copies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in rudeness. Mr. Bright runs him hard, and seems to think that his main duty as President of the Board of Trade is to defend the dishonesty of tradesmen at any cost, and on every occasion. Mr. Cardwell excels in his power of hiding the truth under such a heap of official rignmarole that nobody can find it. Of Mr. Bruce we have spoken already in these columns. He is above all law, and apparently order too. At least, the Speaker never ventures to stop him in his explanations. The great Home Secretary defames the characters of individuals, reverses the decision of magistrates, and preserves as many murderers as he can, for the use and benefit of society. With Mr. Bruce, the word explanation is derived from *ex*, "away from, out of," and *planare*, "to wander." He wanders away from the subject, and out of the limits of veracity alike. But, after all, these blemishes were only to be expected in a Ministry constructed like the present. History is clear enough in her teaching on this point. Coalition Ministries are always the worst. It is hardly possible to imagine a more hateful coalition than that which arises from a reluctant assumption of noble ideas and purposes by men whose natural narrowness of mind and selfish apathy give the lie to the assumption at every turn.

A PÆAN OF THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

SAFE in our licensed unconcern,
Who so merry as we?
Hence, ye grumblers, slow to learn
That collision's terrors, with shrieks and groans,
In accidents two or three,
Mangled bodies and crippled bones,
Are not, as the public idly dream,
The fault of our regulations (made
To be most stringently disobeyed);
But a hecatomb offered—the only rite
That appeases the murderous appetite
Of the twin fiends, Iron and Steam!

Let the paid Inspectors take delight
To say hard words, and to make a fuss;—
Who so merry as we?
It amuses them, and does not hurt us—
Let them pocket a fee!
In revenge for their flagrant breach of manners
We'll tear their Report (and serve them right!)
To kindle our evening choice Havannahs!
Comrades, who's afraid?
Ho! pass the bottle! we lay no stress
On the fact of a passenger, more or less,
When backed by the Board of Trade!

At Statute Law we may boldly laugh;—
Who so merry as we?
We've a giant to fight on our behalf!
Another bottle! and three good groans
For the idiot juries that fail to see
Romance of travel in broken bones!
Hurrah! there is yet a theme
Of triumph! our friend does all he knows
To shield his pets from such paltry foes,
And some stray jurors may, whilst we dine,
Be smashed to bits on our model line
By the twin fiends Iron and Steam!

A NEIGHBOURLY SUGGESTION.

THE Prussian Admiralty has just proposed the adoption by all civilized nations of a flag of distress. It is suggested that the flag should be of a dark yellow colour with a red cross upon it. Should the suggestion be adopted by England, the Union Jack will no longer be our national ensign, for how many ducal castles, gentlemen's mansions, and common people's houses will have to put up a flagstaff with the new signal hoisted thereon! Why, Carlton Terrace alone will wear quite a gay appearance, even at this dull season of the year.

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE RECESS.

THE PREMIER will, it is hoped, enjoy that relaxation which he so well deserves, and by the end of his holiday be thoroughly restored to health. If he wants employment for his mind let him calculate how he can repair his Cabinet, substituting real gold for the tinsel which now forms so great a part of its ornamentation.

MR. BRIGHT will pass the recess in drinking adulterated beer and tea, and eating adulterated bread and pickles. He will also travel every day by excursion trains. It is hoped that by the end of the time thus profitably employed, he will see that if adulteration is good for competition, it is very bad for the human stomach, also that if he meets with an accident, he will claim ample damages.

MR. LOWE will go to France and get the waiter at some hotel to give him lessons in good manners. He will also by living on £200 a-year (paid weekly) find how it is cheaper to pay £5 income tax out of one week's salary than £1 5s. every quarter out of the whole year's.

MR. CARDWELL will walk up and down Pall Mall from 10 to 3 in a private soldier's tunic, stock, and proper accoutrements. He will be accompanied on very warm days by the Commander-in-Chief, similarly attired. The Minister for War will then understand (if he keeps his ears open) what is meant by the *civil* control of the army.

MR. CHILDERS will go and take up his residence for one half of the time with a discharged Admiralty clerk (paying his share of the board), and for the other half with the family of a dock labourer lately dismissed. He will thus learn the real blessings of economy.

MR. AUSTIN BRUCE will spend the greater portion of his time with the police, of whom he is so fond, and from whom he will doubtless gain some useful hints on hard swearing. The remainder of his holiday he will pass in the congenial society of some of the convicts whom he has reprieved, who may enlighten him on the heavenly effects of mercy.

MR. LAYARD will amuse himself in the people's parks and in the rustic lanes of Bethnal Green. Next year will probably show us some diminution in the estimates for the decoration of Hyde Park, for the sole benefit of that portion of the community which wilfully deserts the scented meadows, and leafy dells of the country, to say nothing of their own splendid gardens, to spend their time in hot ball rooms, and in driving up and down a mile and a half of dusty road, which has to be planted on each side with flowers at the expense of some £5,000 to the nation.

THE DUKE OF ARGVILL and LORD GRANVILLE will go for a tour on the Continent together, from which it is hoped that the noble Duke will return with his hair cut, and with some idea of the existence of other nations on the Continent besides the Scotch. Considering the dogmatic *dominie* air of the giant duke during the debates of last Session, he hardly deserves such a pleasant companion, but it is almost impossible that he can fail to derive some benefit from such intercourse.

"DEUS EX MACHINA."

A MONSTER gooseberry has appeared at the pleasant watering-place called Ramsgate, in the shape of about a couple of hundred million ladybirds, which last week visited every nook and corner in the town. Of course, there were numerous "oldest inhabitants" (who had never seen such a thing before since 1781, when only two hundred thousand ladybirds put in an appearance in the same way) ready to write to the papers to inform the various editors of the startling phenomenon; and more than one of our morning contemporaries have profited considerably by the seasonable occurrence. If only a few thousand sharks would turn up at Greenwich, or a couple of hundred tigers or so in Hyde Park, really the papers might be able to drag on a profitable existence until the people begin to come back to town.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Volume XXII.

London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo place, 1869.

THIS truly charming edition of the "Great Master's" writings is at length complete. With the concluding volume we have "Catherine, a Story," "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," "Critical Reviews," and "The Wolves and the Lamb," a portrait of the author taken in 1864, and several illustrations from the pencil of him who knew so well how to handle the pen. The *novelette* appeared years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, and was written to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and the criminal. The "Fitz-Boodle Confessions" are too well known to every educated Englishman to require a word of explanation in these pages. "The Critical Essays" have the drawings of Cruickshank and Leech for their subject. In them Thackeray alludes to his desertion of our poor dear quasi-brilliant contemporary, *Punch*, in the following words, "Another member of Mr. Punch's Cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the 'Snob Papers,' resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults upon the present Emperor of the French, whose anger Jeames thought it unpatriotic to arouse." We fear there is a tinge of cruel sarcasm in this little bit of "chaff," as Thackeray was well known for his hostility to "Looeey Napoleon." Perhaps Mr. Mark Lemon (the best editor in the world, "although we say it who ought not to say it") might give a different version of the matter. The last pages of this magnificent volume are devoted to a little comedy, which proves in every line, that although Thackeray was the greatest of modern novelists, he had not the remotest notion of dramatic construction. "The Wolves and the Lamb" is full of charming passages. The following quotation is a fair sample of the delightful lines with which this brilliant, plotless, natural, unactable piece abounds:

LADY K.—My dear Horace, you *shouldn't* shake hands with Miss Prior. You should keep people of that class at a distance, my dear creature. [*They go into dinner, Captain TOUCHIT following with MRS. BONNINGTON. As they go out, enter MARY with children's tea-tray, &c., children following, and after them MRS. PRIOR. MARY gives her tea.*]

MRS. PRIOR.—Thank you, Mary! You are so kind! Oh, what delicious tea!

