

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 87.]

LONDON, JANUARY 2, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A SERMON TO STONES; or, AN APPEAL TO HEARTS.

CHARITY is the subject proper to the season, so, even at the risk of monotony, a few more words about it. A few words, not to the great mass of English heathens who have never in their lives given so much as a sixpence to help the suffering poor, but to the really charitable, so called, who figure on the lists, and do, from time to time, contribute something. "Well, what have you got to say to us, I wonder?" I hear one remark. Simply this, then—that nine-tenths of your charity is a miserable sham. Many of you give because you cannot help yourselves. Many, perhaps, out of some sort of sympathetic motive. But how many of you give after the fashion of true charity; that is, in such a manner that you feel your gift? A hundred of you? A dozen of you? I doubt it.

You don't know what I mean. I dare say not. Let us look at the list, then, and see if I can make it clear. Ah, Lady Jinksby, your name is down the first. Suppose we begin with you. Here you are, I see, assisting the East-end poor, an orphan asylum or two, a couple of hospitals, needy curates generally, various church necessities, and some half-dozen religious societies, and all these very respectably. I dare say it costs you quite a hundred a-year. Do not deny it; you pass for a finished saint in your own set, and like it. But now I am going to ask you a very disagreeable question. Has this exuberant almsgiving ever necessitated the smallest approach to a sacrifice on your part? In short, do you *feel* the outlay? No, confess it, you do not. You have your seventeen dresses in the season, your opera boxes, dinners, false hair, at homes, concerts, *rouge*, and kettledrums still. There is not a single item cut off your dressmaker's account; not a name less on your visiting list. Were your £100 spent in Chinese fireworks you would be just as happy, provided, of course, Chinese fireworks were the fashion; and your useful and beautiful life would run on just as smoothly as ever. My dear Lady Jinksby, I am therefore forced to tell you you have no charity at all. You have as much *blanc de perle* on your dressing table as, converted into specie, would feed a starving family; and when you are taking your drive in the Mile one feels instinctively that there are many a night's lodging for the shelterless frittered away in the trickeries of your bonnet. I do not ask you to show the world absolutely the very self-same face that nature has given you, or live in a style totally inconsistent with your means; but I do expect you, who have much at your command, to do much, and deny yourself some-

thing proportionate in some degree to your wants. The Marquis of Axminster deserves a similar rebuke, though perhaps his case is far worse than yours. He could live like a prince for a whole year on the amount of his income for one single month, and do such wonders with the balance among the poor and suffering, that Mr. Peabody's admirable gift would be thrown fairly into the shade. But even if my Lord Marquis did not rush into such Utopian philanthropy as this, he might effect ten times the good he does. He gives his thousands, it is true, but then he draws his millions. As I have observed before, and the plain fact cannot be too often stated, conscientious Robinson, of the Adhesive Envelope Office, who, out of his paltry salary of £350 a-year manages to set aside his £3 10s. for charity, is ten times the Christian my Lord Marquis is, and, for the matter of that, so is little Master Tommy, who puts one penny out of his six into a beggar's hat. This is nonsense, or socialism, or cant, I hear some orthodox Christian cry out. Just so—and as such will it be denounced to the end of the chapter. Still, the fact remains. Our rich do comparatively nothing for our poor, and it is on the immensely rich that the burthen of assisting them should really fall. There is some excuse to be made for the niggardliness of the hard-working man of the middle class, who, work as he will, can only just clothe, educate, and feed his family; but there is none for the self-pampering millionaire, who, did he write an annual cheque for £100,000, would not miss so much as a grain of salt from his breakfast table. One may well despair of better times when the intense misery of the lowest classes and the sensuous luxury of the highest are contrasted one with the other. The theme is old, but it is not too stale for those who make it their business to preach the truth; and at this season, when a long winter, with all its bitter hardships, is about to set in, it should be handled by everyone who knows anything of the depths of English misery and of the frightful shortcomings of English charity. Having said thus much, for the moment, then, I lay down my pen, only, I trust, to take it up in this same cause again. "Unpractical," you call it, Mr. Greenback, and "dangerous twaddle." Precisely, for what else could you call it? Are not Greenback and Co. making £20,000 by their City house alone, and have not you given "liberally," according to your sense, to this fund and to that? Nobody questions it, but bear one thing in mind. Dives subscribed largely to the public charities of the day, and yet, depend upon it, all he ever spared of his abundance had not one millionth part the value of a widow's mite.

A REFORMED WAY OF TREATING A GUEST.

