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SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869.—NO. CVII.—PRICE TWOPENCE.

**THE CELEBRATED MACMILLAN MADE JEWELLERY WATCHES AND**

See 20s. Lockets, 18-Carat Gold.  
See 10 Guinea Suites, 18-Carat Gold  
See 3 Guinea English Silver Watches.  
See 8 Guinea English Gold Watches  
See Chains £6 6s. the oz.

Only at Mr. EDWIN W. STREETE<sup>RS</sup>'S, 37 CONDUIT STREET, Five doors from { BOND STREET, }  
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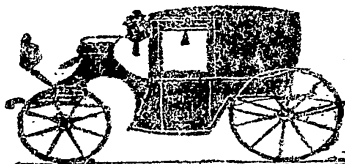
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**KINAHAN'S LL. WHISKY.**

Dublin Exhibition, 1865.—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d. each, at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 8 Great Windmill street, London, W.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL. Whisky."

**BROUGHAMS LET ON**

HIRE FOR THREE YEARS, at Forty Guineas per annum, after which it becomes the property of the hirer. Carriages of every description Let on Hire with option of purchase, the hire being deducted as part payment.

THE DENMARK PHAETON—22 built for H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Price 22 Guineas. This Phaeton is unsurpassed for its ease and elegant appearance. contains four persons comfortably, and can be made to suit any sized cob or pony. Particulars and Drawings on applying to

NEES BROS., Long acre, London, W.C.

**PERRY & CO'S INSTANTANEOUS INK EXTRACTOR****PERRY & CO'S MARKING INK PENCIL**

**PERRY & CO'S INDELIBLE MARKING INK PENCIL,** 3d., 6d., and 1s. each. Post-free on extra Stamp. Warranted perfect if the directions are strictly followed. Sold by Stationers and Chemists. Wholesale, 37 Red Lion square, and 3 Cheapside, London.



TWO PRIZE MEDALS, 1862.

Adopted by all the great players. Prices from 15s. per Set. Descriptive Price List free on application. WHOLSALE, JACQUES AND SON, 102, Hatton Garden, London.

**CAUTION** None genuine without the name JACQUES & SON on each Box.



**HAIR JEWELLERY.**—Artist in Hair.—G. DEWDNEY beautifully MAKES and MOUNTS in fine gold, HAIR BRACELETS, Chains, Brooches, Rings, Pins, &c., at about one-half the usual charges. An illustrated book sent post-free.—G. Dewdney, 172 Fenchurch street, City, London.

**GOUT and RHEUMATISM** is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. All Medicine Vendors and Chemists.

**B. BENJAMIN,**  
 THE TAILOR OF THE PERIOD,  
 PROVES THE ECONOMY  
 OF CASH PAYMENTS  
 AT 72 PICCADILLY.

**KENSINGTON CLOTHING FOR THE SPRING**  
**ALYNES & SON**  
 193 SHOREDITCH  
**KENSINGTON JOURNAL**  
 POST FREE

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY POLICIES,**  
 UNFORFEITABLE, UNCONDITIONAL, AND UNCHALLENGEABLE,

ISSUED BY

**THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,**  
 62 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1848.]

[ESTABLISHED 1848.]

**THE DIRECTORS** of this COMPANY, in deference to an objection not unfrequently urged by persons invited to Assure, that the ordinary mode of Life Assurance is in their opinion defective or uncertain, by reason of the operation of the customary conditions, have resolved to promulgate the present Tables, and to issue Assurances under them which shall be absolutely Unforfeitable, Unconditional, and Unchallengeable.

For the reason referred to, many persons hesitate or decline to Assure on the ground that, in the event of inability or unwillingness to continue payment of their premiums, the Assurance will become forfeited. To this class of the public the system now introduced will especially commend itself, being entirely free from all conditions of forfeiture on account of non-payment of premium, or from any other cause whatever; while at the same time it absolutely guarantees at death, even when a default is made in payment of the premium, a fixed sum in respect of every premium paid, bearing the same proportion to the total amount assured as the number of premiums actually paid may bear to the whole number originally contracted to be paid.

Besides this important advantage, every policy will expressly state what sum can at any time be withdrawn on the discontinuance of the Assurance.

The Assured will thus always have the option of retaining either an ascertained fixed sum payable at death, or, in case of need, of withdrawing a certain amount, according to the duration of the Policy,

The PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY possesses an income of £215,000 a-year. Its position is unquestionable, and it obtains the largest amount of New Business of any Office in the kingdom.

**SPECIAL AGENTS WANTED.**

HENRY HARBEN, SECRETARY.

**HAMPTON AND SONS,**

8 PALL MALL EAST, CHARING CROSS,

**CABINET FURNITURE**  
AND**CARPET MANUFACTURERS,**

IMPORTERS OF TURKEY AND PERSIAN CARPETS,

SILK, WORSTED, LACE, AND MUSLIN CURTAINS,  
TABLE AND HOUSEHOLD LINENS,CHINTZ CRETONNES and PRINTED DIMITIES, in all the newest designs.  
(PATTERNS POST FREE).

