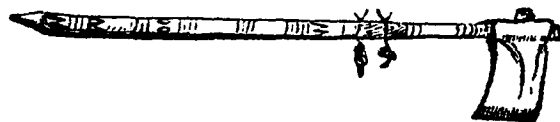


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 17.]

LONDON, AUGUST 31, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

COLE ON FIRE!

THE following *bonâ fide* letter, from Mr. Henry Cole, has been received at our office:—

South Kensington, W.
21st August, 1867.

SIR,—My attention having been called to the continued offensive manner in which my name is brought forward in your paper, I should wish you most distinctly to understand that, should you persist in this dastardly course, I shall not fail to administer that chastisement which your conduct so richly merits.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

HENRY COLE.

To the Editor of TOMAHAWK.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Editor of the "TOMAHAWK" has started for Shoeburyness, with the intention of taking lessons in practical gunnery. The Editor of the "TOMAHAWK" takes this opportunity of informing Mr. Henry Cole that he (the Editor) fights with no weapon less formidable than a sixty-eight pounder.

THE GENIAL JENKINS.

THE *Flaneur* of the *Morning Star* has been suffering, it is to be supposed, from the prevailing dearth of news. He closed a short column the other day with the following announcement:—

"Artistic London has followed fashionable London, and is off."

Then followed details to the effect that

Mr. Sothern was in Ireland;

Mr. Robertson and Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews at Homburg;

Mr. Boucicault at Brighton; and

Miss Herbert out of town.

As the whereabouts of swells is generally supposed to interest "snobs only," the publication of the purely domestic concerns of six "artists" is scarcely complimentary to the world literary and artistic. However, as the *Flaneur* thinks it is interesting somebody by such information, why does he not go a step further? All honour to "artistic London" represented as above, but it would be really worth while seeing what the *Flaneur* would make of "fashionable London" at a similar pace.

THAT GALLANT OLD LADY, HER EXCELLENCY.—It seems to be the fate of England in these modern times, that her army should be commanded by old women. Sir William Mansfield is no exception to the rule. True, he is not of that type of which we had a specimen or two in the Crimean War, who would almost go into fits if a soldier had not his stock on when going on a long march; but never thought of inquiring what stores there might be. Still Sir William is the beau ideal of a scandal-loving old woman, whose virulence is only exceeded by her meanness. It is difficult to read the accounts of the Simla court-martial, and believe that an English gentleman and a soldier was the prosecutor. If the victorious hero of the great Pickle question will return to England, we can promise him a hearty reception in any small country town, where his acute vigilance, his ingenious economy, and his great inquisitorial talents will be duly appreciated, and find their proper scope round the tea tables of the *élite* of the scandal-mongers and gossips who constitute the "high society" of such places.

MORAL SAW-GRINDERS' SOCIETY.

THIS society met a few days since at Sheffield, to consider the question of a revision of the code of morals which has been necessitated by the peculiar circumstances of Sheffield life, and to make the alterations which experience has shown to be necessary in the old saws to make them applicable to modern instances. Mr. Broadhead, as the Saviour of Societies, occupied the chair, and the following saws were agreed to, and a petition adopted, praying that the Committee of Council on Education will cause them to be taught in all schools, and set as texts in all copy-books, subject to their authority:—

MURDER WILL WASH OUT.—This provoked some discussion, as it was denied by a large number of grinders that there was any necessity to wash it at all any more than to wash out any other devices imprinted upon a fabric for its embellishment. It was finally agreed to, with the understanding that no imputation was intended upon murderers.

WHEN THE RATTENER'S AWAY THE MACHINE WILL PLAY.—It was suggested that this should be "framed and hung up in every workshop in the kingdom," but on its being announced that the balance in hand of the society was required to defray the expense of shooting those who do not believe in proverbs the proposal dropped.

A SHOT IN TIME COSTS NINE.—There was some dispute as to the exactitude of the sum named, but on Mr. Crookes volunteering the statement that he would shoot anybody for seven pounds ten, it was adopted unanimously.

ITS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS UP NOBODY.—Accepted without a dissentient voice, and with the understanding that those who are employed to blow up are expected, as honourable men, to employ the full quantity of gunpowder, and not to appropriate part of the money to their own use.

PIECE-WORK IS THE THIEF OF TIME.—An exception to this proverb was admitted to be required in the cases of murdering, beating, and such like special work.

STRIKE WHILE THE CONTRACT'S HOT.—It was objected that there might be no contract, but it was explained that if men struck whenever they could inflict most injury upon their employers, that would be considered acting up to the principle involved.

THE MAN WHO CAN WORK AND WILL WORK MUST BE MADE AS HE CAN'T WORK.—The necessity of preventing individuals from indulging their vicious propensities at the expense of their fellow men was considered to be properly asserted by this saw, and the saw-grinders carried a vote of thanks to themselves for having taken in hand a crime which is winked at by the laws.

THE BETTER THE PAY THE BETTER THE DEED.—This was objected to as tending to expense, but Mr. Broadhead explained that it was really intended as an encouragement to the deserving, and might be taken as a general promissory note from the Society to remunerate its officers on a liberal scale.

ONE GOOD TURN OUT DESERVES ANOTHER.—This was objected to as requiring a reason for turn-outs, but the meeting was reminded that it pledged itself to nothing that it could not deny at the proper time.

SOFT WORDS BUTTER NO BLACK SHEEP.—Denounced as a cowardly compromise, but the chairman explained that it was only intended to warn non-union men that they must not expect civility. The meeting would observe that it did not tell them what they must expect, but that was covered by the other saws.

