

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A. Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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LONDON, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE ABUSE OF CHARITY.

WE certainly ought to be a very happy nation, if to give to others entitles man to be happy; for there really seems no end to the purse of generosity on which so many advocates of misery draw at this season. We never yet saw a return of the sums subscribed through the columns of the papers, and other channels, to various charities at Christmas. The return could, at the best, be but a very conjectural one; at least, it would give a very imperfect idea of the amount of money which is given away at this festive season. Still more difficult would it be to estimate the amount of good done by such donations; and most difficult of all to compile a list of those whose charity had not done, on the whole, more harm than good to those who received it. We are afraid the list would be a very small one. Half the money that is given in England every year in the form of alms would serve, if properly applied, to free us from poor-rates. There is no more terrible extravagance than this; it makes one despair to see how much is given injudiciously, and how much more is spent iniquitously. How many of our public or private charities really benefit the recipients of their bounty? How many degrade and demoralize those whom they profess to elevate and to save? We would rather incur the charge of misrepresentation and exaggeration, which we know will be made against us, than attempt to answer that question. Only let us try and say a few words which may help some whom this fearful and stupendous problem, how really to aid in diminishing the poverty and misery around us, perplexes and distresses.

Apathy is the ordinary state of people's minds on this subject. To put your hand in your pocket and give a beggar a shilling requires little exertion and less thought; but to enquire into that beggar's history, to sift his statements, and then to try and see how you can help him to make himself independent, requires much exertion and more thought. To roof over four brick walls, divide the building into cells, and fill these cells with the houseless, doling out to them bread and water, and gruel, and a blanket or two, is a very simple system for the relief of distress. The vagrant wants a lodging, he wants food, he wants drink, he wants something to keep him warm; supply him with these wants and what more need you do? He gets such relief here to-night, and will get it somewhere else to-morrow night, and so on. Vary the story; take the penniless man into the workhouse instead of into the casual ward, lodge him, feed him, clothe him; if he has the luck to get employment let him get it, but

don't help him to do so, don't try and fit him for any work—and if he chooses to give up his work when he has got it, why take him back again, and proceed as before. This is the national system of relief, and are the individuals of this nation to be expected to pursue a wiser one? Give, give, give; supply the present need, and never look to the future, is the motto of most benevolent persons, if not of most benevolent institutions. Let us say nothing of the greedy absorption of the funds of charities by paid officials; of the perquisites and vails, and salaries; the necessary expenses, such as mere little dinners for the governors, new rooms with new furniture for the master or matron, or head-nurse; with the other countless modes of eating up the guineas of the benevolent subscribers; let us say that such things are mere myths and wicked inventions of captious cynics, how much of the money professedly spent for the professed purposes of the charity, is spent with any probability of fulfilling such purpose?

There are, thank God, some charitable institutions in this country which endeavour seriously to encounter this great difficulty of securing the permanent, and not only the temporary, benefit of the recipients of their bounty. It is, in a great measure, the fault of our infamous Poor-law that the bewildered hearts and minds of benevolent men too often recognise only the existence of misery without seeking for the cause.

Money is invaluable in giving instant relief; Heaven forbid that we should check the promptings of the generous heart! But we must not stop at this stage; a little patience, a little labour, a little thought, and we may prevent the recurrence of the distress, that money alone can relieve, by other means. It is impossible that any individual can find employment for every destitute creature who appeals to his charity, for there is scarcely any public institution to help him in such a task; but we all can do much by a little exercise of judgment and true unselfishness, in abstaining from gratifying the impulse of our nature to give at once, and so cry quits with our consciences. It requires time and labour, which we cannot spare so well as money, to make our charity of any real use; but better take one case of distress and relieve it wisely, than ten and relieve them foolishly. Make this your great object in all cases—to raise the receiver of your bounty from dependence, however slowly, however painfully, rather than keep him in comfortable bondage. Let every shilling that you give help him to whom you give to earn sixpence, and you will have done good. But if you give twenty shillings with no other result but that when they are spent you must give twenty shillings more, you are but subsidizing the misery that you seek to destroy.