DINING-ROOM SUITES. DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.

BEDROOM SUITES in REAL and IMITATION WOODS.

IRON AND BRASS BEDSTEADS.

BEDDING MANUFACTURED ON THE PREMISES.

Families about to furnish are solicited to call and inspect the immense Stock of every requisite.

**CARPETS**  
**BEST BRUSSELS,**  
 Newest designs,  
 4s. 6d. per yard.  
 Ditto, last year's patterns,  
 4s.  
 Good ditto, 3s. 3d. to 4s.  
**BEST TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,**  
 2s. 11d.  
 Good ditto, 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d.

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 107.]

LONDON, MAY 22, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### A WORD WITH BROTHER JONATHAN.

YOU are going a little too far, clever Jonathan. Two weeks ago I wrote in a conciliatory spirit about you, Jonathan, and gave you some friendly advice, while I offered to drown enmity in a drain. But it seems to me that you are determined to have nothing to do with the hand that holds the pipe of peace, but will have that which holds the war hatchet. You are talking to, and of us, in a tone that we do not intend to stand, peacefully disposed though we be. We do not want to meddle with any one, but if any one meddles with us, there are teeth in the Lion's jaws yet, though he is old, and may not be so darn'd smart, nor so noisy, as that thieving, screaming bird of yours; and he will fight none the worse because he has not got the eternal quid in his mouth. So mind yourself, and your bird too, Master Jonathan; if you don't, both of you will get an ugly scratch.

To drop metaphor, Brother Jonathan, and appeal to your reason—if you have got such a "fixing" anywhere about you—"what is the reason that you use me thus?" Is it necessary for you to make political capital by abusing and insulting me? Are you compelled to buy the voices of some few hundreds of needy, unprincipled adventurers, who show their love for their native country, Ireland, by spending all the money they can bully or cajole out of her poor but honest children; are the services of such rascals so valuable to you, that to secure them it is worth while to violate kinship, truth, decency; to lower your own dignity, to stain your own honour, by making demands on us, and using threats against us, the endurance of which would imply the utter absence of both honour and dignity on our part? If the bragging, blustering, footpads who call themselves the great Fenian party are subjects with whose allegiance (!) you cannot dispense, I am sorry for you, Jonathan. In every respect, and most in self-respect, you must have sunk lower than I ever suspected. Whom else do you please by this attempt to browbeat and rob us? Not the brave among you; not the honest; not the intellectual; not the upright: but disappointed speculators, foul-mouthed brawlers, rowdy shoddy-manufacturers—men who have plundered you during your Civil War, and, being too great cowards to take to highway robbery, find their occupation gone; double-faced, fawning hypocrites, who, by lying, bribery, and unblushing shamelessness, sneaked or forced themselves into the service of their country that they might suck her blood like vampires as they are. "These be your patriots;" these are the "great people" to whose voices you must listen; these are the American nation, crying, trumpet-tongued, for "a morsel of that 'ere British Lion;" and if you

don't flog the curs into silence, Jonathan, by St. George they shall have a bitterer morsel than they bargained for! What! talk of our enemies at home! talk of Ireland being a thorn in our side! You are serried with thorns thick as a hedgehog's bristles; you are one mass of sores within and without; you have more enemies in your own country than all the world leagued against you could furnish. Show me a hundred men, whom you can trust with the public money, who will take service under your government? You have got a brave and a noble man as President, but years of demagogues' tyranny, years of political jobbery, years of official dishonesty, years of the allowed supremacy of coarse vulgarity and debasing immorality in your public assemblies, and in all places of authority, have driven from the service of the State the worthiest men among you. You may attack Canada, you may declare war against us, you may fill Ireland with thieves and cut-throats, you may cover the ocean with privateers to prey on our commerce, but you will do more injury to yourselves than to us; you will be making the voice of the lowest among you the voice of the whole nation; you will have no sympathy from any honourable foreign power, nor from the worthy and noble among yourselves; you will stop all real progress on your own part—and you are far from perfect, Jonathan, go-ahead though you be;—and you will be utterly false to all the traditions which you received from the brave spirits that founded your independence. You might possibly gain Canada, but your triumph would be that of a robber, not of a conqueror; you might extend your empire over the whole continent of America, but you would lose for ever that empire over the hearts of Englishmen which, spite of the attempts of some on both sides of the ocean to destroy it, you still possess; you would break the bonds which bind together the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, who, while they are united, can spread liberty and civilisation over the whole world; but who, warring against one another, would but open the way for the showy tyranny of Imperialism, or the degrading yoke of mobs.