WE imagined that, as far as the Reform League was concerned, the force of folly could no further go. But when men have a special talent for making themselves ridiculous, and take care to cultivate it on every possible occasion, it is never safe to set limits to their powers of development in that line. Mr. Edmond Beales and his disciples have just surpassed themselves. Considering, as a matter of course, that the royal, official, and social reception extended to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, however warm and wide, was quite insufficient unless he was entertained likewise by the Reform League, some of its members asked him to dinner—tickets, 4s. 6d.; and Mr. Edmond Beales, M.A.—not M.P. to be in the chair. The United States' Minister is a most affable and amiable gentleman, and he accepted the invitation. It is not always an easy matter to refuse one, as even in private life some of us know, to our sorrow. Having arranged matters so far, the worthy hosts then discovered that it was a very doubtful point whether Mr. Reverdy Johnson really deserved the compliment paid him. Recent news from America, they said, had led them to believe that he had given more satisfaction to the gentlemen of England than to the rowdies of New York and Washington. A polite attempt was made to check these qualms of conscience by introducing a resolution to the effect that they arose too late, and that all such observations, now that Mr. Johnson had been invited to a 4s. 6d. banquet, and had accepted, were out of order. The attempt was made in vain. It was decided by a considerable majority that a deputation should be formed to wait upon the United States' Minister and inform him that under the circumstances they really could not have him to dinner. When they did wait upon him with this exquisitely well-bred message, why did not Mr. Reverdy Johnson kick them out, or at least instruct his hall-porter to do so?

ANOTHER EYE-SORE.

WHERE is he?

Where is the Goth, the Visigoth, the Arch-Apollyon who has invented the most horrible of unsightly horrors in this city of London, which already teems with atrocities in all forms or deviations from form imaginable?

There must be some one surely who is responsible for the new semaphore for the better distraction of cabdrivers; there must be some head (idiotic) of some department (cretinized), who is the designer of this infernal attack on public taste. Who is it? Of course the culpable wretch will never be given up.

Have you seen it? If you have not, go down to Westminster, and there just before you arrive at the Bridge itself, in fact, at the bottom of Parliament street where the four roads meet, your eye will be sore on seeing an elongated lamp-post of the commonest order, painted a bright green, like a certain amicable personage in his Sunday best, and rejoicing in four arms of the chopper style daubed a glaring red, so as to make no doubt about the absolute hideosity of the whole invention.

There—it looks as if it had been put up for a Christmas pantomime, and no doubt a policeman stands at the foot, and when any tall member of Parliament passes, turns a key which brings down one of the red arms with crushing effect on the passerby's headpiece.

Perhaps it is the invention of an M.P., who has had it put up at his own expense, and amuses himself with working its arms in imitation of his favourite orator in the House of Commons.

Perhaps it is only put up on trial, paid out of the pocket of the inventors and waiting for the verdict which the public must eventually pass on it.

Perhaps—but it is useless to surmise. There the horrible thing is, and there it is likely to stay, as well as we can judge from the gross art-abortions which adorn our capital.

It is possible sometimes to swallow bad taste when the intention is likely to produce a good result. But can this unsightly finger-post be of any service whatever?

Will not a policeman, as heretofore, do everything, and more than all that this automaton can do?

Does the police suppose that cabs in a hurry will pull up because a red arm works up and down in a socket?

By the shades of the Mohicans! we believe it to be another insane idea of Sir Richard Mayne's.

Sir Richard has been obliged to give up his pet notion of muzzles. The hoops of our infants have eluded his ridiculous grasp, so he sets up a hobby more absurd from any point of view it may be looked at (for it must be remembered, that if one is passed, every corner will have its scarecrow) than any tried yet, and the only word in its favour to be said is that it will give members of the police force something to do who have never as yet been occupied to any purpose whatever.

After this, if Sir Richard Mayne sends us a *communiqué*, he will, perhaps, give up the name of the offender who, from a mistaken philanthropy, offends art without advancing utility.

A DEFENCE OF DYEING.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—You have said so many obliging things of my sex, and have so uniformly abstained from those gross attacks upon us which periodically disfigure several of your contemporaries, that I cannot think you will deny me the opportunity in your columns of urging something in defence of a practice which, I freely own, is at present largely cultivated by us,—I allude to the present fashion of dyeing.

I do not pretend, dear MR. TOMAHAWK, to be a great scholar; and this at least I may honestly say—I am no blue stocking. To tell the plain truth, I am not fond of reading, though when I am half asleep, or want to go to sleep, and cannot arrive at that blissful state by the ordinary means, I rather like being read to. My younger brother Fred, who is the best-natured creature in the world, though some people say a bit of a wag, is nearly always ready to oblige me in this particular; for he is designed for the Church, and says that he is only too delighted to be able to practise elocution. Hence, he amuses me, and himself too, by reading all sorts of things aloud—some of them, he assures me, the finest compositions in the language; and often he goes on declaiming in the most magnificent manner long after I have become too drowsy to be alive to anything except his full stops. Thus, as you will readily comprehend, I have become acquainted with numerous scraps of literature of the highest order, without ever taking up the volumes in which they are to be found. I may add, too, that I have several times heard the famous Mr. Bellew read in Westbourne grove, and have thereby still further improved my familiarity with the treasures of our language. Perhaps I ought to say just this much more; that as I am not myself given to reading, I am naturally not particularly strong in spelling. Fred, however, is great in that line; and as he says that the honour of the family would suffer in your estimation if a letter were to be sent you bristling with such blunders as I should be sure to fill it with, were I thrown on my own resources, he has kindly consented to play the part of amanuensis.