THE SLANG DICTIONARY INDIVIDUALIZED.—The Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

URBS IN RURE.

No. I.

MISS CONSTANCE VANE TO MISS AMELIA PAINTER.

Ryde, August 22nd.

MY DARLING AMELIA,—At last we have got away from town. I declare it was becoming perfectly abominable; but of course owing to this bothersome Reform Bill, Papa was obliged to stop. I really do think that a country must be very badly governed in which the Parliament is obliged to sit after the season is properly over. I do not hear that any provision against such an *annoyance* as this is made in this precious Reform Bill. I only can say, and I am sure, my dear, you will agree with me, that there must be something very rotten in the state of Albion, when young ladies are compelled for *reasons of state* to remain in London when there are positively *no balls* going on, except a few in low suburban neighbourhoods, and when the opera is closed. I shall *certainly* write to Mr. Mill on this subject, as I conceive it to be *most important*.

And now, my dear pet, to tell you something about ourselves. We have only been here three days, so I cannot say much about the place at present; I think it promises to be very *delightful*, there are plenty of people here, and of the right sort, though of course one meets many persons whom one cannot speak to. Who do you think I saw the other day, but Edgar Loosington, walking on the pier with a creature who I understand is established in a little villa just outside the town, and who is a sort of Anonyma. The naughty rascal! he took off his hat to me just as if he had been alone, and never even *blushed*; but what the men are coming to I don't know, there really is no chance for virtuous young ladies like you and me, unless we get hold of some middle-aged man, old before his time, who has found out the folly of his ways. *Of course* I stared at *her*, and really Amelia, what he can see in her I can't conceive; I think her *positively plain*, but there, it's always the way, nothing but impudence goes down with the men now-a-days; she was dressed too so plainly, with nothing at all *loud* about her, just like a lady—the presumption of these creatures.

Mamma says she won't ask Edgar to any of our evenings, which is a dreadful bore, for he is so agreeable, and does talk so jolly to one: you know what a man of the world is, my dear. We met them two or three times; I wonder he has the impudence to show his face here. He absolutely came up the next day to call on us as if nothing had happened, and oh! was not mamma short with him, and never asked him to stay luncheon!

It is a most delightful life here! We have not seen anything of the island yet; but we have been on the pier every day, and it is so delightful! One can wear all sorts of fascinating toilettes if one likes; and then one meets everybody; and it is *such fun* to see the steamboats come in; and really one can quite imagine the country. Then Sir Arthur Seagull has asked us to come in his yacht, and we shall go a cruise, and take our luncheon with us. Then we are to have private theatricals next week, and several balls; and every evening there are some parties, when we generally manage to get up a little dancing, besides five o'clock teas, and we shall have picnics soon, I dare say. I do think those Blunt's are perfectly ridiculous; they do nothing but make expeditions every day to some interesting spot like a lot of cockney tourists. They say they came to see the island and enjoy the country! What nonsense! I should like to meet Edgar quietly some night, and have a little explanation with him; how delightful it would be to cut that creature out!

Good bye, darling, write and tell me what you are doing. I will write again to you soon. I hope this detestable cholera will be over in Rome before we go there. Are you coming? You must try and manage it.

Ever dearest Mely,

Your loving friend,

CONSTANCE VANE.

P.S.—A young *gentleman*, of the name of Plainley, has called twice on us already, do you remember him in town?

No. II.

MISS AMELIA PAINTER TO MISS CONSTANCE VANE.

Folksleigh Hall, near Stafford, 24th August.

MY DEAREST CONNY,—I received your welcome letter yesterday evening. Oh! how I envy you! My dear, if you only knew the *dullness* of this place!—perfectly dreadful!—and we are absolutely condemned to six weeks' imprisonment here. What shall I do? Oh, these dreadful people! they don't even play croquet, except as a game, and their *absurd* and *vulgar* tastes I really cannot do justice to! What do you think that Julia, the second of the girls, told me yesterday?—that she would rather spend one fine summer's day in the country than a whole week in London at the height of the season! Really, when one has to associate with such savages one might just as well be in New Zealand or the Archipelago at once! It really makes me quite ferocious! Then the *affectation* of these girls: they go out botanizing! I assure you, my dear, they pretend to feel as much pleasure in finding a new flower as we should really feel if we were introduced to the best *parti* of the season, and he asked us to dance twice! I really have no patience with the crass (I think that's the word)—the *crass* ignorance

and stupidity of these country boors. As for the young men, may Heaven keep me from such boobies! Alfred, the eldest, absolutely begun to talk to me the other day of Ben Jonson; and when I asked him if he had not written a very good Dictionary, he laughed in my face—and it turned out this Jonson was a poet of Queen Anne's period, I think, who wrote plays, like Shakespeare, only I believe much more *improper*—as if I should ever have read such trash!

My dear Conny, I do assure you I don't know what I should have done if I had not brought all my old ball cards of this season with me; they have been my only consolation. I sit in my own bedroom (which I must confess is snug, and, thank Heaven, far enough away from Mamma's), and read them over and over again. Oh, how my soul goes back to those glorious hours, and in my ears sound once more the glorious melodies of Coote and Tinney! Talk about nightingales! I'd rather hear one bar of the "Mabel Waltz," or even of the "Lancers," than all the nightingales that ever were hatched!