The glaring insolence of the language held by you towards England scarcely warrants my pointing out to you how illogical your conduct is. When a man is determined to commit a crime, and call it a righteous action, to rob you and call it enforcing a claim, it is very little use arguing with him. The best thing is to wait, and see if his threats take the form of action, and then knock him down. If you would show yourself amenable to any considerations of truth or justice, I might ask you why it is that you ask us to pay a penalty for having acknowledged the South as belligerents, while you say nothing to France, or any of the

other European nations, who acknowledged them. Are you afraid of France? We are not, nor of you either. There is plenty of pluck left in the English people, though some of her politicians may seem apathetic and vacillating. I told you before that no power can be more anxious than we are to see the question of the Alabama settled, according to the principles of International law. When it was proposed some time ago that neutral bottoms should make neutral cargoes, it was America that refused to consent to such an equitable arrangement. You talk now as if you were the only party who had anything to complain of with regard to the breach of International law or courtesy during the war between North and South. We have claims against you, remember; claims for ships and cargoes captured and condemned as contraband in the most reckless manner. We have also more serious cause for complaint in the shameless violation of International law by you in the matter of the Fenian Raid on Canada. Those inventive and unscrupulous authors of fiction, who adorn your newspaper press, can hardly evolve from their inner consciousness, fertile as that well manured field is, any conduct, so disgraceful, in a friendly power, as yours was in encouraging those freebooters and assassins who, in the most public manner, plotted and carried into execution marauding expeditions against our territory. That many of your public men should be hand and glove with these amateur felons is not to be wondered at, considering what many of your public men are. But a man of decency might have saved your government from countenancing these Fenians; and common good feeling, not to say generosity, might have instigated you to make some show of attempting to stop what you knew was a world-wide scheme of robbery and murder, directed against a power with which you professed to be on friendly terms.

But I fear, brother Jonathan, it is not much use talking sense to you now. If you are resolved to quarrel, let us fight and have done with it,—perhaps we shall be better friends after the contest; but do not keep alive on both sides of the Atlantic this feeling of irritation and suspense which exists now. Try and be honest and truthful for once, and give up bounce.

### A WORD ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Now that the question of the validity of Madame Rachel's conviction has been finally disposed of, we trust that we shall hear no more of that versatile lady for some five years to come, and it is really time that Madame Rachel should retire into private life, for in each successive character in which she has appeared she has managed to shine to less and less advantage. It was only a few days back that a decision was arrived at with regard to her charges against Mr. Haynes, her solicitor, which, we are glad to say, entirely exculpated her *ci devant* man of business from every aspersion on his character. Mr. Haynes's great crime (for which he has been roundly abused) appears to have been that he was unlucky enough to be thrown in Madame Rachel's way, and that he consented to give her his professional assistance. We do not pretend to say how far a professional man is justified in accepting business from questionable clients, but it is quite certain that thieves and murderers find numbers of gentlemen ready to look after their interests, and Mr. Haynes, whatever may have been his private opinion of Madame Rachel, had no cause to class her in a lower category than these. The Court has now removed all imputation on Mr. Haynes's character, and the public, who have been somewhat unfairly inveterate against him, may rest assured that if he committed an error of judgment, in permitting Madame Rachel to cross his threshold, he has more than paid the penalty of his temerity by receiving a castigation at the hands of the public press as recklessly administered as it proves to have been ill-deserved.

### JOHN AND JONATHAN.

- JONATHAN. You have done that you should be sorry for? There is that grudge between us. I have asked For certain sums in gold (whereof I see But little now-a-days), now you are rich, And know wherein you've wronged me; therefore, John, I ask for dollars.
- JOHN. Rather ask for sense! Go to; you're not in earnest Jonathan.
- JONATHAN. I am.
- JOHN. I say, you are not. You inflate Your senatorial bellows with a talk So tall, that the eye of Reason fails to reach Its point among the clouds; so far your anger Runs riot, in an empty waste of words, Above the under-world of argument.
- JONATHAN. Ye stars and stripes! If I *am* riled, I guess There's cause, and cause enough.
- JOHN. You love me not: And yet we should be brothers. Common blood Is throbbing in our veins; of the same old block We both are chips; by science linked together As fast as twins; and yet you take the measure Of all my faults, to show me how I've lost The figure of my honesty. Is *this* Like Jonathan? would I treat Jonathan so? 'Tis a rash humour, of dyspepsia born, Makes you forgetful; but I did not think You could have been so angry. Have you not Applied soft-sawder to our differences? And patted o' the back, as though your anger Came sparkling, like Moselle at good men's feasts, All creamy with the fizz of discontent, And straight was still again? I bare my breast; And yet for offered friendship you return A bombshell of long figures; 'tis to strike Below the waistcoat. Come, let us be friends, As two such men should be.
- JONATHAN. On second thoughts, Let's liquor—give it a name—what shall it be? We must be friends. Yes, *Sir*! or all the world Would come to—eh? yes, John—a brand-smash

