

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 80.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHERE WILL HE STOP?

OUR friend, Sir Richard Mayne, has, we are informed, become jealous of the name which M. Haussman, the Prefect of the Seine, has obtained for innovations, and is consequently determined that his reign in Scotland Yard shall be marked by a series of acts which shall be henceforth remembered as the Code Mayne. Not being quite certain, after his little repulse in Hyde Park, when the mob returned railing for railing, as to how such an arbitrary proceeding might succeed, he began with the now famous muzzle law, and, extremely pleased at the abject reception of the same, followed it up with the grand conception which is now notorious as the Hoop Arrestation Act. Sir Richard is now drawing up a list of nuisances which he has determined to put down, and, as usual, "from information we have received," we are enabled to present our readers with details of his intention.

1. Whereas it is a notorious fact that horses have been known to kick persons with great violence, and whereas Sir Richard himself had his eye nearly put out by the whisk of a pony's tail, this is to give notice that the police will have power to seize and hamstring any horse, pony, or mule appearing in the public streets without its feet being hobbled and its tail cut off at the root.
2. Also, it having come to his knowledge that many unprincipled women conceal hoops in or upon their crinolines, this is to authorise the police to seize any and all such offenders, and appropriate the hoops thus discovered on the spot.
3. And whereas it is absolutely certain that the present style of hat worn by men is incommodious, ugly, and unmeaning, the police have orders to bonnet any person or persons wearing such hats, or knock off the objectionable head-piece for their own use or profit.
4. Great complaints having been made regarding the abuse of vehicles known as perambulators, this is to give notice that the members of the police force have orders to sit upon all babies taking exercise in such vehicles. Any mothers or nurses interfering will be deposited in the nearest police station till they are called for, and the expenses of their keep defrayed by the owners.
5. Mrs. Mayne having complained lately of the noise made by cabs and omnibuses through the streets of the metropolis, Sir Richard further enacts that any such public carriage appearing in the thoroughfares of London unless at the time used by himself or the force, will be seized, broken up for firewood, and burnt in the different stations belonging to Sir Richard Mayne.
6. Also, whereas a scurrilous paper, called the TOMAHAWK, has dared to criticise the acts of us, the lawful Dictator, attaching ridicule to our name, be it enacted that any person or persons purchasing such paper, or taken in the act of reading such scandalous publication, shall be tattooed at once by the nearest superintendent, and made amenable to the force in a fine of five pounds.
7. It having come to the prominent ears of Sir Richard that Buckingham Palace is at present without an occupant, he has thought good to take up his residence within its

walls until such time as he, in his good pleasure, shall think fit.

8. All volunteers arrested in uniform will be retained until further orders as a guard of honour at the palace.

Given by us,

RICHARD MAYNE,
At our Palace of Scotland Yard.

UTRUM HORUM MAVIS, ACCIPE.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been brought to book by the *Times* for a singularly inaccurate anecdote, by which the great critic Bentley was made to say that there was no better exercise than to turn a page of Gibbon into English. Perhaps the writer meant *Bentley's Miscellany*. However, it does not much matter. The *Pall Mall* retorts with slight asperity: "We hope the time may come when the *Pall Mall* will be always accurate in anecdote and the *Times* will always write politics on principle." This is rather hard on Jupiter senior, who has always acted on one principle, and that the simplest, if not the purest of all—self-interest. But there is no denying that the *Pall Mall* is very carelessly edited. On Friday, October 30th, it published in its summary of news the following appalling fact:—

"An accident has happened to Mr. Barry Sullivan. While acting * * * on Tuesday night, Mr. Sullivan set his right foot down a stage slip; the consequence was that he sprained his ankle."

Now, we are very sorry to hear that Mr. Barry Sullivan sprained his ankle, but of what possible interest can the fact be to anyone but Mr. Barry Sullivan's friends, and a small theatrical circle in which his name, no doubt, stands high?

That a very moderate actor of some colonial and provincial reputation can claim to be a person of such importance as to require the world to be informed whenever he meets with any slight accident, is a supposition more flattering to Mr. Barry Sullivan's vanity than to the importance of the world. We shall next see an announcement in the *Times* that "Mr. John Buggins, the talented grocer of Duffington-cum-wold, cut his finger when at breakfast on Monday morning last." The *Pall Mall* seems to have been conscious that the paragraph wanted a little excuse for its admission; accordingly, in the next number, we read amongst "This Evening's News:—"

"With regard to the accident to Mr. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, reported yesterday, we are informed that, although Mr. Sullivan will have to keep his bed for some time, there is reason to hope that he has sustained no permanent injury."