It is just possible that you are puzzled to understand what all this has to do with a Defence of Dyeing. But you will see in a moment that it has got everything to do with it. You are of course familiar with the particular mode of argument for which I believe there is a fine logical name, but which you must permit me, being only a woman, to describe as the argument based upon acknowledged authorities, or in other words, upon quotations. Fred says it is a most legitimate method of reasoning, and appropriately points out that it is the method most in favour in the pulpit. Now, I propose, dear MR. TOMAHAWK, to found my Defence of Dyeing on the allusions which I find so copiously made to it in the literature with which I have become acquainted in the manner I have already described to you. These allusions are indeed so numerous that I really am at a loss with which of them to commence. But take that saying which Fred tells me is attributed originally to an Athenian philosopher, though it figures in more than one of our best English authors. I refer to the apophthegm, "Call no man happy till he dyes." Fred says that in the Greek and Roman languages, just as in our own Acts of Parliament, the word "man" embraced both sexes, and signified woman as well as man, and that the better and fuller meaning of the phrase would be, "Call no woman happy till she dyes." This seems to me reasonable enough. Men dye, I am perfectly aware; for over and above the fact that my own godfather, from whom I expect to inherit some little money, does so, is it not Manfred who says—how splendidly dear Mr. Bellew renders the passage!

"Old man! 'tis not so difficult to dye."

But I confess young people interest me more than old ones—you see, I am young myself, Mr. TOMAHAWK—and therefore I prefer to read the warning as, "Call no *woman* happy till she dyes," and to take it in conjunction with another Greek saying—again Fred is my authority—which the same illustrious author of Manfred has made into a verse—I am sure you know it—

"Whom the Gods love dye young, was said of yore."

If it be objected that I have been quoting from pagans, and that Lord Byron is not usually esteemed a model of Christian piety, I will appeal to other literary authorities of unblemished orthodoxy. What says the sainted Wordsworth in his "Excursion?" Why, precisely the same thing as Byron—

"The good dye first."

Or take Keats. You are well acquainted, I have no doubt, with his "Ode to a Nightingale." How does one of its closing stanzas commence?—

"Methinks that now it would be sweet to dye."

There you have it. "Sweet to dye." Why of course it is. Ask anybody who has tried it. Alexander Pope, again, is surely no mean authority. In what professes to be a paraphrase from the great and good Emperor Marcus Aurelius, whom Mr. John Stuart Mill, I am informed, asserts to have been one of the most spotless of mankind, Pope exclaims,—

"Oh! the pain—the bliss—of dyeing!"

It is a little painful at first, no doubt, till you get accustomed to it; but when you do, bliss is the only word that expresses the sensation it confers. In his famous "Essay on Man," likewise, which, as I have already explained, may be taken equally as an "Essay on Woman," and over whose composition Fred says the philosophic Bolingbroke presided, Pope goes so far as to declare—

"To live and dye is all we have to do."

I know Shakespeare makes one of his characters exclaim,—

"Aye, but to dye, and go we know not where!"

and I am perfectly aware that two old maiden aunts of mine would solve the doubt therein expressed in a way exceedingly distressing. According to them, people who dye, go to a very bad place indeed. But that is their bigotry. My answer is,—Dye, and go—into the very best society. I am quite sure such is the real fact.

Were it not that I am afraid of tiring you and my amiable amanuensis, I could multiply my justificatory quotations by the score: but I think you will be of opinion that I have proved my case; or if I have not, remember this, as a crowning argument—for it is an assertion I have heard put forward over and over again, and never contradicted—"we must all dye once."

Thanking you for your courtesy in lending me your columns,

I am, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your truly obliged,

LYDIA LAZYBOOTS.

TIED TO THE GUN!

(SEE CARTOON.)

BOUND to the cannon's open mouth,
Fair Peace awaits the fatal sign
Which kindles War's devouring flame,
And drowns in blood her sway benign.

Diplomatists can ye stand by
And see your gentle mistress die?
Ye carpet knights the knot untie,
Or hide your heads with shame for aye.

MILITARY REFORM.

THE new Premier has taken up the subject of Military Reform at once, and in real earnest, and, if what everybody says is true, he has found from the first starting what a terribly uphill course he has got to run.

If the sole object of the late Ministry was so to complicate matters of Army Administration as to cause the largest conceivable amount of embarrassment to their successors, they have succeeded to an extent that surpasses any success they have achieved in any other direction.