### A CHANCE FOR THE ENTERPRISING!

- WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A satisfactory explanation to account for the fact that now-a-days there is no band in Kensington Gardens. Information on this subject will be gladly received by thousands of those who have neither the means nor taste to parade themselves in a row of crawling carriages in the neighbouring park, but to whom the afternoon's promenade and music afforded a cheerful and healthful source of amusement.
- WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A programme of the entertainment to be furnished to the subscribers in the now growing Hall of Arts and Sciences at Kensington. Also the date of the completion of that insignificant gingerbread thing of beauty, the Albert Memorial. Also the names of the parties responsible for the disgraceful condition of the houses in the neighbourhood of the South Kensington station of the Metropolitan district railway. Also—the address of Mr. Tulke, of Leicester Square.
- WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Full particulars as to the rent, accommodation, &c., &c., of Buckingham Palace (advertised in the *Court Circular* "to be let furnished" for the present season).
- WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A decent cab, a few dozen of genuine port (age *not* indispensable), a bill to disestablish life leasing, a hero to grapple at once with the Park Lane question, a little information as to the continued closing of Her Majesty's Theatre, salmon not sold at a gain of 300 per cent., a civil officer on the metropolitan lines, an unpapered playhouse, a penny oyster, a real patriot, and a great many other useful things for which the invincible voice of public opinion is for ever fruitlessly roaring!



## STAGE BRASS.

THE flow of theatrical advertisement is as full as ever. The wives and daughters therefore, of hitherto provincial M.P.s., who are now rushing up to London for the Season, and taking furnished houses at fifteen guineas a week, are caught nightly. Indeed, what escape can the poor ignorant trustful creatures hope for? Another season,—and they will have grown wiser. But now, in their first flush of country innocence, they can but see—and believe! The lying advertisement sheet is their only source of information, and they are drawn whithersoever it calls them. So great is the attractiveness of a pointed falsehood, that it is very doubtful whether any warning will be of the slightest avail. However, in the interests of honesty and charity, we furnish them with the following table of a few popular advertising terms, together with their respective explanations attached:—

ADVERTISEMENT.	EXPLANATION.
"Immense success of the new Drama."	"Quietly damned the first night."
"Received with unbounded applause nightly."	"Well hissed six times a week."
"Wraps the audience in a whirlwind of excitement from the rising of the curtain to its fall."	"A first class opiate."
"Free list entirely suspended."	"Paper given away to any extent."
"New and original."	"Stolen shamelessly without acknowledgements."
"This is a great advance on Mr. Blank's last effort.— <i>Afternoon Slasher</i> ."	Critic of <i>Afternoon Slasher</i> dined with Blank the day before.

Several successive lines of advertisement, such as

GYMNASIUM THEATRE,  
EVERY NIGHT at SEVEN.  
NO BOX-KEEPERS. NO  
BILLS.  
COME EARLY. NO  
PRICES.  
PLACES BOOKED EVERY-  
WHERE.  
NOTHING LIKE IT IN  
LONDON.

Actor's name repeated thus:

ROSCIUS. Every Evening at  
NINE.  
ROSCIUS. Every Evening at  
NINE.  
ROSCIUS. Every Evening at  
NINE.  
ROSCIUS. Every Evening at  
NINE.  
ROSCIUS. Every Evening at  
NINE.  
ROSCIUS. *Printing Ink*  
Theatre.

"On Thursday next by special desire, for a few nights only, &c., &c."

"Unavoidably withdrawn for the present."

"Much pleasure in announcing that due notice will be given of its reproduction."

and a good deal more to the same effect! Advertising has

This is always a bad sign. Must be taken as a frantic effort to catch the public eye and invest rubbish with importance.

The more there is of it the worse. Though unfortunately it is resorted to by first-class theatres that need not puff their entertainments, it is usually tried for a week with bad new pieces.

To be avoided. Means that Roscius is no real genius, but is forced to keep himself afloat by systematic degradation of this sort.

N.B.—The greater the number of lines Roscius indulges in, the greater the necessity of caution, as this is a most successful trick,

"Hasty reproduction of a make-shift, after a dead failure, and loss of thirty pounds a night."

"Tremendous row with the author."

"Letter from author's solicitor, insisting on insertion of same, accompanied by threat of action."

something to answer for, but in respect of no particular thing is it so brazen-faced as this systematic theatrical puffing!

Fortunately, a better age seems already dawning. People have already found out the humbug of dramatic criticism. Dramatic advertising will not cheat them out of their money much longer.

