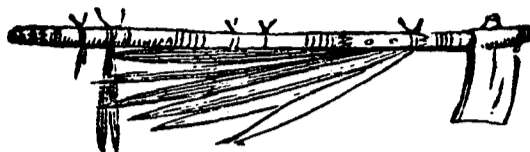


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 35.]

LONDON, JANUARY 4, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO MY FENIAN FRIEND !

Is it a useless task to preach to madmen ? If not—listen to me.

Oh thou representative of a miserable rabble of patriotic shoemakers and public-spirited scavengers open wide your Irish ears (they are long enough by all conscience), and drink in a little reason. I don't expect you will, because I know you to be a dolt, an idiot,—a mischievous maniac. I'm not going to mount upon stilts, for eloquence would be lost upon you, nor am I going to take any particular trouble about my style, because I know my audience, I know you to be either a fool or a knave, or perchance, both. Anything in the absence of the hangman's rope will be good enough for *you*. No, listen to me as you would at one time have hearkened to your parish priest, to Father O'Toole, or the Reverend Patrick O'Flannagan. Why are you not near them now ? You hang down your head, "You don't know." *But I do !* You *daren't* go near them ! If you appeared in their churches they would send you away unabsolved from the Confessional, unblessed from the rails of the altar !

Why ?

Simply because you are accursed ! You know it full well. You are unclean, accursed, condemned to perdition. These are not my words, they form but the sentence pronounced by your own people, by your own Church. There is not a priest in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland that would give you absolution were you, yes, on your death-bed. In the sight of the Pope and the "Holy Roman Catholic Church" you rank with those gallant soldiers, the Garibaldians, with those noble patriots, the members of the secret societies of Italy. In the name of all you hold sacred be accursed. Mark me well, I reiterate what has already been said before by your prelates. Be accursed, be accursed !

Now I don't expect you will answer me logically. Supposing that you find out my name, and it turns out to be something different from TOMAHAWK, I don't expect any fair fighting or discussion. No, you are far too great a coward to meet me face to face. However, if you are *very* brave you will set my house on fire, if you are *very* tipsy you will do your best to shoot at me from the friendly shelter of a lamp-post. My sweet traitor, my charming ragamuffin, I know you to be an arrant coward, a blustering bully. You have quite enough pluck to murder a woman in cold blood, but you are not the man I take you to be if you don't turn very very pale when Calcraft gets at your neck at Newgate !

And you pretend to be an Irishman !

An Irishman ! A countryman of some of the greatest men the world has ever seen. A countryman of heroic warriors,

skilful statesmen, learned scholars. A countryman of dear kind hearted Pat, with his ready wit and genial smile. Why I'm proud of my Irish fellow-countrymen, and what do you imagine I think of you ?

Why, I *know* you to be a wretched mean-spirited cur. A traitor by chance, a murderer by choice, an informer by profession ! Away with you, don't disgrace poor old Ireland by claiming her as your mother. The cause of justice is lost by such as you. Back, hound, back to your kennel beyond the seas !

TOMAHAWK.

1st January, 1868.

VIEWS ABOUT A SITE.

THE disastrous fire in the Haymarket has opened the question if a play-house should again occupy the spot on which Her Majesty's Theatre once stood, or whether the vacant space could not be made more profitable use of for some other purpose. We subjoin a few of the more important applications which have poured in upon the noble landlord for the utilization of the ground :—

The Board of Works propose that the property should be handed over to the Crown with a view to the erection of a Central Post Office and Government Savings' Bank.

Viscount Ranelagh considers that the space should be converted into a monster drill-shed for the use of the Metropolitan Volunteers in wet weather.

The Earl of Shaftesbury is of opinion that a company might be formed under the title of the "London Consolidated Cathedral and Popular Preaching Company, Limited," who should erect a suitable edifice to be let to ministers of all religious persuasions, at the following tariff :—

	£	s.	d.	
Methodists, Wesleyans, Baptists, and } other Independent Dissenters .	0	1	0	an hour.
Presbyterians	0	2	6	"
Church of England	0	10	6	"
Greek Church	1	1	0	"
Mormons	1	5	0	"
Bhuddists, and all other sects not stated } above, with exception of Jews and	2	0	0	"
Roman Catholics				
Jews				By special arrangement.
Roman Catholics	1,000	0	0	an hour.

A Gentleman Residing at Richmond thinks that a huge shamble should be built on which all beasts brought into London should be slaughtered.

The Hon. Miss ———, Carlton Terrace, says that space must be levelled and prettily laid out as a Croquet Ground.

Mr. Cole, C.B., claims that the valuable site should be removed to South Kensington.

TOMAHAWK would wish to see the finest theatre in the world rise from the ashes of the largest play-house but two in Europe, and its late director placed in a position to renew the good service he has already rendered to music in England.

REWARDS.

THE system of offering rewards to induce some individual to do the work of the Executive has met with so great and deserved a success, and is in itself so consonant with the spirit of the age, and altogether so noble an assertion of the principle of government by the people, that the Cabinet has decided upon extending it still further. From motives connected with the education of the public mind, it is not yet admitted that such a decision has been arrived at, and possibly it may be flatly denied; but we pledge our veracity that our readers have only to wait long enough to find that the scheme will be realised. We give a few specimens of offers of reward which have already been drafted, and only await the fitting moment of desperation to be produced.

[WAR OFFICE FORM.]

OUTRAGE.

WHEREAS one Theodorus *alias* Tedroo *alias* Theodore did several years ago falsely imprison several of Her Majesty's subjects.

Whereas he has treacherously prolonged the captivity of the said subjects by lodging and feeding them pretty well.

And Whereas a British army of 10,000 men has been got under weigh, and £5,000,000 of money spent in order to procure the release of the said captives.

And Whereas there is not the slightest probability that the army and expenditure will effect such release.

A reward of £5 will be paid to any person or persons (not being the said Theodore himself), who shall give such information as will lead to the release of the said captives and their safe delivery in Pall Mall. And a further reward of £2 10s will be paid to the person or persons actually capturing the said Theodore.

Given at &c., &c.

[POOR-LAW FORM.]

WHEREAS certain persons have met with death, in various parts of the country by being starved, frozen, neglected, and in other ways maltreated by certain offenders perfectly well known to Her Majesty's Government.

And Whereas, there is in existence a staff of Inspectors paid out of the Public taxes, and specially appointed to prevent any such maltreatment as aforesaid.