This is rather baffling. Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, the greatest of our young English composers, is not the same person as Mr. Barry Sullivan the actor; and it is rather hard that his very numerous admirers should be agitated by a report of his being confined to his bed by an accident, which accident was nothing more nor less than an oversight of the Editor of the *Pall Mall*. We hope that if this mistake has put Mr. Arthur Sullivan out of temper, it has not put him out of tune.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—I could not muster courage to write to you last week, and now that I take up my pen to inform you how I fared in my further canvass of the ladies, you must really excuse me if I make this my last letter on the subject. It is only the reflection that, were I altogether silent, you might accuse me of no longer reposing confidence in you, that induces me to write these few farewell words of painful confession.

To make a long matter short, I am threatened with two distinct actions, for—what do you think? I defy any man to guess. I could sooner make out fifty of your most perplexing acrostics than you could divine the matter that has entangled me in the meshes of the law. I am not accused of treating, of bribery, of intimidation. No; it is none of these with which I am charged. Will you believe it? The upshot of my canvassing the ladies of my district in the Conservative interest is, that I have to defend a couple of actions for—Breach of Promise of Marriage!

I vow to you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, I am as innocent as a babe unborn. I have done nothing, said nothing, looked nothing, to justify this fearful visitation. It is a plot—a plant, a wicked conspiracy—that, and nothing more! Were I not too sadly acquainted with the innate cruelty of the female heart, I should attribute my misfortune to those vile Liberals having sprung a mine on me. Yet why should the latter owe me a grudge? You know how ill I fared in my canvass, and that I have not robbed them of a single vote. No, no; I fear this nefarious plot is wholly due to feminine machinations. Yet, after all, is it not one and the same thing, for was not Eve the first Radical?

Why am I to be persecuted thus? One of my pursuers is a widow of faded charms, though the other, I will own, is a most bewitching little jade. Yet neither of them, I swear to you, did I give to suppose that I entertained in their regard the most distant idea of matrimony. I remember a mighty deal of coquetry on their part; my being asked by them to return, and to return once more, and even yet again, and argue the matter out with them; nor will I deny that I was closeted with each of them on several occasions, and for no short length of time. But I declare I talked politics the whole visit, though the widow has the impudence to declare that I never even so much as mentioned them. She even goes so far as to say that I asked her to be ever at my side, and that I promised to conduct her to the altar; whereas, the very nearest approach to anything of the kind that I can recall, is a request that she would vote on my side—a very different matter, as you will perceive—and a pledge that I would myself see her safely to the polling-booth when the time came for voting. As for the other little minx, she has the audacity to say that I took her hand in mine and warmly fondled it. Why does she not say at once that I took her on my knee? I did nothing of the kind, Mr. TOMAHAWK, though I own I should much like to do so now, though more with the object of paying her certain paternal attentions, occasionally extended to the young by indignant papas, than of showing her any that could possibly be construed into avowals of love. And whilst I am on the subject, why should I not make a clean breast of it? Why should I hide her most unbecoming forwardness, when she charges me most falsely with liberties I never took? It was she, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that seized my hand, and not I hers. She affected to do it in the heat of argument—I saw her, the designing young monkey—as though it were the most natural thing in the world; and how could I, now I put it to you, how could I encounter her would-be innocent familiarity with an unmanly rebuff? I have already said to you *homo sum*, and so I am. I thought her conduct forward, but I should not be honest if I did not confess that it was not altogether disagreeable to me. And then, think of my years and of hers! It is monstrous, atrocious, “infamous and odious,” as Mr. Bright says of the minority clause. And then, to crown all, this unprincipled young creature, whom I went on purpose to convert to sound Christian views and to a proper conception of the utility of the Protestant Establishment, says that I talked of nothing but Church the whole time! And so, too, says the widow. She declares that, in every visit I made, I did nothing but urge upon her the happy union of her and me according to the authorised and beautiful services of our beloved Church. This is what comes of canvassing for Mr. Disraeli and the support of our Protestant Institutions.