The reckless manner in which the late Premier spoke at random of the functions of the new Controller-in-Chief, contradicting in an ill-considered wordy boast in his manifesto the deliberate decision of the Treasury Board, of which he was at the head, but still worse the exaggerated importance which he attached to the appointment—which is of importance merely to the extent of the mischief it is capable of producing by mentioning it in the speech from the Throne, have fettered the action of the new Secretary of State for War most seriously. It is without precedent since the Revolution of 1688 for any direct reference to be made in the Royal Speech to any measure of Army Administration, and it is felt at Pall Mall that the mention of this subject from the Throne indicates that it has suited the late Premier to represent to his Royal Mistress that the Royal Prerogative is involved in the new appointment of a Controller-in-Chief, and it is to be feared that the representation has been to the effect that this new arrangement has secured over Army Administration in Pall Mall the same direct influence of the Crown as is already exercised over Army Executive at the Horse Guards.

And in this view some of our contemporaries have already hazarded the conjecture that the appointment of Mr. Cardwell to the War Office has been made with the object of obtaining a supporter of the Royal Prerogative over the democratic tendencies of Mr. Gladstone, and great has been the anxiety and long the discussion in a certain levee-room over a certain archway near Whitehall, as to whether Mr. C. is strong enough to oppose Mr. G., and to support Prerogative against "Popularization."

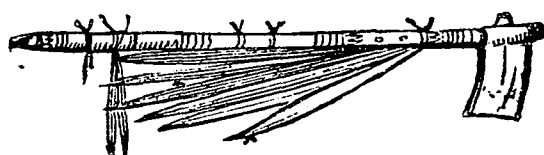
The public will therefore easily understand that the new Minister of War is grievously fettered in his judgment as to the value and expediency of the new control system, and as easily can they understand that the accomplished tactician who now acts as Controller-in-Chief, though holding an official rank far above what the post confers, is not likely to abate one jot of his pretensions, or of his extravagant demands for absolute independence and freedom from all civil check, when he finds himself the subject of Royal solicitude in a speech from the Throne, and the groundwork of a glorification paragraph in a Premier's manifesto.

And so the fight in Pall Mall waxes hot and furious—the fight between Military independence and civil control—the fight between the Armed Force and the House of Commons. Luckily for us it is a fight of words and of Reports, not of swords and guns. But for all that, it involves as momentous an issue as many a ruder conflict has done in years gone by.

What the issue will be who can foresee? Distinguished talent, high social position, influential partizan, and the support of the Court are all ranged on one side; on the other side is *merely the people*, represented, it is to be feared, by only lukewarm advocates, by men with good intentions, and to some extent clear and constitutional views, but men quite willing to believe that it cannot be required of them to banish themselves from good society, and to take up an attitude of opposition to the Court and to the Royal Chief of the Army on a point which is so doubtful, on which "public opinion" is represented to be so divided, and in which they may flatter themselves that a "trial of the new scheme" can do "no very great harm."

Such wavering counsels find no favour in our eyes. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*—and we desire to lift our voice, weak as it may be, to warn the new Ministers that whichever party wins the day now will keep the victory for a long season,—that if the Military powers succeed in throwing off the check of civil control they will maintain the supremacy until some popular convulsion tears it violently from them, and consigns to contempt the "men of the people," who, while rightly disregarding the obsolete and effete claim of unalterable rights in Church matters, abandoned the rights of the people to check and control the Armed Force maintained in the midst of them. If the "Horse Guards' Plot," as it has been significantly termed, is successful under the new administration in Pall Mall, the day will most assuredly come when the victors will have to confess that one such victory was worse to their cause than a hundred defeats.

Nearly Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. III. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * 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, JANUARY 2, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that Lord Mahon was asked to oppose Mr. Gladstone's return, and to stand once again for Greenwich. He is said to have replied, in what we should call rather alien reference to the most distinguished and best-known inhabitants of that borough—"Not I, indeed. *Pas si bête!*"

WE are informed that when Mr. Bright was presented to Her Majesty, he was, in deference to his feelings, excused from kissing the Queen's hand. We are surprised that this chivalrous ceremony should be objected to by a man who has scores of times performed an infinitely more revolting act of obeisance to a room-full of what he has himself called the residuum. Tastes differ; but for himself, TOMAHAWK would rather kiss the hand of a woman—and such a woman!—than lick the feet of a crowd.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

IT seems to be now quite the fashion for young clubs, rather than incur the expense and delay of building for themselves, to buy up some aristocratic mansion in a leading thoroughfare, and to adapt its drawing-rooms and nurseries for smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms. With the exception of the Junior Carlton, which has shewn an independent spirit in building its own house, every one of the recently-started "Juniors" have gone into private residences. Three of the finest mansions in Piccadilly are already thus tenanted, and the demand for club accommodation still continues. The following are amongst the latest transmogrifications which rumour informs us are about to be carried out:—

Norfolk House to be turned into the	Junior Stafford.
The French Embassy, Albert Gate, the	Junior St. James's.
Dudley House, Park lane, the	Junior Author's.
Marlborough House, the	Junior Travellers.
Stafford House, the	Junior Guards.
Gloucester House, the	Junior Gridiron.

