

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 50.]

LONDON, APRIL 18, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

POLITICAL EDUCATION.

THE following "notes," evidently compiled with a view to some treatise on political education, have been forwarded to us by a correspondent who holds an influential post under the present administration. As they were picked up in one of the lobbies of the House of Commons, at the close of a recent debate, they may be worth the publicity we afford them:—

1. *The Weathercock: its Place in Nature.*—This to be well studied.
2. *"Language given us that we may veil our thoughts."*—N. B. Consult the great Casuists of the sixteenth and following centuries. Get *Albertus Magnus on Leger-de-main*, and some standard work on white lies.
3. *"Party: How to Create. Definition of Party."*—"That power which enables you to sacrifice national greatness to particular interests." Connect this subject with "power" and "personal necessities,"—immense importance of the latter. Study "Russell on Whig relatives." If no such work, get statistics of Bishops' families.
4. *Power.*—A thing to be secured at any cost.
5. *Principle.*—"The man who holds to a principle chains himself to a stone. If the flood come, he must perish."—*La Gruyère*. "Bear this in mind: Principles may be worn like white kid gloves, but we must not work in them."—See *Consistency*.
6. Get up the Jews.
7. *Church and State.*—May be resorted to with advantage under particular circumstances—in a speech. May be, as a rule, regarded as mere fireworks. If they don't go off well, into a bucket of water with them—useless, therefore, except to fizz and dazzle. You may treat "crown," "throne," "constitution," "this ancient assembly," "that venerable body," "the light of Christianity," as so many other fireworks of this kind.
8. *"Consistency."*—If you regard it in reference to power, call it "Suicide." To be used like calomel—only on rare and grave occasions. Safer, perhaps, without any.
9. *Peers.*—A set of —. Better, perhaps, refer to them as that "noble and ancient institution." The most useful—the new ones, got like cheap clothes—"ready made" in a crisis.
10. *"Policy."*—The learned pig picks out the card that is smeared with treacle. The learned pig knows what he is about.
11. *Speech.*—Better call it clap-trap. Never be tedious. If the subject be solemn, let the word "laughter" figure nine-and-thirty times in the printed report of your oration. Contradict anything, or anybody, flatly, no matter what be the merits of the case. Never shrink, too, from contradicting yourself.
12. *"The welfare of your country."*—Stuff. N. B. If you want to discuss it, do it—*over your wine*.

THE MODERN "SOUTH-SEA" BUBBLE.—The Volunteer Review at Portsmouth.

THE ENLIGHTENED AGE.

IT is impossible to pass by this Easter without noticing and placing on record the terribly depraved condition of the public taste as measured by the novelties and attractions offered to the holiday makers. Time was when an original five-act tragedy at Drury Lane, or a new comedy at the little theatre in the Haymarket was the staple addition to the *repertoire* of London amusements for Easter week; but now-a-days, either with or without reason, original five-acted tragedies are regarded very much in the light of mythical farces, while new comedies creep out at uncertain periods of the year, never daring to enter the lists with sensational entertainments, when that most exalted of tribunals, an appreciative British public, sits in judgment.

Here is a statement of what is going on at the West-end of London at the present time. The Lyceum has shut its doors in Mr. Bandmann's face, and has shelved *Narcisse* in order to house the Japanese troupe, who, *faut de mieux* now that Her Majesty's Theatre does not exist, have taken possession of the house. The Japanese, in their turn, have their rivals, for the Crystal Palace advertises an Oriental troupe, which includes a female artist, who performs the sword trick, another lady who is an adept in the nose ring trick, and half a dozen Brahmins (probably in search of a moonstone) who dance on the tips of buffalo horns. The Alhambra has been crowded, we believe, for weeks past with the admirers of Madame Finette, but the proprietors, still unsatisfied, have supplemented the attractions of the *Can-can* by the engagement of Leotard, who makes "a new and daring flight across the building on two bars only." Leotard has his rival in the person of a Miss Azelia, who does the same kind of thing at the Holborn Amphitheatre, while the Easter novelties at Highbury Barn and the London Pavilion are respectively Madlle. Badette la sœur de Finette, and Madlle. Esther, from Paris, who appears as Harlequin in a new Parisian Quadrille. A popular theatre over the water advertises Beckwith and his amphibious family in a monster glass tank on the stage, Rubini beheading a lady, Alavanta the Indian Juggler, a couple of Champion Comics (whatever they may be), and a host of other attractions, all in one entertainment, and even that most staid and instructive of exhibitionists, Madame Tussaud, has taken advantage of the holiday season to introduce Miles Weatherhill into the Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy.

We are at a loss to guess what may be going on at the East-end of London, but the above feast of intellectual enjoyment is within everybody's reach. What shall we come to next year. Will it be a Parisian ball at Covent Garden Opera House or a prize fight in Exeter Hall? Surely we are progressing.

HANGING IN PRIVATE.—A most desirable *halter-ation*.

MOTTO FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—"Abandon hope (of promotion) all ye who enter here!"

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.—Example of "lucus a non lucendo"—a girl who is too fast to mind her proper *steps*.

THE FUTURE OF WOMAN.—This otherwise irregular verb forms its future regularly, "I will, or shall, *woo-man*." Its optative mood takes the form of an *infinitive heir-ist*.

A MILITARY MESS.

SOME remarks appeared in these columns a few weeks' back on the prevalence of the Military element in the civil office of the Secretary of State for War, pointing out the anomaly of subordinate officers controlling or commanding their own commanders.

The correctness of the arguments have been everywhere admitted, but it has been replied that such anomalies must be disregarded in practice, when the advantages to the State are manifest; and that it is manifest that great advantages are obtained by the valuable experience of military officers in conducting the business at the War Office in a thousand details in which civilian clerks, not having actual military experience, would lead their chief into innumerable blunders.

The events of the past week afford all the comment that is required to meet this reply. The extraordinary blunder that has disarranged, if not marred, all the plans of the great Volunteer Review at Portsmouth was made by no civilian clerk. The omission to calculate the time required for moving a given body of men over a given distance was the omission of a high military power. One cannot say whether the mistake was made by the Colonel, the late Inspector-General of Volunteers, who has been relieved, or by the Major-General, who has relieved him; but by the old or by the new military officer "*Commanding*" the Reserve Forces, as the Secretary of State has recently termed it, were the arrangements made, and in spite of experience, in spite of personal acquaintance with troops, marches, and movements, a military officer is, beyond question, the author of the recent "fiasco" in regard to the military movements of the volunteer regiments at Portsmouth, which, mitigated as it has been by subsequent modifications, has sufficiently scandalised all the warmest supporters of military organisation.