You ask me if I remember Mr. Plainley? Don't I, Conny, that's all. It was at the Vavasours ball—I happened to be not very full, and I absolutely was fool enough to put him down for a waltz; after I had done so, who should come up but that dear Lord Dunciman, and I had not a round dance left! Of course I put him down for Mr. Plainley's, saying, with a laugh, that I was engaged, but for him I *could* tell a little fib. Oh! he laughed so sweetly! You know what nice teeth he has! When the dance came, of course Mr. Plainley was there, and when I told him, in my most naïve and simple manner, that he must be mistaken, that I had been engaged to Lord Dunciman long before, he simply took my card which was hanging by my wrist, and showed me his name written by himself! Fancy how I looked! He sneered and said, he had heard "beauty and truth were synonymous terms in art, but apparently they were not so in simplicity." What he meant I don't know. I believe he had made the speech up, and only said it to me because he had not got any one else to say it to. Of course I danced with Lord Dunciman, and he took me down to supper, but when I next met Mr. Plainley, he bowed stiffly, and would not speak to me, as if I cared a pin for such rubbish as he is! My dear Conny, let this be a warning to you, *never* let any man of whom you are not *very fond* write his name on your card.

Now, dearest, good night. I am very sleepy. I did manage to smuggle three or four French novels, or else what should I have done? They have got a library here, but *such* a library!—nothing but standard English classics! and nasty old dictionaries! Good bye my sweet.

Ever yours devotedly,

AMELIA PAINTER.

P.S.—There is to be a ball next week at the county town, and what do you think?—that *brute*, uncle John, has *actually* gone and DIED, so that we are in mourning. If that is not fiendish conduct, I should like to know what is!

AN OLD FOX TO SOME VERY SOUR GRAPES.

What! the famed Prussian Eagle at *Salzburg* be caught?
Not a bit of it! Let all the Fatherland rail!
Do you think, then, that *Bismarck* has never been taught,
That he's done—if they once get the *Salt* on his tail?

THE GREAT CHURCH GRIEVANCE.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—As the church season is now setting in, I shall be grateful if you can get some reforms made, which will go far towards alleviating its severity.

You know that we men about town never think of going to church in town, for the very simple and sufficient reason that nobody there cares to inquire or to remark whether we have been or not. There is, therefore, no reason why we should inflict upon ourselves this particular form of self-mortification, in addition to enduring those ills to which, in common with all flesh, we are heirs—such as indifferent tailors, bad dinners, and so on. But when we go out of town, of course we have to help our people to set an example, and so we go to church regularly; and as we have all got down to the country by this time, it really is a serious question whether something cannot be done to alleviate our various Sunday miseries. In the first place, church is too early by a good deal. To have to get there at 11 is as bad as being in a Government office, and I should propose that it should only be allowed in the afternoon. Then, of course, the sermons are too long and too stupid, and there is altogether a want of comfort and refreshment quite aggravating. Now this may be all very well for people who go to church because they like it, but as we go in order to set an example, it is very hard upon us, and unless it is altered we fellows down here mean to strike, and to get our governors not to pay their church-rates, but to go to prison like those two fellows in the paper the other day.

Yours faithfully,

GASTON.

STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT.—Old King Cole is a savage old soul!

FALSE BILLS THAT MAY BE "FOUND" TRUE.

IF all Mr. Pugin, jun., has written about the late Mr. Pugin, sen., and the Barry Design for the Houses of Parliament is to be accepted without a grain of salt, it is much to be feared that the fame of Sir Charles Barry will lose some of its lustre. Be this as it may, we have learnt by the recent correspondence that has appeared in the pages of our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the fact that eminent architects have not the smallest compunction in passing off as the work of their own hands the labour of rival contemporaries. Such a practice is much to be deprecated, and we can only sincerely trust that it will never be adopted by the members of other professions.

Should our worst apprehensions be realised, we may confidently expect to hear of the following bills being sent in to the people to whom they are respectively addressed :—

	£	s.	d.
1. The REV. C. H. SPURGEON <i>Dr. to the</i> BISHOP OF OXFORD.			
1st March.—For one "sensation" sermon on "Crinoline and the Gorilla," with jokes, puns, and humorous anecdotes, complete	0	10	6
2. MR. WHALLEY, M.P., <i>Dr. to</i> ARTHUR LLOYD, ESQ.			
3rd April.—For one first-rate comic Parliamentary song, with humorous hits at the Speaker, complimentary allusions to Mr. Beales, M.A., and encore verses (to be sung in answer to the cry of "Sing, Whalley, sing")	3	12	6
3. DR. MANNING <i>Dr. to</i> MR. WHALLEY, M.P.			
5th May.—For a series of twelve controversial tracts in defence of the Papacy, Auricular Confession, and the Irish Roman Catholic Priesthood (very cheap)	0	4	6
4. MR. STUART (<i>Light Juvenile Comedian, T. R. Adelphi</i>) <i>Dr. to</i> MR. C. FECHTER.			
June 9th.—Annotated "reading" of the part of <i>Box</i> , inclusive of the introduced soliloquy out of <i>MacBeth</i> commencing "Is this a dagger I see before me?"	1	10	6
5. LOUIS NAPOLEON, EMPEROR, <i>Dr. to</i> BISMARCK, MINISTER.			
August, 1866.—For one lesson in the art of empire making, inclusive of experiments with the needle gun, dethronement of princes, horse-stealing from Kings of Hanover, speeches, &c., complete	1,000,000	0	0
6. The BELGIAN VOLUNTEERS <i>Dr. to the</i> LORD MAYOR AND CORPORATION OF LONDON.			
June, 1867.—For one lesson in the art of hospitality, inclusive of half a fowl, the greater part of a shoulder of cold lamb, and a dozen and a half of porter	0	4	6½
7. THE BRITISH NATION AND THE WHOLE WORLD <i>Dr. to</i> THE TOMAHAWK.			
May to August, 1867.—For one thousand excellent lessons (best quality) in morality, patriotism, loyalty, wit, humour, and sarcasm	24,000,000,000	0	0

"YOUR COMPANY AT DINNER."

