

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

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LONDON, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

## SPECIAL ADMINISTRATION.

THE exhibition of incapacity on the part of the police to perform their proper duties has been a most encouraging feature of the Fenian transactions which have taken place during the last month or two. So great respect, and so much awe do we feel for anything in the shape of executive power, that we believe implicitly in the perfect infallibility of every exponent of it, from the highest policeman or tide-waiter down to the lowest Cabinet minister, and we steadily shut our eyes to the evidence, and absolutely refuse to believe that the police do not know, because they have not shown that they know, how to deal with the evils against which they are intended to preserve us until they themselves confessed it—first, by doing nothing; then, by offering rewards in order to get their duties done for them at the expense of the nation; and lastly, by throwing themselves upon the charity of that ardent and dangerous class of enthusiasts, who under the name of Special Constables, have undertaken to do the duties for nothing but glory. The last device is certainly a noble one, and the remarkable success which has attended it has, we are happy to say, so impressed the Government, that it has been resolved to dispose of all the rest of the Executive in the same manner, and an appeal, with the object of carrying out the plan, is shortly to be made to all persons willing to act in the vicarious performance of what are called public duties. As it is important that the Nation should freely comprehend and appreciate the principles under which it is in future to live, we have obtained an outline of the scheme which is shortly to be made public, and we lay it before our readers under the seal of the strictest confidence. The Executive is to be broken up as at present into departments, each of which will be committed to an adequate force of Specials.

**THE PRIME MINISTER.**—For this post two special Prime Ministers only are to be appointed, of whom one will be expected, as occasion arises, to tell the lies pertaining to the office, while the other explains them away. No policy, principles, or convictions being required for this post none will be issued, and the officials who undertake it must be prepared to have statues erected to them at the public expense. Rallying point, the Treasury.

**FOREIGN SECRETARY AND OFFICE.**—This ministry will be handed over to three special Foreign Ministers, of whom one will be expected to discover a consistent line of policy towards the world in general, another will prepare himself with reasons to show why such a policy has not, and will not, ever be carried out; and the third will act as a detective towards Russia, and a provider of places for his own cousins, under the orders of Superintendent David Urquhart. In case of there being any danger of a defensible foreign appointment being made, or of a letter from any foreign potentate being answered, extra force will be employed in this department. Rallying points, Abyssinia and St. Petersburg.

**HOME SECRETARY AND OFFICE.**—This will be committed to four special Ministers, of whom two will relieve each other in publicly creeping into Whitehall from the first floor windows, while the remaining two will receive and entertain all seditious deputations, and take adequate means to provide for the due insecurity of all prisons and the abrogation of the law by means

of a proper supply of free pardons. Rallying point, Hyde Park.

**SECRETARY FOR WAR AND OFFICE.**—A special Secretary of State for War will be appointed, charged with the responsibility of taking measures, purchasing stores, and arranging generally the condition of the army, in such a manner as to secure the greatest amount of inefficiency consistent with a due disregard of economy, and of the requirements of the public service. There will also be a special Commander-in-Chief, to be chosen, when possible, from volunteer officers, and others who have had experience with handling of troops; these two special will act as checks one upon the other, and will be duly armed, the special Secretary of State with an armlet only, and the special Commander-in-Chief with a staff, which he will be expected to use according to his own pure indiscretion.

**POOR LAW BOARD.**—There will be a special President, special Secretary, and several special Inspectors. The sole duty of these special will be to lay themselves up carefully in lavender, to abstain from doing anything whatever, and to prevent any other person or persons from doing anything for the amelioration of the state of pauperism or paupers.

**CLERICAL AFFAIRS.**—A bench of special Bishops will be formed, composed, if possible, of persons who can curse schismatics in Christian language, and who do not object to receiving £20,000 a year for doing so. Any religion, and all opinions, are admissible, if coupled with adequate power of sleep, and an absence of arithmetical principles.

The above, it will be seen, is calculated to form a very complete administrative system, and will enable the nation to go on for some time during the neglect of the ordinary functionaries. At any rate the scheme will afford all the loyal and well-disposed classes an opportunity of making a great manifestation of their disposition to support the kingdom somehow, and it is expected that they will avail themselves of it as it deserves.

## SWEETS TO THE SWEETS!

THE Society of Apothecaries has just administered a dose of soothing syrup to the too impetuous disciples of Dr. Mary Walker. One of these ladies has written to a contemporary, stating that she has received a communication from the Society, from which we gather that all female students may now present themselves for examination in Arts. By the dance of St. Vitus! these apothecaries are a knowing set. They have exactly defined the limits of female meddling. As to the nasty and horrible part of the science, the bolus-mixing, leech-fixing, limb-hacking and the rest of it—away with the repulsive thought! But they are suffered to turn over all that is pretty and romantic, and are freely admitted to the simple examination in Arts. A waggish crew are these gallant apothecaries, and their resolve is highly suggestive!

**WHAT IS A RELIEVING OFFICER?**—A relieving officer is a merciful institution ordained for the purpose of relieving the community of obtrusive paupers.

UNDER THE MOON.

19.

I heard the strange relation and believed  
 In spite of tendencies within me sceptical :  
 Doctors, of course, would say I was deceived,  
 By vision born of some revolt dyspeptical—  
 For them disordered pulses poets breed ;  
 And mucous membrane quite accounts for creed.