And Whereas, the said Inspectors have never yet either prevented or remedied anything whatever; and whereas the President of the Poor-law Board is desirous of bringing home to the offenders aforesaid the crimes of which they have been guilty, and of protecting the Inspectors in the due non-performance of their duties.

A reward of half-an-hour's public abuse, either in Parliament or in a full and unabbreviated Official Report, will be paid to any newspaper or newspapers which shall give such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of the offenders in question; and a further reward of an Action at Law for a false and malicious libel will be given to any newspaper or newspapers actually capturing and naming any one or more of the said offenders.

Given at &c., &c.

[CABINET FORM.]

WHEREAS, during the last Session of Parliament, some person or persons did maliciously and traitorously set fire to the British Constitution, whereby it was destroyed.

And Whereas information has been received that various other incendiary attempts of a like nature are shortly to be made. And Whereas Her Majesty's Government has hitherto been unable to discern the principle or principles which have produced the said conflagration and destruction of properties.

A reward of the eternal gratitude of the Conservative party, and a free education will be given to any Member or Members of Parliament who will give such information as will lead to the discovery and apprehension of the said principles.

And a further reward of a possible nomination to compete for a clerkship in the Customs will be given to any member or members who shall make a speech or speeches leading to a conviction of the soundness of the said principles, and to a recognition of the fact that the present Government is the only one capable of giving effect to this.

Given at &c., &c.

WANTED AN AUDIENCE (WITH THE CHILL OFF).—Apply at the Box office, Queens' Theatre, from 10 till 5.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

Zylla, Dec. 14, 1867.

BEFORE the date at which this will come into your hands, doubtless the letter of my excellent friend, the *Times* Correspondent, will have gone the round of the London papers. Of course I have seen it, and therefore am in a position to state that every word of it is true. If there is any fault to be found with it, it is that it is somewhat short. Well, here I am in Abyssinia! (N.B.—I wish you could manage to send me the back numbers of the "TOMAHAWK," for I forget where I leave off, and am afraid of telling you the same thing over again.) I think I told you about the exploring expedition, and sent a telegram. (I hope, by the way, you did not put the telegram in. It was a mistake altogether. You see *Slopper*, the professor,—I'll tell you about him afterwards—got sitting up and talking over "Old England," and we opened a bottle or two of champagne in honour of the dear ones at home! "You can reach them by the electric spark, absolutely speak to them!" *Slopper* remarked, and so I thought it a nice sort of thing to do. I suppose you got it all right. Something about hyænas, wasn't it? However, that doesn't much matter; the idea was the thing. By the way, it cost me £13 5s.) But to return to matters of a public character. You see I am again at *Zylla* (*that's* the real way to spell it). The fact is, the exploring expedition was a dead failure. The chiefs were the cause, of course. The very first evening they all struck, killed, and eat nine mules, and dressed themselves in the harness. We remonstrated of course, through our interpreter, but as he only spoke simple *Amharic*, and they replied in the Upper *Je-koosh* dialect, their explanation was worth nothing. These different dialects are a great bore here, and what is most serious, they tell me it is "much worse" further on. *Bracer* told us this last night, but he seems to think it rather a good joke, and talks of "Gunpowder being the only language a British army ought to use." Perhaps he may be right as far as this expedition is concerned, but I think a little diplomacy ought certainly to be tried first. For you know, although I made no stipulation on the subject, I most assuredly came out here solely on that understanding. However, we shall not begin using gunpowder just at present, as you will most probably have gathered from the *Times* Correspondent's letter. Fancy the mules loose all over this part of Abyssinia! Not a soul to take care of them, or feed them, and they tell me they are dying here and there, in short in all directions! *Bracer* is very disgusted at the bad management that has brought such a state of things as this about, but I think it rather funny. I forget what the mules cost British taxpayers—£50 a piece wasn't it? Oh, its capital! As to the natives here—well, every single article of clothing I brought out with me is gone—they are the thieves of creation. *Slopper* said it is very wonderful thus personally to experience the existence of this hereditary vice, and gave me a short account of Lower Abyssinia in the time of *Amenophis III.* (B.C. 2004). It was rather interesting (anything goes down out here, it is so awfully slow), but I wish they had left me my boots. I suppose you know that everything is as badly managed as it ought to be, remembering that this is a British expedition. Indeed, what with the non-arrival of labourers, stores, and the miserable character of the *Land Transport Corps*, things are about as bad as they can well be. Then to add to all this, there is the utter want of discipline, honesty, and self-respect of the scum of Upper Egypt, which, by some unfortunate chance, has swept down here upon us with a view to business. *Bracer* says a fresh Manifesto ought to be posted up, to meet this state of things, and our German friend has promised to put it into blank verse (for the use of the natives). Official documents are always written in blank verse here. Funny isn't it? Fortunately *Slopper* can't account for *that*! Perhaps I cannot better describe to you the *status quo* than by giving you a sketch of the proclamation that is to be placarded all over this part of the coast, as soon as we can get it printed.

PROCLAMATION TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Notice.

ANY Native, Coolie, Kaffir, Abyssinian, Egyptian, Gentleman, or OTHER VAGABOND, who may be discovered in the act



of bullying, eating, or otherwise ill-treating any MULE, friend, or other beast of burthen, is hereby specially informed that he will be immediately prosecuted at the direction of the Society for the Protection of CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

FURTHERMORE with a view to the proper maintenance of law and order, be it understood that the undermentioned crimes and offences will be summarily punished, the authorities having instructed their solicitors to proceed forthwith against any person or persons who may render themselves liable to prosecution.

- (1.) Removing a sign post either for the purpose of using it as a walking-stick, flag, umbrella, may-pole, or with any other object whatever.
- (2.) Emptying the public lamps, drinking train oil, or abstracting any other rich delicacy with a view to using it as an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast, or otherwise.
- (3.) Dressing in sail-cloth, rope, leather straps, fog signals or other articles not considered necessary additions to a gentleman's *toilette*.
- (4.) Eating gun-cotton.
- (5.) Disposing of large tracts of country (not designated in recognised maps), wives, poor relations, alligators, connections by marriage, and other peoples' property generally, in exchange for halfpence, postage stamps, rum, beads, back numbers of the *Daily Telegraph*, hair pins, blacking, &c., &c.
- (6.) Wearing this proclamation as a hat.