Will nothing protect me? Are my long years of celibacy and my blameless life to go for nothing? I can call a whole host of witnesses to character, and I trust that you will allow my previous communications to you to be put in, to show my real sentiments on the subject of matrimony. Yet who can hope to outswear a resolute woman? Besides, there is a maiden aunt ready to take her Bible oath that she saw me, through the key-hole, seated with her niece for full ten minutes, her hand tightly clasped in mine. This is true enough; but I have already given you a complete explanation of that ambiguous attitude.

I have laid the foregoing particulars before our local Conservative Committee, at whose urgent request I undertook the arduous office which has cost me so dear, and have given them to understand that I shall expect them to defend both actions for me, and if I am cast in damages that they will pay them. Will you believe it? They flatly refuse to do anything of the kind; saying, that it would be different if I had been more successful in my canvass, but that as I have not obtained them a single distinct female promise, I have no claim upon them whatsoever. Think of the ingratitude of Party! One insolent young sprig had the face to add that I might well have been so unsuccessful in obtaining votes, seeing the pretty pranks I had been up to. There was a Brutus for you! I am too indignant to write more.

Will you take up my cause, or at least put down these political pretensions in favour of the women? One thing at least is clear, that if women are to be canvassed, women must canvass them. No man is safe. If I am not, I should like to know who is? It strikes me that Mr. Mill is a deeper and shrewder philosopher than I previously gave him credit for. He is all for giving women the franchise; but—note this!—*he refuses to canvass them*. I know he professes to object to canvassing altogether; but I think I have now discovered his real reason. He is afraid of actions for breaches of promise from his pet clients! Would that I had been as wise. Let all canvassers take warning by my miserable example.

From, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your faithfully but much troubled friend and admirer,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

P.S.—Do you think I should mend matters by marrying the girl and defying the widow? I should thus get rid of one action. And I confess the young creature's hand *was* very warm and soft, and that sort of thing, and her manner remarkably engaging. Give me your advice; and be pleased to regard this postscript as *private and confidential*, as in case I did not marry her, it might be used against me at the trial.

WATTS FOR JO.

How can dear little Fanny J . . .
Improve her Holborn nights,
If only Honey gets the play
And only Byron writes?

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

“A ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet.” Practically I fear this is not the case—call it garlic and try.

* *

The late enameller to the ladies of Europe has arrived at the honour of being made a Guy of this 5th of November. This is the law of retaliation—though she made fools as well as guys of her clients.

* *

An undertaker informed me the other day that he was very particular about the uniform appearance of his mutes. “He liked cemetery in all his arrangements.”

* *

When grief comes to an honest man he shows a clean balance-sheet. When a scamp comes to grief he shows a clean pair of heels.

ON TRIAL.

A FEW FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTERS.

THE Commissioners resumed their labours at an early hour this morning. A good deal of feeling was manifested in that portion of the room set apart for the public, as the enquiry proceeded, but order was, on the whole, efficiently preserved by the Chairman. The first witness being summoned—he said:—I am what is called a Free and Independent voter. I have just been stuck down on to the list under the new Act. I calls that having a voice in the country. I means to use that “voice” too, unless somebody will come down with a five-pun-note for it. No, I should not mind parting with my voice for money. If I sells it, it’s my business, ain’t it? (*The Chairman here reminded the witness that he had not been summoned to elicit, but to give evidence.*) Well, I wouldn’t mind coming down to three-pun-ten, if things wos’nt as brisk as they ought to be. By “brisk as they ought to be,” I means what I means, and that is lots of agents and plenty of tin about. Would sooner sell my voice to the Radicals, only they don’t pay so well as the other parties. Wish I could take my five-pun-note from one lot, and give my voice to the tother—yes, that’s why I’m for the ballot. I likes the Radicals becoss they knows what they’re after. I have’nt no fixed opinions though, and don’t mean to have any, being guided in politics by the commercial value of my voice. If you presses me I can give you the leading points like a free and independent voter ought—Buckingham palace, Windsor castle, and such like places ought to be turned into publics and open all day long on Sundays. There should’nt be no taxes, nor nob’s carriages in Hyde park, nor clubs where peers and marquises has their gin and water on the sly, nor ’Ouses of Lords, nor running down of working-men, nor country swells, nor beer over a penny a quart, nor pleecemen, nor kings, Emperors and such like, nor rising of butchers’ meat, nor aristocracy in Parliament, nor hanging for murder, nor duties on baccar, nor parsons—in fact, no gammon at all. Yes, though that’s my ideas in the rough, I should be glad of a ’andsome offer for my voice. If nothing turns up before the ’lection I shall come the free and independent voter strong. I shall vote with my party, that is to say, with the party that goes in for the most cabs and beer. I hope to have a good spree at the polling shop and knock in a few heads as votes opposite. Mean to heave a brickbat at both of the candidates, ’cos I think it does them good. Hope, however, to sell my voice first, which I will do now at a milder figger. That’s what I call free and independent votin’. (*The witness was here ordered to stand down.*)