GEORGY.—I say, Mrs. Prior, I dare say you would like to dine best, wouldn't you?

MRS. P.—Bless you, my darling love, I had my dinner at one o'clock with my children at home.

GEORGY.—So had we: but we go in to dessert very often; and then don't we have cakes and oranges and candied-peel and macaroons and things! We are not to go in to-day; because Bella ate so many strawberries she made herself ill.

BELLA.—So did you.

GEORGY.—I'm a man, and men eat more than women, twice as much as women. When I'm a man I'll eat as much cake as ever I like. I say, Mary, give us the marmalade.

MRS. P.—Oh, what nice marmalade! I know of some poor children—

MISS P.—Mamma! don't, mamma [*in an imploring tone*].

MRS. P.—I know of two poor children at home, who have very seldom nice marmalade and cake, young people.

GEORGE.—You mean Adolphus and Frederick and Amelia, your children. Well, they shall have marmalade and cake.

BELLA.—Oh, yes! I'll give them mine.

MRS. P.—Darling, dearest child!

GEORGE.—(*his mouth full*).—I won't give 'em mine: but they can have another pot, you know. You have always got a basket with you, Mrs. Prior. I know you have. You had it that day you took the cold fowl.

MRS. P.—For the poor blind black man! oh, how thankful he was!

GEORGE.—I don't know whether it was for a black man. Mary, get us another pot of marmalade.

MARY.—I don't know, Master George.

GEORGE.—I *will* have another pot of marmalade. If you don't, I'll—I'll smash everything—I will.

BELLA.—Oh, you naughty rude boy!

GEORGE.—Hold your tongue! I *will* have it. Mary shall go and get it.

MRS. P.—Do humour him, Mary; and I'm sure my poor children at home will be the better for it.

GEORGE.—There's your basket ! now put this cake in, and this pat of butter, and this sugar. Hurray, hurray ! Oh, what jolly fun ! Tell Adolphus and Amelia I sent it to them—tell 'em they shall never want for anything as long as George Kicklebury Milliken, Esq., can give it 'em. Did Adolphus like my grey coat that I didn't want ?

MRS. P.—You did not give him your new grey coat ?

GEORGE.—Don't you speak to me ; I'm going to school—I'm not going to have no more governesses soon.

MRS. P.—Oh, my dear Master George, what a nice coat it is, and how well my poor boy looked in it !

Miss P.—Don't mamma ! I pray and entreat you not to take the things !

But there, we have done ; when we write of Thackeray it seems desecration to criticise—we can only admire,

Nuts for Boys to Crack. By Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. London : Bemrose and Sons, 21 Paternoster Row and Derby ; and R. J. Pike, Nottingham. 1869.

WE have glanced at the contents of this little work, and can conscientiously recommend it as an excellent substitute for laudanum.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PHASE.

IT is pleasant to know that the friend of our youth, the Royal Polytechnic Institution, is in a flourishing condition. We do not mean to hint for a moment that the entertainments at the Polytechnic have not always been excellent and satisfactory, for they have ; but it seems that it has not been until quite lately that the concern has been made to pay. According to the last report, however, the financial position of the Polytechnic is now all that could be wished for, and a good dividend has recently been paid to the shareholders. It would indeed be unsatisfactory to a degree if a place of amusement and instruction, such as this is and has been for years past, were to prove in the long run a bad speculation. At one time, however, it looked very much as if such would be the case, but the excellent management of Professor Pepper has resulted in the present sound position of the undertaking. It is scarcely necessary for us to tell everybody to pay an occasional visit to the Polytechnic, for the Institution numbers its visitors as legion, and its halls and lecture-rooms are never empty ; but it may be as well to remind the public that a large establishment as the Polytechnic is needs and deserves their support, and that they could not better spend an evening and a shilling than by wending their way to Langham Place, and profiting by Professor Pepper's pleasantly-instructive lectures.

FITS AND STARTS.

EVERY now and then, but more often at this time of the year, when there is "nothing in the papers," the press raise a cry for reform in the fashions of the day. The costumes of ladies, however, our contemporaries have long since fairly admitted to be beyond the limits of their influence and control, so they now fall back upon the attire of the male species. A short time back the *Daily Telegraph* devoted a leading article to the demolition of the chimney-pot hat, and within the last few weeks other journals, scarcely less influential, have attacked with vigour and in detail the dress of those members of the community who belong to the sterner sex. In fact, the "sensible costume" fit has once more taken possession of the newspapers, and until something else crops up that can be written upon and argued about, we shall assuredly find a certain number of their columns daily devoted to the discussion of the new movement.

It would be far too great a demand on our space if we attempted to describe the numberless suggestions thrown out within the last fortnight for a new costume for gentlemen, for no two journals seem to have the same tastes. On one point, however, all our contemporaries agree—namely, that the only means of introducing the reformed style with any permanence is by enlisting the Prince of Wales into their service, and getting him to wear the clothes prescribed until they become—as they shortly

surely would become—*de rigueur*. As the simplest way, therefore, of giving our support to the movement, and as a practical measure, we have carefully compiled, from the various suggestions now before us, a costume which we recommend for the immediate adoption of the Prince of Wales, who, we doubt not, as heir to the throne, will be glad to bow to the decree of the fourth estate of the realm ; and we take the liberty of requesting his Royal Highness to forward the following description of his future attire to Mr. Poole with all convenient speed in order that the new regulation may be at once successfully inaugurated :—

EVENING DRESS.

Coat.—Coloured velvet jacket, with silk collar and brass buttons.

Waistcoat.—White stuff of some sort with several pockets.

Trowsers.—Knickerbockers of velvet cloth or silk—colour the same as the jacket.

Stockings.—Spun silk.

Shoes.—Double-soled pumps.

Hat.—Black pot hat, with feathers at discretion.

Gloves.—Black silk or white cotton.

MORNING DRESS.

Coat.—A blouse of serge, or other strong material. In the summer brown holland to be substituted.

Waistcoat.—None.

Trowsers.—As at present worn, but terminating below the knee.

Stockings.—Worsted of some useful colour—drab or grey, for instance.

Shoes.—Strong Bluchers.

Hat.—Coloured billycock.

Gloves.—Double dogskin.

We will not even hazard a guess whether or not such a costume as this would be becoming, but if the Prince of Wales—who, if the dress is to be carried off well, is the gentleman of all others to do it—would consent to give it a trial, we should, no doubt, in the course of a few months, look on tall hats and swallow-tail coats very much as we now regard ruffles and jack boots. Truly this is an age of progress.

£300 REWARD—MURDER !