Bracer thinks this will be very well received if he can only get it put nicely into Amharic. Our interpreter says the only difficulty will be in translating some of the words—as the words “gun-cotton,” “honesty,” “hair-pins,” “gentleman,” for instance, are not to be found in the Amharic Dictionary, you see.

Not a moment to be lost, or I shall miss the mail. I was interrupted here by the escape of *Slopper's Scleptopetra Hydrocephela*. I mentioned it in my last, I think? It is a poisonous creature of the Tarantula family. We can't find it, but *Slopper* says he is sure it is somewhere about the house, and will come out when it is dark.

I open this to say that the Egyptians join us!—whether we like it or not!

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY OUR SPECIAL.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,—If you can't afford to send more than one of your Staff round the various theatres and places of entertainment at Christmas, owing no doubt to your praiseworthy determination to refuse orders and give independent criticisms to a Public surfeited with the mercenary praises of a venial, &c.—you can finish this better than I can at the present moment, for the plain fact is, that I am more fit for a lodging in Colney Hatch than for anything else. I feel hopelessly idiotic. Why? Because I have assisted, according to orders, at every dramatic, vocal, and magical performance given in the Metropolis on Boxing Day.

Boxing Day, indeed! What with bolting from one establishment to another, and the concomitant corn-crushing, elbow-jogging, and general squeezing which was required to effect an exit, I was invited to use my fists, by indignant sightseers, over and over again. I might have been boxing to this moment had I not had your interests at heart. But I suppose I mustn't complain, as your scale of remuneration is sufficiently high to allow me, like the Great Vance or the Amateur Casual, a private brougham to convey me from one door to another. Of course, these remarks are not meant for publication, they are simply a remonstrance, in case you should be dissatisfied with the result of my labours.

Boxing Day, Christmas Amusements.

Intense excitement. Stupid piece to begin with. Pit growling. Boxes looking nervous. Stalls unsettled. Gallery stamping. The curtain is down and the lights are up. The Pantomime entitled *Harlequin Punium Gatherum or The Babes in the Fee Faw Thoroughfare, and the Colleen Robin, or, How She loves the Caliph Humbug and the Fair Contrabandista Gorgibuster*. Written especially for this occasion by a host of auxiliaries. Scenery by Messrs. Maccabe and Rubini. Dresses by the Christy Minstrels. Gas appointments and devices by Madame

Tussaud. Wigs by Professor Pepper (registered). The curtain rose and the troubles of the Demon Honeydone who is busy opening the Goose with the Golden Eggs to determine the destiny of the Babes in the Wood. The fairy Matt Morgan la Faye arrives in a splendid transformation scene, and driving the Giant Cormoran into the waistcoat of our American Cousin, causes the appearance of Valentine and Orson, who have just come up for the Cattle show. They agree to enter the Water-cave together, but are disappointed at discovering that there is No Thoroughfare—but on hearing the orders for a box on the Grantier, the Caliph of Bagdad charmingly impersonated by Mrs. German Reed, appears, and the change commences. Harlequin, Mr. Ernst Schulz, Columbine, Mr. John Parry, Clown, Mr. Dion Boucicault, Pantaloon, Mr. Thomas Tobin (registered). The comic scenes were eminently side-splitting. We may mention the last new song for the Christy Minstrels by the Claribel Steam Company (Unlimited). The Chamber of Horrors, introducing the decapitation of a lady with a pantomimic arm-chair, and the Aïoussas who turn themselves completely inside out; view of their interior painted by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. *Scene*, the Christmas Tree at the Crystal Palace. Excellent footing: General smash of Negretti and Zambra's Bohemian glass, and sudden appearance of Mr. George Conquest, as the Trappist Monk(ey), the best thing out—and in again. Arrival of Signor Jean Marie Farina and Son XXX., or Extraordinary Exciting Extravaganza Shamfights! Attack by allied Music-halls, including marvellous pantomimists, lion consignees, and negro delineators. Happy appearance of the Fairy, Nelsonilee, surrounded by a thousand pantomimics, and final tying of the True Lover's Knot—for Joseph.

This was written at Evans's, under the united influences of gin-sling and young Mr. Green. I hope you are satisfied.

Yours ever, JUPITER, JUNIOR.

LOGOGRIPHE.

To law and order I'm a foe,
To peace and common-sense also;
For modern fools an ancient name
I am, and to my lasting shame
I murder when I can by sleight,
But dare not stand in open fight;
I stab, shoot, kill in any way
By night—but run away by day.
He who my name and properties demands
Should view me as a landscape. Now you see
A marsh, beside of which a pronoun stands
Leaning upon an article. To be
As just as true I fairly must declare
That the pronoun is not accusative,
Nor definite article the article that's there,
For were they, they would not deserve to live
A moment longer in the language—nay,
I am not English, be I what I may.
Hang, draw and quarter me as I deserve,
In all my letters, and now pray observe;—
The unsevered limbs—if sagely they are planned,
Will make the native of a northern land.
Now take the severed limbs, and you will see
That there is yet a holy place in me.
Dissect me, otherwise you may behold
A Queen, of whose decease strange tales are told,
And, if to further toil you still incline,
You still may see,

Embraced in me,

Two words to rhyme with this very line,
Two words of equal length, as I opine,
But what they are I leave you to divine;
And now, if you remember, how at first
You made a native form—my limbs dispersed.
Cut off his head, and you at once will see
What poets have declared the world to be;
And what you'd wish for if you were to go
To seek that native in his native snow.
Come, have you caught me? If you have, be smart,
And play no blundering detective's part,
But hold me fast, and only set me free,
By hanging me upon the nearest tree.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS, 1899.

Now that accomplishments have at last been declared supreme in our University educational course, while the crumbling old classical system is only here and there exposing its mildewed existence, the aspect of our great college towns is indeed changed for the better. It inspires the imagination with dreams of the return of the Age of Heroes, when one sees the crowds of noble young athletes who attend the classes of the Honourable Professors of Gymnastics, or the eager thirst which attracts the histrionic competitors to the Thespian Lecturer's Dramatic Series. No longer are caps and gowns to be seen in the streets. During the day every varied costume suggested by aquatic, athletic, or acrobatic taste lends a charm to the every-day life of the student. At night the several Amateur Dramatic Classes pour forth their companies dressed for the representation of the evening. These classes are so followed that the audience is generally recruited among the porters and beadles of the colleges, Heads of Houses being always retained for the Heavy business.