20.

“Of yours, our planet far is in advance,  
 “Since we for centuries have known perfection ;  
 “With only one wish left which could enhance  
 “The life we love ; to form some soul-connexion  
 “With this fair world, which daily we behold  
 “Rolling in sun-light like a ball of gold.

21.

“The question is,—and that is why I’m sent  
 “By special shooting stars upon this mission—  
 “Have you arrived, on Love and Wisdom bent,  
 “At such a state, that we in our position,  
 “Could freely use such intercourse as might  
 “Add to our pleasure and ensure your light ?”

22.

—“Excuse me interrupting you ! but say  
 “How came you with our English tongue acquainted ?”  
 “Same causes similar effects display :  
 “The same Hand our prism’s colours painted :  
 “Our music has its octaves too ; because  
 “Nature is ruled by Universal Laws.

23.

“Time has for us our history unfurled  
 “With ever-varied comments on humanity,  
 “Much as events have changed upon the world,  
 “Though tainted less with worldly vice and vanity.  
 “So through transitions passing, language came  
 “On our planet, as on yours, the same.

24.

“Whatever passes on the sister-sphere  
 “We see through lenses of the highest powers ;  
 “We note the change of seasons year by year,  
 “And find a name for every earthly flower :  
 “But much which science shows at our command  
 “Is quite impossible to understand.

25.

“Nature no secret has for us nor Art—  
 “But see !—the dawning blush of day appearing  
 “Warns me of my return :—e’er I depart,  
 “Take this : ’twill tell me when I’m out of hearing  
 “All you may think ; since destiny has made  
 “You my accomplice, I shall want your aid.”

26.

Within my hand he placed a changing stone,  
 Which we call Moonstone : this for size and beauty  
 Was far beyond all gems yet seen or known ;  
 It dazed me in the moonshine :—Then “What duty”  
 I asked “will this strange partnership require ?  
 “Your wish shall be the star of my desire.”

27.

“As long as you retain the gift I leave,  
 “The hearts of men, as far as man’s permitted,  
 “Shall to your eye lie bare, though they deceive  
 “Their fellows in their little world acquitted ;  
 “And through a secret sympathy with me  
 “All your mind learns from it my mind will see.”

28.

A meteor shot across the Moon again,  
 And I was left alone—Had I been dreaming ?  
 If Fancy played me tricks, how came it then  
 That in my hand I grasped, that was no seeming,  
 The Moonstone blazing in the rising Sun ?  
 I’ll try it’s virtues, now my Prologue’s done.

( To be continued. )

THE UNHAPPY VALLEY.

THERE is rather a doleful report at this moment in circulation, to the effect that Newgate is to be enlarged to four times its present size. Regarded as a fact in connection with criminal statistics, this is certainly not a cheering bit of news. The *Builder* however, whose business it is to regard most things from a purely artistic and architectural point of view, has expressed itself warmly on the question of this proposed “improvement” in relation to the Holborn Viaduct. This, the future happy valley of the E. C. district, will, so says our contemporary, suffer from the proximity of this eye-sore. In short, London is to be preserved, if possible, from the danger it runs of having a new artistic feature completely marred. We sympathise, of course, with any expression of opinion such as this, but at the same time feel that it is like taking a tea-spoonful out of the ditch, in the simple hope that there is less dirty water left behind. Yes, Newgate multiplied by four will be very hideous,—very ; but what of that ? Isolated patches of beauty here and there are only tantalising after all, for we know we get them by no reasonable management, but by the merest luck. London as a metropolis—that is to say as the great centre of a great nation, is a dirty failure. It is not our fault we know, for we cannot rob the Northumberland House lion of his tail, nor can we pump more vigour into the fountains beneath him. We cannot blow up the hero of Waterloo opposite Apsley House, though as a great nation, who wish to testify our appreciation of a great man, we certainly ought. Can we again show St. Pauls ? Can we rescue Leicester Square ? No—We can do nothing but growl, grumble, and write to the papers—write to the papers, grumble—and growl. This being our frame of mind, we feel half inclined to say multiply Newgate by all means—by six if you like—but do not talk about beauty spots in this great, dirty, ill managed, uncouth, pig-with-one-eared metropolis.

MILITARY REFORM.

THERE is no penitent, they say, like a reformed rake ; and certainly the rapid pace at which Austria—the paternal, the despotic—is advancing in constitutionalism is surprising and wholly incomprehensible, except on this theory.

But the latest step in this direction is one that cannot but attract the earnest attention of our military reformers. Under the old *régime* the Emperor of Austria was the head of the Austrian army, and directed it through his general adjutant, the Obercommando. This officer, therefore, holds, or rather held, the position filled in this country by the Commander-in-Chief. But Austria, having in her recent fit of constitutionalism, appointed a Minister for War, a very short space of time has sufficed to satisfy her politicians that two such powers could not co-exist as a Minister of War responsible to the nation for the affairs of the army, and a Commander-in-Chief responsible to the Crown for the same.