Let the public, then, take heart, and let them stand true to their principles, putting aside all specious arguments as to none but military men having any knowledge of military affairs, and let it be admitted, and when admitted, let it be acted upon, that in all matters of Government, the State, that is to say, the civil power must be supreme, unless we are prepared to reverse all the principles of our constitution, and to make our standing army a standing menace to the liberties of the country; for there is no doubt whatever that no less an issue is involved ultimately in the admission of military powers into the control of civil offices that should control the army.

A DREAM OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Lo? I dreamt a dream, and methought that I saw Minerva weeping her eyes out in an orchard where the apple-blossoms were throwing up their rosy snow to April. And I beheld one approach, whom I knew for Apollo, and he touched his sister on the shoulder, and said he "Minerva, why dost thou weep? Have I not given thee since the death of great Pan, all the arts of Britain into thy care? Why dost thou weep?" "That's just where it is Pol my boy! and it's enough to make one cry one's eyes out for vexation, it is." "Wherefore, my sister, dost thou thus complain?" replied Apollo. "Come with me a moment, and I'll show you. You say you have made me, me Minerva, Ex-Goddess of wisdom, formerly a partner in the firm of Olympus and Co., you say you have made me patroness of British Art—British tea-trays—stuff and rubbish! While that hussey Lutetia sneers at me from the other side of the water, and sends one Wallis over here with samples of foreign ware to flout and jeer me in my very domains. I patronize London artists! not if I know it, unless they stop these French and Belgian Exhibitions in Pall Mall." And then I fancied Apollo seated himself kindly by the side of the plaintive old maid, and quoth he "Mervy dear! where have you been, and what are you talking about?" "No 'Pol, it's no use, and I hav'nt been at the hydromel either—but I went to the Suffolk street Gallery of British Artists this morning, and to the Pall Mall Exhibition of French and Belgian this afternoon, and I'm ready to cry with shame." "Well but Mervy dear, surely there is a great difference between the pretensions of the young English society, and those of the artists whose pictures Mr. Wallis has collected for exhibition." "I don't care," sobbed Minerva, "that doesn't

make it a bit the less aggravating—only come and see." And then methought both Minerva and Apollo rose from where they had been sitting, and turned their faces in the direction of Suffolk street—and lo, and behold I dreamt we were together within the gallery where the British artists love to congregate. "Oh!" said Minerva, with a shudder—"they were bad enough this morning, but since seeing those others, they are positively hideous!" "Stay," cried Apollo, hoping to prevent a scene, "there is a Spanish Head by E. C. Barnes (288) which is not to be passed by."

MINERVA.—I know there is, and another by the same artist, equally good (567), but "one swallow does not make a summer," and because Mr. Barnes has painted these two really artistic works, I am not better pleased with the others.

APOLLO.—Come, come sister, perhaps Mr. Barnes may have other works equally admirable.

MINERVA.—Ah, you've been reading the *Telegraph*, and you've found out there's a *Joan of Arc* to see.

APOLLO.—Not I indeed, but here is the picture (275)—H'm.

MINERVA.—Now isn't that aggravating? The only man to whom I could trust in the room, gives two odd eyes, one much higher than the other to his *Joan*, while the absurdity of the little monk carrying the cross behind her, must strike even you 'Pol.

APOLLO.—Well, but look here at Mr. G. Cole's coast scenes (26-220). Mr. A. Gilbert's *Moonlights* (50-583). Mr. Wood's *Ruined Mill* (452), or Mr. Hayes's luminous *Genoa* (489). These are good.

MINERVA.—Yes, yes, but look here, and there, and everywhere at those insipid girls, idiotic ploughboys, and metallic properties from Wardour street. Look at the bad drawing, the awful compositions, the barrenness of invention, and the impossible colouring staring at us on all sides. Oh! it's a dreadful sight!

APOLLO.—You are right sister, but why not look at what has merit? These *Summer Showers* (188) for instance, by H. Moore make one understand the necessity of detaining the visitor's umbrellas at the entrance: (everyone would feel inclined to unfurl for fear of a wetting) or his *Coasting Vessels Becalmed* (581), or this *Ferry Boat* (380) by J. C. Thom. Now, there's a picture I should like to have.

MINERVA.—That's what it is! Another aggravation. Mr. Thom, who, by the way, sends his best to Mr. Wallis, is a young American, and a pupil of Edward Frère, of Ecouen. But the true Britons, they are as much behind foreigners in art as the Cantabs were behind Oxford on the 4th of April, and make as ridiculous an exhibition of themselves.

APOLLO.—Come, sister, this is not the Royal Academy; we may hope for better things there.

MINERVA.—Hope is always telling flattering tales in this country. Look at that Mr. Rossiter, let him go and study De Jongh if he must paint petticoats; or still better, Mr. Stevens. But wait till we get to Pall Mall. Look at this Hurlstone, F. Y., President (and echo answers "Why President?"), with his *Canon Taking his Siesta* (147): does he think this clap-trap facility of brushing can make up for ignoble drawing and senseless colouring? His *Salute Signor* (310) and his *Pescator* (441) are beneath criticism; his *Sancho* (352) is no more a Sancho than I'm a Jupiter—that's a Swiss valet without a spark of wit, and no idea of proverbial philosophy. And all these pictures on the eye line and in the best positions show that the president is perfectly aware of his powers as a president, if not as an artist.

APOLLO.—I hear Mr. Woolmer is one of the lights of this society.

MINERVA.—Lights? Heavies, you mean. Mr. A. T. Woolmer is namby-pamby beyond measure, trying to attract by low-cut dresses, eyes he knows he is incapable of fixing by his weak invention or his salad-mixture colouring. I tell you, Apollo, all this is humiliating. If Mr. Barraud will paint tin women, why does he call one an *Evening Star* (220)? Why does Mr. Passmore content himself with copying Messrs. Simmons's costume upon lay figures when he knows all is not gold that glitters (237). Why does Mr. Ritchie, who has some power, copy (249) Salvator Rosa's own studies of robbers and then tell us, "*It is said, this artist ventured among lawless men?*"

APOLLO.—Surely this must be a specimen of black art by Mr. Hayllar (472).

MINERVA.—It reminds me of a picture I once saw a poor wretch cut out of black paper with a pair of scissors held in his toes. But, sin as it is, it is not such an unblushing crime as *A Roman Window during the Carnival* (579). If somebody would shut it for Mr. Noble they would be doing a real service to the artist. Stop a minute, there's a picture down there, near the ground, with merit in it. Who is it by?

APOLLO.—An interior (634). No name.

MINERVA.—Depend on it, whoever it is he has studied in Paris.

APOLLO.—Good gracious, what's that? A flash of green light, with a vision of deformed wretches leaving a hospital!

MINERVA.—That's *Rescue of Rahab* (412), and I will swear that the sins of Rahab were nothing to what Mr. Denby has committed here.