MR. CHILDERS is certainly imbued with an extraordinary spirit of economy. Not very long since Her Majesty's ship *Eclipse* made her trial trip, and it was at once discovered that the ventilation of the vessel was seriously faulty, and a report was accordingly made to the Admiralty. From this document it appeared that the engine drained off its hot and impure air into the ward-room, and that nothing was provided in the way of ventilation to carry off the poisonous atmosphere. It also appeared that the necessary alterations would cost £300. This decided Mr. Childers : he did not consider the alterations necessary by any means, as they would add £300 to the Estimates, so he sent the good ship *Eclipse* on her way with an able officer to command her. This able officer was Captain Harvey, who has just died of yellow fever, contracted solely from the unhealthy arrangements of his ship ; and it has also transpired that every one of the ward-room officers have had the disease, though providentially it has not in their cases proved fatal. However, the death of the Captain is sufficient to warrant us in denouncing the behaviour of the Admiralty authorities as utterly wicked and indefensible. We have recently heard of clerks being dismissed and reduced with a brutal disregard of any consideration beyond the mere saving of a few pounds ; but the affair of the *Eclipse* is worse than this, for it nearly approaches the nature of a crime,—and a punishable crime, too. Instead of spending the nation's money in holiday-making with the Fleet, Mr. Childers would do better to remain at the Admiralty and look after the interests committed to his charge. This wanton disregard of everything and everybody—indeed, even for life itself—has reduced the public confidence in Mr. Childers to the lowest ebb ; and few people of any shade of politics would regret to hear of the resignation of a Minister whose policy appears to be at once brutal, selfish, and disastrous to the best interests of the British Navy.

No. IX., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,
NOW READY.



LONDON, AUGUST 28, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE poor late Prince Consort! His name has been hawked about in every conceivable fashion, and now an Insurance Office has played false with it! Well, why should not a commercial company cling to a bad policy when greater institutions set the example?

A FUSS has been made about *Formosa's* immorality. This is silly. The piece is very bad and very dull, but there's nothing in it to furnish food for even the most prurient-minded libertine to gloat over. You may take your grandmother to see it with perfect safety. It won't harm her morals, although it may send her to sleep.

WHY has Dr. Cumming, of all men in the world, rushed forward at the present moment as the champion of England in the forthcoming Œcumenical Council? He does not even represent the National Church; and Oxford certainly would not be proud of his classical attainments. His Latin letter was a very bald, schoolboy's effort. Many religious controversialists, through their lack of logic and mathematical reasoning, may fairly be said to draw up at the *pons asinorum*; Dr. Cumming, however, seems bent on a double feat. He cannot even get through the Latin Gate!

CAN any one guess what place this is?—"Below the level of the ground, and totally unfit for human occupation. The ceiling is two inches only above the level of the street pavement. The floor is sunken, and the walls damp. Hundreds of rats infest the room, and the emanation of the drains is quite unbearable." A dungeon in a Neapolitan prison? Some Eastern lock-up? Nothing of the kind! This is simply an apartment prepared by a Christian country for the reception of its poor; in other words, the "Male Ward" in a British workhouse in 1869. We have not done with this subject.

WHO does write the Queen's Speeches? We have a theory of our own on the subject, that they are written by some of the inferior officials in the department of the Board of Green Cloth, who, having nothing on earth to do at any other time, are indulged on the occasion of the opening and closing of the Parliamentary Session with this honourable task. It must be a beautiful sight, these talented gentlemen sucking their pens and rubbing their heads in the agony of composition, with the 'Elegant Guide to Public Speakers' by their sides, culling choice sentences from the laboriously florid exercises of vestry-room orators.

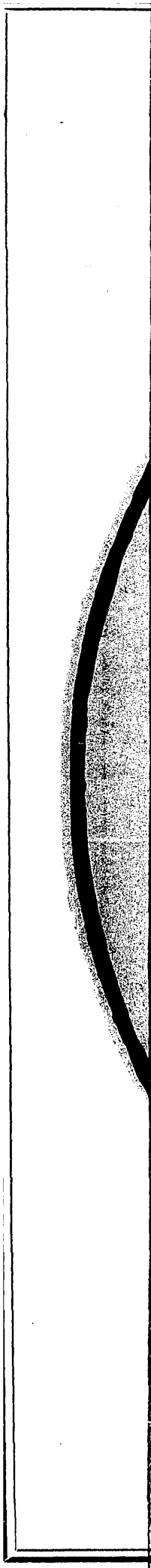
M. DE CASSAGNAC is quite an anomaly. His journal, *Le Pays*, is the only one that speaks with disapproval of the liberal amnesty granted by the Emperor on the occasion of his *fête*. There is no surer proof of the wisdom and justice of any action than the fact that it is not approved by the *Pays*. In another respect M. de Cassagnac is an anomaly. He is the only remnant of that unpleasant race, the professional duellists, whose skill with the sword or pistol in a country where duelling is an institution, enables them to insult with their sarcasm and waggery every gentleman who is fool enough to accept their challenge or to call them out, and so give them an opportunity of disposing of him. We wonder that Frenchmen, and journalists especially, have not the courage to combine against this nice man for the purpose of extirpating him, and by treating his waggery as it deserves with a good-humoured smile, and something more, and by steadily refusing to give him that satisfaction which is only due to—well, never mind the rest.

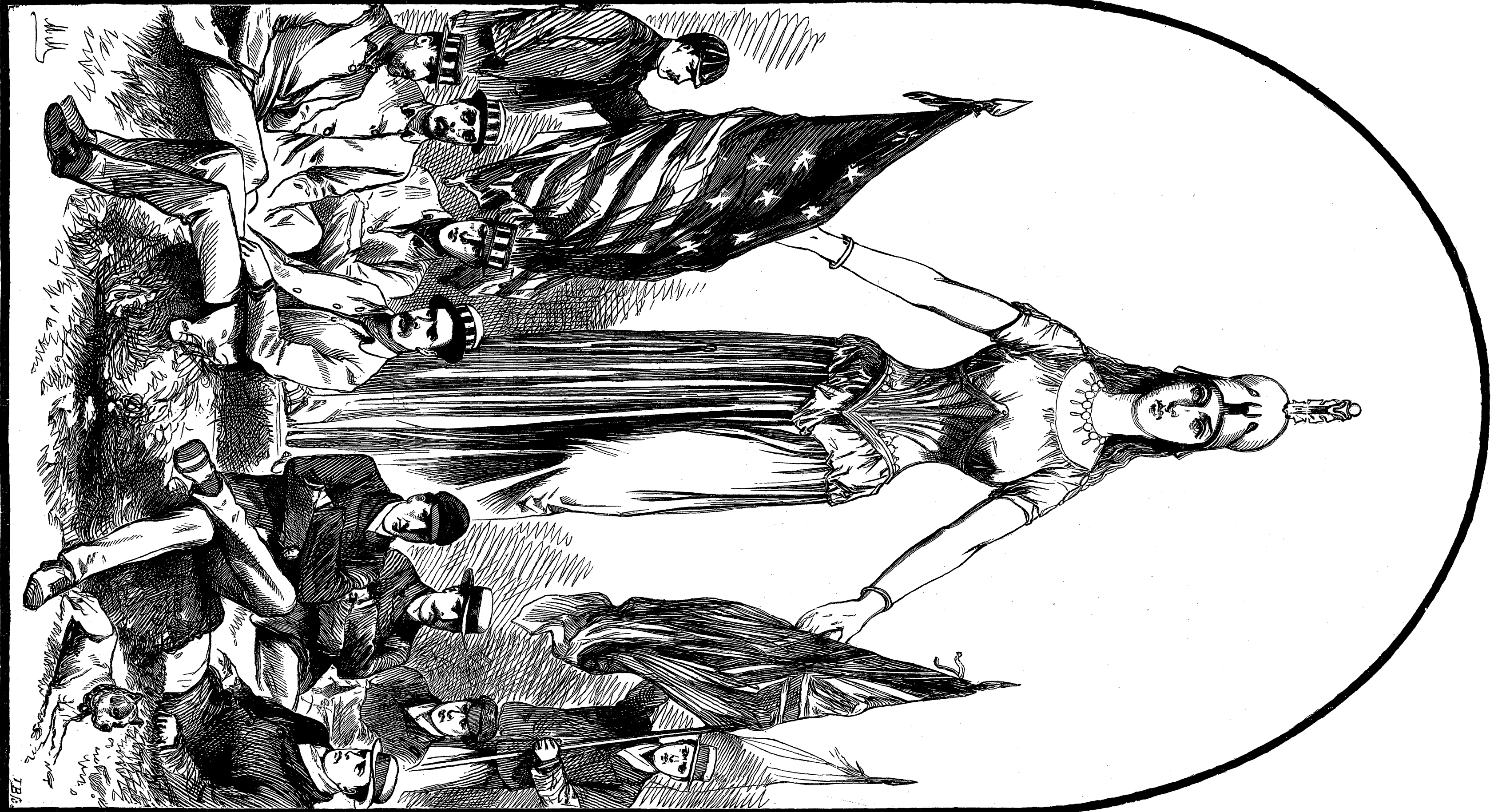
A WAR WITHOUT A MEDDLE.