YOUR Company at Dinner has been requested by—we will say, old Lady Bellwether; and not having any other engagement on the day mentioned, you have accepted her invitation; you have wasted the usual time in tying your white tie; struggling in and out of a Hansom; greeting your host and reviewing your co-diners; and you are now occupying one of Lady B.'s chairs, with the intention of enjoying either her dinner or the conversation of your neighbours, or perchance both. But "Hope is a curtail dog in some events," and more especially in the event of obtaining a good dinner at Lady Bellwether's.

As an old friend of the family, I know the *menu* blindfold;—but then I get the same when I go to X. Y. or Z.'s dinner parties! The thick white soup, facing the mild gravy, which some erratic strips of carrot are persuading into the vanity of calling itself *Julienne*; the inevitable turbot, which, by the way, is the best and only fact in the feast, when it isn't a brill; and then, horror of horrors! the saddle of mutton and the boiled fowls, decently interred in a white sauce of no taste or denomination whatever;—you know the abomination well, I am sure, and can sympathize with John Leech's old gentleman, who takes them as a personal affront, after calmly supporting the infliction twenty times elsewhere.

You may say, and justly, a saddle of mutton is an excellent dish; so it is—especially if it hails from Wales or Dartmoor—juicy and enamelled with a layer of opal fat and golden skin above it. But it is a great mistake to suppose you can't have too much of a good thing. I have dined every day, for weeks, on black-game and strawberries and

cream in Dalecarlia, until I loathed the one and the other, and would have pawned my watch for a burnt chop or a gristly steak, had my Swedish uncle kept an establishment where such articles of food were current.

The praise which may be showered with hot gravy over a saddle, cannot, however, touch the boiled fowls. If ever any dish stamped a nation as ignorant of civilized cooking, it is the couple of boiled fowls which disgrace so many tables in London and its suburbs.

Do what you will to decorate them—stick them all over with beetroot roses, or carrotty camelias, you will never raise them above a compound of flabby wash-leather and poultice, which no *cordons-bleus* would dream for a moment of sanctioning in her kitchen, much less of dishing-up. Roast your fowl, and bring it in in its right place, and nobody would find fault with any Gothic Lucullus on that head—but as you love me, *don't boil it*.

Now, I am sure you must think the writer of this, especially if you have feasted, and are no longer hungry, a selfish, greedy *gourmand*, in fact, who is always thinking what he shall "eat, drink, and avoid." At London dinners, the difficulty is not what to avoid, but what to eat and drink, and I may as well at once say, that I am quite satisfied if my host gives me a succulent chop and a glass of real sherry, if I have companions at table whose intellectual contributions are a feast of themselves. But besides the fact that a good dinner makes all of us good-humoured, if one happens to be sitting between a ritualistic dean and an elderly lady from a cathedral town, one *must* fall back on some recreation or another; so what is to be done, when one's only resource is boiled fowl or resurrection rissoles?

It is scarcely necessary to continue the review of the Bellwether *menu*—the dry-roasted game, the tasteless asparagus, the stiff jelly, that would melt so well into glue, and the cabinet pudding we all know so well. You are perhaps, going to give the same this very evening, to your dear friends, Jones, Brown, and Robinson; but then you don't care about kick-shaws, and they don't care about kick-shaws either. Bless you, I haven't mentioned kick-shaws—I haven't even made a comparison between French and English cookery; but depend upon this, if you wish your guests to be agreeable, your dinners must be acceptable, and expensive is by no means always good. You may give *carte blanche* to Messrs. Curry and Rice, the confectioners, they may charge you a guinea a head, two guineas if you choose, but you may still have a bad dinner sent up, and still may your friends be haunted by the boiled fowls or their *semblables*. "What's the use of knowing anything about cooking?" Why, my dear madam, your grandmother wasn't ashamed to superintend her father's or husband's dinners; why should you? It is true our grandmothers didn't waste their days in changing the colour of their hair, or in embroidering albs for pet parsons—but then they had patches and mob-caps, and other failings, much as the failings of the present day.

LA CIGALE ET LA FOURMI.

L'Autriche ayant guerroyé
Tout l'été.
Se trouva fort dépourvue
Quand la paix fut revenue.
Depouillée de territoire,
Sans argent, même sans gloire,
Elle alla crier famine
Chez la France sa voisine,
La priant de lui prêter
Aide pour recommencer
Une guerre nouvelle;
La Prusse nous paiera, dit-elle,
Et papa Bismarck—l'animal—
Intérêt et capital.
La France n'est pas prêteuse,
C'est là son moindre défaut,
Que faisiez-vous au temps chaud?
Dit-elle à cette emprunteuse—
Je tâchais ne vous déplaire
Nuit et jour bien vaillamment,
De me saisir
Des états septentrionaux—
Vous tâchiez—j'en suis fort aise
Eh bien, tâchez maintenant,
De vous saisir
Des états méridionaux.

BLAIRS SERMONS *cum* STUBBS ANATOMY OF THE HORSE, IN THE FLESH.—The talented staff of that admirable paper, the *Sunday Times*.