The next witness being called, said:—I have also a vote under the new Act, but it is of no use to me whatever. I am a tenant of Lord Muzzleborough’s. His lordship’s agents come and tell me which way I am to vote, and I have to do it. The family is a Tory one, and my views are all for Gladstone and Bright, but that doesn’t matter. Of course, it is stifling one’s conscience to have to vote against it, and degrades a man to himself, his family, and his friends, but his lordship doesn’t care five farthings about that. He sends the notice round, and if we don’t poll for his man out we go the first quarter-day he can touch us. I call it rankest bribery. The reason I call it rankest bribery is because he makes your vote the price of the continuance of your tenancy. I should call it worse than a bribe, because a man needn’t take that, which is a positive gain to him, while on his lordship’s estate you get nothing for your vote, but ruin if you act like an honest man. No, this sort of thing is not new. I could name several places in England where it is being openly carried out at the present moment. I, and many like me, would rather have no vote at all. I think it is better to be without the franchise than to have its conscientious exercise made the price of your ruin. When I do give my vote I do it with my head hanging like a broken man, for I feel myself a sneak. The roof I sleep under, the ground I dig, and the bread I give my wife and children are all the wages of my disgrace and humiliation. It ought to be stopped—somehow.

[*Our parcel left here.*]

LEMON-ADE (NOT SPARKLING).—Mr. Mark Lemon’s professional assistants at St. George’s Hall.

TO A MODERN MESSALINA.

THE gloss is fading from your hair,
The glamour from your brow;
The light your eyes were wont to wear
Attracts no gazer now.
O’er sunny forehead, smiling lips,
And cheeks of rosy roundness, slips
A cruel, premature eclipse,
Time should not yet allow.

I think of one whose homestead lies
A stone’s throw from your own,
Who, spite the sorrow in her eyes,
Hath but more comely grown;
Who, robbed whilst scarce a four years’ bride,
Of him, her husband, joy and pride,
Whilst yours still labours at your side,
Is lovely, though alone.

For know, ’tis not from loss of state,
Nor e’en from loved one’s death,
Nor any stroke of Time or Fate
That true Grace suffereth;
That Virtue hath a secret charm,
Age cannot wither, sorrow harm,
Which keepeth even Beauty warm
After surcease of breath.

Know, furthermore, that wants debased,
Void restlessness in crime,
Have almost wholly now defaced
What had been spared by Time;
That, soul shut in, while sense ajar,
Joys which, not mending Nature, mar,
Entered, and left you what you are—
A Ruin—ere your prime!

TO A VERY VENERABLE ARCHDEACON.

A PROCLAMATION,

By TOMAHAWK, *Corrector-in-Chief of Shams and Abuses.*

WHEREAS, Mr. Archdeacon, you did heretofore publish a *Book of Sermons*, wherein were divers statements well worthy to be written by any faithful Roman Catholic Teacher.

AND WHEREAS you did declare that you were anxious that the orthodoxy of the same should be tried in the Courts of the Church of England.

AND WHEREAS the said Courts did adjudge the said statements to be not orthodox.

AND WHEREAS you did appeal against such judgment, and did plead that the said proceedings were not commenced until fourteen days after the expiration of the period allowed by law, whereas your own able contentions had caused such delay.

AND WHEREAS it is on record that you have been recently challenged by a body of English Churchmen to republish the said statements, and to have your fitness to remain a paid dignitary of the Church of England tried on the merits.

NOW TAKE NOTICE that, unless you consent to take measures to have the question fairly tried, you are forbidden by US, in our capacity of Corrector-General of Shams, ever again to declare yourself to be anything else than a heretic, UNDER PENALTY of being exhibited as an illustration in our gallery of the blessings of the establishment.