APOLLO.—By the Nine Muses, sister; but this is painful. I fear me I shall leave much of your opinion. Is there not one just person who may save the figure-painters from condemnation?

MINERVA.—Look here, 'Pol, we shall find no one noticing it; but that proves nothing but the general ignorance of the public. Look at that portrait of a girl (189), called *A Mother's Darling*, by S. B. Halle. That man is a pupil of Flandrin's (Hippolyte Flandrin, now dead), or ought to have been. No great beauty about that child but that of Nature and reality. No great search for effect, and yet most effective in its simple treatment. But then the name Halle is not an English one after all, so that goes for nothing.

APOLLO.—By Parnassus! but it makes me wish to see more by the same artist. I'll give him an order to paint the Nine Muses for my box on Mount Hybla.

MINERVA.—Come; we will be off to see the Meissonier in Pall Mall.

APOLLO.—I will go with you, sister.

Then I observed that Apollo, while waiting for his lyre, which he had left with the umbrellas outside, allowed Minerva to descend before him, and I heard him tell the guardian of the door, in confidence, that, though he quite agreed with his sister, the lady in a helmet and spectacles who had just gone down stairs, he felt he ought to encourage, with a word or two of recognition, some artists of whom his sister had not taken note. These were Mr. A. H. Tourrier, for his clever *Missal Painter* (162), and his *à la porte d'un pauvre* (378); Mr. Payne for his landscapes (535-572); Mr. Bromley for his *Forge* (397), and his *Serenading* (414); Mr. Knight for his *Edge of the Forest* (449); Mr. W. Gosling (696, 763); Mr. Varley (776); Mr. G. S. Walters (829, 856, and especially 901); Mr. E. W. Robinson (979, 1037), and Miss F. E. Glasier (1037*). Mr. G. Pope for *The Careless Guardian* (429), much higher up than its merit deserves.

It seemed then to me in my dream, that we were all three of us transported to Mr. Wallis's Exhibition of French and Belgian Works of Art in Pall Mall; and transported indeed we were. But of that anon—I must e'en rest for a week. It will take at least that to get the portrait of a wig block, by W. Salter (21), out of my head.

WHY NOT?

WHY don't political parties take a hint from the advertisement pages of the *Era*? We then might see, previous to general elections, some such announcements as these:—

Wanted, a few good Utility Men. Money no object. Must be up to the Moon trick. Sober preferred, and character if possible. Good business. Borough or county.

Stokely on Pent.—An opening for a Leading Young Man. Liberal. Principles light, pockets heavy. Must sing and turn somersaults. Young Greys or Elliots can communicate.

Wanted by a Party, a few Heavy Old Men for the serious line, to do virtuous indignation. Charity chairmen up to after-dinner spin. No desertion. Benevolent, not too bald, preferred. Good Churchmen, and sound on Game Laws. Money found.

Wanted for a Starring Tour in Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. Good rattling Radicals. Universal smash and turn inside out

trick. Yankee yarns, and to do the "flesh and blood" business. Good feeding, and the chance of a testimonial.

Leading Business—Wanted. A Burlesque Character Actor. Good disguises. To play Clown, or the Angel, if required; also the bones. Properties found, including character. The Nottingham Buffoon treated with. No Whalley need apply.

We think the above suggestions might advance matters a stage in some constituencies, and would support the dignity of candidates.

THE LATE BOAT RACE.

UNDER this heading TOMAKAWK presented his readers last week with a prize riddle for their solution, offering at the same time a reward of £10,000 for the best answer. The sum specified has been gained by no less a person than one of the first of our European Emperors. It is scarcely necessary to say that, a cheque for the amount has already been despatched to the London representative of the successful potentate. Here follows some of the correspondence that has recently been received at 30 Tavistock street, having reference to the intensely interesting subject:

A MONSIEUR LE REDACTEUR EN CHEF DU "TOMAHAWK."

If you please sare—oh! blow-my-eye-rosbif!—I spik de English.

You ask me sare, vy is de late boat race between de collége of Oxfor-Cambridgge like *un* turnip? I tell you sare. *Ce bon garçon* de la Tour d'Auvergne 'e say dat de coxswain steer de boat round dis point, and round dat corner, and den de people on de banks dey cheer and make de hurrahs—de bravos. *Eh bien!* Very well. I give you *réponse*: De race den was all turn-ip! ip! ip!—turn-ip! ip! ip! Turn-ip! ip! ip! oorah!!!

Pay de money to *ce bon garçon* de la Tour d'Auvergne.

Receive my distinguished considerations,

L. N.——.

P. S.—Why you not sold on de Kiosques of de Boulevards sare?

P. P. S.—On second thoughts, pay not de money to *ce bon garçon* de la Tour d'Auvergne;—you 'ad better send it over to me direct. Good mornin', sare. Oh, blow-my-eye!

TO TH'EDITOR TOM-HIC-AWK.

DEAR TOM-HIC-AWK.—TOMMY,—I shay ole f'la,—know th'answer stupid con-con-conundrum 'yours;—Why's boat-race like a—t'nip? 'Cause t'nips are often hollow, like the boat-race! See the idea?

Yours eloquent—hic—eloquently,

BEN.

P. S.—Read my p'ration on the Irish Debate? I was—hic—jolly that night! Never such fun—hic—in m'life!

OTHER ANSWERS.

W. M.—Because, when the rowing (2nd crop of grass) was finished, *Oxen* had it!—[You have surprised us.—ED. TOM.]

AMICUS.—Because the race was not worth peeling for!—[Eh?—ED. TOM.]

F. W. H.—Because one of the crews was sure to beat (be-ate) this year!—[Silly!—ED. TOM.]

CRU-CI-FER-Æ(S).—Both are pulled by the greens!—[The name and address of this gentleman (who has so grossly insulted the University sixteen) will be given up at our office to any member of the crews, on receipt of a stamped envelope.—ED. TOM.]

PERCY.—Because the boats row and the turnips grow in rows!—[Something in that.—ED. TOM.]

J. ESCOTT.—Because turnips are sometimes scooped into skulls to make bogies of,—and you push the boats along with long poles, called by nautical men, sculls!—[Yes, that's it.—ED. TOM.]

SNAKE IN THE GRASS, (CLAPHAM).—Ritualism!—[This answer is evidently intended for something else; but it isn't bad.—ED. TOM.]

POOR HUMBUGS!

MY COUSIN—"THE GARRISON HACK."

POOR Victoria!