WHEN GREEK MEET TURK!

or,
HOW IT REALLY STANDS.

To what stage the rupture between Turkey and Greece may have arrived, by the time these lines are in print, it is impossible to conjecture, but as it is highly important that there should be no sort of misconception in the public mind as to the origin of the quarrel, we have much pleasure in giving the last telegraphic diplomatic correspondence prior to the present crisis.

Constantinople, Dec. 13.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Remonstrate at once as to this last Cretan business, and demand instant dissolution of the volunteers. The conduct of Greece lately towards our august Empire has been of the most dastardly, lying, and irritating character, and as a great nation, though it does not wear Paris hats and drink European spirits, will not suffer itself to be insulted with impunity, request, without any further delay, ample apologies for the past and satisfactory guarantees for the future.

Athens, Dec. 13.

From the Turkish Embassy to the Foreign Office at Constantinople.

Have done what you ordered. The young King was very impudent, and said I had better next ask to see his father-in-law. He also observed that the sooner a "row" got up the better for all parties, and that he thought the Sultan a great fool not to have married well. Our conversation ended in his throwing a footstool at my head.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 5 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Did you throw it back?

Athens, Dec. 13, 6 p.m.

From the Turkish Embassy to the Foreign Office at Constantinople.

No. I thought I had better not.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 9 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.*

On your return you will be sewn up in a sack with a monkey, a boa constrictor, and a copy of Tupper's religious poems and thrown into the Bosphorus. In the meanwhile, you will do your best to bring matters to a crisis by violating every diplomatic obligation.

Constantinople, Dec. 13, 10 p.m.

To the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Insist on the old terms once more. Threaten your immediate departure, and say that 50,000 men will march on to Thessaly at once. See the King again, and give this last message to him direct from the Sultan.

Athens, Dec. 14, 9 a.m.

The King of Greece to the Sultan of Turkey.

Yah! Anything else? Fire away, you old savage.

Constantinople, Dec. 14, 11 a.m.

The Sultan direct to the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

I have sent the last message to all the Courts in Europe. You ought to get answers in the course of the afternoon. Mahomet is really a great prophet!

Paris, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of the French to the Turkish Embassy at Athens.

Never mind. Take five days more of it. France has her eye upon you. This business affects us more than you. Wait.

Vienna, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of Austria to do. do.

We have our eye upon you. Bear it bravely, and remember this business affects us more than you. Wait.

London, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The St. James's Cabinet to do. do.

We must see what the others are going to do first. Hard words hurt no one, so you must take what you get, and remembering that this business affects us more than you, wait.

Berlin, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The King of Prussia to do. do.

What a bore you are. Don't move a man, of course. Never mind what happens. Don't you see this business affects us more than you? You must wait.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 14, 3 p.m.

The Emperor of Russia to do. do.

Hand me over Constantinople, and I'll get you out of it, and I will rent you a mansion in Leicester square, London, and allow you £1,600 a-year. There!

Frogmore, Dec. 14.

Prince Christian to do. do.*

When you are hit, never hit anybody again. It hurts. Why don't you come over here. There's a fine opening for Continental talent, I can tell you. Merry Christmas to you! You'll soon learn English. Look at me. "Ooray!"

Strand, Dec. 18.

H.R.H. Tomahawk to the Turkish Nation.

You have been shamefully treated by Greece, who has violated every international obligation over and over again. Oriental as you are in your religion, habits, and thoughts, you will, in this quarrel, have the sympathies of all honest men. It would be a disaster to break up the peace of Europe at the present moment, but if you must fight, go in and win.

TREATS FOR STREETS.

THE Chief Commissioner of Police would seem to be inclined to court a little popularity now that Parliament has met. He has supplemented the repeal of his dog tax by the institution in the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis of semaphores to regulate the traffic, arranged on the same principle as railway signals, and worked by policemen. The signal directs the approaching vehicle to come on carefully, or to stop altogether as necessity may require. The new system is already in working order on several of the most dangerous crossings, and has turned out such a success that Sir Richard Mayne has been encouraged to follow it up by the introduction of a series of entirely original schemes, of which the following come first in the list:—

Every house in the Metropolitan Police District is to be fitted with a flag-staff from the centre window of the first floor front, from which a red flag shall be displayed when the master of the establishment is not at home.