If the rising generation go on monopolising at this rate, in a few years' time not a private house will be left in civilised London.

MEN AND BEASTS.

(DEDICATED TO A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.)

JOHN CRANICH, a lad aged fifteen years, was brought up on a charge of having struck a cat with a stick, &c., &c.

The Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was in attendance, deposed, &c., &c., &c., and the matter was fully investigated.

William Bird, on being called, said he had known the nurse of the lunatics' ward treat patients in that fashion. He had often seen him jump on them, and force his knees into their chest. They were tied down at the time, &c., &c.

The Secretary for the Prevention of Brutality to Human Beings did not attend, &c., &c., and the matter was hushed up.

DRESSING FOR DINNER.

SCENE—The Secretary of State's room in Pall Mall. The Secretary of State discovered before the fire. He rings a bell and a Private Secretary immediately appears.

SEC. OF STATE.—Where do I dine to-night?

PRIVATE SEC. (*referring to diary*).—To-night, Sir?—Tuesday. You dine at Gloucester House, Sir.

SEC. OF STATE.—Oh, do I? Very well. Let those four new appointments of additional Major-Generals to the staff at Aldershot be carried out at once. I will sign the order before I leave.

PRIVATE SEC.—I beg your pardon, Sir, I have made a mistake. It is on Tuesday week that you dine with the Duke. This Tuesday you are to dine at Mr. Gladstone's, to meet the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SEC. OF STATE.—Dear me, what a bad memory I have to be sure. Carry out those reductions in the Hospital Stores without any delay. The new Major-Generals must stand over for the present.

PRIVATE SEC.—Very well, Sir. Any further orders?

SEC. OF STATE.—Yes. Get me a hansom.

[Exit Private Secretary precipitately to obey the command.]

SCENE CLOSES.

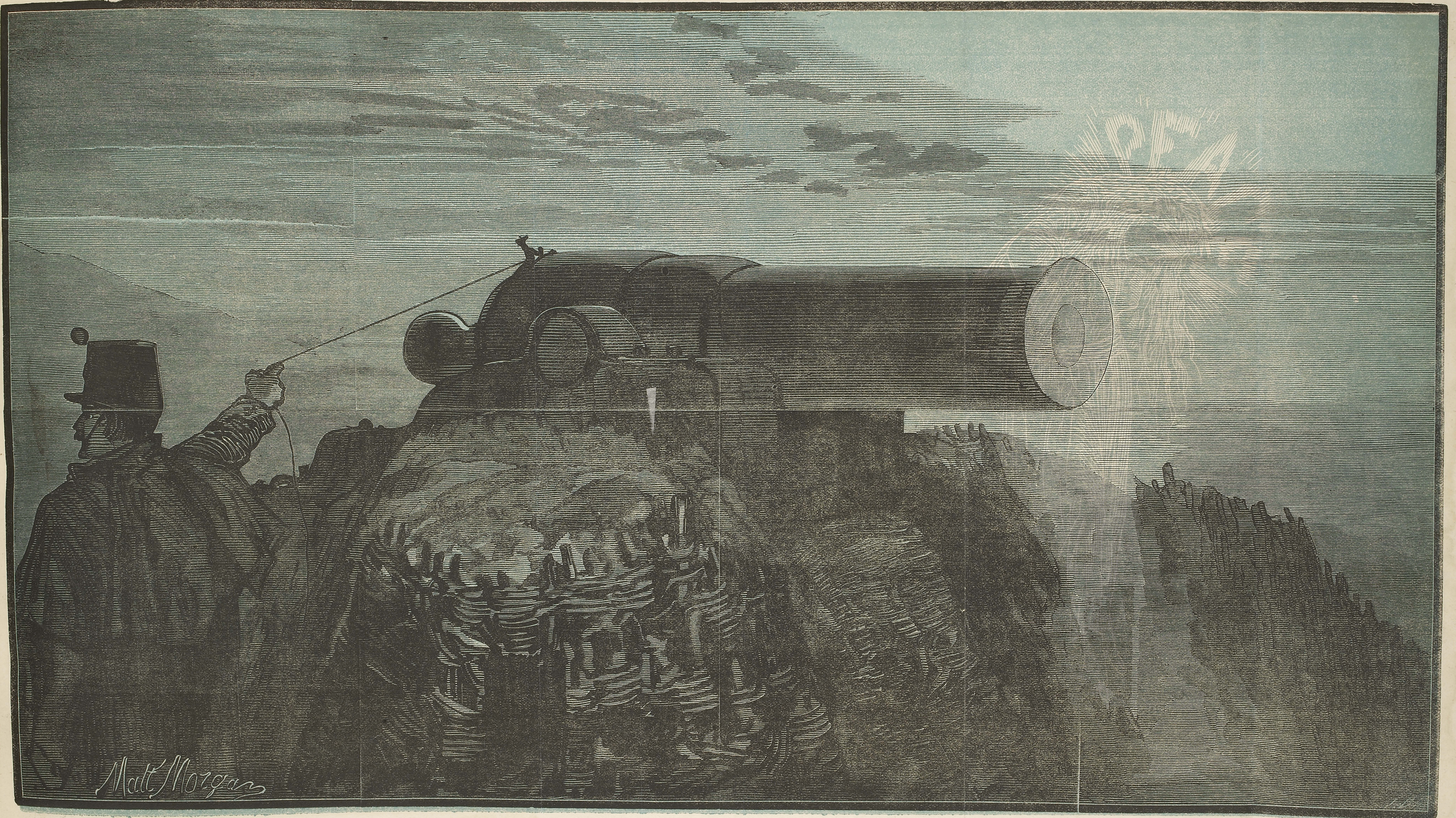
A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