Given in our Wigwam in the Strand this 9th day of November, 1868.

RE-PUBLICANISM.—The reform of the licensing system.
WHAT (W) RITUALISM GENERALLY LEADS TO.—Execution.

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* * 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. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 14, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. BRIGHT is going to publish an illuminated History of England, which will throw Mr. Hume's, Lord Mahon's, and all other Tory productions into the shade.

THE *Field of the Cloth of Gold* evidently has made a great impression on His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. He could not even get out of Plymouth Harbour without *Strand-ing* his ship.

NOBODY can say that the representation of minorities is not carried out to perfection in America. General Butler has been returned to Congress, and we question very much whether the minority of scoundrelism could find a more representative man. Mr. Morrissey, ex-pugilist, has been re-elected. We suppose he is known in the House as "the Fancy man." His opponent was George Train, of insolvent notoriety, which may account, in some measure, for his easy victory.

POOR Odgers, the working-class candidate for Chelsea, had the simplicity to suppose that such thorough-going Radicals as Mr. Peter Taylor, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Hughes would prefer him to a baronet! Unsophisticated soul! Their decision in favour of Sir Henry Hoare, Bart., ought to undeceive him. When will he and his fellow-workmen learn that the Liberals require monkeys to pull the chestnuts out of the political fire for them? A Conservative working-man may possibly be a curiosity; but a Radical swell is a sheer imposture.

POLLAKY'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL.

POLLAKY, the Benefactor of Mysterious Mankind, is evidently under the impression that he is not so well known as he deserves to be. He is consequently publishing in the daily papers condensed romances, which will make hum-drum prosers shudder, and suggest whole plots to the mind of a Boucicault or a Byron. One day we have the startling incident of an elderly nobleman of the British type, with projecting teeth and fair whiskers, running off with a young French lady of engaging exterior: another day brings us intelligence of a heart-rending occurrence on the Rhine, a young lady who plunges into the river from the deck of a steamer—we are left in suspense as to whether she is picked up or remains with the Loreley. What an admirable idea this would be for obtaining stories for a Christmas Annual. Advertise for parties who witnessed such and such fancy circumstances, and immediately you would receive dozens of letters from individuals who imagined they had been witnesses to the acts described. For instance, we insert the following advertisement:

SWALLOWS.—Any lady or gentleman who was present at the Charing-cross Terminus, when a Spanish-looking volunteer, of Herculean mould, swallowed a small black and tan carpet-bag, will be rendering great service to the heartbroken advertisers by forwarding his or her name to Rollicky, Colney-Hatch.

Two days after, a shoal of letters arrives from persons of both sexes who have been witnesses to different acts of deglutition at various railway stations in London. Though, of course, not one has any reference to the absolute fact of a volunteer swallowing a carpet-bag, all detail something more or less curious; and, putting the ideas together, would, in the hands of experienced writers, make very good sensation.

After this hint, if Pollaky brings out an Annual, he will be expected to leave a copy at our office, with the half of any profits in the sale thereof; and should he supply Mr. Dion Reade or Mr. Charles Boucicault with the ingredients of an original drama, perhaps he will let us know at his earliest convenience.

DISORGANISED HYPOCRISY.

A NUMBER of Radical candidates have been endeavouring to work upon the feelings of honest men who are dead to the stale cries of party, by assuring them that Radicalism and Purity of election are synonymous. No one has tried to play this card more boldly than Mr. Thomas Hughes, the present member for Lambeth. Finding that he cannot make head in that constituency against two brother Radicals with longer purses than his own, and not at all minded to be a martyr to his principles, he seeks refuge in a less expensive quarter. Forthwith a Mr. Littler, also a Radical, comes forward at Lambeth to supply his place, and offers himself as a candidate "on Mr. Hughes's principles" of purity of election, no paid agents, no canvassers, no public-house influence, and so on. Under these circumstances what does Mr. Hughes do? Why, he writes to the electors of Lambeth, begging them not to divide the Radical party by voting for Mr. Littler, but to give all their votes to the two Radicals before whom he himself has had to retire because they do the very things he denounces! His reason for this fast and loose behaviour is, that he does not want "Lambeth to be disgraced by a Conservative member!" Lambeth, that returned Mr. Roupell and Mr. Doulton, and will no longer return Mr. Hughes, because he cannot afford to imitate their precious example. If this be not hypocrisy, what is? And Mr. Bouverie's famous "Rabble" seems to be doing the same sort of thing all the country over. But hypocrisy is no better for being disorganised. Indeed, it is rather worse, if possible, for it is more sure of being found out. In fact, we are driven to put this question,—*"Is there a single politician who has a shred of character left?"* Some of them may be desperately wronged; but there is not one of them that may not be convicted on their neighbour's testimony, or—their own. Mr. Hughes clearly comes in the latter category.