We have received some of the papers set in the last examination for honours, and are convinced the young Englishmen now preparing at our Public Schools for the matriculation will do well to study them as showing what is now the great desideratum of the University Triennial Competition:—

ATHLETIC EXAMINATION, 1899.

By Professor Risleyson.

- 1.—State the present condition of your muscle, and give the exact measure round biceps and forearm.
- 2.—Give the greatest number of consecutive somersaults ever yet turned, and by whom.
- 3.—Give derivations of the words "trapeze," "tranka," "trick-act," "back-fall," and "somersault." Why?
- 4.—Give a short biography of the great Leoiard, with date of his *debut*.
- 5.—Have you any hope of ever rising to his standard of grace and daring? Give your reasons.
- 6.—Describe the course of training pursued by the Greek or Roman Athlete.
- 7.—How did it differ from that in use at the present day?

DRAMATIC EXAMINATION, 1899.

By Professor Crosstree.

- 1.—Give a list of the principal dramas produced in the year 1869, and on what stages.
- 2.—Compute the ages of the following pieces, and attempt to state the number of representations of each: *Our American Cousin*; *The Streets of London*; and *Black-eyed Susan*.
- 3.—Explain the allusions in this latter comedy, as performed at the Royalty.
- 4.—Which do you consider the best piece for private performance, *Delicate Ground* or *Little Toddlekins*?
- 5.—Give a short account of the great Tom Robertson's last success, entitled *Whichever*.
- 6.—Explain the duties of a heavy father, a singing chambermaid, and a second walking gentleman.
- 7.—Describe a transformation scene, with novel changes.
- 8.—Give illustrations of the superiority of legs over brains in modern drama.

GENERAL PAPERS, 1899.

Professor J. Ofalltrades.

- 1.—Give the greatest score made by any left-handed cricketer since 1870.
- 2.—Give dates of Introduction of Croquet; Inauguration of the Albert Gymnastic College, Cambridge; Death of Tom Cribb; and first appearance of a lady in the part of King Lear.
- 3.—Give the names of the medallists in the years 1878 and 1880, who respectively took the first prizes on the river and in the cricket-field, carrying off the largest share of applause in the A. D. C. rooms afterwards.
- 4.—Give the force of left arm necessary to the student competing in the Muscular Christianity Tripos.
- 5.—Write a short treatise on the sacred character of the trapeze.

6.—Show the abject folly exhibited by our ancestors in enforcing a classical education.

7.—Prove the axiom, by quotations from the best professors, that a sound body makes a sound mind.

8.—Give imitations of such animals as you think calculated to be effective in a parliamentary career.

9.—Describe a new game, out-door or otherwise, with the rules you may propose for playing the same.

We are heartily glad to see that Muscle is at last king. We have been racking our poor brains far too long, and reaction has only been too tardy in arriving.

IN FORM^A PAUPERIS.

OXFORD is expanding herself, and this is how she is doing it. The advantages of University Education are to be thrown open, not only to the humbler classes, but in fact to the very dregs of society. The new candidates for matriculation must actually produce an "official proof" of their "poverty." We hear that the following form will have to be filled up by all those who wish to avail themselves of the handsome privilege:—

- (1.)—It is to be presumed that you have been through the Bankruptcy Court; if so, how many times?
- (2.)—Give the name of your parish, and state the nature of your work during your residence in the "Union."
- (3.)—Have you ever
 - (a.)—Swept a crossing?
 - (b.)—Sold roast chestnuts?
 - (c.)—Served in the shoeblack brigade?
 - (d.)—Sung songs as a destitute tramp?
 - (e.)—Written a five act tragedy?
- (4.)—Will you swear you have not a halfpenny to bless yourself with?
- (5.)—Are you sure that you have a coat to your back?
- (6.)—And lastly, are you a poor wretch who will stand any humiliation to secure a University degree?

PRAY, DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!

IN the presence of the dreadful outrage which, within the last few weeks, has so greatly shocked the public mind, we are far from wishing to discourage due, nay, even extreme, precaution on the part of the public generally, and especially on the part of those with whom lies the responsibility of preserving the public peace. But none the less must TOMAHAWK disdain to countenance the white faces which have so generally usurped the place of the ordinary rubicund looks that at this festive season so well become the British physiognomy. None the less must his unquailable heart refuse to sympathise with the overwhelming terror which seems to have seized upon many of those who should lead the public mind, not "fright the isle from its propriety" with reports and rumours which need only begin to be apprehended when a foreign army of 500,000 men has secured possession of the English soil.

"The fleet at Portsmouth is on the point of being destroyed," cries one. "Manchester has been in flames for hours," cries another, "and all the London engines have been telegraphed for." "Windsor Castle is undermined with a thousand secret galleries." "The Bank of England will be sacked to-night." "The Isle of Wight is surrounded with torpedoes, and two ships bearing the flag of the Irish Republic are ready to carry off the whole of the Royal Family."

Surely, with public affairs in such imminent danger, domestic security should not be neglected.

Surely Paterfamilias should each morning examine the high-looks and bluchers of himself and offspring, to see if they have been charged with detonating powder by some Fenian shoe-black during the past night. He should try the pepper box, and the other cruets, especially the oil-bottle, most cautiously every half-hour, to test the presence of fulminating fire, or nitro-glycerine oil. He should see if anything is in his coal-cellar, particularly now that the cold weather is come. He should look to his kitchen boiler, and bid Materfamilias be

very particular as to the nationality of the tea-dealer from whom she purchases her one-and-ninepenny gunpowder.

Seriously, let us all be ready—be vigilant ; but let us not be scared and terror-stricken—let us not believe that the desperate acts of a few misguided men are anything more than the madness of an insignificant *minimum* in the midst of a thoroughly loyal and right-minded people—a passing cloud over a sky of almost unchequered brightness—a momentary disturbance in the otherwise calm season of prosperity and progress which this country has so long enjoyed, and is not now to be deprived of by the casual importation of some few “disembodied spirits” from the armies that have lost their occupation in another hemisphere.

A CURE FOR FENIANISM.

THAT flowing river of the milk of human kindness, the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, P.C., has sketched out the following amiable and conciliatory programme for the Government's adoption with regard to Fenianism. As the weeping philosopher beautifully expresses it,—“The ghastly paraphernalia of strangulation must no longer blacken with its hateful shadow the crystal pillars of Mercy's jewelled throne. The sacred mantle of Justice must be no longer empurpled with the blood of the victims of Vindictiveness.”

“Do Justice to Ireland,” says Mr. Bright, and we ask him whether this is not the way to do it.