Away—down into the far distant past I can see my little cousin Vicky, the pride of her nurse and parents, the cause of many a schoolboy quarrel, the "bread and butter miss" of poor Lord Byron's pen. I remember I used to call her "my wife," and on one occasion I nobly received a brace of black eyes in defence of her wax-faced false-haired doll. My opponent was that eminent barrister, the present Serjeant Lyington. Ah! in those days I would have shed, and did shed, my very nose-blood in her defence! How long ago was it? Let me see. Victoria was born on the day of the Queen's accession to the throne—she was nearly ten when I selected her to be my bride—more than twenty years ago! Heigho! how the time passes.

I need scarcely say that I was faithless to my first love. Be not too hard upon me, gentlest of readers. Remember, I was at best but a *very* young man; I had certainly seen not *more* than a tithe of the trickeries and falsehoods of this wicked world. Look not astounded when I inform you that at that early age I scarcely knew how to turn up the king three times running at *écarte*—was never certain of making a successful book on the Derby. I was only nine years old, a boy—well, if you will—a youth! If I'd been older, of course I should have known that it is *very* wrong to trifle with the affections of a maiden; not only very wrong, but (in these days of Belgravian mothers) very dangerous! Well, confession is good for the soul, and I frankly own that what with the wild orgies of the "tuck-shop," and the stolen pleasure of the smoking cane-cigar or penny "pickwick," the image of Victoria faded from my heart. Nay, think me not *all* bad, for I had my moments of remorse! Yes, sometimes at the very height of my revelry would the spectre of my neglected love rise before me; with the foaming glass of "real Turkey sherbert" raised to my lips, with an ounce of almond hard-bake clasped between my eager fingers, and the penny jam tart, red, shining, and inviting, placed well within my grasp, would the mournful memory haunt me. A sigh, a wild laugh, and I drowned care in ginger beer, and beat down melancholy with a sugar-stick! Few who played with me at those times at "prisoner's base" knew that the laughter that resounded so loudly was artificial, that the mirth they deemed so joyous was as hollow as the tomb!

When I left school I was quite heart-whole. If we set our teeth, cry "*Vive le chuck-penny*," and read down sad thoughts with Grant's "*Romance of War*," or Cooper's "*Spy*," we may hope to survive the very bitterest disappointment. I know, after a while, I learnt even to forgive the cruelty my father exhibited in refusing to purchase for my use the "Youth's Complete Chemical Cabinet" (as advertised). I acknowledge that I shed many tears when I pondered over my loss; for, you see, I had so set my heart upon trying the "Miniature Eruption of Vesuvius" ("experiment 24, as advertised"), in my bed-room, especially as I had greatly improved upon the printed directions—I had determined in preparing the prescription upon treating grains as ounces, and ounces as pounds! By pursuing this plan of course I should have heightened the "brilliancy" of the eruption—without any danger, too, for I knew that the house was insured! However, that great healer Time taught me to forget the treasured Chemical chest. Surely then, it *would* have been odd had I not been able to get over so simple a matter as an *affaire de cœur*.

Shortly after leaving school I met my cousin at a party. She looked very pretty, and called me up to her, and tapped my hands with a fan, and said that I was "a naughty boy." Her card was full for all the round dances but I secured a "square," and my name was duly inscribed on the pretty silver-printed two inches of card-board she held in her hand by a white silk cord and a tiny little tassell. This done I lounged away, and, resting my back against a door, watched the scene before me. I soon grew bored of looking at the vapid faces of the men, and the extended skirts and simpering smiles of the young ladies, as they waltzed past me. I soon grew bored, I say, and then I directed my eyes towards a group in one of the corners of the room—a group of which my pretty little cousin was the centre.

There she sat laughing and joking, surrounded by half-a-dozen young men, who to judge from their bullet-shaped heads seemed more distinguished for their clothes than their intelligence. There she sat, tapping this man's knuckles with her

fan, and calling that fellow over there a "naughty boy." There she sat laughing at that idiot's stolid attempt at a pun, or grinning behind her fan at that fool's clumsy shot at a compliment. There she fluttered a butterfly among the hollyoaks, a Venus among the porpoises, a gazelle among the herd of swine. There she sat as I watched, and all she did was to smile and rap knuckles, and all she said was, "Oh, you naughty boy!" or "How shocking!"

My "square" came at last, and I duly presented myself for the dance. She simpered as I approached her, and with a little laugh and a tap of the fan got up from her seat, took my arm, and left the circle of grinning noodles behind her. The dance over, I said, "Well, Vicky, and how are they all at home?"

"Haven't you heard?" said my cousin, with a sigh. "But how should you, you have just come home from abroad. Poor papa's had heavy losses, and we have sold the house in Eaton Square, and Fanny's come home from that expensive academy, and we are trying to get Charley into the Bluecoat school, and I make all my dresses now, and we've got no footman!"

"Dear, dear! that's bad, I must call upon you."

"Oh yes do, we shall be so glad to see you, but when you come, ring very gently, for poor Mamma's very ill, and she ought to have straw put down—but we really can't afford it. I've come to night with that old lady over there in the funny turban—she's my chaperone. Oh, we've had a dreadful time of it lately, but it will be all right when I'm settled I suppose."

"Is aunt very ill?"

"No, she's better to night, but I should like to have stayed at home with her—only you know I knew that a lot of 'nice' people would be here, and really it would be *such* a great thing for us if——"

"If you were married?"

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "yes Papa won't let me be a governess, and——"

"I thought you were engaged to Harry Thornbury."

"Oh no—who told you that?" She blushed up to the roots of her hair, and the tears appeared in her eyes. "Contradict it if you hear it again. No, all will be right when I'm settled. Oh! there's that everlasting waltz," she added, in quite a different voice, as a heavy dragoon approached her. "Ah! you naughty boy, here you are at last!"

She smiled at me, tapped the newcomer's knuckles, and sailed away resting on his arm.

Ten years passed before I saw very much of my cousin again. During this time I kicked about the world and rubbed against the world after the approved fashion of younger sons with more credit than brains, and less money than either. Chance threw me here, and chance threw me there, and one day chance took me into a train, left me at the station of a garrison town, and quickly introduced me to some "men" in Her Majesty's -6th Regiment of the Line (Queen Anne's own). Chance (assisted by said "men") then carried me off to mess, and left me at last in a ball room. The garrison town was built on the sea, and the garrison town boasted an ex-Royal Residence, and the ex-Royal Residence to-night seemed to have revived its past magnificence, for it actually had become on this occasion the *locale* of a grand fancy dress ball given by some lady patronesses (no mayoresses among the number, be it understood) in aid of a neighbouring hospital. There I stood, in a gaudily-decorated room (part of it oriental and the rest reminding me strongly of George IV.), listening to the strains of some half dozen bands, bands that were playing in different apartments, it is true, but at one and the same moment. I had thus an excellent opportunity of hearing the "Guards' Waltz," the "Lancers," and the "Grand Duchess Quadrille" treated as a sort of musical salad.