A FREE GRANT.—The President (elect) of the United States.





WITH THE COURT.

WHICH WILL IT BE?

OR,

THE LONDON SEASON, 1868-9.

WITHOUT THE COURT.

LUCRE AND LUCREZIA.

SCENE.—Outside the Holborn Theatre after the performance. The author of the play, the author of the burlesque, the author—in fact Mr. H. J. BYRON is setting his face homeward.

TOMAHAWK (taking his arm).—Don't be alarmed, Mr. Byron, there is no violence intended.

BYRON.—Violins? You are not in the orchestra, are you?

TOM.—Come, you know me well enough; and I have a few words to say for you to sleep on.

BYRON.—In that case (pillow case) don't let them be hard words.

TOM.—A truce to puns. I have been to see *Lucrezia*.

BYRON.—Ah! and you found *Lucrezia* bored yer.

TOM (aghast).—Bor—oh! ah! If you continue you shall have Blow for Blow.

BYRON.—No, no, anything but that. What have you got to say?

TOM.—First of all, Do you suppose that such a piece as the burlesque of *Lucrezia* can do any good to yourself?

BYRON.—Do I suppose? Why, it's paid for.

TOM.—So as long as you get paid you don't mind what rubbish, unmitigated rubbish you put your name to?

BYRON.—Come, don't be abusive. Do you mean to say you didn't laugh once?

TOM.—Laugh! Did any one laugh? What was there to make the weakest idiot laugh? Is it funny to keep referring to the names of medicines from the beginning of the first scene to the end of the last? Is it funny to dress up a man with a bass voice in woman's clothes?

BYRON.—Funny? Well! if Honey—

TOM.—Cease, vain jester! Is it laughable to introduce the same young ladies, wearing the identical dresses, or at any rate dresses of the same type as usual, singing the same tedious music-hall songs, with the same choruses which the street boys sicken us with from morning to night? Is it witty to fill your lines with puns which everyone has heard since he knew what a play on words meant? Is it humorous to torture syllables into sounds which they do not possess, in order to make them resemble other words with which they have no affinity?

BYRON.—The daily papers—

TOM.—The daily papers, with the best will, have said more of what they think than they generally do. Even the Popular Pennygaff condemns you with his faintest praise and his shortest syllables.

BYRON.—That proves that you have not seen the *Illus*—

TOM.—That will do. Don't advertise I have seen the only criticism which speaks with absolute favour of the performance; but we should probably discover that the critic wrote burlesques himself, and then what would his notice be worth?

BYRON.—But isn't it a good notion to make the chorus at the finale turn out to be nigger minstrels?

TOM.—So very new. Why, the nigger has been so used on the burlesque stage that he is quite white down all his seams, and his "Yah! yah!" can no longer be called, even by your friends, original.

BYRON.—The Christys call themselves original.

TOM.—So does Sin, but you need scarcely desire to follow the lead of one or the other. Mr. Byron, let us be serious. *Lucrezia Borgia* is very very bad, look at it how you will. *Blow for Blow* is little better. Can you not write anything better? We sincerely trust you can and will, for we have a sneaking kindness for you, and there are so few dramatic writers in England that we would fain hope that in you lie the germs of a future Shakespeare or a sucking Jonson. Hallo! he has bolted. Well, I thought his native modesty could not swallow all that.

[Exit into Evans's.]

A VERY CLEVER JOKE.—All man ax's for the TOMAHAWK ALMANACK for 1869, price 3d., which may be obtained shortly, with the two missing letters from the joke, at every respectable Newsvendor in Town and in Country. There!

A STILL CLEVERER JOKE.—The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK will be published at the TOMAHAWK office, 199 Strand, W.C.