The double government only required to be seen in work by this practical people,—really in earnest on army matters since those little mishaps in Bohemia,—to be utterly condemned ; and the news comes from Vienna that the post of Obercommando is to be forthwith abolished, amidst the rejoicings of the constitutional party, the royal duke until now Commander-in-Chief becoming the Inspector-General of the Austrian army under the orders of the Minister of War.

— Mutato nomine, de te

Fabula narratur !—

The parallelism between our systems and that lately condemned in Austria is one that must strike every one without our being at the pains to point it out. We Britishers, it is true, have had no Sadowa to sharpen our ideas on army organisation, and we are a patient, long-enduring, slow-moving race. Nevertheless, it is a good deal more than probable that the recent doings in Austria will attract much attention in the coming Session, and may serve to place the question of the double government of the army in the very first rank in point of time, as it undoubtedly is in point of importance, of the forthcoming measures of Military Reform.

NEW NAME FOR THE FRENCH PRESS (WHEN FREE).—Le Thiers Etat.

*HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS;  
BEING THE DISTRACTED REFLECTIONS OF A  
PATER-GRANDI-FAMILIAS.*

THEY are over at last! thank Heaven!—and the final batch of boys has just started for the academy at B—.

Every question has two aspects—most things have two ends (except circles and taxes, to which there is never any end) and therefore, doubtless, boys and parents regard the question of holidays in different lights, and view the beginning and the end with varying feelings.

All I know is that 7 sons at home for 7 weeks (equal to 1 son for 49 weeks, or 343 sons for 1 day) will go very far towards removing me to a lunatic asylum if the dose is repeated, and has worn my poor wife almost to a thread paper; indeed, Mrs. Smith, I may say, is almost a myth, or vanishing fraction.

By-the-bye, can a Smith become a myth? Possibly not in the present large and still increasing numbers of that renowned name.

In philology the addition of the letter S to a word seems to intensify its meaning. Thus we *melt* wax, but we must *smelt* iron; we *mash* potatoes, but we *smash* passengers in a railway collision; small thieves are called *peculators*, large ones *speculators*. Really it is a serious reflection the great effect of a small addition to a word; and if the addition of a single S. has such an effect upon a name, what must be the dreadful consequence of the addition of a double S., especially to a gentleman who rejoices, as I do, in the name of John; familiarly termed Jack by all my friends. To me such an appendage would be debasing indeed. As *VIRGIL* says, when his hero is relating to *DIDO* the horrors of the siege of Troy, "Horresco referens," which *ANY ASS* would doubtless translate "My head is completely turned when I look back upon my dreadful tale."

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Dear me. Where was I? I am so distracted by my 343 sons, now happily departed, that I have got to the end of my tale before I have begun my story. Yes, I had just converted Mrs. Smith into a myth—*unphilologically* speaking. And now we must collect our remains, both of ourselves and of our property; and try to recover our healths and our scattered furniture.

Two hundred pounds will not repair the wear and tear on the premises caused by those seven dear boys. Coming from various quarters, two from College at M—, one from the R.M.A. at Woolwich, one from H.M.S. Britannia, two from school at Brighton, and one from the preparatory school close to Smithfield Villa, they have, with natural *esprit de corps* (literally translated), endeavoured to impart to the whole septagon the gymnastic and other muscular accomplishments of their several academies.

The housemaids report five half-tester beds utterly deformed by reason of their having been adapted to the purposes of swings, six clothes horses ridden to death, and fourteen dining-room chairs ricked out of all shape, through a course of gymnastics. The butler reports a fearful demolition of the best china service, and an inconvenient shortness of wine glasses. The footman the destruction of his sky-blue livery, with the contemporaneous disappearance of two bottles of blacking and the interior fittings of the family filter. The coachman regrets to say that every buckle has been abstracted from the harness of Mrs. Smith's pony carriage. The gardener reports ninety-seven broken panes in the conservatory, and the total removal of lead from his largest hot-water cistern; and from the farmyard we hear that three of the pigs have been shaven quite clean, and afterwards painted with black stripes, like funereal zebras,—enough to give them their deaths of cold this severe weather;—while the cows have been driven half mad by having their tails dressed with leaden points, in the best manner of the Ashango tribes.

Well well, boys must be boys, but need they be boys at home for seven weeks in the winter. Ah! ah! that's the question! Wretched as the weather has been this Christmas, cold, wet, and un-out-of-doors-able, the poor boys have been "close confined," and as great a nuisance to themselves as to their unhappy parents. If I kept a school, I would (*I think*) give the shortest holidays at Christmas, plenty of half days during the summer terms, and good long holidays at Midsummer. But as I am not a schoolmaster, but only a school supplier (like those parties who advertise "Families supplied") all I can do is to advertise:—

"Wanted, a school, where only a week's holiday is given at Christmas."

*"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."*

WE deeply regret the extremely uncharitable comments which many of the Organs of the Press have thought fit to make on the conduct of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England. We cannot help lamenting that the little points of difference between his Lordship and the Comtesse d'Alteyrac should ever have been brought before the public, because the public are totally unable to appreciate the delicate motives which influence such a pure aristocrat as Lord Willoughby D'Eresby. He has endeavoured, with the utmost humility and sincerity, to lay before the men of England a compendium, as it were, of chivalry; to instruct them in the lofty principles which should regulate the conduct of those who aspire to imitate the high minded and generous nobility which, unlike the tinsel creation of yesterday, can trace its proud lineage, unsullied by the contamination of plebian connections, back to the earliest ages of English history.