I stood listening and yawning, and watching the people as they passed to and fro. First came a melancholy middle-aged man, got up in dim imitation of Napoleon I.; now and again, would this middle-aged man simper as some friend congratulated him upon his admirable conception of the character he had assumed. And I gazed at him lazily and thanked my stars I was not a Frenchman, and consequently *not* bound by honour to seek the idiot's life-blood—I felt that the man's life-blood and his life-blood only, could *quite* wipe out the insult he had put upon the Emperor. And then came a depressed-looking North American Indian, in a painted face and lavender kid gloves, and a Charles II., who had got hold of a false moustache which *would* fall from under his nose and creep into his mouth; and a Crusader, who evidently, in spite of his war-like garb, spent most of his time at a desk in the Admiralty, Whitehall;

and a noisy French Peasant, who spoke his own language with the accent of a native—de Putney; and an insane individual, who was supposed to represent “Croquet” in the flesh, but who might (as appropriately) have declared himself to be the “Spirit of Pork Sausages;” and a beardless cornet (who was blasphemous and cynical); and a moustachless ensign (who was cynical and blasphemous), and half a thousand others. And I saw Marguerite in dyed hair, and Marie, Queen of Scots, in a chignon, and Lady Jane Grey *decolletée*, and Ondine *plus* a little too much champagne. And there they were, dancing, and flirting, and laughing—and laughing, and flirting, and dancing, over and over, over and over, over and over again!

Tired with the sight, I made for a seat, when I saw a poor old fairy nodding at me and beckoning me towards her. I put up my glass, and to my surprise found that the lady in her gaudy dress, and absurd-looking wings, and long star-surmounted staff, and obviously false hair, and hideously rouged cheeks, and painfully painted eyebrows, was no less a person than my cousin Victoria!

I greeted her cordially, she met me with the old rap of the knuckles with her fan, and the old nonsense about being “a naughty boy.” She asked me if I “wanted a ‘round;” she thought she had the next disengaged,” and held up her card to me—it was blank. I’m not a dancing man, and told her so. So we sat down and began chatting. The girls around her were soon marched off by their partners, and we were left alone. I never had such a painful talk in my life. Eyes sunken and covered with Indian ink, brow wrinkled and plastered with powder, features sharp and blushing with rouge! A wreck of what she was; there was nothing to remind me of the Victoria of ten years ago, save the giggling and the false merriment. Her manner was always make-believe, it never was so make-believe as now! Still she kept up the fiction of being young, and pretty, and lively, and I humoured her. We had talked of this friend’s marriage and that friend’s marriage, and at last I said gaily, “Well, Vicky, we soon shall be losing you. One of these fine days you will follow the example of Hetty Wilson and Harry Thornbury, and marry some one yourself, and then good bye to balls, picnics, and parties.”

“Don’t be so absurd you naughty boy,” she said, with a giggle and a rap of her fan.

“Mind I must come, let me return thanks for the bridesmaids, or give you away, or pay the pew-opener. Then when you are settled in a jolly little house and a nice garden, full of flowers and all that kind of thing, and are as happy as the day is long, you must—”

“Don’t be so absurd you naughty—” she stopped short, her lip quivered, and she burst out a-crying!

Poor woman! I repeat from the bottom of my heart, poor woman!

WOMAN’S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Gallant, adj.—A good old word scarcely recognizable in the manners of the nineteenth century.

Game, to make of.—Making a point before killing.

Garden.—Flora’s boudoir.

Garrison-town.—A chess board where the Queens are always making moves to be mated by the Knights.

Generosity.—Giving your time and services to a bazaar where there is no possibility of a flirtation.

Gentility.—Nothing under a boy in buttons.

Giggle.—The safety-valve of weak machinery.

Girlhood.—A preparatory school for women before they go up to take their bachelors.

Give.—A verb implying a desire to receive in exchange.

Glass.—A friend who saves most women the trouble of reflecting.

Glove.—A sheath for a cat’s paw.

Gold.—The sun which dazzles all, and blinds so many.

Gossip.—The copper currency of the realm of woman.

Governess.—A poor sister who has not enough intelligence to see that intellect is menial.

Grace.—The flower without which the loveliest garden is worthless.

Grave.—The accent which must fall on our last syllable.

Green.—The colours most becoming to pale girls and young heirs.

Guards.—Archangels in the heaven of Mars.

Gum.—The pink velvet in which Venus sets her pearls.

THE NEXT BOOK!

DURING the last few days a work has appeared, which has evidently been written expressly for the perusal of snobs. It is called *Recollections from 1803 to 1837*, and is from the pen of the Hon. Amelia Murray. It is to be hoped that some other amiable and titled nobody may produce a pendant book, called *Recollections from 1837 to 1868*, when we may expect to see something of this sort.

“I went out to-day to see Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, and had an exceedingly interesting conversation with her. Her Majesty said, ‘How are you to-day?’ I replied, ‘Quite well, madame.’ ‘Oh,’ returned the Queen, smiling sweetly; ‘then I’ll say good day.’ And I left her. Her Majesty had on a pair of boots, and wore black kid gloves.”

There, that’s the kind of twaddle with which Miss Murray’s book is filled. If our readers buy the work, it is no fault of ours—their folly be on their own heads.

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Present—SMITH and JONES.

SMITH.—Did you see that leader in the *Telegraph* for “Good Friday?”

JONES.—Do you mean the one in which the writer observed (I can quote his exact words), “The Divine Sufferer was the first who found and owned no limit to the law that sacrifice of self for each and all is the golden secret of good to all, and of glorious delight to the happy victim. Let no man take offence at us; we ask no nobler interpretation of this day, no deeper mystery of teaching, where the majesty of the Father mingles with the obedience of the Son, and the divine and human blend in a glory of light and truth too dazzling for any eyes save those of faith?”

SMITH.—Yes. What did he mean by that sentence?

JONES.—I’m sure I don’t know. It’s too “dazzling” for my eyes.

SMITH.—I say, if the leader hadn’t sounded slightly, shall I say sacrilegious, wouldn’t it have been funny?

JONES.—Funny! I should think so. I never laughed at an article more heartily in my life. Fancy the *Telegraph* turning religious in its old age!

SMITH.—The next thing we shall hear of will be the conversion of the French Correspondent to the Catholic faith by the Emperor of the French.

JONES.—But, seriously, did you read the article through?

SMITH.—Yes.

JONES.—What did you think of it?

SMITH.—Well, I thought it blasphemous twaddle.

JONES.—So did I. Ring for the coffee.

(Scene closes in.)