The irresistible outburst of long pent-up patriotism, falsely called the Fenian Conspiracy, can no longer be resisted. Virtue long trampled on has turned on her oppressors at last, and utters in iron accents and golden words the just demands of an enslaved people. The following measures have been decided upon by a benignant and self-educated Government, and they humbly apologise if they have, in their haste to redress a great wrong, overlooked any minor details :—

Provisions for Satisfying the Fenians and their Sympathisers.

1.—All landowners in Ireland are hereby given notice to quit their houses, messuages, tenements, with pleasure-grounds and parks thereto appertaining, their farms, barns, out-buildings, and all lands tilled or untilled thereto appertaining within a month of the date of this proclamation.

2.—No such landowner shall be allowed to remove any furniture, plate, or other valuables from his abode, save and excepting as much as he can carry himself in a moderate-sized hat-box.

3.—No such landowner or proprietor must sell or cause to be sold, any land, house, or building, any cow, horse, or pig, nor any stock, live or dead, of which he may be at present possessed.

4.—The various estates will be apportioned by lot to the members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood as now constituted ; the residences and valuables therein shall be handed over to them in complete repair.

5.—The former landowners or proprietors shall be required to serve the new landowners and proprietors without wages or reward of any kind.

6.—Any member of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood who shall have acquired any estate, house, or farm, or part of such by these provisions shall, if he suffers any loss in money, goods, or cattle through his own or any one else's fault, have the loss made good to him from the Exchequer of Great Britain.

7.—Pending the completion of the above arrangements, lodgings shall be provided, with board, free of charge, for all members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood in Buckingham and St. James's Palaces, Windsor Castle, and the principal hotels of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Manchester. (Table d'Hôte at one and six o'clock every day.)

8.—That every member of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood shall receive an income of £1,000 per annum from the State, and perfect exemption from all taxation.

9.—That the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood be allowed to construct in Ireland any government they may prefer ; that all expenses incidental to the administration of such government be borne by the Exchequer of Great Britain.

10.—That the Regalia, Robes of Office, &c., &c., together with all the dresses and properties of such government be paid for from the same source.

11.—That the surgeon's bills after each election, under the new government, be also paid by the people of Great Britain.

12.—That the present Public Buildings throughout Great Britain be given up to the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood, and that the same be furnished with women and children, &c. complete, in order that the members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood may indulge in the harmless diversion of blowing them up when and how they please.

13.—That the cost of the explosive agent used in such diversions be borne by the Exchequer of Great Britain.

14.—That the members of the Sacred Fenian Brotherhood be given anything else which they may ask for.

THE INTERPRETER.

INCENSE—SIR.

“Three cheers were given for the ‘Censor’ and the ‘Queen.’”—*Vide Newspaper Report of “Censor's” Christmas Dinner for poor Children.*

There are some men—let us hope not very many—who wear the mask of Charity to ventilate their vanity. The cloak of benevolence, however, but thinly covers their inordinate desire to force themselves, no matter how, into notoriety. In the instance under notice—none more daring, more glaring—it shall be our duty to tear off both mask and cloak, and expose the Sham beneath them.

Says the “Censor” of the *Morning Star* :—“Christmas is a festive season,” and we are struck with the startling originality and beauty of the idea.

He continues :—“There are thousands of little children—poor, hungry, and starving—to whom a plentiful meal on Christmas day would be a God-send,” and the tear-drops stand in his eyes, which, on being wiped, display a kind of transformation-scene in which the blue fire of benevolence blends harmoniously with the red fire of love, good-will, and charity—and we are fairly dazzled.

Vanity the while keeps well in the back-ground.

“Come,” whimpers this embodiment of all the Virtues, wiping his eyes, in which the forced tear no longer stands, on the principle, no doubt (*Si nullus erit pulvis tamen excute nullum*), “Come, ladies and gentlemen, open wide your purse strings and pour out the precious metals to buy a Christmas dinner for some of the poor and starving children of this huge metropolis.”

The appeal appears earnest : the cause is good : and we all know that no earnest appeal in a good cause ever yet failed in this country to evoke an immediate and substantial response. £ s. d. pour in hand-in-hand and pell mell : and we rejoice, heartily rejoice. But, whilst rejoicing, we stand aghast : for the hand held out in the cause of Charity is the hand of “Censor,” whilst the foot peeping out from beneath the cloak of Benevolence is the cloven foot of Sham, the offspring of a restless vanity and overweening conceit.

But the “Censor” speaks once again :—“This dinner, which a benevolent public provides, shall be called ‘THE CENSOR'S DINNER,’” complacently says that Spirit of Good.

And why ? Does the cook in the kitchen who roasts and boils, or the butler who places the dishes on the table, usually arrogate to her or himself the credit of providing the banquet ? We look upon the “Censor” just in the light of a cook or butler—nothing more. To give the “Censor” his due, he originated the idea of the dinner. It was most commendable. But when he modestly calls it (THE CENSOR'S DINNER) we cannot help saying what we think, that it is a pitiable sight to find Sham boldly seeking to acquire a reputation for benevolence upon the charity of the public. We hope there may be room for this benevolent gentleman at the Zoological, where he might usefully employ himself in getting up a subscription for a few Bath buns on behalf of the poor caged beasts.

“WIND-BAGS” TO THE RESCUE.

“The author of ‘Sartor Resartus’ has just had a new honour thrust upon him : he has been made a justice of the peace for Dumfriesshire, his native county.”—*Morning Paper.*

Is this the “after,” that was to prove the sequel of “Shooting Niagara ?”



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

LONDON, JANUARY 4, 1868.

THIS is Christmas time, and consequently we like to look up our friends and acquaintances. Among the latter we may class Mrs. Janman, the would-be murderess, who so nearly swore away the life of poor Groves, the alleged assassin of McDonnell, the Bandsman. What has become of this amiable lady? Surely it would be to the interest of that useful official, Mr. Calcraft, to discover her hiding-place.

It has lately become the fashion among fourth-rate literary men at this season of the year, to appeal (like "the true and original dustman," on Boxing-day), to the charitably-disposed. Thus we have had a "Christmas Dinner," founded by one of the fraternity, and a "fund" inaugurated by some dozen more. This is all very well, as among the many sins she is so frequently called upon to cover, Charity may reasonably include Vanity. However, there should be a limit to everything—even to the geniality of Grub street. It is said that some of our "brothers of the pen" intend to erect a monument to that kind-hearted humourist, Artemus Ward. We hope not, as it is always a painful sight to find the names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson scribbled o'er the lid of a great man's coffin!