For the sake of those who, like ourselves, may feel deeply their inability to name their great grandfather, we subjoin the result of our reverend study of the immaculate career of the Joint Hereditary Grand Chamberlain of England.

RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF A TRUE  
NOBLEMAN.

- 1.—When young contrive to form a connection with a married woman possessed of independent property. You will find this more economical than miscellaneous intrigues.
- 2.—If the party suits you continue to live with her—if not cut her as soon as you like.
- 3.—Supposing you live with her some time, contrive to fall ill for a year or two; you will thus get a nurse *gratis*.
- 4.—When you have recovered from this illness, and find your mistress looking rather the worse for her anxiety on your behalf, make love to her maid.
- 5.—If she discover this last manœuvre of yours, and be foolish enough to forgive you, take the first opportunity you can of insulting her, in order to show that you are not to be tyrannized over.
- 6.—If this last measure should drive her to demand a separation, send your lawyer to propose terms, to which, if she agree, your object is gained, and you need not keep your word.
- 7.—In her absence, sell all her property and pocket the proceeds.
- 8.—Should she be audacious enough to demand her own, tell her to go to your father,—or the devil, (it's all the same).
- 9.—If she should carry her disgraceful shamelessness so far as to bring an action against you, resort to every device you or your attorney can contrive to blacken her character, and elude her claim.
- 10.—In pursuance of the above course, deny the paternity of your own child; and plead that her adultery with you prevents her right to appear as a single woman.
- 11.—If driven very hard agree to a compromise; but don't sign the terms till you can help it.
- 12.—By observing carefully these directions you will attain to the greatest height of chivalrous generosity which one of noble blood can desire.
- 13.—Don't forget to breed pug dogs; they will be connected with your name, and people will think that your nature is as generous and faithful as theirs. There can be no harm in this; besides, you can sell them at a large profit.

*HOME! SWEET HOME!*

A CHALLENGE.

Professor great of Table-talk,  
The Mystery solve of Bird-cage Walk;  
Now is the time your wondrous powers for trying,  
Speak! Spirits, Speak! or henceforth cease your lying.

Now ready,  
HANDSOMELY BOUND, WITH GILT EDGES,  
VOLUME ONE (DOUBLE VOLUME),  
OF  
THE TOMAHAWK,  
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



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

LONDON, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

WE have much pleasure in contradicting the report that Mr. Arthur Helps, the excellent and conscientious Clerk of the Privy Council, is, in consideration of the valuable services he has rendered, to be called for the future (by Royal Command) Helps-to-Composition. This would be worse than knighthood.

The *Law Times* intimates that we may expect a regular conventional "law's delay" before any opinion can be pronounced on the ultimate success of the "Law Digest Scheme." But whatever doubt there may be as to the healthiness of the Law's Digest, it is consoling to know that there can be none as to the Law's Digestion, considering what an amount of hard coin it is continually swallowing. Indeed no amount of illegal "fare" appears to disagree with it.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON is a great man; he has rendered Lord Campbell's act null and void, and discovered an excellent substitute for Holywell street literature, which will, in compliment to his last work, henceforward be known as "Spiritual Literature." He is worthy to rank side by side with the author of *The Confessional Unmasked*. By the way, one of the critics is rather too hard upon the Gibbon of the Agapemone, he talks of him as "lithe and sinewy," just as if he were a ballet dancer. His performance may be bare-faced, but it hardly possesses the nudity of Truth.

#### HOW TO DO IT.

SONS of the outrigge!—Braves!—*Oxford-cambridge-men!*—It is once more again I introduce myself upon you; for have I not heard the news? *Oui!* The news—glorious—invigorating;—the news that inspires the nimble *strokesmen* with delight!—the news that I have read in your *Bells-life!*—the news that is whispered in the hearts too full of joyous *élan* of the mariners of the *Seine!*—the news that makes to flow like *les torrents* of your sweet *Tamise*, tears from the eyes of the *Skiff-admirals* of France!—news—but the language cannot say more! *Voyons:* the slip I cut from yours journal of *Sport-life!*—

"The President, Mr. F. Willan, then made known to the meeting the whole of the circumstances under which an attempt is being made to get up a race between Oxford and American Universities, and read the correspondence on the subject. The management of the affair up to the present time by the President was highly approved of, and it was finally agreed to leave it to the committee, under whose consideration it now remains."

At last it comes—the struggle of the nations! *Niagara* flies at the throat of *Isis*. It is to be a battle of heroes. I can see it, bloody, terrible, yet sublime! Your *Oxforman* bold—fed on bifteck and portarbiere, with sinew of iron, and courage of the leopard, grapples with the red skin of the West; he is oily, agile, sensible as the rattle-snake. *Mon Dieu!* It is the concussion of gods! It is a fine race!