FITTING TO A T.—Our generally courageous contemporary, the *Times*, has (thanks to Mr. Tom Taylor's theatrical notices), during the last few weeks become quite Terry-fied.—[This is mild but pleasing.—ED. TOM.]

THE MANSFIELD TESTIMONIAL.

NOTICE.—We beg to announce that a very wide-spread sympathy having been found to exist in favour of Sir William Mansfield, who has, in the opinion of many, been very unjustly censured for doing an unpleasant duty, a committee of gentlemen has been formed to give some practical effect to this feeling in favour of a brave and kind-hearted officer. We have consented to receive subscriptions towards a fund for the purpose of compensating this maligned hero for the severe losses, which he has incurred through the mal-administration of his store-room by his extravagant aide-de-camp. We beg to inform our readers that we shall be happy to receive subscriptions, either in money or in kind, at our office. Pickles (mixed or West Indian), Jam, or Marmalade, Tapioca, and Betts' British Brandy, thankfully received. Loaf-sugar and Yarmouth bloaters taken for purposes of exchange. No dripping can be accepted. We shall publish from time to time a list of subscriptions.

FIRST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Jocko.—A United States postage stamp.

A Field-Marshal, his Family, and a Few Friends.—A pot of marmalade (medium quality).

The Mite of an Aide-de-camp.—Three dozen Yarmouth bloaters, sixty-five pounds of wax candles, and two cans of treacle.

FURTHER AID IS EARNESTLY REQUESTED,

Sir William Mansfield having lost, since the last appeal, no less than a whole leg of mutton!



LONDON, AUGUST 31, 1867.

WE understand that the Holy Whalley and his pure-minded colleagues of the Protestant Electoral Union are preparing a complete and full translation of the Decameron of Boccaccio, in order to circulate it in the streets as a warning to young ladies not to read that wicked Papistical poet.

TRULY, France is to be envied for something more than its witty women and its delicious claret. How easily contented is that happy-minded nation. For weeks every mind has been on the rack of expectation, waiting for the fresh measure of liberal reform, which their Emperor was about graciously to concede. The letter which is to free France, is published, and behold—it announces the necessity of making parish roads in the country! We know that the Government of Louis Napoleon rests on no less true basis than the love of his subjects, else should we be tempted to think that he was bent on showing there are many Roads to Ruin!

ALAS! misfortune ever pursues the brave and the innocent with relentless ferocity! Poor Sir William Mansfield has lost another leg of mutton. This time the leg, damning proof! was found in the aide-de-camp's quarters. This hardened wretch (who subsequently turned out to be innocent) had actually said on being questioned about the missing leg, that he "supposed it must have been eaten." But calamity cannot weaken the intellect of a head like Sir William Mansfield; he replied with stern accuracy that a sheep had four legs, and only three had been accounted for. It never occurred to the afflicted general that the faithful sheep might be only commencing a career of severe flattery by reducing its number of legs till, like his noble master, he should not have one to stand on!

ORTHODOX MOTTO FOR BISHOP COLENSO. — "St. Peter's non move."—"Let (T)well(s) alone."

THE ROAD TO WEALTH!

(See CARTOON.)

GOLD-SEEKING for ever! Who would not climb up the steep hill that leads to fortune? What matters it that the coin is soiled with dirt? What matters it that to make the ascent more easily it is necessary to cast that heavy burden, honour, to the ground? Is not gold the mighty charm of life? Does it not turn the gouty fop of threescore and ten into an Adonis—the illiterate merchant of Manchester into the man of education and refinement? Who can hear bad grammar when the voice of the speaker is drowned in the clink of gold? Who can see coarse blood mantling to plebeian cheeks when from plebeian ears droop diamonds? But to my allegory.

A plain, covered with brambles and flowers—many roads leading to the same spot, to the Realm of Wealth. I looked, and the brambles were spreading across the commencement of the pathways, the flowers strewing the last few steps that led to the golden temple, and many people were fighting their way amidst the thorns. And I noticed that when these people emerged from the brambles they seemed to care very little about the flowers—nay, about the contents of the Temple itself; and it struck me that they gave themselves a good deal of unnecessary trouble. But I knew that the Temple looked brilliant from afar off, and lured the travellers on, so that they fought bravely with the brambles, and left them behind them with the utmost determination. And I looked more closely at the toilers, and this is what I saw.

A youth, with a noble forehead, and a keen, intelligent expression lighting up his handsome face, was the first to attract my notice. And I knew, from the proofs that he grasped in his hands, that he was a young author. As he struggled on through the brambles I observed that some of the wild creepers at first looked exceedingly inviting—nay, almost like flower-beds. It was so in the author's case. After passing some very sharp thorns, which I knew were "Refusals" and "Impertinence from Publishers," he came to some of these pleasant-looking brambles, and stopped for a moment admiring their beauties. Now these brambles were covered with blossoms, which put forth a sweet odour, and the sweet odour was like unto tobacco and gin. And then I knew that the young author had got among the parasites of "Bohemianism." Round about him were hundreds of travellers, who had tarried at this spot, and were tied to the ground; for these creepers grow apace, and quickly imprison those who allow their branches to entangle them. Even while he looked the unhealthy plant put forth its tendrils, but with a mighty effort he fought his way through the meshes, and escaped. As he left, the poor creatures that were inhaling the blossoms that smelt like unto tobacco and gin yelled after him, and vilely abused him for leaving their pleasant society. But he heeded them not, and passed on. And now he had come to fresh brambles, and these creepers were very poisonous, and were called "Journalism." And they were like unto "Bohemianism," except that they were more pernicious. "Bohemianism" had only attacked the body, but these affected the mind. For a moment these new plants looked so like flowers, and seemed to offer such a soft seat, that the young author knelt down among them to take a few moments of hard-earned rest. Scarcely had he done so ere he felt himself pulled back rapidly towards the brambles of "Bohemianism." Exerting himself, he jumped up, and pursued his course once more; and as he left the creepers of "Journalism," he found himself stung on all sides. For awhile the stings smarted most terribly, but soon the pain ceased, and he passed through the last brambles of "Publishers' Obstinacy" and "Magazine Writing" into the land of flowers. And the flowers were invitations to balls and dinners, and supplications for his *carte de visite*. And he passed on into the Temple of Wealth, and was received with much joy by those who lived in mansions in Bayswater, and kept their own broughams.