## PEER-LESS HUMANITY.

WE regret very much that the Marquis of Townshend's attempts at legislation should meet with so little attention or respect. However eccentric the noble lord may be, he has far clearer notions of what the people of England really want than many so-called Liberals. Nothing could be more childish than the objections taken to his Bill for protecting the property of lodgers from being seized for rent by the superior landlord. If this Bill was not well drawn, the House of Lords, which is full to overflowing of legal knowledge, might spend its time less profitably than in remedying its defects. Nothing can be more cruelly unjust than the law which allows the landlord of a house to seize the goods of the lodgers of his tenant's in satisfaction of his claims on the tenant. This enactment is particularly oppressive to the poor, who have no choice but to lodge in houses sub-let to tenants, who often are, from misfortune, or from their own fault, unable to pay the rent. The poor lodger's goods are seized in execution, though he has paid the rent for his rooms. As to the frauds which might be practised by the tenant against the landlord, surely these could be guarded against very simply, by enacting that where the lodger obtained the furniture by assignment, or purchase, from the tenant, the protection should not hold good. But the lowest piece of official prevarication was shown in Lord Morley's opposition to Lord Townshend's proposed measure for the more stringent repression of aggravated assaults on women and children. The state of our law on this point has long been a glaring disgrace to the country; and not a day passes but one may read of some case of brutal cruelty to a woman, or child, being punished with the most monstrous leniency; while offences against property are visited with no less monstrous severity. One must be an official, with all the hatred that, somehow or other, Whig officials always have had to forwarding any measure for the real benefit of the people, and which British legislators in general have to all measures founded on common sense and simple morality; one must have one's mind cankered by the red tape-worm, in order to appreciate the force of Lord Henley's objection to the Bill, that the husbands, who kick and beat their wives, would not like to be flogged—and would feel a grudge against their victims; or to perceive the innate truth of the statement that the law, as it at present exists, is sufficient to check it. We suppose Lord Morley is able to read; perhaps he will employ a few moments of his valuable time in looking through a file of the Police Reports since January last. Such statements as his are generally described in private life as fictions in one syllable. We trust that, for the honour of the Upper House, some noble lord may be found to take up this subject, who may be more successful in obtaining some show of courtesy, if not of intelligence, on the part of the Government officials, than Lord Townshend was.

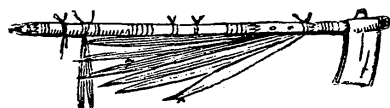
## NOT A PARIS FASHION!

IT is a scandal that Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* is not more becomingly advertised. In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* the notice of the first performance in England takes its place between the programme of the French plays and an announcement of the varied attractions of Cremorne. The Directors of the Royal Italian Opera have had the good taste to remove the performance of the great maestro's last work from Covent Garden Theatre to St. James's Hall, although by the arrangement they must have incurred additional expense, but both the public and the press seem to forget that the *Messe Solennelle* is nothing more nor less than a religious service, and as such should not be associated with the most degraded of popular amusements. Sensation has a levelling influence which is scarcely creditable to the present generation of Englishmen. Our forefathers knew better than to sacrifice decency at the shrine of novelty.

*Now Ready,  
BRITANNIA for May,  
Price 1s.*

On MAY the 24th,  
**THE DERBY DOUBLE NUMBER**  
OF  
**THE "TOMAHAWK,"**

Edited by  
ARTHUR A'BECKETT,  
*MAGNIFICENT CARTOON by MATT MORGAN,*  
AND CONTRIBUTIONS  
FROM THE ORIGINAL STAFF OF THE "TOMAHAWK."



**LONDON, MAY 22, 1869.**

### THE WEEK.

M. FRERE-ORBAN speaks in the warmest terms of the conduct of the Emperor. Some allowance ought to be made for the enthusiasm of the Belgian premier, as he is speaking after, not one dinner, but many.

ALARMISTS are still found to regard the conduct of Russia on the North-Western frontiers of India with suspicion. This is foolish, for "the unkindest cut of all" has been given us, not by Russia, but by France. Our future Indian difficulty will be the Suez Canal.

MR. STEPHANOS XENOS has published his long-threatened *exposé* of Overend, Gurney, and Co. The book is entitled "Depredations," but it is, strange to say, not an autobiography. Mr. Xenos is, by his own showing, a poor shorn lamb of the Stock Exchange. He has one consolation, for no one can know better than he that there are others in his sad plight.

CONSTITUTION HILL is the nearest road from Hyde park corner to Pall mall, but it is closed to the public. Why? Because the occupants of Buckingham Palace may not be disturbed: but as Buckingham Palace is only occupied, except for a few days in the year, by anybody but a few servants, surely the public might be allowed the use of a road which is so convenient. It is hard to have all the disadvantages of a non-resident court, and none of its advantages.

THERE is a mist overhanging official language that is really disgusting to those who are accustomed to honest straightforward talk. The Government have been making arrangements

to bring home some of our troops from Canada, and spite the growing discord between this country and the United States, they see no reason to alter their decision. Colonel North therefore enquired in the House the other night whether the forces that remained would be left in such a "state of efficiency as to numbers," as to be prepared for "any emergency;" to which question Mr. Cardwell replied, that "*due regard had been paid as to what was required by circumstances in the redistribution of Her Majesty's troops in British North American provinces.*" This is sheer stuff. The New York police alone could make short work of "Her Majesty's forces" in Canada! How can reasonable men talk such trash to each other?

A GOOD deal of ignorance, to call it by no harsher name, is daily displayed in this country in connection with foreign politics, and the Liberal papers especially have the very vaguest ideas on the subject of European *Liberalism*. For instance, reformers here are just now going into ecstasies about the coming French elections, and hoping, against hope, that the *Opposition* will come in strongly represented. Two average specimens of that gallant party are at hand as an illustration of its political respectability. M. Renan, philosopher and Atheist, and M. Henri Rochefort, Republican and Socialist, have pushed themselves forward as candidates for seats in the new Assembly. One gentleman is ready to shout, "*a la Lanterne,*" the other to set up the Goddess of Reason. We have, fortunately, no parallels to these worthies in this country; but had we, it is certainly to our credit that they would not have the remotest chance of being returned to Parliament. M. Renan and M. Rochefort would, with us, find their respective levels in Holywell street and Codger's Hall. As they are not "with us," we very logically wish the one to destroy religion, and the other overturn an empire!