But to return. You are not fixed upon your course. You say it is the *fourmile*, or the *colbarge*, or the *païroare*? You ask with the innocence of the babe, but the dark Indian smiles. He is skilful; he is savage; he knows not of *Putnéreach*; he struggles, *ma foi*, yes!—but without a *coxman*! You say it is death, this struggle without a *coxman*. The admirals may stretch their oar—may wear epaulets—the *straw-at*—the jersey (or *et chocolat*) of the *Asnières* crew!—may cheat!—may do all the *skiff-sailor* can dare!—but it is no good—it will be blind! You will turn—you will twist! Your race—it will be a waltz!

Braves,—*Courage!*—*Oui, mes enfants, courage!* Listen to Jules (he is my friend), and you shall gain. "Do they ask for a *coxman*?" He says "No; let them strike him from the ship; he is a weight—an encumbrance; it is death with him! It is not a *steamboat* for the passenger; it is a ray of lightning for strokesmen." Once more, *courage, mes enfants*, you shall win, for Jules will show you his secret. The morning will come, and the millions will crowd upon the shore. The wild *hoorahs* of your compatriots will resound. I see the struggle. The Indians, dark, thoughtful, and blood-stained, appear in their canoe. They are strangers at *Putnébridge*. They are far from home and the wild wood. They have no friends; you are Britons; give them the yell! It is good; it has struck despair upon them! and now for your *ruse!* The two boats are ready for the start. Attend. That sound—it is the gun; you are *offs!* But do you strike the water in rage, or catch the *crabbe*? No; you rise!—you dance!—you turn!—you set!—you face the bow! Ha! *that* is your *ruse*. You are Britons—you are courageous! You face *le danger*, you turn not your backs on him! You see your way; you stroke; you scratch; you *crabbe*; you shriek; *ma foi*, it is glorious,—you wins!

And the Indian, he is in the mud; he faints—he has no friend—he dies! You are victorious, and so once more you give him the yell. Remember, it is Jules who speaks. *Oarsmans, Admirals, Bargèdes*,—forget not your *ruse!*

*Vive le Putnéreach! Vive les oarsmans! Vive le doguesmeat et potarbiere! Oh! gai!*

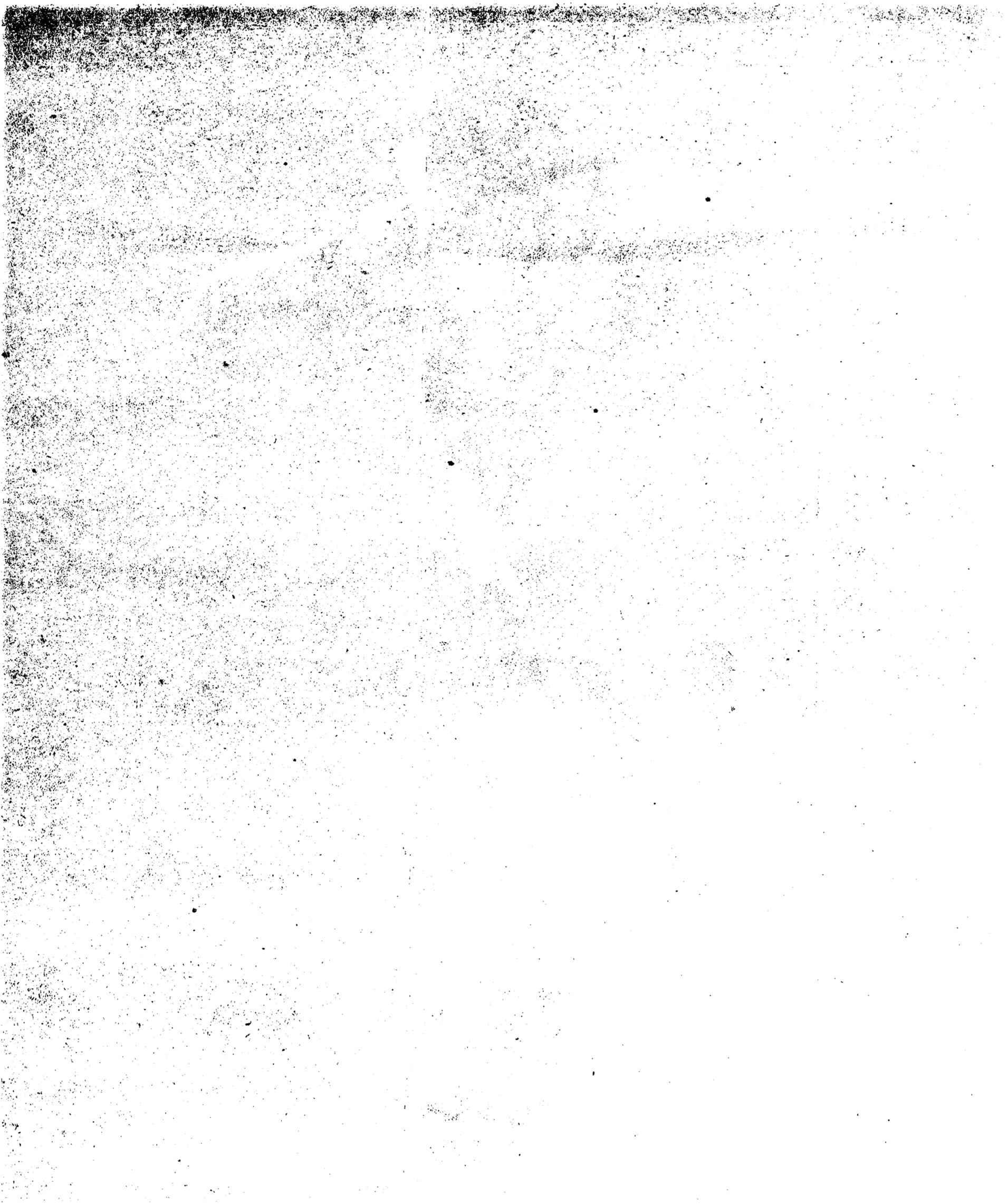
#### FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.