And I looked once more and saw a maiden moving towards the Temple, and she was rather ill-favoured. And the first brambles that stood between her and her destination were labelled "Early Moral Teaching." But she fought hard, and soon cut the meshes that bound her, and escaped. And now she was met by another barrier. And I knew this was composed of "Rivals" who had each a prettier face than she could boast of, and were altogether more charming. These brambles detained her a very long time, but at last she made her way through them. And now she came to a barrier even thicker than the first, and these brambles I know were called "Creatures," and that they were said to drink up the wealth of the land, and to prevent "Eldest Sons" from marrying. And this barrier was so hard to pass that the maiden wept bitterly. Happily, however, some rouge and other pigments lay at her feet, so she stooped down and adorned herself until, in indecency of apparel, and falseness of complexion, she rivalled even the "Creatures" themselves, and then she passed into the land of flowers. And the flowers were diamonds and opera boxes, and she passed through to the Temple of Wealth, and was there received in the arms of a gouty old lord, who made her his bride. And there was much rejoicing among the dowagers who saw a barrier removed by her marriage from the paths of their daughters who were still travelling through the brambles.

And I gazed once more and started back in horror! There was one road that led straight to the Temple of Wealth smooth as calm water,



A SERMON FOR THE CITY !

(AFTER CRUIKSHANK.)

[See "The Road to Wealth."]



but as treacherous as the sea, and eternal night dwelt along this highway. I knew that this road was called "Speculation," and was one mass of pitfalls. And as I looked on, two men began to run upon it. The first was exceedingly rakish. His clothes fitted tight to his limbs, and his hat was worn very much on one side. He had a horseshoe pin stuck in his neckcloth, and carried in one hand a note-book, and in the other a pencil. His efforts to arrive safely at the Temple of Wealth were most amusing, and for a while I forgot his danger in my laughter. He never quite arrived at the destination he had fixed for himself. Now he would be on the very threshold of the Temple, but an unlucky stumble would throw him back to the starting place. He would make a few steps forward, lose his balance, and fall. This he did time after time, sometimes within hail of fortune—at others miles away from the land of promise. And every step he took he entered into his note-book. This went on for so long a time that I began to grow weary, when, to my horror, after a very heavy fall, he sank with the report of a pistol into the ground, and was seen no more!

I now turned my eyes towards the other traveller. This man looked eminently respectable, and was adorned with a fool's-cap. Regardless of the fate of his companion, who had fallen into the pit, he began hurrying along through the darkness towards the Temple of Wealth. And as he hurried along in vain haste, voices emerged from the brambles of "Journalism" and warned him, but he paid no heed to their words. Bags of money strewed the way, and now and again would he stoop down and pick up the booty; and still voices sounded in his ears begging him to stop, and telling him of his fate; and the tones of these voices were soft and plaintive, and were the tones of women's voices and the voices of children. But he heeded not the words of advice and prayers of entreaty, but hurried headlong on into the darkness. And now he was very near the Temple of Wealth indeed. He had but to take a few more strides, and he would pass its portals, and as he ran along he saw a mass of jewels and gold of surpassing brilliancy, and his soul hungered for so rich a treasure; so pausing for a moment in his flight, he stretched forth his hand, and placing his foot upon a rock—fell! The earth opened before him, and he tumbled headlong into the abyss—among flames and utter ruin! He fell so low in a few seconds, that even the voices of his wife and children calling upon him for bread were lost in the darkness, and could not reach him, and he went on falling and falling through the most dreadful horrors until he reached his grave! And when he reached his grave—still he fell!

A CAUTION.

IN the *Daily News*, of the 20th ult., we find the following letter:—

"SIR,—A friend of mine has just informed me that a lady of her acquaintance was lately applied to by two females, attired as 'Sisters of Mercy,' for a pecuniary contribution in aid, as they gave her to understand, of some charitable institution; and that she was induced to contribute in consequence of their having mentioned my name as a subscriber to the same object. Now, Sir, as it has been my fixed determination, advisedly, for years past, never to respond to appeals from such a quarter, it is obvious that the money contributed on this occasion was obtained under false pretences.

"Will you do me the favour to insert this as a caution to the public against impostors of this class, with whom, no doubt 'the end sanctifies the means.'

"I am, &c.,

"H. J. BROCKMAN, Lieut.-Colonel."