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

WE are delighted to be able to announce, on the very best authority, that the vast block which now covers so much space in Hyde Park, and the parasitic buildings of which entirely close one of the most necessary and pleasant of public roads, need we say the Prince Consort Memorial (No. 2,001 in the books) will not be as useless as may be supposed. With a view to the requirements of the fashionable *habitués* of the Park during the season, the basement will be fitted up as a refreshment room, or something of that sort. This is delightful, considering the thousands of pounds that have been wasted on monstrous excrescences to perpetuate the memory of the Great and Good. One at least will be useful as well as ornamental.



LONDON, APRIL 18, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THE PREMIER says he is glad the division took place when it did, for it will be very singular if, in the Recess, he cannot find some corner into which to put the Opposition.

“ ‘Gladstone and Rome,’ be that our cry !”
Come Dizzy, that won’t do, you know—
Against *High* Churchmen battle? Why,—
You got your hardest hit from *Lowe* !

LET MDLLE. PATTI retire into private life ; let Mdle Titiens emigrate to Australia ; let Mdme. Sainton-Dolby “return to town for the season” no more. Theresa is coming to London this year.

SOME persons have complained that they cannot understand why the chief Ecclesiastical Court should be called the Court of Arches. Surely, in the present disputatious state of the Establishment the name is appropriate, for it is supported by the pillars of the Church.

LORD GREY’S letter to Mr. Bright is a characteristic production : he stands between the two great parties and snaps at both their legs. The noble lord’s attempt to “physic the ills” of Ireland only proves more strongly that he is a species of Grey powder—that won’t agree with anybody.

IT is a curious coincidence that Mr. Gladstone, in his sixtieth year, should have won his great battle by a majority of sixty. His education has been a matter of time—he has been long in reaching years of discretion. We hope that he will not find, when he comes to continue the fight, that he has attained only a late majority.

THE result of the recent contest between the two blues is that Cambridge now has to register eight defeats in succession. Evidently there is such a thing as being too true to one’s colours. While the dark blue every year goes earnestly to work before the race, the rival shade will still insist on “making light of it.”

MR. VERNON HARCOURT has given his decision on the Willoughby D’Eresby case. We suppose he was chosen as an arbitrator between that noble Englishman and the French Countess, on account of his knowledge of international law. As that law is based upon courtesy, Lord Willoughby D’Eresby must have been entirely ignorant of it.

BULL-baiting and prize-fighting have received the Happy Despatch. How much longer are steeple chases to be allowed ? We read in an account of Bromley races that “One of the subsequent races was fatal to young Mr. Clifford, who broke his neck at the last fence.” It seems to us that steeple chasing is mere fencing with death, and that Death is generally the winner.

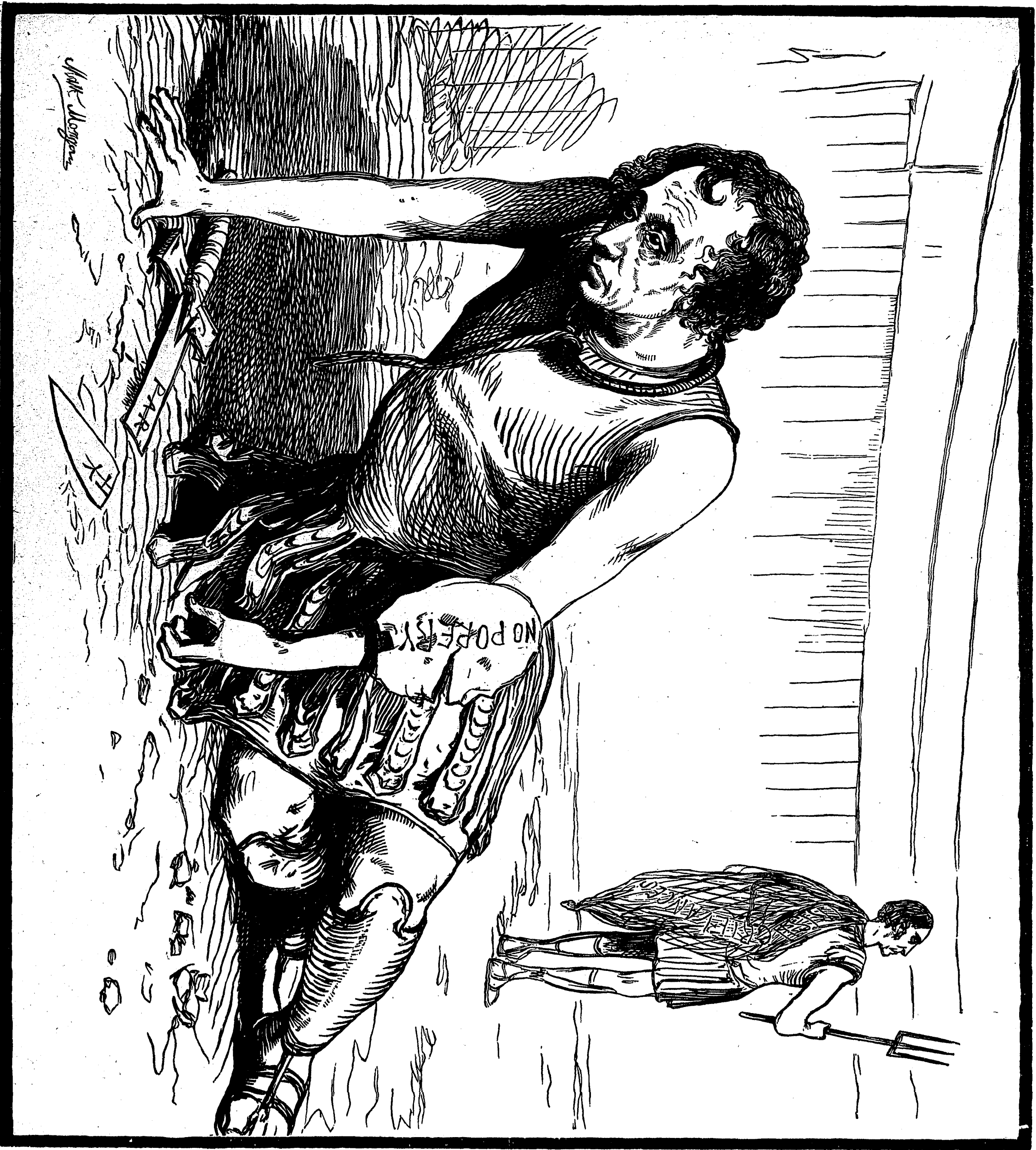
THE Austrian Archduke Ernest has just resigned his military command at Gratz, in order to marry a young lady not of noble birth, and has been cut by the Emperor accordingly. A short time ago his brother, the Archduke, shared the same fate for a similar proceeding. What with accidents, murders, and misalliances, the Imperial Family of Austria is contracting itself within the narrowest, but most select, of limits.