THE Duke of Edinburgh seems to be enjoying himself at the Antipodes, and there is no doubt but that he has been very welcome at the Australian colonies he has visited. His trip to New Zealand, however, does not appear to have turned out altogether a success. The New Zealanders have taken it into their heads that the holiday employment of a ship of war in their waters, while they are engaged in a deadly conflict, is scarcely a decent proceeding; and a bitter feeling is arising against the Imperial Government, whose care for the amusement of a Prince contrasts unpleasantly with their care for the honour and safety of British colonists. The local papers declare that it is an insult to New Zealand to send there one of the finest specimens of the British Navy, fully equipped in men and material, to lie idly in their waters in holiday trim, while, within a few miles of where the *Galatea* is moored, the colonists have been engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the ferocious race whose atrocities have devastated the whole neighbourhood. Of course, we as loyal Englishmen are not going to admit that there is any reason in the complaint. What has the Duke of Edinburgh and Her Majesty's ship *Galatea* to do with such vulgar episodes as robberies and massacres? Of course it is too absurd to suppose that His Royal Highness can for a moment be supposed to be called upon to mix himself up in such vulgar colonial broils. Perhaps, however, taking all things into consideration, it would have been better if the *Galatea* had wended her way to some port other than Hobartown; for her tantalising appearance at that place has evidently been too much even for the admitted loyalty of the unhappy colonists whose irritability may perhaps be partially excused, under the circumstances of having their wives outraged and children massacred almost under the very guns of an English man-of-war.

EVERY LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE.

THE Hounslow Powder Mills have once more gone off. This time, though, only two men are reported to have been injured, which is a great falling off from former efforts of the mills. On the last explosion before this four lives were lost, and on former occasions we remember to have seen the list of killed amount to a dozen or so souls. On the other hand it must be noted, that whereas formerly the Hounslow Powder Mills blew up once in three or four years, they now explode about every three months, which of course must be taken into consideration if the modern catastrophes are a little less wholesale than heretofore. The proprietors, however, need not despair, for if they keep up an average of four explosions a-year the death-rate will not be seriously diminished from the orthodox standard. One fact is very plain: the owners do not reside on the premises, or the concern would not be so soon put back again in working order after these little quarterly episodes.





"BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN!"

A FAMILY PICTURE.

HARVARD CREW:

Lyman
Faye
Burham (cox.)

Simmonds
Loring

OXFORD CREW:

F. Willan
A. C. Yarbrough
J. H. Hall (cox.)

J. C. Timé
S. D. Darbyshire



THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 86.)

XXII.

MR. SQUIGSBY was now in extensive feather. By a judicious combination of sharpness and caution, severity and discretion, he had contrived to embellish himself with a radiant plumage. He was altogether a very fine bird—many said of prey—but a fine bird nevertheless; and there are hundreds who admire a splendid vulture, with its claws, its beak, its cruel ferocity, and its savage strength, more than they do the most brilliant cockatoo, with its splendid colour, its harmless pecks, and its vapid chatter. To him his fellow-creatures were divided into two sets of individuals—plaintiffs and defendants—who were always carrying on a bitter and determined antagonism, and who were always appealing to him for his services in the struggle. On whichever side he was ranged, it mattered very little. Whether his client was the plaintiff or the defendant was of no consequence, but it always had this peculiar effect—that his client certainly was the most honourable, virtuous, and respectable individual that ever drew breath; while the opposing party was the most unprincipled, vicious, and disreputable scoundrel at that moment not serving his term of penal servitude. This was his principle of action, and very well it answered. No opponent ever got any mercy from the indefatigable Mr. Squigsby. Whenever he got him down on his back after a legal fight, and the miserable creature had to appeal for grace—for time to satisfy the demands he had ineffectually resisted, and were now to be enforced against him, how Mr. Squigsby would jump upon him in his hour of triumph, and squeeze him and drain him of every drop of golden blood his veins possessed. And when he had finished with him how he would throw him like a rotten log upon the rocks of the Bankruptcy Court, and watch with an ecstatic delight the fury of “the general body” of vulture-creditors trying to extract some dividend nourishment from the fleshless bones!

XXIII.

“Anybody been?” said Mr. Squigsby to Mr. Topps, at the West-end branch, one early morning.

“There’s an obstinate defendant waiting,” said Mr. Topps; “he came here yesterday and sat in the outer office for two hours, and said he must see you. He said he had been to the East-end Office and South-end Office, and they wouldn’t let him see you. He’s worried my life out, for he’s been blowing his nose and groaning like a ghost ever since he’s been here.”

“Show him in,” said Mr. Squigsby; “I’ll soon make short work of him.”

He said this in a half-sparkling, half-savage manner, as if he contemplated considerable sport from the approaching interview. He felt like a huntsman who had got a tiger in a net, and meant to play with him—only the tiger was a fellow-creature.

The door opened, and “the tiger” came in. He was an old man, with white hair, very shabby in his apparel, and very broken in appearance. His eyes were red with crying and want of sleep, and he carried in one hand a large pocket-handkerchief, and in the other a wretched worn-out umbrella, its skeleton ribs protruding at every point through its alpaca skin, which hung about it in a flabby, uncertain manner, as if endeavouring to constitute itself by its appearance a type of its owner.

“O Sir! at last I have met with you,” said the old man, heaving a great sigh. “I have been trying for a long time——”

Mr. Squigsby interrupted him. He started up and said loudly:—

“What the deuce is the meaning of this, Sir? How dare you hunt me about in the way that you have done? One would suppose I owed you money. What is it you want?”

“Time,” said the old man—“a little time, that’s all, Sir, and the blessings of a——”

“Rubbish,” said Mr. Squigsby. “Don’t come that sort of humbug with me. What’s the amount of the debt?”

“Twenty-three pounds four shillings and sixpence,” said the old man, in a trembling voice, as if the bare mention of the amount sent a shudder through his miserable frame.

“That all!” said Mr. Squigsby. “From the annoyance you’ve given us I should have thought it had been forty times that amount. What’s the amount of the costs?”

“Twenty pounds six shillings and eightpence,” again trembled the old man.

“Oh!” said Mr. Squigsby, “you appeared to the action, did you, my man, and then had to knock under! That serves you right. Attempting to defeat a just claim, were you? I suppose you call that honest and respectable, eh?”

“I only wanted time, Sir,” said the wretched defendant. “I couldn’t pay—I couldn’t get time, and therefore I staved it off as well as I could. Pray forgive me, Sir. I didn’t mean to do you any injury, Sir, upon my soul I didn’t.”