A "LUB" OF A CLUB.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY has been lately publishing some funny (!) stories in *Belgravia* about "Clubs" and their members. As this very (!!) amusing *litterateur* has omitted several important establishments from his list, we will supply the deficiency to the best of our ability. It is not an easy matter to sink to the level of Mr. Thornbury, still we will make an attempt to copy his style.

THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Founded 18—. Situated in Pall Mall. It was here that the well-known General Smith used to dine four days of the week. Many very good stories are told of this club. Thackeray and Tom Hood were once asked to dine here, and after dinner were conducted to the smoking-room. Tom Hood left the door open behind him.

"Why, my dear Hood," said Thackeray, "is that open door like a receptacle for marmalade?"

"Because," Hood replied, after some minutes thought, "because it's a jar!"

From that moment Thackeray and Hood became sworn friends.

But enough; it is scarcely fair to take the wind out of Mr. Thornbury's sails.

A.B.C. FOR A.B.A.

WE predicted in these columns, some time since, what would be the result of throwing open an Oxford University degree to what is termed, by the enthusiastic champions of the penny press, "the pith and marrow of England's middle-class youth," and our prediction has been fully verified. We pointed out that there had been a good deal of frothy nonsense talked about the blessings of a university "education," in the broadest signification of that word, and that middle-class Englishmen were not such a set of fools as to hurry their promising boys off to Oxford for the purpose of wasting three precious years of their lives, even though that privilege were offered them for the moderate sum of £16 10s. However, the fact is now established, for to the mighty call of respectable and exclusive Oxford there have been in all England only seventeen responses. We have not space to devote to any elaboration of the subject, but the main causes of this failure must be patent to everyone. The class, to which the supposed advantages of an Oxford life directly appeal, is a class which can afford to pay for them. The class, to which they are now offered freely for a trifle under £20, is, on the other hand, a class which has neither a halfpenny to spare nor a moment of working time to lose. Youths, who must soon grapple with bookkeeping by double entry, bricks and mortar, and boot making, had better be doing anything, when they arrive at the interesting age of eighteen, than breaking their heads over the only sort of work an Oxford don has to give them. Such is the wise view that the proprietors of "the pith and marrow of England's middle-class youth" have taken of the question, and they are to be congratulated for their common sense. No, if Oxford really wishes to reach the heart of the nation, she must become a little more practical, and give such a prospectus of advantages to the common herd, that they cannot fail to see that no time will be lost in an aimless struggle with the construction of a couple of dead languages. We are not of course running down these accomplishments—that is, as far as a set of ambitious bakers, butchers, and candlestick makers, are concerned. Naturally, therefore, the 500 sets of rooms, prepared by the anxious lodging-house keepers, have been licensed in vain, and Oxford is still quite up to the true mark in Snobdom proper. It is still an exclusive and aristocratic retreat, and no doubt will take its revenge on the unfortunate seventeen *scholares non adscripti*, by cutting them, wounding them, and making them "feel" it generally, as thorough and high bred Oxford always does. As to the little band of outsiders we cannot help sympathising with them, though if they are not of the genuine stuff that can go in and win a scholarship or two, we can tell them they would be far better employed elsewhere. A youth, whose ultimate destination is the counter, had far better practise the art of smiling, as he asks imaginary customers "what may be the next *article*," than split his head over its peculiar use with the participle in the fifth chorus of the

Agamemnon of Æschylus. And so on to the end of the chapter. On a future occasion we will point out, in a friendly and lively way of course, to Oxford what it had better do, *if* it wishes to enlarge the number of its sons. For the moment it had best behave itself like a gentleman to its seventeen *non-adscriptos*, and they had best get off as soon as they conveniently can, unless they are geni, snobs, or maniacs.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

DR. W. H. RUSSELL'S return for Chelsea seems to be next to a certainty. Not only has he received assurances of support from every Conservative in the borough, but even a number of the Liberal electors have promised to vote for him.

The gallant correspondent must exercise some supernatural influence over men's minds. It is no doubt very terrible to play the traitor to the true cause, but if TOMAHAWK, disagreeing as he does with Dr. Russell in every important article of his political faith, lived in Chelsea, which perhaps it is as well for TOMAHAWK that he does not, even he—with shame and remorse he admits it—really believes he would give Dr. Russell not only his vote, but his interest into the bargain.