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

SCENE.—Full of members, smoke, cigars, coffee, brandy and soda. Evening papers just brought in.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Well, after all, we've had a pleasant Christmas. Been to any of the theatres, Penner?

LITERARY MEMBER (N.B. Known to have written one article in a Metropolitan magazine, and suspected of having contributed several Leaders to a popular daily).—Ya-as! You see I'm obliged to go to these sort of places for the "M. T." Ya-as, went to all of 'em.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Any of 'em worth seeing?

LITERARY MEMBER.—Some of 'em. Drury lane tol lol, Covent Garden nice, Lyceum rather jolly, Holborn smile-at-able. Jolly scenery at Covent Garden, awfully jolly ballet at Covent Garden.

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Well, for my part, I think Christmas bosh, stuff, rubbish!

GENIAL MEMBER.—Why?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Why! Can you, a serious man of the world, ask me why? Don't one's bills come in at Christmas, and one's children home from school, and one's —h, and one's —h, all that kind of thing you know? What's the good of Christmas? Why should I hang up the holly and the mistletoe to celebrate the occasion of my butcher placing his account in the hands of his solicitor? Why should I call my friends together to rejoice with me over my approaching bankruptcy? Why should I sit by the fireside that I may count the gaps that Death has made in the family circle? Call Christmas jovial! Humbug! If you really wish to show him in his proper colours, dress him in a robe of tombstones, and crown him with a wreath of writs!

GENIAL MEMBER.—Yes, yes, all you say may be very original and very brilliant—but how about Christianity?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—We live in the nineteenth century! The world has grown too old and experienced for fables and fairyland!

GENIAL MEMBER.—So old, that if I fathom the meaning of your last remark, I would imagine that the world has reached its second childhood! Over-ripe wisdom often degenerates into utter foolishness. But away with Christianity, we will talk of *that*—hereafter! Any news in the evening papers?

LITERARY MEMBER.—News! Of course not. Who'd ever expect news at Christmas time? "The Fenians, and nothing but the Fenians."—There, in those words you have the "Contents Bill."

GENIAL MEMBER.—The "Specials" don't seem to have had much to do except to guard the Post Office.

CYNICAL MEMBER.—*Apropos*, I hope the Earl of Shaftesbury and Mr. Whalley have not given any of their *protégés* a place in the Savings Bank Department of the delightful *bureau* you have just mentioned.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Why?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Because such an appointment would be dangerous to their Protestantism. No one could work in the Savings' Bank Department of the Post Office a week without acquiring a practical belief in the doctrine of purgatory! However, I don't imagine any clerk in that branch of the Civil Service would be guilty of self-murder.

GENIAL MEMBER.—Why?

CYNICAL MEMBER.—Because the sin of suicide would prevent him from bettering (in any material degree) his unhappy condition! His death would only convert his temporary duties at the "P. O." into labours at the same official desk to all eternity!

MERRY AND WISE.

THERE is an advertisement going about which invites all mirth-seeking, merry Londoners to pay a visit to MADAME TUSSAIDS, for the purpose of gazing on an effigy of the late convict BAKER. This is obviously a Christmas treat, and as the young are supposed to be especially interested in the great Wax-Work Show near Portman square, comment is superfluous. The idea, however, may be worth something to enterprising publishers, and next year we may confidently expect a shower of some such pretty Christmas books as the following:—

LITTLE TOMMY GREENACRE, or the Naughty Boy and his Funny Carpet Bag.

HOW BABY WAS HANGED, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. "A Sweet Christmas story."—*Vide Press*.

PLEASE PAPA TAKE ME TO NEWGATE, or Little Jackey's Treat. *Profusely Illustrated*.

THE CHILD'S TYBURN CALENDAR, or the Nursery Cracksmen's Guide. "A book that ought to be in the hand of every infant."—*Halfpenny Review*.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHAP. I.—ON THE WAY TO DINNER.

CHRISTMAS-Day. Bless everybody. Bless the cabman whom I could not find! How delightful it is to walk in the picturesque mist of this great metropolis! Crossing-sweeper! Bless you! Here's sixpence. Bless your wife and babies. Oh you have not got any? Never mind, bless them when you do have any! I should like to embrace the tailor who put me in the County Court, and tell him I forgive him. I wish I could meet the tax-collector—I'd give him a Christmas box. Oh! don't mention it, you only took all the skin off one of my toes. Bless you—don't mention it. A merry Christmas to you!

CHAP. II.—DURING DINNER.

I love the whole world, babies included. What a happy, holy time is dear dear Christmas. A little more turkey—thank you. Plum-pudding of course I can't refuse. Bless everybody. The waiter has upset the gravy all down my back. Oh never mind him. Bless the dear fellow. Here's to merry old Christmas! Well I think I must have just a little bit more. Bless the cook who made the pudding. Oh, if I could only kiss all my creditors—perhaps they'd consider themselves paid in full.

CHAP. III.—NEXT MORNING.

Boxing Day—cursed nuisance—nobody will do anything. Oh, my head! I hate Christmas, confounded humbug! That beastly plum-pudding! I wish I had never touched it. Christmas, indeed! Oh, curse that organ. Who's that? The Postman wants a Christmas-box. Does he? Tell him I'll see him hanged! Four more bills—I wish the Fenians would blow up every tradesman's home in London, children and all—oh, that confounded brute of a baby. Tell them to stop that brat's squalling. Cursed fog! Cursed climate, this England. Curse everybody!



“MAD, MY MASTERS, MAD!”

(A SCENE FROM *KING JOHN*, ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.)

KING JOHN (BULL).—Patience, good lady! Comfort, gentle Constance!

CONSTANCE (IRELAND).—No, I defy all counsel, all redress
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, Death!

King John, Act III., Scene IV.



THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better!"

ORATOR STUBBINGS ON "MAGNER CHARTER."