This Lieut.-Colonel Brockman is one of the heads of the Protestant Electoral Union, which hawks about the streets that filthy book entitled "The Confessional Unmasked." He is one of those excellent persons whose religion consists in maligning—we were going to say, his fellow Christians—but he and such as he can hardly lay claim to a name, of which, fortunately, not all those who bear it have forgotten the original meaning. It would hardly seem worth while to notice any production of such an insignificant person, but that it affords so excellent an example of the sort of conduct which brings such utter discredit on all calling themselves Protestants. We need scarcely point out the insulting tone of the whole letter, all the more so because it is directed against a body of women who, whatever their religious doctrines may be, are, at least in practice, Christians in the highest sense of the word. All but those whose minds are deformed by the bitterest bigotry know how much real good the Sisters of Charity, whether of the Anglican or Roman Church, do among the poor; and we can only wonder if these Sisters really *did* quote the name of Lieut.-Colonel Brockman as having subscribed to the institution, for which they were collecting funds, that they could have been guilty of such a stretch of invention as to accuse of an act of charity one who evidently does not know the meaning of the word. We hope that the name of this champion of "Protestantism" may never be put to a worse use.

NEW SONG BY THE EDITOR OF "THE TOMAHAWK" (dedicated to Mr. Cole, C.B.).—"Oh no we never mention him."

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

THIS DAY.

EUROPEAN.—Two ill-conditioned and powerful-looking men, who gave their names respectively as *Count de Bismarck* and the *Emperor Napoleon*, were brought up yesterday before the presiding magistrate at this court, for final examination on the following charge. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoners, both of whom were stated to be well known to the police, had been generally misconducting themselves, and using threatening and other language, calculated to provoke a serious breach of the peace. *Francis Joseph*, of the well-known firm of *Hapsburg and Co.*, was first called. He deposed, that on the 20th inst, he had been accosted by the last named prisoner at *Salzburg*. The prisoner's manner on that occasion was threatening. He wanted him to fight somebody, and told him it would be the worse for him if he refused. He had not promised exactly what he would do, but he felt that if he did not do what he had been asked, he should have reason to be in fear of receiving bodily harm from the prisoner, and he wished the magistrate's protection. As to the other prisoner, he had grave charges to prefer against him, and would call witnesses for that purpose.

Baron von Beust, a respectably dressed man, who gave his evidence in a humorous way, then entered the witness-box. In answer to the magistrate he said—He knew both the prisoners at the dock. The taller of the two, better known as the *German chicken* (laughter), had been causing a great deal of annoyance in the neighbourhood for some time past. He believed he was by profession a prize-fighter. Last year he was in the capacity of treasurer, mixed up with a disreputable sort of club that called itself the *German Unity*. As far as he could gather, it seemed to be a kind of trades' union affair, conducted on Sheffield principles. He did not know what it had to do with "unity." (Laughter.) All the members seemed at loggerheads with each other, and he could bring forward witnesses to prove that several of them who had had their subscriptions levied by force, were loudly demanding them back, and threatening to split up the whole concern. (Laughter.) The prisoner, *Bismarck*, by a sudden movement, and before the officers of the court had time to prevent him, here threw a large brickbat at Witness, which, however, most fortunately missed its aim.

The commotion consequent upon this interruption having somewhat subsided, and the prisoner having been properly secured, the witness continued. That showed the nature of the "Unity" Club. If you refused to join it, they tried to knock you down. (Much laughter.) As to the other prisoner, he did not think he was so mischievous at bottom; but he had had a hand in several queer looking jobs some time ago, and had got a bad character in consequence.

The Magistrate.—Then on what charge is the prisoner *Napoleon* brought here?

Witness.—His old game, your worship. (Laughter.)

The Magistrate.—What do you mean by "his old game?"

Witness.—Trying to get up a row, and threatening parties if they won't help him.

The Magistrate (to Prisoner).—What have you to say to the charge?

Prisoner.—L'Empire c'est la paix.

Nobody in the Court having been able to understand what the prisoner meant by this, and an interpreter having therefore been summoned, the Prisoner continued. By those words he really meant nothing. He hoped they did not offend anybody. He had a habit of saying what he did not mean, and had, in consequence, sometimes the greatest difficulty in making himself understood. France was a great country, and great countries had great destinies. France had a great destiny before her, and that was—. The prisoner was here interrupted by a violent kick from his fellow prisoner *Bismarck*. The latter having now been thoroughly pinioned, *Napoleon* proceeded. What was he placed in that dock for? That kick reminded him of his position. He begged the Court to consider the degraded society into which he was thus forced! Ought men of intelligence, men of great and pacific ideas to be contaminated by association with boxing mountebanks—he might say with highwaymen? He felt his position keenly; how could he satisfy the Court of his integrity?

The Magistrate.—Have you any witnesses?

The Prisoner.—I have your honour. Let me first call my "Universal Exposition."

The Universal Exposition, having been duly sworn, said: I am called the Universal Exposition. I am supposed to tipify "peace." Men do congregate at a franc a head within my walls and drink Russian tea, American cocktails, and London porter, under the same roof. That is the harmony of nations.

The Magistrate (severely).—You can stand down. (To the prisoner.) Is this all the evidence you have to offer?

The Prisoner.—Pardon me, your honour. My "*Nouveau Paris*." My "*Letter to M. de Lavalette*." My "*Trip to Salzburg*." My—

The Magistrate.—That will do. Let the first witness be sworn.

Nouveau Paris having entered the witness box, said: I have known the prisoner some time. We have had a good deal to do with each other. I believe I have run through a fair amount of the public money.

I do not know, and I do not care where it comes from. There are my principles : they are identified with those of the empire. A great many royal personages have been obliged to look at me lately. I think thirty-seven. Yes, that is what we call the moral influence of France. I suppose the people like me. It does not matter if they do not. They have lots of flags, gas lights, and fiddling. That means national jubilation. I can at a pinch take care of 55,000 troops. That means municipal security.