WE have often drawn attention to the brutal ignorance and stupidity of the police, particularly in their treatment of persons who have fainted or been seized with a fit in the street. It is a very serious question to those who suffer from any tendency to epilepsy or fainting, that if they fall down in the streets they are pretty sure to be taken off to the station-house as drunk and incapable, and there killed; for it amounts to that. In all such cases instant measures of relief are necessary, and in most cases the best thing to give is brandy. Those persons subject to painful fainting, hysterical, or epileptic attacks (which all depend more or less on deficiency of blood in the brain) generally carry with them some stimulant, or, on feeling any premonitory symptoms, at once get it either at some public house or the chemist's. In most cases, then, these persons, when found, smell of spirits, which, according to the policeman, is quite sufficient to settle the diagnosis of their complaint. "Drunk" is the instant decision of these lights of science, and off the victim is dragged to the station-house, where, in a damp cell, he is left to recover if he can—most probably to die. The case of Mr. Joyce, which occurred last week, has suggested these remarks. We have often pointed out the remedy. Let the police be ordered in all such cases to remove the sufferer to the nearest doctor's or chemist's. If his state be caused by drink it may be none the less dangerous; and the doctor, not the police-serjeant, is the proper person to apply what remedies may be necessary. Above all, in cases where the police wilfully infringe this rule, let them be punished at once and by a public, not by a secret, tribunal.







*"COME, IF YOU DARE!"*

*(DEDICATED, WITH THE VERY WARMEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION, TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE, BY HIS LOVING COUSIN, THE BRITISH LION.)*





## THE ARRAY OF R.A.s.

EVERY one who has seen the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, that is to say, every one who is not a fashionable portrait-painter, or a snob, must be disgusted at the square yards of deadly uninteresting portraits which disfigure the walls, and prevent one really enjoying the few good pictures there. It makes one hot and wrathful to see a place meant to exhibit the works of art by our greatest living painters, devoted to such hideous areas of conventional, simpering sign-painting as "Mr. Biggins, presented to him by his fellow-churchwardens on his leaving Peckham Rye," or "Mrs. Lavina Thompson and the Master Thompsons," or "John Priggins, Esq., M.P. for Ditchwater," or "Mr. James Greasy, painted for the Worshipful Society of Tallow Chandlers," all these are very interesting, doubtless, to the immediate friends of Biggins, Thompson, Priggins, and Greasy, but it is rather hard on the nation to take up so much of the space, confessedly insufficient to accommodate the pictures sent in for exhibition and accepted, with these tributes to obscure merit or wealthy vanity. The president displays some "portraits!" simply execrable; and Mr. Knight follows his example. In some cases the portrait of a very distinguished man, or of a very lovely woman, is, as a mere likeness, worthy of a place in any picture gallery; besides, there is the charm of beauty attached to one, and the intrinsic interest of the other; but it is rarely that any portrait now-a-days exhibited is, as a picture, of any value. Surely, photography has made such strides that these vain nobodies may exhibit their various countenances to the public in any shop window, alongside of the courtezans, divines, princes, and statesmen of the time. Is not that sufficient honour? It is bad enough to have to endure in the Royal Academy every year the painful evidences of the active existence of certain R.A.s., and A.s. (which are enough to make one call steward from hopeless instinct); we really might be spared the expressionless staring of these "Portraits" which, in the very quietest time of the day, people the galleries of the Royal Academy with a most noxious crowd.

## THE "CHRISTIAN" ANECDOTES.

## No. I.

A FEW days since His Royal Highness Prince Christian, of Schleswig Holstein, was talking to some of his faithful attendants. The door of the apartment in which the august German was seated was open.

"Mighty master," said one of the faithful attendants, "I would fain ask a question."

"Speak freely," replied the gracious Christian with a slight foreign accent. "It is always my delight to be useful to those I love. I love the British people, and would like to serve them in any capacity—say as a Field-Marshal."

"Thanks, Prince," murmured the first speaker. "A problem has much puzzled us."

"Really, and that problem was—"

"This—when does that door cease to be door?"

"When it's a jar," replied Prince Christian, without hesitation.

Upon hearing this sage reply the courtiers were much struck, and marvelled greatly.

## MY STARS!

A BRILLIANT future, according to the prophets, at last awaits the hitherto unhappy St. James's; indeed, so tremendous is the energy with which, again according to the prophets, the coming October season is to be inaugurated, that failure would seem to be impossible. The house is to be rebuilt. The company is to be a literal constellation. None but stars of the first magnitude are to be engaged. There is not a single name of eminence in the theatrical profession which has not been assigned, by the prophets, a place on the New St. James's list. Everything, in short, promises so wonderfully from an artistic and intellectual point of view, that the question, "how will they get them all into one piece?" does not merely suggest, but absolutely elbows itself on to one. They cannot do Shakespeare, for they are to have at least five

of every one of the great characters and seven Hamlets. No, the new piece must be original as the company. Who, then, will write it? The Dramatic Authors Society in committee, or will the leading play-writers take six lines apiece straight through? Will it be a drama, a comedy, tragedy, farce, or all four? How will it bear the strain of thirty leading parts? Such questions are very natural, and it gives us great pleasure to be in a position to answer them. We happen to have the MSS of the play in our hands; and though we cannot divulge, as yet, the title, names of the characters, or plot, the little specimen we will venture just to show, with the probable cast, may doubtless suffice to satisfy the inquisitive.