I've got a bit of good news for yer bloated ones! You'll be werry glad to 'ear as 'ow I've a mission to larn yer a few lessons. The Union 'as behaved werry 'andsome. Yer see (and I ain't too proud to let yer be'ind the scenes of my private life), yer see, I repeat, work 'as been werry slack of late. Stop; don't jump at a "conclusion" (oh, I can write long words enough: I don't take in the *Telegraph* for nothink), "conclusion," I repeat. By work yer musn't think I mean "manual" labour—not a bit on it. No; by "work" I mean odd jobs, such as blowing up of this, or shooting through the 'edd of that, and such like kind of things; but law bless yer, ever since that humbugging commission was 'eld, yer 'ardly can get a nice little piece of rattening, or a tasty bit of blasting, for love or for money. Well, the "Union" 'as behaved 'andsome, and 'as employed me to give you stuck-up ones a few lectures. Well, anything for a change—smashing winders and jumping on the "prostrate forms" of peelers is werry pleasant employment, but perhaps lecturing may be considered more h'intellectual. Mind I only says *perhaps*. 'Owsomever, 'ere I am a lecturing of you, and I says, if you're pleased with my exertions, make a barrownite of me. I scorns all titles, and turns up my nose at filthy lucre; nevertheless, I says, if you're pleased with my exertions, make a barrownite of me. You says "why?" and I says, "mind yer own business—yer wants to know too much." Yer begins to say something more, when I werry quickly stops yer by a calling out of "Yah!" I repeats, I scorns titles and I turns up my nose at filthy lucre—but still I says "make a barrownite of me—that's what you do; you make a barrownite of me!"

And now a word to you, Mr. Editor. If yer *ain't* fond of getting 'arf a brick chucked at yer 'ead while yer a 'aving of yer breakfast, just remember in future to call me Orator—till they makes a barrownite of me.

Now then!

Do any of yer bloated-ones know anythink about the constitution of yer country? Not a bit of it. I knew yer didn't afore I asked you. Law bless you're *so* hignorant! Yer knows a lot about things that is bloated, but yer knows nothink about the laws of yer country. Yer knows all about dancing, and a bowing, and a cringing, and a bobbing. Yer knows all about the "invitation to the dance" with your "Now marm, will yer just ketch 'old of my arm and just foot this 'ere polka," or your "Much be 'olden to you Sir, but I'm werry fatigued—is it a asking you too much for you to get me a little 'ot water and sugar, with just the *least* drop in it," and such like sayings and simperings. (Just yer see 'ow well acquainted I am with the goings on of Belgravier. Ah, I can be werry bloated when I like—*make a barrownite of me!*) Yer knows about them sorts of things, but what d'ye know about the greatest bulwark of yer country, the noblest gift of man, the thingamy that for a thousand years 'as braved the battle, likewise the storm? If yer weren't so precious h'ignorant yer would know as 'ow I've alluded in the above poetical strain to—what? Guess. The Lord Mayor's Show? No! Plum puddin'? No, but yer ain't far from it—try again. Magner Charter? That's it, right you are. Magner Charter. Now, what d'ye know about Magner Charter? Nothink. Of course not. Werry well then, I'm a going to tell you this week all about Magner Charter. Ain't it pleasant of me!

Now then!

'Ave any of you bloated-ones ever 'eard of a certain English King as lived nearly two 'undred years ago—and 'as was called Roofus on account of 'is bad 'at? Not you! Well I'll give yer another chance. I'll tell yer a little more about him. 'Im 'as was likewise called *cur der lean*, which is the Latin for lean dog, or dog starver. Now yer knows who I mean? Not you! Well, I means King John. Well, this 'ere King 'ad a werry great row with the Barons. Now yer want's to know "what's a baron?" Well, 'ave yer ever been tried for burglary? Not you—you are *so* precious h'ignorant! Well, if yer 'ad been tried for burglary you'd a come afore a judge. Now a judge is sometimes a Baron. Now I 'opes as 'ow you're satisfied, for yer knows as much about the matter as I do myself. Well, as I've said, King John he 'ad a row with 'is barons. I forgets what

the row was about, as the *Telegraph* (from which I gets my English 'istory) is werry beautiful writing, but not so clear as it might be about some of its stories, but I know as 'ow it was after a row that King John rode up to Runimede for to 'ave a little friendly chat with 'is Barons.

"Well," says the King, when he comes up to the "judicial gents," (as the *Telegraph* would say) "Well, and what may your little game be this morning?"

"Well Sire," says the Barons, "we wants you to sign this ere document."

"What's that there document about?" asks the King.

"Why this 'ere document," answers the Barons, "is the greatest bulwark of the country, it is the noblest gift of man, it is the thingamy that for a thousand years 'as braved the battle, likewise the storm."

"Oh, that's what's its about?" said the King.

"That's what's its about," responded the Barons.

"Suppose as 'ow I can't write," says the King—he had a nasty temper that King had.

"Stick yer mark to it," says the Barons. They also says "Gammon!" and they likewise says "Spinach!"

So the King sticks his mark to it and that's 'ow we got 'old of Magner Charter.

And now yer bloated-ones I s'pose as 'ow yer wants to know what is Magner Charter. Werry well, 'ere goes. Magner Charter is ——. I say Magner Charter is ——. But law bless yer, yer always a wanting to know somethink or other! So yer wants to know what Magner Charter is now do yer? Well then, *yer wants to know too much!* Yah!

THE VERY CIVIL LIST.

THE liberality with which we reward those who have done good service in our Army or Navy is well known. No soldier or sailor, who has faithfully done his duty, need fear that if sickness overtakes him he will be neglected. No, a grateful country, and an administration which is wise as well as generous, are both ready to watch over him, to relieve his distress, to soothe his anguish, and render his path to the grave as easy as possible. Those too who have given their brains instead of their bodies for the nation's good are even better cared for. The author, who after years of toil spent in adding to the pleasure or knowledge of his fellow creatures, is just beginning to reap the reward of his labours, suddenly is struck down, perhaps, by paralysis. He leaves behind him a widow and children but for them he has no anxiety. Is there not the Civil List, that liberal fund from which the richest nation in the world provides splendid annuities to the families of those whom talents well employed, and severe intellectual labour have not emancipated from the tyranny of poverty? Yes, there is indeed, at the disposal of the First Minister of the Queen of England for such a purpose an annual sum very nearly as much as is shot away in an hour by some one of our many formidable guns, in order to prove that it never can be of any use under any circumstances whatever. We say nothing of the munificent and discriminating patronage displayed by the Royal Family. "Every little helps"—we know the proverb. Certainly, there is every inducement for a man of great intellectual power to devote his time to some grand national work, something that will benefit all his fellow countrymen, though he gets little or nothing by it, instead of frittering away his brains in writing for magazines, though he gets well paid for so doing. A list of pensions, rewards, &c., purporting to be the Civil List, has been published in some journals; the public has been deceived, for we publish now, for the first time, the real Civil List for this year:—

To the widow and three daughters of Dr. James Tester, in acknowledgment of his valuable discoveries in chemistry, twopence a week (between the lot).