WE had occasion last week to notice with strong but well-deserved censure, an infamous performance which still disgraces the Pantomime at the Lyceum. We are sorry that as yet the torpor of the Lord Chamberlain's office has not been roused. We shall be sorry to be compelled to take stronger action in this matter. With the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, no journal of any importance has dared to write a single word in deprecation of this disgusting scandal. It is a fact that, night after night, the stalls are filled by "gentlemen" who are attracted to that theatre solely by a prurient curiosity to witness this shameful sight. Of course, as long as this continues the enterprising manager will not venture to excise "the Dance of Brutality." We make one appeal to these "gentlemen,"—stay away, or if you go, indicate unmistakably the disgust which we are sure, as you are "gentlemen," you must feel at this piece of imported filth. Then the Enterprising Manager will be able, without doing any violence to his pocket, to allay those qualms of conscience which such a refined and elevated nature as his cannot but feel at being compelled, night after night, out of deference to his more aristocratic visitors, to continue an exhibition from which his moral sense must revolt.

THE REAL ARISTOCRATIC NOSE.—The Willoughby Pug.

THEATRICAL DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—*Dearer than Life*, bad; *a Wife Well Won*, worse; DADDY GRAY, worst!

THE Queen has sent a number of copies of her last book for distribution among the various hospitals. It is too much to hope that the patients may be cured by this new "royal touch" of kindness.





*A DUEL IN THE DARK!*

OR,

A YANKEE "NOTION."



"THE MOST SHAMEFUL SIGHT IN THE  
WORLD."

A GOOD SAMARITAN!

NOW it is pleasant indeed to meet a philanthropist in the realms of vice. Not only pleasant, but encouraging. In my rambles about a very dismal spot I have found such a man. Yes, within a hundred yards of the *locale* of the "Shameful Sight" dwells a noble-hearted individual, who deserves a title, a public reward, a monument. This gentleman has lived in our very midst, doing good by stealth, performing the best of actions in secrecy, for weeks, months,—years. During this time he has received no reward save the inestimable income derived from the possession of a clear conscience, and a numerous and wealthy circle of customers! Good and generous philanthropist, we should scarcely have heard of him had not the public prints published his advertisements now and again. Like a flower born to bloom unseen (except between the hours of 11 a.m. and 8 p.m.), he would have lost his fragrance on the desert air! Fortunately, however, for the world at large, certain very well-conducted papers have lent their columns to extend his fame, and his name is as familiar in our mouths as household words!

It is not to be expected that many like unto him are to be found in this wicked world. Good Samaritans are scarce, and "two-pennyworths" of charity are scarcer. However, as I ponder o'er the past I can just remember the career of a man who, in some respects, resembled the subject of my sketch and adoration. If my memory does not play me false *he* too kept a repository for the wonders of nature and art. He too called upon the wicked to repent of their evil lives, and to make the best of their way to his consulting room. He too was beautifully pathetic about the follies of youth and the false delicacy of budding manhood. He too had the heart of an angel and the "hours of business" of a doctor. But here the resemblance stopped. Instead of gaining the respect of the world, like the subject of my sketch, he was completely misunderstood. He was unlucky enough to have a "difficulty" with one of his numerous *protégés*, and was "hunted down." Poor philanthropist, after spending oceans of money upon an exhibition open free to the public, to be hunted down by the bloodhounds of the British Press! To see all his schemes for the world's regeneration tumbled to the ground as rapidly as the effect follows the cause in the destruction of a house built of play cards! To hear his name coupled with thief and quack, scoundrel and Jew! Oh, it was too much! Too cruel—too unchristian, and too unkind! And yet so it was. After the "difficulty" with the man he had benefited, the Press took the matter up and hunted him down! He was obliged to gather together his beautiful and soothing models of pleasing human peculiarities and then had to decamp. His little books (the produce of hours of pleasant toil and holy reflection) were thrust rapidly into their boxes and carted away! Away from the pleasant Strand, and innocent Haymarket, to the fields of the country, to the land of the sweet-voiced nightingale! I hope most sincerely he is at rest now that he is far away from the busy hum of men who would have shed his very nose-blood, would have placed his noble form in the cramping fixtures of the stocks!

Happier, however, has been the fate of *my* philanthropist. He is at large, and flourishing, appreciated at his proper value, and admired. His advertisements are welcomed with loud acclamations by the publishers of "respectable" newspapers; his "scientific institution" is thronged with eager sight-seers; his pretty little works (so full of morality and advice) are treasured and read by thousands—if we are to believe him (and who would dare to doubt his word on *any* point)—by hundreds of thousands! Good and holy man,—he is engaged upon a gigantic work of charity: let me trust that gigantic work will some day receive its proper reward!