PORTION OF A SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY OF ———.  
—ACT VII: *The stage represents a retired spot among the Burnham beeches. A picnic is taking place.*

R. C. a table-cloth on ground, upon which is a salad, pie, and champagne bottle; round it are seated, as conveniently as can be managed so as to admit of the audience having a good view of all the characters,—Mrs. Stirling, Miss Furtado, Mr. Alfred Wigan, Miss Herbert, Mrs. Herman Vezin, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Buckstone, Miss Marie Wilton, Mr. Webster, Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr. Vining, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Kendal, Miss Bateman, Mr. Collette, Miss Henrietta Hodson, and Mr. Creswick.

A hamper, over which are standing, and apparently discussing the contents, though in such a manner that they can be well in sight of the audience, Messrs. Hare, D. Murray, Sothorn, Clayton, Chippendale, Shore, Gaston Murray, Fisher, Herman Vezin, Coghlan, Montague, Shepherd, Fechter, Bandmann, Neville, Wyndham, Rignold, &c., &c.

R. seated here and there on a grassy bank, Mesdames Carlotta Addison, Brennan, Louisa Moore, Carlotta Leclercq, Lucy Rushton, M. Oliver, Swanborough, Farren, Beatrice, Neilson, Louisa Thorne, Celeste, Maria Simpson, Mellon, Larkin, Madge Robertson, &c., &c., &c.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.—Are we all here? If so, I will read you the Club Scene from *Money*.

MR. FECHTER.—I know nothing of the rest, but I'm here (a laugh) and—

MR. ALFRED WIGAN.—And so am I. Ah! give me a seat by the side of *Still Waters* that *Run Deep*, but let me not be the slave of mere —

MR. CLAYTON.—*Dreams*? No! And yet, in your way, you are not so bad—you and the rest of the company support me very fairly. I'm rather bored, excuse me, then, if I drop off—

MR. PHELPS.—And I will be your dulcimer! I'll read you *Macbeth* right through—(begins it)

MISS MARIE WILTON.—This is as bad as *School*,—without the fun! Is there nothing to make us laugh? Where is Mr. Romer?

MR. BANCROFT.—Playing "Jack Poyntz." The piece will run, and I can't stop it!

MISS HERBERT.—Alas! only *Seraphines* have stops! Ah, I wish I had kept *Lady Audley's Secret*!

MR. WEBSTER (moodily).—Better anything than revenge! Never have *Life for Life*! And whatever you do have, if possible, get it in *Black and White*!

MR. SOTHERN.—And stick at *Home*. (Laughs.)

MR. BUCKSTONE.—*Home*! when I can't do what I like in my own house?

MR. FISHER.—That's better than doing what you don't like in somebody else's! I'm in a dreadful *Breach of Promise* case.

MISS BRENNAN.—Dreadful? When you get all the damages!

MR. SHORE.—Don't talk of damages! Who hasn't suffered, and by *Mere Presumptive Evidence*?

MR. D. MURRAY (speaking through his nose).—Come, the piece isn't so bad.

MR. HARE (rising).—Call this a picnic! Three is company, more is none!

MR. STUART.—Then you have never met Adelphi guests. Ha, ha, ha, ha! they are terrible dogs!

MR. RIGNOLD.—Laugh—I can laugh too; listen—ha! ha! ha! But tell me, where is the funny man?



*A rush from back. Enter simultaneously Messrs. Comp-ton, Toole, Belmore, Brough, Honey, Dewar, J. and S. Clark, Rogers, Atkins, Soutar, Belford, James, T. Thorne, and Mr. Romer.*

ALL.—Here! *(They go through a little comic business.)*

*(Enter MRS. JOHN WOOD.)*

MRS. JOHN WOOD.—Silence! I never meant *this*. The sooner we end the better.

ALL THE CHARACTERS *(rising)*.—Then I must have the tag.

MR. SOTHERN.—Never! while I have—

MR. PHELPS.—Brass! Silence, Sir, the tag is *mine*! *(Takes MSS. out of his pocket and rushes to front. All the characters do the same.)*

ALL.—If kind friends in front—

SHARP DROP.

*Voice of MR. STUART behind, in tomb-like and sarcastic tones,—*  
Ha! ha!! ha!!! ha!!!! ha!!!!!!