The police on duty are to be connected with each other by electric telegraph wires, through which they will be able to communicate with each other from any distance and at any moment.

The police stations of London are to be connected by a private underground railway, in order that any number of the Force may be massed at any given spot without awakening suspicion by parading the streets.

Lastly, Sir Richard Mayne is deeply engaged in perfecting a wonderful invention by which the leading thoroughfares shall be left to take care of themselves, but we regret to state that, although for many months experiments have been tried in Regent street, Piccadilly, and other places, the invention does not promise to be as successful as was anticipated.

OUR LITERARY CHRISTMAS BOXES.

To Lord Lytton—a (Rightful) Heir-skin.

To Charles Dickens—a bucket of incense.

To Alfred Tennyson—a wooden Trumpeter.

To Robert Browning—a guide to the understanding.

To Victor Hugo—an order to the Queen's, by order of the King.

To Dion Boucicault—Unlimited Liability.

To Charles Reade—a French Pâté.

To Mark Lemon—a round of applause.

To Tom Hood (the younger)—a Little Fun.

To Tupper—an Extinguisher.

With TOMAHAWK'S compliments and best wishes for the coming year.

* This telegram was subsequently discovered to be a practical joke on the part of the young King.

* Another practical joke on the part of the King of Greece. This telegram is not genuine.

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY. MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE, THE AMATEUR AUTHOR.

The new "Papaw" receives its title.

"WELL, gentlemen," said Cawley, "you know what we have met for?"

There was a pause here, while the servant carried round coffee, the *liquor* case and a box of cigars. After he had retired, Cawley continued:—

"I'm thinking of [starting a papaw, and I want you fellows to help me."

"Delighted, I'm shaw" said everybody but I. I simply smiled, lighted a cigar, and waited to hear more."

"That's all right," said Cawley, and then he looked towards me, as he observed "the first thing to be considered is whether it shall be a 'daily.'"

"Or an 'Annual'?" said Parker, trying hard to look business like.

"Or an 'Annual'?" echoed Cawley.

"Prefer 'Annual m'self," said Rice, "less bore you know."

"Yars—less bore you know," replied everybody but I, and (this time) Cawley.

"Do you know," said our host, "I think it had better be a daily. I've got a cousin (fellow in the Foreign Office), who says he'd buy a penny paper if they'd bring out a new one. Well, he'd buy it if it were a daily, you know."

"Quite so," observed everybody, puffing away at their cigars, "think then it had better be a daily."

So that point was carried.

"Now," said Cawley, "what shall we call it?"

There was a long pause, and then somebody (it was Bloomfield, I think), began talking about the opera.

"I say," said Cawley, "don't think we'd better settle about name of the papaw?"

"What d'you say to 'The Primrose,'" asked Parker, "and have a lot about the price of flowers for the button-hole. Flowers for the button-hole awfully dear, you know. Should like to write about 'em."

"Or 'The Huntsman's Horn,'" said Rice; "you might write 'edited by the late Horne Tooke.' It would make the people laugh so."

"Or call it 'The New Bradshaw,' and have the time of the trains to Greenwich in it. Awfully useful for fellows going to have a whitebait dinner at the 'Ship,' you know."

"Or call it 'The Morning Call' and give the addresses of anybody changing houses. Save a fellow a lot of trouble in leaving cards."

"What do you think about it?" asked Cawley, addressing me.

"Well, the titles that have been mentioned are scarcely general enough. You see they are all *class* names."

"Don't you think 'The Huntsman's Horn,' 'edited by the late Horne Tooke,' rathaw good?"

"Oh, yes," I replied; "very good indeed; but I think we might find a better. For instance, what do you say to 'The Hercules'?"

"Not a bad ideaw," replied Cawley, scratching on the tablecloth. "Editor Hercules." "Let's call it 'The Hercules.'"

"Delighted, I'm shaw," said every one, and so it was decided the new "papaw" was to be called "The Hercules."

"And now comes the question," continued Cawley, "what shall be the price?"