To tell the truth, I had got sick of the "Most Shameful Sight in the World," and all its misery, and my soul loathed the very atmosphere of the plague-stricken spot! I gasped for air in the atmosphere of vice, and prayed to the gods most earnestly for a mouthful of virtue. I did not pray long, for soon my eyes rested upon a noble-looking establishment, which seemed to me the very abode of all that was holy and intellectual. No catch-penny display outside or inside; no blazing advertisement over the door,—but merely a dozen or so

of coloured lamps shining over the *facia*, just to attract the attention of *savans*, and an illuminated fountain in the hall, evidently intended to excite the curiosity of men of scientific pursuits! Plain, simple, and worthy of an honest practitioner in a noble profession!

Delighted at discovering a well of water in the desert, I entered the hall, paid a shilling (which I suppose found its way *via* my philanthropist's hands to the poor-box), and began examining the marvels of Nature displayed for my especial benefit. To understand fully the causes that lead to the singular "cases" before me, a respectable-looking man, who was dressed somewhat after the fashion of a bankrupt park-keeper, who, in fact, was clothed in the costume generally adopted by doctors' assistants, gave me an unpretending little work which made everything as plain as day-light to me. Armed with this work, I began admiring the wonders of Science, Nature, and Art.

And what were they?

Why I will tell you. There were a few models of the human form divine, of the ear, the head, the brain, &c. After I had seen these, my eyes rested upon a series of the most horrible and loathsome objects purporting to be waxen reproductions of genuine "subjects." I will not say that these fearful things were exaggerated or highly coloured. I will allow for the sake of argument, that they were what they pretended to be—merely clever anatomical studies. But what I will say is this, in my opinion, these loathsome models were unfit for public view, were calculated to fill the minds of youths with terror and despair, to drive them in horror to the "consulting rooms" of "highly respectable" practitioners. I will say, that out of the hospitals and medical schools in my opinion, these models should never have been exhibited, that they could do no possible good, and might cause a frightful amount of harm. Moreover, I say, that in my opinion for such an exhibition, a very undue preponderance was given to "cases" calculated to terrify youths and young men. I was horrified myself at the objects set before me, and I can quite imagine what effect the exhibition would have on men many years my junior. I say also that the handbook supplied to me contained pages of matter, which on perusal, would certainly have terrified the nervous. I say, that on leaving the museum, I was offered for a shilling, a book, entitled "The Philosophy of Marriage," from which I make the following extract:—

*The following instructions are given for the purpose of facilitating  
Invalids in obtaining Dr. Kahn's advice:—*

His hours of consultation are from 11 in the Morning till 8 in the Evening, at the Consulting Rooms attached to the Museum, 3 Tichborne street, Haymarket, London.

Patients who desire to be treated by correspondence should observe the following instructions:—

1.—Their letters should contain full particulars as to age. [Here follow certain directions.]

2.—The letters may, at the option of the patient, be either signed with his own name or an assumed one, or initials, as the circumstances may render expedient, and must contain a remittance of Dr. KAHN'S Consultation Fee of One Guinea.

3.—The replies will be addressed either direct, or to post-office, till called for, or in any other manner desired; but in every case the address to which they are to be forwarded should be clearly indicated, and fully and legibly written.

4.—In small towns or villages, where there may be an objection on the part of the patient to the name of Dr. KAHN being seen on a letter addressed to him, he may direct to L. J. K., 3 Tichborne street, Haymarket, London, W.

5.—The remedies can be forwarded to *all parts of the world*, carefully packed, and screened from observation, and will be addressed strictly according to the instructions of the patient, which instructions should be clear and unmistakable.

6.—Dr. KAHN wishes to impress upon all patients *with whom it is at all practicable*, the importance of affording him at least one personal interview, as the advantages resulting to them from such a course will, by the increased certainty and celerity of the treatment, more than repay them the trouble and expense thereby occasioned.

I say, as I relinquish my pen, that I know nothing whatever of "Dr. Kahn." That he may be an excellent physician (which I hope may be the case), or an impudent quack, (which I pray to God may not) but that what I have written above is honestly and truly inscribed, and that I must put the matter in the hands of the public, leaving it to them to draw from my articles their own conclusions.

## WOMAN AND HER CRITICS.

AN article with the above heading has appeared in a recent number of our well-written and caustic contemporary, the *Saturday Review*. It is one of a series of notices, specially directed against the vanities and frivolities of womankind. It must be owned that the opposite sex is by no means in high favour with our contemporary, and if the numerous articles which have been contributed on this subject be read with attention, it will be found that the female sex have been credited with most, if not all, of the infirmities to which flesh is heir. We have no intention of taking up the cudgels on behalf of those who—though strangely enough—are called the weaker sex, for they are not incapable of doing battle for themselves; but we are inclined to think that enough has been written on this question, and that in seeking to prove too much, the writers in the *Saturday Review* have overshot the mark of truth.