M. de Lavalette, having expressed a wish to read his letter to the court, the magistrate rose. His worship said, he required no further evidence in this matter. As regarded the prisoner *Bismarck*, his disgraceful conduct during the hearing of the case was, in itself, enough to stamp the charges brought against him with the seal of truth. He could not conceive a more disreputable means of existence than that which seemed congenial to the prisoner before him. Here was a man, who might be filling a decent position in society, bent solely on making war against it, by a systematic interference with the rights and properties of his weaker neighbours. A man who's occupation was such as this, was nothing more nor less than a cowardly bully. This, too, was by no means the first charge of the kind that had been brought home to him. Even since the commencement of the hearing of this case a gentleman from Denmark with a black eye had called on him (the magistrate) with a fresh complaint against the prisoner. His conduct, too, to his fellow prisoner in the dock was exasperating in the extreme. It was perhaps below the dignity of the bench to say so, but it would serve him right if such provocation were to lead to his getting a good thrashing some day. As it was he should sentence him to six months' hard labour. The prisoner, who received this piece of information with an oath, was removed with some difficulty, kicking, from the Court. Order being restored,

The Magistrate addressing the other prisoner, said : You are not to imagine if I deal more leniently with you on this occasion, that what I have just said has no reference to yourself ; on the contrary, looking at your antecedents, you will do well to ponder it at your leisure. You stand accused of attempting to draw others into your own quarrels, and of attempting this, too, in a threatening manner. If your own disposition renders it impossible for you to keep the peace yourself, you should at least abstain from any attempt to involve others in difficulties of your own creation. A mere profession of honourable intentions will not serve you in the place of facts—at least, in a court of law—and therefore I dismiss the evidence you adduce in favour of yourself, as worthless.

The Prisoner here interposed. He really did not mean any harm. As to the *Salzburg* affair, he merely wished to give a friendly warning to a member of a respectable house. The papers had said a great deal about the visit, when after all, every sensible man in Europe knew that it was undertaken for the sole purpose of talking purely family matters over a cup of tea! (*Laughter.*)

The Magistrate.—Silence. This is not the place for your facetious explanations ; nor were it, would they affect my judgment? Looking carefully over the evidence before me, I have arrived at what I consider a just decision on the merits of this case. It is, perhaps, due more to your previous bad conduct than to what you have actually done, in the present instance, that you are placed in this humiliating position. There is, moreover, a disposition on the part of the prosecution not to press the charge. Let what has occurred be a warning to you. You are discharged.

The decision, which was received with mingled cheers and hisses, seemed to affect the prisoner visibly.

After thanking the magistrate, and bursting into tears, he left the Court with his friends.

QUEEN'S IRISH.

Och ! your Majesty, shure we're all loyal and true !
Jist ye come in the midst of us—give us a chance.
A plague on the blagyards ! shure boys white or blue,
If they're minded to fight, will soon tach 'em to dance !

D'you think that ould Ireland now wouldn't be quit
Of the Yankee's and such like all over the place ?
A republic ! she want it ? och ! shure not a bit !
What she does—is a sight of your beautiful face !

It's to Scotland you go every year, so they say ;
And in England it's odd if your not to be seen,
By St. Patrick, ould Ireland's as good any day,
D'you think she can't shout out " Hurrah for her Queen ? "

Now do say you'll come ! try a month and you'll find,
You'll do more than the Parliament, platform, or press !
It's yourself that would plase us ; now shure you've a mind ?
When eight millions would dance jist to hear you say " yes ! "

THE JESUIT TO HIS GRANDMOTHER.

Who, when I was a puny child
And drew my interference mild,
Shrieked at me, and grew very wild ?
My Whalley !

Who, when the country let me play,
Grabbed at my toys day after day,
And scared my very foes away ?
My Whalley !

Who thus, when things seemed growing slack,
With injudicious, wild attack,
Brought all my finest business back ?
My Whalley !

Who, when the House discussed my claim,
Yelled at me—called me every name,
Till I got votes—for very shame ?
My Whalley !

Who, when he rose his change to ring,
" Like Paganini, on one string,"
Was very strongly urged to sing ?
My Whalley !

Who, when his name became a jest,
By friends well cursed—by foes well blest—
Himself to other arts addressed ?
My Whalley !

Who all his nasty powers tasked,
And spread—Lord Campbell's Act unasked—
His famed " Confessional Unmasked " ?
My Whalley !

Who foremost in the Turnbull chase,
When bigots drove him from his place,
In savage war-paint led the race ?
My Whalley !

Turnbull no more, who still must rave,
And, none to answer, call him knave—
Insult the dead man in his grave ?
My Whalley !

Who, by such wiles—friends not too true,
And enemies by no means few—
Rallied them *all* around me ?—Who ?
My Whalley !

Who thus, should the whole Order fail,
And Grand Inquisitors turn tail,
In *any* mess will stand my bail ?
My Whalley !

And who, unto the very end,
My honour—life—will e'er defend ?—
My grandmother !—my truest friend !—
My Whalley !

PUZZLE.

THIS week, abandoning Acrostics, Charades, and Enigmas, we offer to our guessing readers the following puzzle.

A lady, going to a party, and having lost one of her servants left the following directions with her maid :

IF UCAN UCME
SEND MRAN AND MECUM.

The language is English, though it does not look like it. Interpretations may be sent to No. 9 Burleigh street (prepaid) before Friday next.

ANSWER TO THE DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

S	lave	S
H	urra	H
A	bracadabr	A
M	u	M
S	pad	E