AS it is some time since the newspapers have had anything to say about the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, who was the lion of the hour last August, the following item of intelligence will be welcome to those people who take any interest in his highness. Latterly no doubt our contemporaries have had better use for their space than in the insertion of an Abyssinian Court Circular; but last week one or two of them found room in an odd corner for the following little paragraph:

The son of the late King Theodore of Abyssinia has been during the summer months, and still is, residing at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. He goes to school at Bonchurch.

If we remember rightly the last that was heard of Prince I-have-seen-the-world was that he had been mobbed by some London Sunday excursionists on Ryde Pier. Instead of being frightened away from the locality by the rough demonstration of curiosity, it would seem that the Prince had ever since lingered in the neighbourhood, and has quite localised himself in the Isle of Wight. A better place certainly could not have been chosen for his abode, but we would rather attribute its selection to the well-considered decision of the authorities, than to the fact that those who brought the youth to England sat him down in the first instance where he now is, and losing all interest in his welfare have left him there. Prince I-have-seen-the-world had better have stayed in his native land and given the lie to his godfathers, if it is nobody's business in this country to look after him.





TIED TO THE GUN!
OR,
POOR PEACE IN DANGER.



THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

THE AMATEUR AUTHOR—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE.

The "Hercules" comes out. Cawley's Preparation. A Quarrel. The First Number.

THE day after the wonderful "dinnaw" already described in these truthful pages, I presented myself before Cawley, and told him that I must have a little serious chat with him.

"Very well," said he, "I'm a man of business, and am always ready to attend to a fellow on business."

"Quite so," I returned. "What I want to talk to you about is 'The Hercules.' Are you quite sure you mean going into it?"

"Of course I do—if it costs me a hundred pounds I'll stick to the notion."

"A hundred pounds!" I cried, and burst into a fit of laughter. "Why, my dear boy, you couldn't even start a daily paper under ten thousand!"

He turned rather red, and observed "haw!"

"Well," said I, "as you have made up your mind, I can at any rate put you in the way of the thing, only mind you must bear all the responsibility. By-the-bye, is 'The Hercules' to be a morning or an evening paper?"

"A fellow has to work a great deal in the night with a morning papaw, hasn't he?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Oh, then," he observed, "'The Hercules' must be an evening papaw. You know in the season a fellow can't spare any of his time at night."

"Quite so."

So "The Hercules" was sentenced to be an evening daily.

I will pass over the next couple of days, (Cawley was very anxious to get the "papaw" out and pushed things on with great rapidity,) spent in securing an office, organizing a staff of compositors, and arranging for the machining, and will come to the day on which "The Hercules" was fixed to make its first appearance.

Cawley had asked me to come to his sanctum to see the opening number through its troubles. At nine o'clock I turned up, and found the compositors greedy for "copy" and the Editor *non est*.

The Publisher (a man who took an interest in his work) had made a feeble attempt to manage some arrangement for providing the trade, an attempt which had been partially successful. He stood as the clock struck ten, the very picture of despair—not an advertisement had been collected, not an advertisement had been sent out.

The Printer came down to me at a quarter to eleven, and begged me to supply them with a little copy, the men were standing still, and costing the proprietors a host of money. Moved by the piteous face of the Printer, I consented to cut out a few paragraphs from "The Times," and as the clock struck the hour, Cawley, the great Editor himself, stalked into the place.

"Capital time—told you I was a good fellow for business!"

I gave him my opinion about his business qualities, and told him what I had had to do.

"On my soul, that's too bad," he cried angrily. "Who's the Editor, you or I?"

I put on my hat and was leaving, when Cawley beseeched me to come back, explaining that he was annoyed about the paragraphs, as he had wanted the paper to be quite original.

"Well," said I, "if that's the case, what are you going to put into it?"

"Oh, lots of things," he replied rather vaguely.

"Glad to hear it," I observed drily, "but what?"

"Well, Parker said he would write something about flowers for the button-hole. That will be one thing, and—and—oh, lots of othaw things."

"But what?"