We read in the article which has for its title the above heading that women are destitute of humour. This is, indeed, news to us. We are aware that women are frequently uneducated, and almost always deficient in very acute analytical power; but humour, which is a perception of the moment, is by no means denied to them. There are comedies by female writers which have humorous points. The authoress of "*Pride and Prejudice*," "*Sense and Sensibility*," and other works, can scarcely be said to have been deficient in humour. Assuredly, examples would be frequently forthcoming of women whose works of fiction have given evidence of an unusual degree of humorous fancy.

In following the article to which we have made reference, we find an allusion to a dramatic entertainment which appears to have taken place in a private house. If such an entertainment was visionary, and the *dramatis personæ* were but phantoms of the writer's teeming brain, we have nothing to say further than that the example is valueless as an illustration. If, however, the entertainment to which allusion is made really did take place, we can only say that the description of the principal characters appears to be so minutely indicated, that those who were present can scarcely fail to see the application. Thus it happens that an unpretentious evening's pastime, devised for the amusement of a small circle of friends, will have formed an illustration for an article in a public journal. There is quite enough matter for just criticism in that which is brought before the public, without invading the seclusion of a private residence for the purpose of bringing its doings into uninvited and unexpected prominence.

To return, however, to the subject of woman and her weaknesses, it appears to us that women are now that which they have always been, namely, a very fair reflection of the condition of the opposite sex. The mental composition of young England is not remarkable, and our sisters and wives do not find it necessary to acquire much mental culture to place themselves in a position of equality. A young lady will not as a rule talk "high art" to a young gentleman who has devoted his attention exclusively to the science of fox-hunting; but if this same young lady happen to possess two or three brothers who have turned their minds to the cultivation of science or art, it will be found, as a rule, that she has not been content to remain in ignorance of their work, but has succeeded in obtaining sufficient knowledge to enable her to follow their pursuits with interest, and not unfrequently with profit. It appears to us that so long as men are vain and frivolous, women will be on a level with them; if you raise the standard of excellence in the former, the latter will not be slow to follow; but it is almost too much to expect that women will take the initiative. We all know that nothing is so aggravating to a man as to be in the society of a woman who is much cleverer than he is himself, and who cannot quite conceal from him that she is aware of the fact. The nature of a woman's mind is eminently plastic, and there is no doubt but that she could readily become a fitting companion for a clever man; she rarely meets a clever man, however, and her natural intelligence remains very frequently in a state of partial development. *Voilà tout.*

We readily concede that the follies and infirmities of the female sex are many, and that wise and temperate counsel may advantageously be offered to them; but we do not quite see how it will advance matters to tell them that they are but a pack of frivolous fools, without at the same time indicating some path which will lead to their improvement.

## LOGOGRIPE.

I'm a warrior bold,  
And you need not be told  
That of late my renown and my fame  
Have been greatly increased,  
That I hail from the East  
That although I am always the same  
In my own native land,  
When I seek the far strand  
Of you English, 'tis more like a game  
Of your own blind man's buff,  
To observe how each muff  
Comes to grief over spelling my name.  
However, I'd say,  
That there is one right way  
Of performing the feat, so you'll aim  
At discovering what is that same.

Observe me well, I pray,  
Upon two legs I stand,  
Two legs which I may say  
Are pretty long and planned  
Of equal length, though not of equal look,  
And I must say, if I am brought to book,  
That though my legs you must confess to be,  
Equal in length,  
Equal in strength,  
My feet are not so, for, as you will see,  
One leg has two feet and the other three.

A man is made of flesh and bones, we know,  
And so am I;  
A word is made of flesh and bones also,  
For if you try,  
You see that consonants with nothing on,  
Look vastly like a fleshless skeleton.

Yet I am bony too, I must admit,  
Nor can I hide the fact, or better it,  
For in this fix  
My name still sticks,  
That its bones are to flesh as eight to six.

Now cut me up, and see what you can find  
Within my length and breadth, and width confined;  
A Turkish dignitary who ne'er fails  
To rest his dignity upon his tails;  
A hempen something upon which depends  
Not seldom the dear lives of our best friends;  
A vapour-fog we Northerners know well,  
A traitor who for shameful plotting fell,  
And since is annually fêted well;  
The quality that's tacked unto his name,  
Of which the rhyme and this are just the same;  
A Broom with which to sweep all those away  
Who plot by night, and dare not face the day;  
The dearest spot on earth, if we believe  
Poets (whose trade it is tho' to deceive);  
A word for paints, cosmetics, and pretence,  
A word perverted tho' from its own sense;  
An awkward creature, angular and shy,  
Timid, and over done with modesty;  
All these you'll find in me, then seek me well,  
And, as the Blue-book teaches, work the spell.

## ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M Muff F  
A Argo O  
Y Youngster R  
N Neuralgic C  
E Eagle E

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—Double Buffer and the Old Woman, Nellie, Bill and Ted Reyd, Grindoff and Karl, Two Dunces, H. M. H. and I., Your Loving Flute, F. W. R. (Hammersmith), Lissie, C. D. C., The Professor, "Σκάλλιου κνίφε," Mrs. Bouncer, 92 X, G. E. Willis, E. L. Orton, Ruby, J. A. T., Penfold, M. B. M. A. (Alton, Hants), Shadyside (Hammersmith), Helen is my Darling, Macduff, Kuronunaluludud Mumenuzuziesus, &c., &c.

Owing to a press of matter several answers stand over until next week.