The five daughters of James Primer, for his important services in the cause of education, sixpence a month, and a saveloy once a week.

The seven sons of the late Rev. Henry Linguer, on account of the eminence of their father as a Chinese scholar, fourpence a week (less income-tax).

To Mrs. Griselda Jones, in recognition of her late husband's highly-important services in the cause of sanitary reform, 2s. 6d. a year and a dinner at the Shades (fish and joint, 1s.) on Christmas-day.

To the brother and sister of the late Leonard Lyric, for his extensive and affecting poem (365 pages, 2 cantos), in praise of the infant daughter of the late Duke of Donnerhausen, £120 per annum (memorial signed by 1,500 of the aristocracy.)

ANOTHER COMEDY.

IF "How She Loves Him" could only have stopped at the end of the Third Act we should have gone away in a perfect ecstasy of delight. The dialogue was really brilliant. One enjoyed that rare luxury of being "tickled" into laughter; it was not necessary to have the points dug into your ribs and be made to laugh in the hope of avoiding a repetition of the torture; but oh! "what a falling off was there" in the two last acts! We estimate at its real value the noisy disapprobation of those whose virtue is so irrepressible, so wide awake, so morbidly sensitive in public, but so modest, so drowsy, so long suffering in private, that really one would never suspect its existence. We honour, we admire, we respect the pure mind of the British tradesman, who shudders at the mere shadow of an intrigue on the stage, who has such a keen scent for an improper allusion, that he detects one long before the author has had time to create it; whose virtuous indignation when suffering this indignity to his moral feelings is fearful to witness; but who sells you next day some fancy assortment of poisons in lieu of wholesome food, or gives you half the weight for which you pay, or palms worthless imitation on you for a valuable reality with a righteous self possession, and an obstinate honesty which take your approbation by storm, and extort praise from the most censorious. But putting aside these angelic creatures, and dismissing the unprejudiced censure of those who silently sneered at, and ridiculed in whispers, the audacious pretension of any man who attempted to write a comedy and was not called Robertson, we must confess that there was very much both in the design and in the business of the piece to excite disapprobation. The introduction of pantomime business into the fourth act was rather a weak way of acknowledging a lack of material on the part of the author. And the idea of tacking on a fifth act, which was like a supplement to a novel, assuring the public that all the happy couples had really been married, and had decorated, or were hoping to decorate their husband's tables with olive branches may be original, but not clever. The live baby showed more discretion than those who introduced it, but not even this flourishing infant's reticence could quite disabuse the audience of a morbid desire to see the creature made into mince pies. But these are trifling details—Mr. Boucicault's experience can have been of little use to him if it has not taught him that an English audience do not like a serious situation being marred by an incongruous absurdity. The sympathy of a devoted wife, if meant to be real, or to seem so, should not be wasted on an invalid who is too plainly shamming. We cannot stop to point out many faults in the construction of this five-act comedy, we much regret so much excellent dialogue should have been wasted on a framework of incidents so hastily and ill put together. The acting was, with two exceptions, really excellent. Miss Marie Wilton is determined to show us that she is nearly if not quite the best actress of high-comedy on the stage. We are not given to praising extravagantly, but no one can have witnessed her delicately-finished acting on Saturday night and not feel grateful for having tasted one new pleasure. Mr. Hare justified the expectations of his admirers, and Mr. Bancroft staggered us by proving that he really was not made of wood.

If the piece can be judiciously reduced to three acts, and the pantomime played as such without disguise; and last, not least, a fearful specimen of the Blakesley Gun, which bellowed forth extravagant caricatures of Mr. Kean and Mr. Phelps, sen., from out the shelter of an invalid chair, can be sent to some chalybeate waters without a return ticket, or be gently muffled we hope that "How She Loves Him" may prove as lucky a throw to the directress as "Caste."

THE EPITOME OF MERRY CHRISTMAS.—Bile and Bills.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.—An estimable correspondent writes to say that, what with mince-pies, and what with turkeys stuffed with chestnuts, and the Christmas Waits, he gets so out of sorts and dizzy, that he quite loses his balance at his banker's.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Yes, spite of the weather and spite of the Waits,
And spite of the Duns who encumber my gates,
I'm determined preferring gay Fancy to Reason,
To make myself jolly in spite of the Season;
Not all the pale horrors dyspepsia possesses
Shall make me refuse the cook's delicate messes.
I'm determined to set this sweet tower in a blaze;
When the blue waves surround it in rapture I'll gaze,
And declare as I view its old frosty head burning,
This is one of th' unwholesomes I have given up spurning.

(1.)

From the east and the west,
And the north and the south,
I search for a true friend,
Who will open his mouth.

(2.)

We've sat down to dinner,
And as I'm a sinner,—
The soup is a novelty—pscha! Don't you shiver.
'Tisn't turtle, but still it came out of a river.

(3.)

How withered thy face since I saw thee, sweet fruit!
'Neath the life-giving warmth of the sun.
And to think that the next time I gaze on thy face,
I should find it concealed in a bun.

(4.)

And well did he know, this patriarch brave,
How the cook should his venison baste.
He had blessed both his sons had the second not put
Too much pepper and salt for his taste.

(5.)

"Now I'll trouble you, dear, if you please,
For a little bit more of the stuffing.
We know that the turkey is good,
And its quite fat enough without puffing."

(6.)

"Now, John, if your head is not hard,
You had better not say that again,
Or I'll give you the best—yes, I know,
But don't go and turn on the main."

(7.)

Without the carols sweet I hear,
How soft the children's voices sound;
Like the wise men I almost fear,
To kneel upon the holy ground.

(8.)

Yes, come the tankards now are filled,
Drink love and benison to all;
Let not a drop be idly spilled,
'Twas brewed you know at Maltby Hall.

(9.)

I wished so much to wish you well
My readers, yes I fain would bless
If I had power, but take the will,
And may you all reap—what you guess!

TO THE UNLUCKY.—As the year is nearly over, we will finish it by performing a supplementary act of courtesy. During the last few days, communications (which are declined with thanks) have been received from the following correspondents:—T. L. C., S. E., A. W. R., S. Y. P., G. M. R., "A Wit," L. T., and "A Wag."