“Don’t bully me, Sir,” cried Mr. Squigsby. “How much have you already paid?”

“Nothing,” said the old man, “I can’t——”

“Nothing!” cried Mr. Squigsby, “paid nothing! not even the costs! This is disgraceful,” and he rang the bell. Mr. Topps came in. The old man trembled so violently that the ribs in his umbrella rattled audibly together.

“Mr. Topps,” said Mr. Squigsby, in a remonstrating tone of voice, “do I understand this person rightly? He says that the debt and costs amount to forty-three pounds eleven shillings and twopence, and that nothing has been paid. When did we sign judgment?”

“Only the day before yesterday,” said Mr. Topps.

“Only the day before yesterday!” echoed Mr. Squigsby. “We ought to have issued execution, and had the money by this time. This is gross neglect. We might as well close the offices at once as go on like this, Mr. Topps. If this occurs again, Mr. Topps,” went on Mr. Squigsby, “I am sorry to say it, but we shall have to part.”

“For Heaven’s sake,” burst in the old man appealingly, with a heavy groan, but Mr. Topps this time interrupted him.

“Shut up!” said Mr. Topps. “What do you come here for, making a fuss, and working upon me in the way you have been working upon me this last two days, and nearly making me lose my situation? You ought to know better. I know it, Sir,” continued Mr. Topps, turning to Mr. Squigsby, “I’m sorry to admit it, Sir—I’ve been neglectful; I ought to have had his sticks sold up, and himself in gaol, long before this. But he came here, Sir, and blowed his nose, and groaned for whole hours together. That’s how he worked upon me!”

“Worked upon you!” cried Mr. Squigsby with an accent of intense contempt, “I am afraid my confidence in you, Mr. Topps, has been misplaced. You say he has been here and stopped here for hours. He has also been to our other offices. Very good. He is here now, interrupting the business of the office. Very good. If he chooses to occupy our time with his affairs he must pay for it, that’s all. I presume he disregards the value of money or he wouldn’t do it. The extra costs incurred by these proceedings on his part will amount to three guineas at the least, and these he will have to pay in addition. And upon condition of his doing this I will give him one hour to pay the debt and costs, otherwise execution must go.”

The old man, who had been looking from master to clerk with an excitement almost amounting to a species of frenzy—directly he heard this last announcement, gave a sort of jump, and throwing his old white hat to the other end of the room, and striking Mr. Squigsby’s table a violent blow with his umbrella, that made the papers upon it discharge quite a monsoon of dust, shouted out—

“I can’t do it. You won’t give me time, eh? You’ll skin me, will you? You’ll sell me up, will you? You’ll lodge me in prison, will you? You’ll keep piling it up, will you, costs upon costs? You’ll fatten and grow rich upon me, will you? I’ve worked all my life honestly, and been as poor as a rat. You’re rich, Squigsby, because you’re a rogue and robber. You won’t get anything out of me. You won’t see me again—I can tell you. Hunt me down if you can—get your sheriffs to catch me—but I defy them. You’ve killed me, Squigsby, that’s nothing;” but the old man paused, and then said, as the tears rushed down his face, “you’ve also broken a woman’s heart. Curse you!” and striking the table another blow with his umbrella that sent the ribs darting through the covering like so many serpents’ stings, the old man picked up his battered hat and rushed from the room.

Mr. Squigsby was not moved in the slightest degree. He only said, “It’s not my business to attend to these paltry common law matters. You know that very well. You will issue execution, Mr. Topps. Instruct Isaacs in the matter. Pay him de-

spatch money. Just make a note of it at once, or you'll remember being worked upon, and forget it."

Mr. Topps, who had turned quite pale upon seeing the old man's proceedings, and appeared even now to be petrified with astonishment and terror, mechanically took up a pen and a slip of paper to make the note referred. He muttered as he wrote it down "Issue execution. Instruct Isaacs. Despatch money to be paid—Curtler *v.* Branscombe."

XXIV.

The name seemed suddenly to strike Mr. Squigsby. He dropped his pen. "Branscombe!" he said to himself. "Branscombe! I remember that name. Why, yes, it was in the will of Mrs. Rigsworth made a couple of months ago!" He started up, and added aloud,—"What Branscombe, Mr. Topps? what Branscombe? Fetch the papers."

Mr. Topps returned with the papers in the case. Mr. Squigsby turned them over hurriedly, himself trembling now almost as much as the old man had done.

"Here's his description—John Branscombe, of 206 Clipstone street, Fitzroy square. Who served the writ?"

"I did," said Mr. Topps; "but what's the matter, Mr. Squigsby? Don't you work upon me."

"What is he?"

"He's a music-master, or player on some instrument, or something of that sort. He was once pretty well off when he used to take in pupils in Charlotte street, and was in Drury Lane orchestra; but he's come to grief a long time."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried Mr. Squigsby. "Who did you see when you served the writ?"

"It was a substituted service, sir," said Mr. Topps. "The old man was out of the way, so I left it with a young woman I found on the premises. She burst out crying, sir, when I served her; but I made the affidavit, sir, and it added two guineas to the costs!"

Mr. Topps thought to please his master by his observations. Mr. Squigsby appeared, however, to be only intent upon his own private thoughts. At last he said—

"Fetch a cab!"

As Mr. Squigsby jumped into the Hansom, his direction to the driver was—"Clipstone street, Fitzroy square." And he added to himself, "I will see her!"

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 116.)

TOMAHAWK'S ANNIVERSARY.

TOMAHAWK does not often blow his own trumpet (all the world knows *that* fact); but there are occasions when silence becomes criminal. Such an occasion has arrived. When the statesmen were popping at the grouse; when the tourists were climbing over the Alps; when the Snobs were hunting down the Prince, and the Cads were bathing on the sea-washed sands of Margate the "h"-less, TOMAHAWK, surrounded by his braves and his friends, was dining at the Crystal Palace. It was a pleasant sight, and an impressive occasion. Bumpers were drunk to the aging Child of the Prairie (more than five volumes old, if you please) in the dryest champagne and the finest of sherry. Speeches were made, and mutual (and sincere) admiration reigned supreme. A word of thanks to our friends for coming, a word of thanks to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts for the excellent manner in which they obeyed to the letter our admirable commands—(joking apart, the *menu* was unexceptionable, the wines exquisite, and the cooking all that the most critical of *cordons bleus* could possibly desire),—and, to conclude, a shout of joy for ourselves—several shouts of joys!

Please beat the trumpets,

And blow the drums

(That's not bad language)—

The hero comes!

(Should have been)—SHAKESPEARE.

SEA-SIDE FOOLS.

AT a season when the dulness is felt to be so great that even big newspapers, with tremendous circulations and great breadth of sheet, are driven to the resort of publishing little letters from holiday correspondents about *Bougy sur Mer*, the *Gruphlis*, *Poppingen*, and *Flamborough*, one may be excused for recurring

to a very time-honoured subject, and asking, Why on earth, when there is so much to be seen everywhere, will the great mass of Englishmen insist on scampering off to miserable British hotels, dirty British watering-places, and paying exorbitant British prices? Only last week someone wrote to the *Times* to complain of an hotel at Eastbourne, where his bill, for himself, wife, and a friend, amounted, without wine, to something like £5 in two days. The bed-room and sitting-room alone were charged at 19s. 6d. per diem, that is over 24 francs, a sum large enough to board and lodge one comfortably for three days at more than half the hotels on the Continent. Tell Puncher this and he will not believe you; or, if he does, he will not act upon it, but be off next week to his favourite British watering-place, ready again to be thoroughly plucked, and undergo any amount of imposition.