After all, perhaps "Russell and Respectability" is a worthier motto than either "Dilke and Democracy" or "Odger and Onions."

ONCE MORE SIR RICHARD MAYNE.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has once more proved himself equal to the occasion. Our first article this week shall be about him and so shall our last. He shall be the Alpha and Omega of our thoughts. Writers in the public press have had the audacity to suggest to his Commissionership that some special rules and regulations should be framed for the preservation of order for the duration of the forthcoming troublous times. We are glad to be able to announce that Sir Richard is not offended, but, having taken the hint in the very best possible part, has drawn up the following decree which we have reason to believe will shortly be published, and will remain in force until London has regained its wonted appearance of dulness and stagnation.

Instructions to the Police for the better Preservation of the Peace of the Metropolis during the forthcoming Elections:—

- 1.—During the progress of the elections, at least two officers will attend at all the public houses and beer shops within each borough, where their presence is intended to act as a check on the malpractices of committee men and others who are understood to be in the habit of supplying beer and other liquors to the electors. These officers will report in writing to their inspector any flagrant cases of bribery and corruption that may thus come under their notice.
- 2.—The police are strictly enjoined to take no part in any disturbance that may arise from party feeling. They are to observe the strictest neutrality and hold themselves aloof from all fights and electioneering brawls. Stone-throwing may, however, be discouraged so long as the foregoing provision is strictly adhered to.
- 3.—The police are to avoid presenting themselves in the neighbourhood of the polling-places during the progress of the election. The arrangements for the voting will be left entirely under the supervision and control of the parochial authorities.
- 4.—As it is expected that the extra duty entailed on the police, during the period referred to, will be extremely arduous, officers are to understand that they will not be expected to attend to their ordinary duties, so far as cases of drunkenness, petty larceny, furious driving, and other unimportant offences are concerned.
- 5.—It is specially to be understood that the above exceptions do not extend to cases of unmuzzled dogs found in the public thoroughfares. On the contrary, the police are enjoined to redouble their vigilance in carrying out the provisions of the existing decree on this subject.
- 6.—As during the progress of the elections the whole body of the Police Force will be amply employed during the day,

for the present, night duty will be suspended. The public are therefore cautioned to observe that, the doors and windows of their premises are securely fastened and protected at 6 p.m.

By order,

(Signed) RICHARD MAYNE.

Scotland Yard,
9th November, 1868.

Who says the Chief Commissioner is waxing too old for his place. The document above quoted is surely worthy of that master intellect which asserted itself, and became great, in controlling the "shilling day" crowds of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The Public must wait another ten years or so, before it talks of superannuation.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

How sweet upon the one to watch the other playing
Half timidly defying the power of that foe
That now, with gleaming smiles her trustful guest betraying,
Lulls memory's sad warning of the death that lies below.
Or now with passion foaming and deadly menace roaring,
Frights valiant and gentle hearts alike from life's last hope,
And o'er her victims leaping, her ruthless joy outpouring,
Brings noble-hearted heroes to the felon's end—a rope.

1.

A naughty word is this I fear,
And yet a word we joyed to hear
When spoken by that strange sad jester
Whom Death so early snatched away,
Ere Fortune taught him to be gay.

2.

Within this humble dwelling lived
The pet I loved the best,
Whose ears (no ass's though so long)
I lovingly caressed.

3.

Upon the lofty rocks she stands,
Her treasure clasped within her arms;
One shudder at the blood-stained wall;
And Neptune claims her fatal charms.

4.

O Benjamin, what cruel pen
Compared thee to this poor old man?
Thy conscience, not thy wit's diseased:
Those souls may pity thee who can.

5.

A name some men usurp it seems,
Who least its meaning care to know;
The god whose attributes they share,
Reigns not above us—but below.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

M uf F
I achim O (Cymbeline, Act II.)
L o O
L oya L

CORRECT answers by Ruby's Ghost, Hero and Leander, The Man who didn't like "Maids of Honour" at Richmond, and A Worried Elector.

INCORRECT answers by A Confounded Foreigner (South Norwood), Lizzie and Owl, Zlu, Slodger and Tiney, Samuel E. Thomas, Harry Gough, Louisa (Leamington), Blucher, and Charles B. (Cheltenham).