THE MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND seems determined to show he was not worthy of the praise which we bestowed on him. It is one thing to rescue poor children from the streets, and another thing to go thrusting yourself into every family, and listening to the tales of servant-maids. He seems to forget that there is an offence called “barratry,” and that to encourage persons in litigation is the work, not of a philanthropist, but of a petty attorney.

O MIGHTY Beales, the People’s Ma—
At last your toil has been rewarded ;
And, as a proof of confidence,
A Cabinet you’ve been awarded ;
But boast not of your children’s gift,
Perhaps the hint was well intended ;
That—like the Davenports—you might
Inside the Cabinet be suspended.

ANOTHER inquest on a prisoner who died in Millbank Prison ! His death appears to have been the result of an abscess in his lungs, for which the surgeon could not account. His chief diet appears to have been bread and water. The maxim that “What is bred in the bone can’t come out of the flesh,” appears to be slightly modified by the prison authorities. “What’s bread in the bone won’t come out in flesh” is perfectly proved (*pace* Banting) by the thinness of those who have to live on such a diet. The surgeon also deposed that when deceased became ill he ordered “him meat, fish, wines, anything he wanted ; even oranges.” From this one would suppose that the orange is the forbidden fruit of prisons. But, seriously speaking, would it not have been as well if the prisoner had had some of these and a little meat before he fell ill, when all these delicacies would not have been required. Whatever our authorities may think, crime is a sore which cannot be cured by a bread-and-water poultice.

THERE is always a tremendous outcry when any acrobat meets with an accident. Mdle. Azella came done with a run a few nights back, and we express our sincere pity and sympathy. But why the Lord Chamberlain should be hooted at by the press because he does not interfere, is what we do not understand. Why, if every profession or calling is to be stopped on account of peril, where would the theory end ? We should have few doctors and no sailors. If Miss Azella finds that she makes more money by the trapeze than by going out as a daily governess, why should she be prevented doing so ? She may be, as a daily governess, run over by a hansom, or butcher’s cart, any day of the week. Let every precaution be taken to prevent accidents, but don’t cry out about danger to public morals on the score of peril attending an individual’s performances. We don’t believe that any person goes to an exhibition of this kind in hopes of seeing an accident. We have a better opinion of our fellow-men and women.



AFTER THE BATTLE!

OR,
EASTER, 1868.



JULES ONCE MORE ON A GREAT EVENT.

THE day will be long past before I shall reach you, but no matter. The words of the wise arrive never too late, and the experience of those who know is always worth the candle. It is of course of your *Oxfor-CambrIDGE-race* that I shall address you. I was of them, the spectators. Among the millions of your *mees*, fair daughters of *perfidie Albion* (excuse this, the joke). I placed myself near to the *Barns-brigge*. *Ma foi* what sight! The crowd surging, terrible, *feroce*, of betsmen who make the book and cheat the odds. But not for me is that. No—I join the gentlemen who give the fair stake—not your *bifstake* (excuse again, the joke)—the true sportsmen of the race, the *welchers*, of which your Prince is proud to be the chief, the *caads*, and *blacklegges* of the turf. I say to myself, with these the bet is safe. I take the “odds,” I “edge,” I “lose”—but it is glorious! But I write not to tell you this. It is the loss of the *CambrIDGE boat* that makes me take the pen—“Why is this loss?” your papers ask! “Why?” asks the oarsman of the Thames. Ah, why? *La France* shall tell to you the reason. It is this. It is because they do not win, and why is it they do not win. Then I shall tell you—it is because they lose! And why then do they lose? Because they do not cheat. And why do they not cheat? *Ma foi* you ask! Because there is no prize. That is the response of France. But Englishmen, stolid, indifferent to the true glory of the fight, will say, “No, this French oarsman of the Seine, he does not understand us.” *Eh bien*, I say, I bow. Our views are like the two ends of the stick, they do not meet. You “out” without the horn, green coat, the gold cocked hat, the sword! Yes, you do not do these, but take your *meet* to eat upon your horse, and race the fox! Excuse the laugh—and this you call the “out!” Then in your *boxe* you say it is not right to kick right in the face! *Parbleu*, not right? It is the honourable stroke that wins the fight. But to our mutton; there is no use for me to tell you why *blue de ciel* will not win. You have no faith in Jules! Your sportsmen say it is the *train*. The *train*? *A bah!* it is too much the train! What is it then, once more? Come, I shall tell you. The other day came across the mighty waves of the Atlantic the challenge of the Red Skins—the war cry of the wild Indians! It was the struggle of death they sought with your brave *Oxfor-men*. The movement of *wigwam strokes* was crafty, subtle, like a fiend. *Ma foi!* it glides without its eyes, it creeps alone, it has no admiral: you guess, you laugh, you shriek, you dance—it has no *coxe!* Your oarsmen say this thing is new, it frightens us, we faint, our cheeks grow white, our flesh it creeps; we will not race the savage, he shall stay at home. This was not good. Not so the Seine replies to the Niagara. Read the rules of the approaching race:—

GRAND INTERNATIONAL RACE

between

EIGHT GENTLEMEN

of

HARVARD, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.,

and

A PICKED CREW

of the

PARIS BOAT CLUB.

NOTICE.—As each boat has its own peculiar method of rowing and steering, and in order, therefore, that a just estimate of the powers of the respective crews may be accurately determined, it is arranged that two races be rowed, one being according to the American, and the other according to the French fashion.

THE AMERICAN RACE.

1. Each crew to consist of not more than eight rowers.
2. No coxswain allowed.
3. The race to be over a four mile straight course.

THE FRENCH RACE.

1. Each crew to consist of not less than twenty-six rowers.
2. Three admirals, and a pilot in full dress, to be carried in the stern of each boat.

3. The race to be across the Seine at Asnieres.
4. The signal in starting to be given by the French boat.
5. The Umpire to be a Frenchman, and not allowed to bet against his countrymen.
6. The French boat to carry the winning post.

Well, you see the rule above is fair. Each has his chance, and your *Oxfor-men* should do the same. But stop you say, what is this regard to *CambrIDGE* and the race of *Putney reach*? Will Jules tell you? He shall, they will not make the change—they train, they spirt, they bet, they flash the oar, they jerk, they wear *straw-at*, but will not change. Each year it is the same. Let them but copy Jules—and change the “style,” and it is victory for them. Come braves it is Jules that does address you. This year he puts the “pony” on the light blues—*Ma foi* but change the style, and next year he bets upon you—yes, the 7 to 1 in elephants. ADIEU.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

NOT “to put too fine a point upon it,” a great row is going on between the chaplain of Dieppe and his parishioners. It appears that Lord Stanley has dispensed with the services of the reverend gentleman, who formerly was attached to the Consulate, to his reverence’s intense disgust. Nay, more, the parson is not only disgusted but refractory, and insists upon receiving the fees that were once his due. The residents have elected a committee to pay the expenses of divine service, to the great displeasure of the incumbent, or rather incumbrance, who wishes to receive the offerings of his flock in proper person. The result is an unseemly squabble in the church every Sunday. Notices are posted up and torn down, posted up and torn down all through the services, to the great scandal of the Protestant religion. It was to be thought that the St. George-in-the-East outrage was the depth of Church disturbances, but it seems that there’s a *Dieppe* lower still!