"Oh, of course we can put in the 'births, deaths, and marriages,' when the public bring 'em."

"Quite so, when the public bring 'em."

"And—hem!—well, I say, you know you've brought out a lot of papaws—what would you put in? Give a fellow a hint, that's a good fellow."

"Well, first of all, there's the City."

"Oh, a cousin of mine is an underwriter or something at Lloyd's. I will write to him at once."

Letter written and despatched by commissionaire.

"Then have you made any arrangement with Reuter?"

"No; why should I?"

"To get some foreign news."

"Yes, but that fellow Parker told me that he would get his brother (a man in Emvagy Pericola) to send us all th' news on Continent."

"Quite so; but I think it would have been better to have gone to Reuter's. Next have you arranged anything with the reporters?"

"Of course I have. I forgot that," he exclaimed with triumph; "I've got Tommy Tinkler to go down to Eton to telegraph to me the Eton boat races.* What do you think of that?"

"Why, that you have gone to great expense about nothing. Not a soul cares a pin for the Eton boat races, and the telegram will arrive too late for insertion, even if anybody did!"

I am sorry to say that this little speech caused a serious row, and that I was forced to leave my friend Cawley to his fate.

Two passed and three arrived, and still there was no "Hercules." Four came and five departed, and as six was striking I passed by the office. The Publisher rushed out to me in a state of the most frightful excitement, and screamed out rather than uttered the following words:—

"Please, sir, it's coming!"

After a time it did come, and I will analyze it for the benefit of posterity:—

"The Hercules" was composed of—

Cuttings from Times' Newspaper	80
" " Standard " "	5
" " Telegraph " "	5
Accounts of "improper" inquests (unreliable and with naughty words in them)	9
Original matter (consisting chiefly of the imprint)	1

100

It will be seen that there was no account of the 4th of June. I heard afterwards that the telegram arrived the next morning. It was delayed by its length. It was a very clever essay upon blue sky, sunshine and flowers, and containing some hundred lines was rather expensive, so I heard afterwards.

As for me, the next day I received the following note:—

"'Hercules' Office,

"4th June, 9 p.m.

"My dear Boy,—Pray come to-morrow and help me. I was a little irritable this morning, I know. So would you be if you had been promised an article upon 'Flowers for the Button-hole,' and had never received it. That snob, my cousin in Lloyd's, wrote as follows:—'Dear Cawley,—You ask me how things are in the City? Pretty well, thank you.—Yours ever, L. LONGBOWYER.' I am utterly upset, and shan't get over it unless you help me. Pray come to the office to-morrow. Tommy Tinkler hasn't sent his telegram yet from Eton. It's too bad of him to play the fool so.

"Yours sincerely,

"M. FITZMUDDLE."

I went next day, and in due course you shall hear of the death and burial of Cawley's new "papaw."

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE PAPERS.

SCENE—A Printing Office on New Year's Eve. Copies of the "Times," the "Telegraph," and the TOMAHAWK discovered. The Clock strikes Twelve, and they become animated.

TIMES.—Well, I'm very glad that 1868 is over. The amount of rubbish I've had to print this year is too horrible to think of.

TELEGRAPH.—Been to the theatre lately?

TIMES.—Yes; I had to do all the pantomimes on Monday.

TELEGRAPH.—So had I. What did you think of them?

TIMES.—Covent Garden, very good—scenery excellent. Matt Morgan's transformation delightful.

* It was the 4th of June.

TOMAHAWK.—Yes, he's a clever young fellow. - His illustrations to *Britannia* are capital.

PUNCH.—I say Tommy, *Britannia* owes a lot of its popularity to one of "Dr. Mark's Merry Men"—Frank Burnand.

TELEGRAPH.—Yes, he's written something very good, and so has the Editor in his novel. It's a good shillingsworth altogether.

TOMAHAWK.—I say, you fellows, what do you think of Alfred Thompson's adaptation of *L'Escomateur*?

EVERYBODY.—Capital!

TOMAHAWK.—Splendid notion that conjuror in the first act; awfully economical having a fifth-rate mountebank to amuse your aristocratic friends. Shall do it myself when I have aristocratic friends. Slightly slow. Seriously, though, it's very well adapted indeed. *Much* better than *Jocrisse the Juggler*, the other adaptation of the piece.

TIMES.—*Glitter* at the St. James's is very good.

TOMAHAWK.—Capital! But hush, here comes a watchman.

SCENE CLOSES.

A BRUTAL SOCIETY.

LAST week's police reports afforded another illustration of the barbarous condition of the English law. A girl had her eye cut out with a stone, and the penalty inflicted for this horrid atrocity, which, by the way, was said to have deprived the poor girl of the power to earn her living, was a fine of five pounds. Further down in the list of course came the commission of some petty theft, with its crushing punishment of two years' imprisonment. We have so often pointed out the monstrous injustice of a legislation, which regards the person as almost profane, and property as most sacred, that we are tired of raising the cry against it. What a pity it is that a few of those high up, whose agitation would soon alter all this, do not get their teeth knocked in, or their hair pulled out! In a wretched state of society that considers the pocket alone, there seems no other way than this to a better state of things. - The rich, however, seldom suffer from brute violence, and as it is only the poor who do, they are likely to get precious little help from above. Class legislation is the rule in this great free country! Is it savage to wish a dozen prize-fighters could be let loose on the upper ten?