"Oh, sixpence," said Parker.

"Why not half-a-crown? Hate cheap papaws m'self," murmured Bloomfield.

"Well, you know," faltered Cawley, "my cousin (fellow in the Foreign Office) said he'd buy new penny papaw!"

"Well, then," said everybody, "why not make it a penny?"

So that also was decided.

"That's, all I think," observed Cawley in a satisfied tone. "I don't think we've got anything else to decide."

"My good fellow," I cried, "how about the office, the date of publication, the advertisements, the advertising, the—in fact, —everything?"

"Oh! you'll see to all that like a good fellow. You know

I'm the editaw, and of course I can't attend to those kind of things!"

And with this speech Cawley changed the conversation.

So to me was entrusted the production of *The Hercules*. How the task was carried out shall be told at a future time.

HEARTY LAUGHS FOR THE 25TH!

WHY must everything at the *Holborn Circus* turn out a success? Because every time there is any clapping there is sure to be a *round* of applause.

THE greatest number of people in reduced circumstances are to be met with daily—on what line? Give it up? On the Metropolitan, for every official along it is doing duty below his proper station!

A THOROUGHLY BAD CHRISTMAS JOKE.—How will H.R.H. the Prince of Wales flavour his roast beef this year? Why, with the *saucers of the Nile*!

NOW FOR IT THEN!—The coldest fun this Christmas is to be had, where? At the new Gaiety Theatre—and why? Because if one goes there, one is in for the *Esquimaux-tour* (*Escumoteur*)!!

THE ECHO OF AN "ECHO."

GREAT expectations were formed both of the quantity and quality of a new paper called the *Echo*, which was splendidly advertised long before its appearance. Its size and substance are so dismally at variance with the anticipation naturally formed of them, that when the news-boys run along the streets crying out lustily, "The *Echo*! the *Echo*!" those who buy it for the first time echo, "O—h!" upon seeing it. It is said they never buy it a second time, and that we shall soon see another illustration of "*Echo in vocem*," the news-boys' occupation being *vox et præterea nil*.

NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.

THE insult recently offered to the American Minister by a committee of English working men will, we trust, have its effect. It is not reasonable, of course, to imagine that a thoroughly representative Committee of the kind should be acquainted with the ordinary usages of Society, or understand the behaviour of gentlemen, and therefore it would be simply out of place to say that Mr. Robert Coningsby, its mouth-piece, had to do a remarkably snobbish thing.

That Mr. Reverdy Johnson, representing as he does a great empire, should in his official capacity have condescended to accept an invitation from a parcel of nobodies, speaks highly for his determination to spare no pains, or shrink from any ordeal, however disagreeable, that might in any way consolidate the good feeling now happily springing up between the United States and this country. We can only trust that he will let this exceptional bit of low breeding on the part of a few ignorant Englishmen serve to set off, in a still stronger light, the really genuine welcome and true British hospitality he has experienced elsewhere. He was kind enough to say something of the sort in his public reply to the letter informing him of the vulgarity to which we have referred; and it is only in keeping with his every official act since his arrival amongst us that he should have done so.

All honour, then, to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, and the spirit he represents.

As to the conduct of the "Committee" that had the impertinence to address him, it has merely furnished another additional weapon for the hands of those who are gradually getting more and more opposed to the bore of the age. The working-man proper has had a good deal to answer for lately, but yet he was supposed to be up to the average in British ideas of the duties of host, and likely enough to give a man a decent dinner if he asked him to his table. However, the fact turns out quite to the contrary. A Polynesian savage seems to have better manners.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecirP T eernepeer

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
SECOND ISSUE IS NOW READY.
Price Threepence.



* * 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, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet *resigned*!!!

THE report that, rather than be party to any more so-called reforms of that admirable institution, the Secretary to the Poor-law Board intends to resign, is, we are happy to say, unfounded. Mr. Fleming loves the poor too well to desert them now, besides there is no member of his family ready to take his place. England is said to owe much to the Dutch, but how much more does she owe to the Fleming!