Poor Puncher, he cannot help himself. He has been bred up to this. His modest horizon of "holiday" has been bounded, as long as he can remember, at the one extreme by the solid satisfaction of Southend, at the other, by the racy revelry of Ramsgate. He cannot conceive any recreation abroad, nor would he enjoy himself, unless he got well bullied by his landlady, and nearly summoned whenever he bathed. He could not tell you anything about the hundred-and-one little quiet and reasonable places on the French coasts, but is quite well posted up on the subject of Margate. Yes, and this, though he can recall, to his cost, the sums he has often spent in a three weeks' visit to that small shopkeepers' Elysium. He has not forgotten, though he will again seek them next year, the bad rooms, bad food, bad bathing, bad fun, bad company, and seek them, knowing that there are only two good things by way of a set off against the general badness—to wit, the prices, and the chalk! But Puncher, and thousands like him, put up with this kind of excuse for a holiday—this sort of self-imposition, and never think of looking for anything better. The stereotyped vulgarities of cockney sea-side places are accepted by him as necessary integral parts of that recreation he requires, and the idea that he might spend half his money and get double its worth in some other fashion, never for a moment enters his thoroughly British and conservative head. And as Puncher and his class go to work, so do the various social strata a great way above him. The same stock places are besieged year after year by the same stock families, and the respectable English fathers and mothers hurry off with their broods for the purpose of being cramped and swindled, and tacitly supporting by their patronage that monstrous and comfortless organised system of impropriety which goes by the name of English sea-bathing. Many a British paterfamilias, who is the slave of this watering-place mania, has to pull as much money out of his purse for the six weeks' stay at the favourite and fashionable *locale* as would enable him to take his whole household, servants and all, up the Rhine and into Switzerland, or to some lovely spot on the Lake of Geneva, where *milor Anglais* has not yet, been, and by his snobisms, stirred into a state of rabid and restless plunder.

However, it is of very little use preaching sermons of wisdom on this theme. The British character is but slowly impressed, and very much prefers discomfort to novelty. But when every year some indignant spirit bursts out in the *Times*, with a thrilling account of half-crown mutton chops and nine-and-six-penny beds, it does really seem strange that not a soul stirs a step towards a cheaper, if not a better, land. French bathing may not be perfection; but there is no mistake about British. It is disorganised indecency. As to British prices—well, if fools *will* pay them year after year, they must!

OFFENBACH *v.* HANDEL.

WHAT do people mean when they talk of a discriminating British audience? We are very much beginning to doubt whether any such body has an existence, or this would not surely be the last week of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" at the Princess's Theatre. There appears to have been no difficulty in filling the St. James's night after night at Opera prices when Offenbach reigned supreme; but now that the enterprising management of Mr. Vining has given Handel a chance at playhouse prices, the venture has met with no support, and the bills inform us that "Acis and Galatea" is about to be withdrawn, to make way for "a new and original drama by Mr. Boucicault." We are ready enough to abuse managers for producing anything sensational, but we give them no support

when they really should have it. Mr. Vining deserves well of the public, and if he is forced into producing "a new and original drama by Mr. Boucicault," we only hope it may prove as remunerative to the treasury as "Acis and Galatea" should have been.

LES FORE-OARRES.

BY JULES,

MEMBER OF THE PARIS ROWING CLUB.

MY books is made. If your *Oxford-blue* win, I lose seven hundred franc. But listen: if *Le cerise*, the *Mohicainnes*, the gentlemen of the Harvard College Outrigge Club do first catch the win post, I lose thirty-five pound (*sterling*) to a welchère Duke. You see, the bets I make are the bets *international*. The *perfidious Albion* and the *sauvage d'Amerique* engage in the contest of row heroes, but *le Français*, he is courageous, he is brave, he is *la justice*! He look on, but wish no win post to one barge or to the other. He is impartial. He is a pair of scales. He bets both. He gives the back to both. He is *magnifique*. He must lose *le stake*. *Mais*—he will see fair. *Voyons*. On the *vingt sept* he will be there, on one *grand* Edinborg steam-ship. Jules is in front, *avec son paquebot du Nord*! HE CLEARS COURSE! *Offs*! It is a race behind *le paquebot* of Jules! There will be the swells, the waves! But you know not Jules. He has on his shipboard *un regiment* of stewards! Then *courage*, Harvar! *courage*, Oxfor! Jules sees fair. All right. Yes.

THE LAW AND THE POLICE.

IT is announced that the Commissioners of Police have transferred Inspector Wade and the three sergeants engaged in the affray between the police and the clerks of the Charing Cross Branch of the National Bank, from the C division to various Metropolitan Divisions of the force. We wonder if this is meant for a promotion or a punishment? Whichever it may be, it will not certainly have the effect of giving satisfaction to the public, who have not yet forgotten the case, and who, we trust, will not let the matter drop until law and order have been vindicated in a more satisfactory manner. All we can say is, that if this is the way in which perjury is in future to be punished, the principle must be carried still further. For instance, pickpockets living in St. Giles's must on their conviction be sentenced to reside at Hammersmith, while murderers dwelling at the last-named place might be transferred to Bermondsey or Tyburnia. However sound in theory this may be, we doubt if practically it would be found to answer; but we shall now have an opportunity of judging; for we shall certainly watch the career of Inspector Wade and his three subordinates with the closest attention and interest.

VERY LIGHT LITERATURE.

UP to the present date the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, on its reduction to one penny, faithfully promised its readers that the alteration in its arrangements should only extend to its price, and not to the matter contained in its pages, has certainly kept its word. The paper has been as uniformly excellent since the reduction as it ever was, and the "Occasional Notes," not one of its least attractive features, have been fully up to their mark of smartness and interest. Last Tuesday, however, the *Pall Mall*, in its principal column, published two such exceptionally brilliant paragraphs that we cannot do better than quote them word for word. This is the first:—

"A story is told in a Paris paper of a new method for recovering one's debts. The other day a crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Odéon round a girl with a wooden leg, whom a gentleman at an adjoining window was apostrophizing with loud cries and gesticulations. It turned out that the girl was a washerwoman, who had gone to the gentleman to ask for payment of her bill, and finding that the money was not forthcoming, she had seized her customer's wooden leg, which was lying in a corner, and had walked off, declaring that she would not return it till she was paid."

And this is the second:—

"The Belgian papers speak of a curious wager made the other day by a young man of Antwerp. He engaged to swim on his back in the Scheldt for a quarter of an hour with his spectacles on. Scarcely, however, had he swam a few yards when the sun came out, and acting on the spectacles as on a magnifying glass, gave him such pain that he was obliged to swim to shore before completing his task. It is said (though that might have been expected) that the unfortunate swimmer has not only lost his bet, but his eyesight as well."

If we were not quoting "Occasional Notes" from the *Pall Mall*, now open before us, we should really be inclined to think that such wonderful productions of wit and genius could only have emanated from that source even more worthy of great productions—the funny column of our much respected contemporary, the *Family Herald*. What a pity it is that such brilliant writing should be thrown away on a city so dull, dirty and deserted as London just now is!

"TOMAHAWK" OUT OF TOWN.

No. I.—Boulogne.