AN ART-PHŒNIX.

If you are a man of taste, you are sure to love art; and if you love art, you have probably been to the Leeds Exhibition.

If any of the hundred and one circumstances which continually arrive to prevent one taking a desirable step have prevented you going to Leeds and revelling in the pictures, gems, and other objects of art which make an artist gasp with admiration at the evidences of a refined luxury which we moderns, with all our enormous fortunes, cannot rival and scarcely emulate, there is still the Kensington collection, which will make up in some degree for the loss you have sustained in missing so many private treasures never perhaps likely again to be exhibited together.

The painting, enamelling, ironwork, and fictile ornaments of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have never been, and most likely never will be surpassed in beauty, richness of design, or harmony of colours.

But we may make a mistake, and an egregious one, in using the word "never;" for what man has done, man may do again, though the secret of some arts seems to have been entirely lost to the present generation.

We may make a mistake for the best of reasons, we have made a mistake.

In the art-collection exhibited at Leeds, there was only one case of modern art manufacture admitted, and that was owing to the objects exhibited being the revival of a lost art.

Three or four years ago we were bargaining for a specimen of Venetian glass more or less dilapidated in a shop exactly opposite the hotel of the late Baron James Rothschild in Paris. The specimen was genuine, as light as paper, and though cracked, eminently graceful in form. "Ah!" said the dealer,

"they can't imitate that; no one has ever been able to make glass as light as the Venetians of the sixteenth century."

There was the mistake: glass is now made on the island of Murano, which lies to the north of Venice, as light and fragile in substance, as varied and fantastic in form, as any which ever adorned the buffet of a Borgia or graced the banquet-table of Charles Quint.

Although nearly two years ago an article appeared in the *Times* describing the working of the glass at Murano, the collection exhibited at Leeds showed such remarkable progress in the revived art, and was such a step towards encouraging the reproduction of other fabrics supposed to be forgotten, that we cannot resist expressing our admiration at the patience and energy displayed by Dr. Salviati, who has been the means of bringing the Venetian workers in glass to a sense of the value of their art and the public appreciation of their handiwork.

The secret of the various compositions, the requisite strength of the metal, the manner of working, and all the small details which go to make up their power of production, have probably never been absolutely lost, but handed down from the early days when a Venetian glass was passed round at a feast to be admired as a wonder of manipulation, handed down from father to son, to be stored up at last, improved upon, and re-published by Lorenzo Radi, whose careful study of the old models and diligent practice led Dr. Salviati to give up his time and labour to bring the phoenix to perfection.

The glass-blowers of that obscure little island in the Venetian Lagoon have now their establishment in the middle of St. James's street, and one has much difficulty in imagining one is not in a museum when one sees all the curiously-contrived drinking-cups and dishes of the old Florentine era covering the tables around you.

The cobweb net-work known as *reticello*, the *avventurino* with its powdered gold, the gorgeous *fiamma*, and the delicate opal seem almost too beautiful to be art; indeed, did not nature act by the capricious aid of heat such wonderful combinations of form and colour would be impossible.

When one art is revived in perfection, (and when the workmen get out of the old routine of servile imitation, this Venetian art of glass-blowing will be perfect,) there is some hope that art may not be lost entirely to us.

We may some day find our walls covered with pictures which will bear comparison with Raphaels, our sideboards with chasings equal to Cellinis, and last and least likely, our public pedestals surmounted by statues rivalling the antique. TOMAHAWK wishes he may get them! In the meantime, he is thankful to Dr. Salviati for his good example.

ENIGMA.

THE greatest burden men can bear,
Beneath which even giants groan,
And yet we make it all our care
When jovial feasting we prepare,
That this shall be their end alone.

ANSWER TO THE DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 85.

T	alm	A
O	w	L
M	awwor	M
A	lm	A
H	e	N
A	lph	A
W	arwi	C
K	ir	K

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Linda Princess, Exeter Sidney, Samuel E. Thomas, Owl in Hopes of Better Things, Kiss-me-Quick, F. D., Isle of Rockaway, George Hayward, Charles Robinson, The Broker, The Corporal, and The Bloomer (Liverpool), Crooked Lane is Bad Luck, A Vacant Palace is to be Filled by Mrs. Gamp, W. Hall (Hammersmith), C. D. S., F. D. Lyell, Alfredus (Glasgow), Mouse (Ledbury, Herefordshire), F. M. T. (Croydon), Fiddle, Ned Bags, and Diogenes (Dover).