WE understand that it has been arranged to run a special train from Scotland every Monday, for the benefit of those Scotchmen seeking for employment in India. The Duke of Argyll has set aside Tuesday and Wednesday for the reception of such applicants. In order to prevent any inconvenient crowding of the streets, no application will be received later than nine o'clock. A strong body of police will be in attendance. Tickets, entitling the holder to a quart of whiskey and oatcake *ad libitum*, may be had in the entrance hall of the India Office.

POOR Mr. Reverdy Johnson! He has been subjected to a cruel disappointment. The Reform League asked him to dinner, as he thought, and now he finds that it was all a mistake, and that the great Adelphi Spouting Club will have nothing to do with him. We hope the worthy American Minister will get over the shock of such a calamity. Mr. Johnson has one peculiarity which the American Radicals cannot overlook, and which is an unpardonable crime in the eyes of those vulgar and self-conceited public-house orators over whom the great Beales presides; he is, in the highest sense of the word, a gentleman, and they can as little understand the courtesy which induced him not to insult certain English gentlemen, merely because they differed from him in opinion, as they can practise such courtesy themselves.

THE MOST HONEST TRADE?—Why, Toma-hawking!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN
BRIGHT, M.P.,
President of the Board of Trade.

Now that, friend John, I must revere
A Minister in you,
I very much should like to hear,
In language definite and clear,
What you propose to do.

Of course, the House of Lords you will
Abolish at a blow,
And forthwith introduce a Bill
Which shall the Bench of Bishops fill
With sacerdotal woe.

The custom of Entail, I'm sure,
You will at once forbid;
And of that blot unjust, impure,
The law of primogeniture,
The country you will rid.

The Army, as a thing of course,
Will straightway be dissolved.
War will be dried up at its source;
Questions of right with those of force
No more will be involved.

Now that in office you're installed,
We in a week, at most,
Shall see the F. O. overhauled,
All our ambassadors recalled,
And consuls take their post.

The Royal Navy shall no more
Insult the peaceful seas;
No more the wicked Armstrongs roar,
Or rude proud pennons from the shore
Flap in the morning breeze.

Paupers will henceforth be unknown;
Taxes will drop to *nil*;
And our free breakfast-tables groan
With imports cheap from ev'ry zone,
And each man have his fill.

No hind will want a plot of land,
But in a trice will get;
Supply shall far surpass demand;
Tenants on their own soil shall stand,
And never be in debt.

If these fine things shall happen now—
As you have always said,
They would, if we would but allow
Plain folks like you to show us how—
Then, honours on your head!

But if they don't—and I, John, am
A sceptic, I aver—
'Tis plain you are a noisy sham;
And, not to deal in empty flam,
I always thought you were.

"TAME CATS" GOING TO THE DOGS!

THIS is our "Index Number," and we have no space to express all we think about Mr. Yates's new drama. Enough to say it is as bad as a false shilling in dialogue and plot, and like a bad shilling should be changed as quickly as possible. No words of ours can do justice, or rather injustice, to Mr. Blakey's acting. This gentleman was simply AWFUL!!! Mr. Hare was good, and Miss Wilton *piquante*. *Au reste* we may sum up the play (remembering as we do the realistic scenery) in words, "Doors and bores!"





" A MERRY CHRISTMAS! "

OR,
A SILENT APPEAL.

CONTRIBUTIONS MAY BE SENT TO

The Boys' Home, Regent's park road, W.
St. Giles's Soup Kitchen, 14 King street, Long Acre.
Providence Row Night Refuge, 22 Finsbury circus, E.C.
Model Soup Kitchen, 32 Osnaburgh street.
Field Lane Refuges, 31 St. Paul's churchyard.
Refuges for Homeless Children, 8 Queen street, W.C.

Destitute Children's Dinner Society, 25 Grosvenor mansions, S.W.
The Bluegate Fields Ragged Schools, 44 Pigott street, East India road.
The Good Shepherd Ragged Schools, Pomeroy street, New Cross road, E.C.
Christmas Dinner Fund, 8 Hildrop road, N.
Newport Market Refuge, 39 Charing cross.
The Metropolitan Free Dormitory Association, 22 Lamb's Conduit street.