A SURPLICED SNOB.

A CONTEMPORARY quotes the following from the *Leeds Evening Express*:—

“In one of our Evangelical churches in Leeds recently, the incumbent gave notice that the ‘young ladies’ who were candidates for confirmation were to meet at the parsonage, but that the ‘young women’ were to assemble in the school-room!”

This scandalous piece of clerical snobbery deserves a thorough castigation. We really thought that the Rev. C. H. Craufurd’s recent sermon on a text from the “British Bible,” could not be surpassed for clumsiness, arrogant bombast, and tactless effrontery. The disgusting fact alluded to in the above extract out-Craufurds Craufurd. If the “young ladies” had any proper feeling in the matter we can quite imagine them refusing point blank to set foot within the precincts of that snobbish parsonage; whilst the “young women,” though assigned the “lower room,” were certainly favoured with the purer atmosphere. We need scarcely point out the utter unfairness of vague extracts, such as the above. When charges of this description are made, *the name ought to be given*, in justice to those of the clergy who, of course, would be naturally anxious not to be mixed up with proceedings so recklessly vulgar. The Bishop of the Diocese ought really to insist upon the *Christian* delinquent preaching a sermon on “respect of persons,” and ought to be present himself with these “young ladies” and—eugh! horrid thought! —“young women,” unless his lordship would considerably order a special service for *them* in the school-room.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF WOMAN.—The Ritualistic Clergy. Because they perform their ministrations as *High-men*.

“BONES AND I.”—A testimonial was presented last week, at the St. James’s Hall, to the “Bones” of the Christy Minstrels, Mr. Moore. This is what, were we a comic periodical, we should call a *Memento Moori*.

FROTH.

EXCESSIVE applause will often lead an injudicious actor into the commission of glaring improprieties, and the insertion of utterly foolish and irrelevant "gag." This seems to have been the case at a recent meeting at Liverpool, at which Dr. M'Neile delivered a speech, at its commencement as dull as ditch water, but, thanks to "applause," "Kentish fire," and an incessant supply of "hears," it terminated with a maniacal flourish of bigoted imbecility, that deserved a little of the "retribution" on which this eminent divine was supposed to be haranguing. Indeed, the report of his speech contains so many of these "hears," that we are left in no doubt as to the exceeding preponderance of the asinine element amongst the audience. These are the concluding sentences as copied in the *Record* from the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"There is a blindness amongst our statesmen (hear, hear), amongst our Liberals (hear, hear). They are led without knowing it. It is of the essence of the dupe that he does not know himself to be a dupe; and the Society of Jesuits can twist as a twig round their diplomatic management both Gladstone and Disraeli." (Loud applause.)

Dr. M'Neile of necessity either meant this twaddle or did not mean it. We are rather inclined to think that he did not mean it, for a few seconds earlier he declared that an engagement "obliges me to leave this hall immediately." (How impatient these long-winded gentlemen always are of sitting out the orations of others of the same family!) But the bait was too tempting. The reverend "dupe" could not tear himself away without eliciting a few more "hears," and achieving an effective *exit*. And so he suffered his audience to lead him, or rather hustle him, without his knowing it, into a slough of balderdash, which proves the Tupperian axiom to be true, that the essence of the dupe is self-ignorance. Or he really did mean this annunciation of diplomatic distortion. If so, we can only suppose that Dr. M'Neile must be envious of the notoriety attained by the mysterious correspondent, "One who Ought to Know;" and determined at any cost not to be outdone, hints at a more profound acquaintance with the secrets of Roman diplomacy, and extinguishes the interesting spark ignited by his rival *incognito*, by a thorough illumination of the tactics of the enemy, and shows as in a transparency the Society of Jesuits twisting as a twig not only Gladstone, but Disraeli too! They may be twisting these *twigs*, but we cannot for the life of us *understand* how!

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

For my second my first is decidedly fit,
But its shameful to call him a sham;
For in case of invasion be sure his stout heart,
Is worth more than a fort or a ram.

1.

The fire which Vulcan lit to forge
The armour of the mighty Mars,
Now innocently turned to smoke,
Serves but this end—to light cigars.

2.

A thing that Lovers often make
But very seldom keep;
Which being made or broken, still
Doth angels cause to weep.

3.

Chief of a great Society,
Whose very life is secrecy;
To teach the truth his followers try
By making life one live-long lie.

4.

'Twas here the Austrians asked the French
To let them name the day,
And mark it with a golden mark—
The Frenchmen answered "Nay."

5.

This word we have adopted now
From our transpontine Brother,
'Tis fortunate, for 'twould puzzle me
To find out such another.

6.

It's true, upon my word it is,
But don't the secret tell;
I never knew this Eastern till
I met him in Pall Mall.

7.

Those heroes twain, I think 'tis strange,
That when from thee they parted—
They neither should have felt the least
Down cast or chicken-hearted.

8.

What this word second means I scarcely know,
I only know it makes me tremble—
Visions of ghosts and blue fire rise—
I fold my arms—"I must dissemble."

9.

This animal delights to dwell,
They say, in drains and cellars;
Yet if he sought high places, he
Might chance to meet his "fellars."

ANSWER TO LAST ACROSTIC.

THE full answer to the last Acrostic is :—

C	Cur	R	
H	Hole	E	
U	Ulf	F	(the Minstrel)
R	Rotundo	O	
C	Car	R	
H	Ham	M	

We could not afford to part with the whole secret at once.
Now then Ruby do you see it now?

FROM OUR OVERTAXED CONTRIBUTOR.—How often it appears that in spite of the normal equanimity observable in circumstantial evidence, hereditary disciplinisms are totally devoid of potential abstemiousness. This is perhaps owing to this fact, that at ebb and neap tides, the obliquity of vision remarked by most invalid veterans in their occasional notes, is unconscious of their parental dignity, and by no means to be confounded with the referees in Pharmaceutical cases. Whatever be, or not be, the ultimate result of these calculations, it is consolatory to the student of proportional hemispheres, to remark that which ever way the sophist turn, he must invariably rely on the softer impeachments of a hireling crowd, and give up all personal interest in the homogeneous relations arising from too precipitate a ratiocination of events, urging at the same time, the positive proportions exercised in the administration of a not over-particular dormitory.

* * 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. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."