IN the sad sea cabin, among the gloomy eaters of 'am and devourers of *weal*, wandered the North-American Indian! By the steamer "Rhine," by the cheap pitiful excursion, with its paltry eleven shillings "there and back," and its substantial dinner, voyaged the red skin! Drinking of fire water, and turning as white as a pale face, stood the great TOMAHAWK, regarding with bloodshot eyes and much-troubled digestion the waves off the North Foreland. Sad and sick at heart sat he on the paddle-box as he passed the mud-shored Margate; sadder and sicker at heart lay he on the deck as he passed the rollicking Ramsgate, saddest and sickest at heart sprawled he in the cabin as he passed the delicious Deal! It was a pitiful sight and a painful sight. Even the basin-holding-steward was sorry, and the storm-defying captain heaved a heavy sigh. Alas! alas!! alas!!! But after the rain comes sunshine, after the battle dinner, after a voyage harbour! So things must end; so ended the steamboat's passage. The port was reached, the Douane overreached, and TOMAHAWK landed new in heart, new in life, and new in speech.

That much for a preface. And now I drop the third person and the Indian, and adopt the first person and the Englishman.

When I arrived, Boulogne was very, very cheerful. Perhaps they knew that I was coming, or it might possibly have been on account of the Emperor's Fête (I merely add the last utterly absurd supposition to stop the mouths of my enemies if they wish to call me "conceited"). The gayness of Boulogne showed itself chiefly in flags. Go where you would and there you found acres of bunting. I noticed several very gallant attempts at representing the British flag (that "flag which for a thousand, &c."), and regretted exceedingly that the efforts were, as a rule, of the order of failure. There was, however, one startling exception. Over a certain hotel floated a *drapeau* which would have been awfully like the "flag which, &c.," had it not equally resembled a black currant jam tart! I felt quite national when I saw this diaphonous dainty. Another ingredient of this dish of gaiety was the entertainment at the Establishment. But perhaps as my space is limited, my patience less, and my wit least, it would be as well to give Boulogne in the shape of a *rather* (?) humorous catalogue. *Commençons*.

The Establishment.—Always pronounced "*Lesstablismong*." Lots of people working and flirting. Big rooms, bigger terraces, biggest idiots. Nice band playing pretty tunes, nice pier-glasses reflecting (when I look into them) a very pretty face, nice ices, and nice gin at the bar. You can get plenty of gin—the French have a vague idea that the English live on gin. So they do—at least, I do! You sit down in the grand concert-room, and listen to the music with a smile on your lips and a wink (a "vicked vink") in your eye. Ladies admire you, rivals hate you, and all is great joy and happiness. Get bored of this, and you *can* spring from your chair (I say you *can*, I don't say you *will*) and do a *can-can* with a wild shout of delirious merriment, or betake yourself to the grounds, where you may throw a ball at some dolls, or join in a whirligig. If you are a very good boy, and are above forty years of age, you may go to a *Bal des enfants travestie*. I went to one. They "travestied" me as

follows : I was dressed as a *bebé*, in a cocked hat and spectacles, and they said my *grey* whiskers (it's a great big story to say they're *white*) didn't show a bit.

The Fair.—While I was there they had a fair. Such a fair ! and such shows ! Among other things there was a waxwork exhibition. I was delighted to notice an English general officer in the usual uniform (slate trousers, hunting coat, gigantic epaulets, bell rope, and spurs), and was greatly pleased (and perhaps a little surprised) to hear that this formidable warrior was no less a person than "Milor Dudley." The proprietor of the establishment was very glad to see me, and asked me to sit for him as a model. I said I would, and asked for what ? He said for Guy Fawkes. I murdered him, and dashed his brains all over the place, and told him that jokes of that kind always *did* make me so wild ! When he had come to life again, and had picked up his brains, he explained that he made me angry on purpose—he wanted to get me into a "wax," his son (a boy at school) added, to make the matter clearer to me. I said I was satisfied, and asked him to dinner. We did so, but mentioning the "Oriental Question" in the presence of a waiter the man went mad—at four he was foaming at the mouth, at six he was raving and tearing down the walls, but I regret to say at seven he was much *much* worse. He was "seen" in the last stage of insanity buying a copy of WILL-O'-THE-WISP ! It did him good, however—it sent him to sleep—a sleep from which he never recovered. Such is life !

The Municipality.—On the Emperor's Fête day I, a few friends, several thousand local generals, and the Boulogne army, went to the Church of St. Nicholas to sing a *Te Deum* in honour of the occasion. Everybody liked my singing awfully. So did I. The soldiers presented arms at one portion of the service—wasn't it charitable of them ? As far as I can make out the Municipality of Boulogne consists of

- 2 Mayors.
- 30,004 Lord Lieutenants.
- 94 Marshals of France.
- 7,563 Harbour Masters.
- 189 Admirals.
- 3 Vestrymen.
- and
- 1 National Guard.

The uniform of the municipality consists chiefly of swords, cocked hats, and spangles. In spite of all this, Boulogne is the worst-drained town (I should think) in France, England, or China ! Eau de Cologne is not exactly the prevailing odour, yet everybody talks of the—Oh !—de Boulogne !

The English Colony.—Boulogne ought to be called the Commercial Chamber of Horrors Super Mare. It's just the place to meet all the celebrities of the past season. This gentleman failed for £25,000,000, much to the annoyance of several billion widows and orphans. That lady was acquitted after murdering her father. That youth over there was the co-respondent in the Strawberry Leaves Divorce Case ; and stroking that dog yonder is the nice young girl about whom all that unpleasant scandal (the Grundyton affair, you know) was talked two months ago. Then we have writers by the score, and artists by the hundred. The men paint their canvasses and the ladies their faces !

The Hotels.—The big ones certainly the best, especially the Imperial—table d'hotes not *very* good anywhere. When you are at Rome, do as the Romans do. When you are at Boulogne, eat nothing but *'air*. It's the only thing I can *really* recommend. But you don't get even that good, on the porte.

And now I have done. Perchance I may return to the subject, but until then I beg to sing the following pretty little song (the words are my own and copyright) :—

Fare thee well, my own dear Boulogne,
Fare thee well for a while,
For the steam-boat is ready and the steam it is up,
And the waves are beginning to *bile*,
My Boulogne,
And the waves are beginning to *bile* !

RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

WHEN are we to hear the last of the Duke of Newcastle's "affairs?" One day last week His Grace's little matter occupied the Bankruptcy Court the best part of the day, but the only

progress that was made on the occasion was to arrange that the case should stand over till October next, when the point which has been raised by the Duke's legal adviser, if a peer of the realm can be a bankrupt, will be discussed.

For our part we think that there is very little doubt about the matter, and the Duke of Newcastle should be only too glad to submit himself to the operation of the law. In any case, however, the dispute may finally be decided, one result will be arrived at, for even admitting that a Duke cannot be a bankrupt, it will be shown beyond a doubt that he may be something much less desirable. When small people get into debt and run away from their creditors, we know what to call them. Surely it is not because the Duke of Newcastle is known to be enjoying himself at German watering places he should be made an exception to the rule. On the contrary, there is a less excuse for a man who has had so many opportunities of learning better ; and we do not hesitate to condemn the proceeding as a disgrace even to the House of Lords.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A NOBLE Prince, whose appetites and form
Were not ill-matched, delighted here to dwell ;
Now flashy Jews, and tradesmen, freed from till
And toil, alike vie with the ocean's swell.

Beside the shore these elves fresh flown from heaven,
Sport and display their limbs in fancy free,
Careless who looks, or how themselves they look,
Fearless of their grim playfellow, the Sea.

1.

The tinsel of antiquity
With which some trim the robe of art ;
Who fills his mind or rooms with this
With wit as well as gold must part.

2.

A quality which some men praise
Who only outsiders see ;
He's this who coward is at heart,
But brave would seem to be.

3.

This people I must fairly own
Are rather strange to me ;
They plagued my careless schoolboy days
By getting near Judee.

4 & 5.

Half loving and half dreading storms,
How much the first the last resembles !
When pale from home they wing their way,
Be sure the Earth with tempests trembles.

6.

A sobriquet of honest men,
Which serves perhaps, to keep out water,
But not the Spirits ; Sindbad-like
By these poor Jack's made a light porter.

7.

This word is like a monster, who,
So nursery tales say, eats up men :
I have seen this too, when sweetly made,
Devour young people now and then.

8.

The man whose history foretells
The future fame of German springs ;
The bath seems foul to smell and sights,
But to believers comfort brings.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

L	oa	F
O	th	O
V	ioloncell	O
E	e	L

ANSWERS have been received from Slodger and Tiney, and Tomey and Joey. One hundred and five incorrect.

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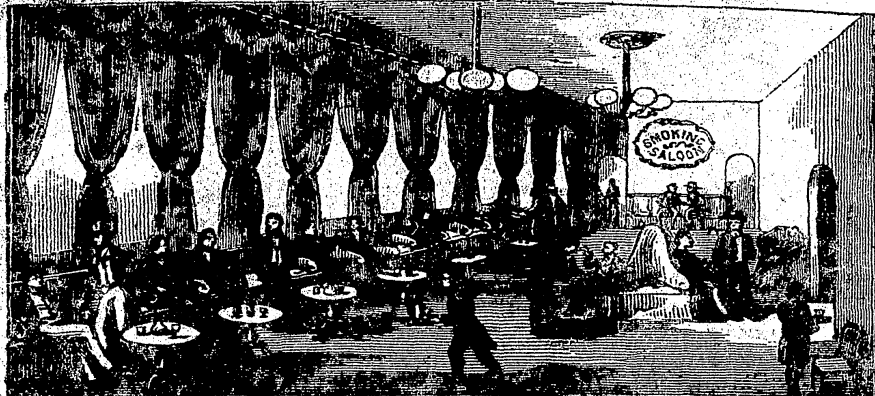
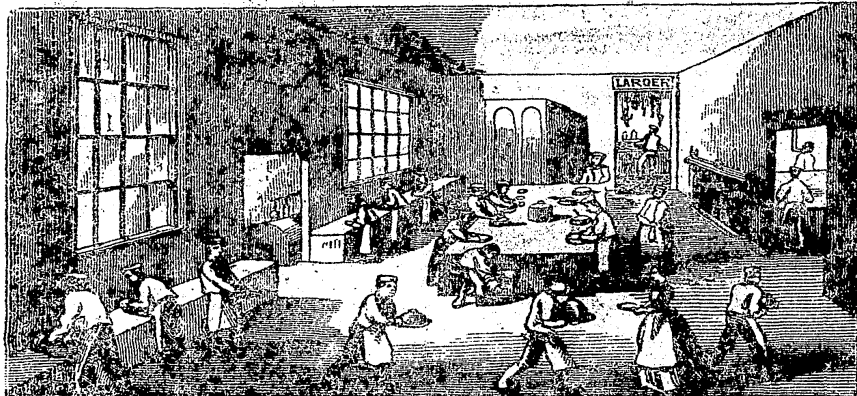
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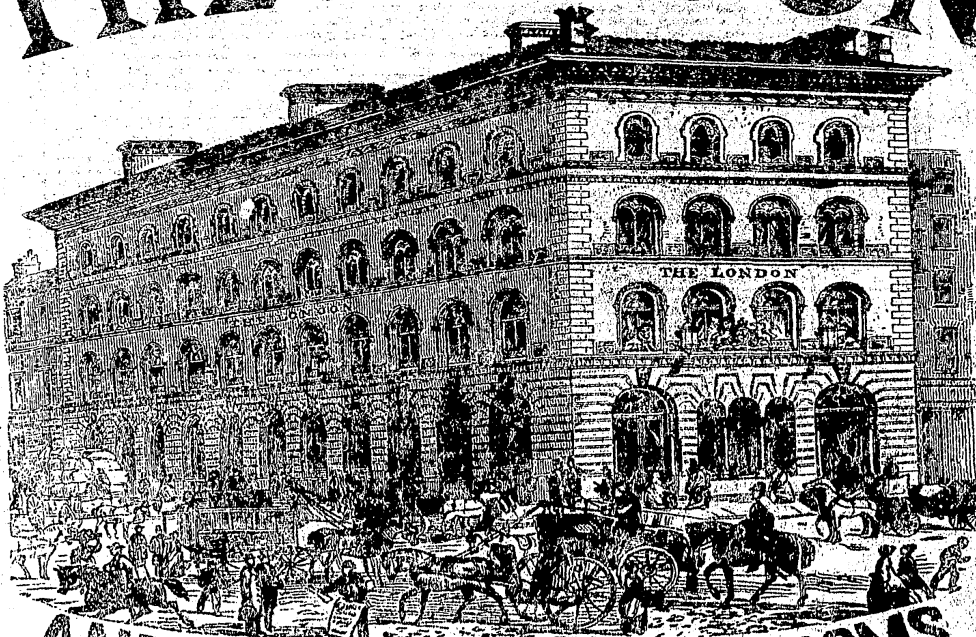
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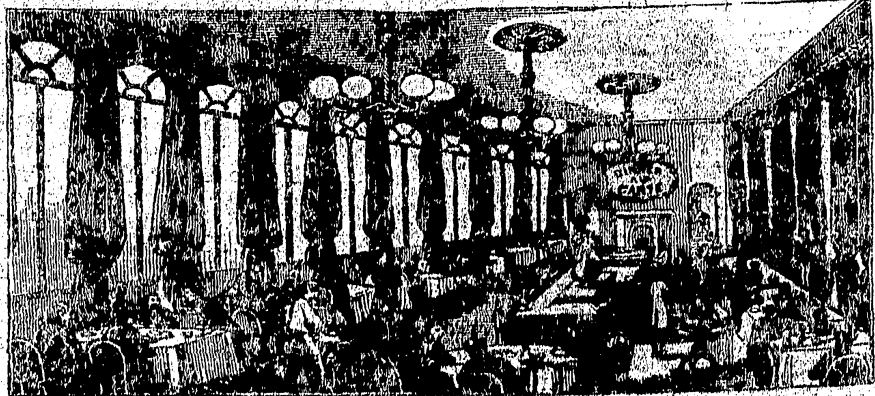
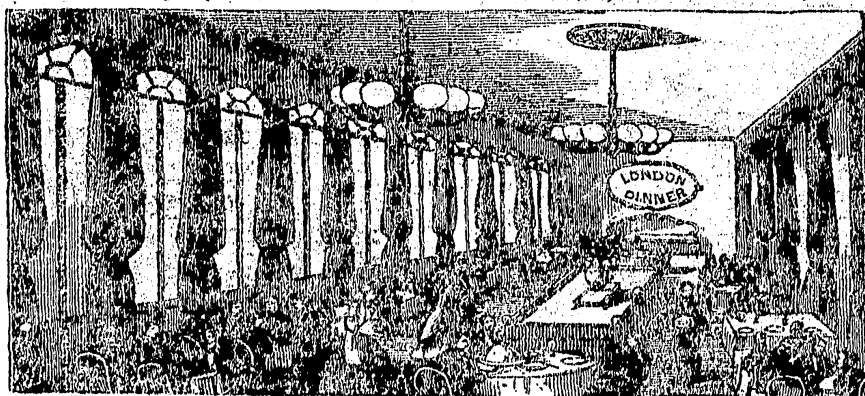
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