### TO WHAT BASE USES!

THE first of a series of experiments to test the acoustic properties of the New Lecture Theatre at South Kensington took place last week, when Professor Guthrie delivered a lecture, accompanied by what was described in the programme as “audible and visible demonstrations of the varieties of the musical pitch.” The result was satisfactory. The next trial of the building will be made by an orchestra conducted by Sir Michael Costa, and after that the acoustic properties of the hall will be once more tested by a singing class under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

We think that if the new building is to be really put on its trial with reference to its fitness for all the purposes for which it will probably be used, the following arrangements should at once be entered into:—

TEST 1.—A Performance of Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, under the management of Mr. Phelps.

TEST 2.—A Grand Entertainment by the united companies of Christy Minstrels.

TEST 3.—A Ballet under the superintendence of Mr. Strange, of the Royal Alhambra Palace.

TEST 4.—A Sensation Drama, introducing real trees, real water real animals, and a real house on fire, expressly written by Mr. Dion Boucicault.

TEST 5.—A Performance by a Monstre Equestrian Company.

TEST 6.—A grand Bal Masque under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith.

The Council must bear in mind that arts and sciences seldom prove attractive in the long run, and the sooner, therefore, that the above-named additional tests are applied to the new building the better, for they will remove all doubts regarding its capabilities for the purposes for which (if the Lecture Theatre is to be turned to profitable account) it must sooner or later be adapted.

### “FACTS ARE DANGEROUS THINGS.”

OUR highly authoritative contemporary, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, publishes the following paragraph:—

“The Royal Naval Reserve is becoming what it should be—a great fact. We understand that 1,800 men at least, have volunteered to proceed on the Whitsuntide cruise, and we hear that the Lords of the Admiralty have been surprised at the enthusiastic manner in which their invitation has been received and accepted.”

The existence of a Naval Reserve of 1,800 effective men is scarcely one of those “great facts” worth boasting about, and Mr. Childers will not thank the *Army and Navy Gazette* for letting the public into the secret of the weakness of the force. Although the officials at the Admiralty have evidently regarded the whole affair as the deadeast of failures, as shown by their expressions of delight and surprise on discovering a sign of life in a hitherto inanimate body, the people out of doors have been hoodwinked into believing in a Naval Reserve as a reality. Our contemporary deserves credit for the sly humour with which the hoax has been exposed.

### A RUN ON THE BANK.

THE river at Cambridge has been for years past becoming less and less fit for rowing purposes, and the repeated failures of the Cambridge crew at the University boat race are supposed to be in a great measure attributable to the superior training advantages which the sister University possesses. We are glad, therefore, to see that a “Cam Improvement Fund” has been established, and that a managing committee, under the presidency of Lord Justice Selwyn, has been appointed to carry out the objects of the association. Of course, hundreds of Cambridge men have willingly subscribed their guineas, and there is no reason but that in the space of a few months the Cam should not be made as accessible for eights as is the Isis. The committee, however, have commenced by making a blunder, for they have advertised these guinea subscriptions in the *Times*, nearly four columns of that journal having been appropriated one day last week by the list of donors. What a column of advertisement in the *Times* costs is one of those things not generally known, but tradition gives it a high value, and in all probability some two or three hundred pounds have already been expended in this single announcement. If the committee of the Cam Improvement Fund is sincere in its desire to carry out the intentions of the promoters of the scheme, it had better husband its resources for dredging purposes, rather than waste them upon the publication of vain-glorious subscription lists.

### A REGIMENTAL MESS.

THE march of the 98th Regiment through London, on its return from Aldershot a few weeks back, has become quite a question of the day, for the *Times* has published a series of letters on the subject of the disordered condition of the men on their arrival in the Strand. One class of correspondents affirms that the troops, after a short march of twenty-two miles, should have shown no signs of fatigue, while the other declares that, under the existing regulations of the service, it is impossible that a soldier equipped in heavy marching order can trudge half that distance without becoming completely exhausted.

With a view to steer a middle course between the contending parties, and at the same time to prevent a recurrence of any such “disgraceful scene” as that on the occasion referred to, we hear that the authorities at the Horse Guards are about to issue a Circular to the Army with reference to the future movement of troops, of which the following will be the leading provisions:—

1. No troops shall march from one station to another when either railways or omnibuses are procurable to convey them.
2. When no conveyances are available, the men shall be permitted to clothe themselves as lightly as they please, and their knapsacks and rifles shall be sent to their destination by Parcels' Delivery Company.
3. While on the march any soldier becoming fatigued may take a cab at his own expense; but in order to preserve the appearance of discipline he must be careful to draw down the blinds, so that he may not be visible to the passers-by.
4. The regiment shall halt at each public-house in the route, and the men, being brought to “attention,” shall enter the bar for the purposes of refreshment, in single file. This will prevent all confusion and subsequent straggling.

No doubt when the above directions are put into shape and issued for the guidance of all officers commanding regiments on the road, we shall have no recurrence of such exhibitions as that which, as in the case of the 98th, has scandalised military London.

### “THE WHALLEY CATHOLIC TESTIMONIAL FUND.”

THE Editor of the TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in announcing that the following subscriptions, in furtherance of the above object, have been received:—

“Paddy from Cork” ... “Un centime.”  
An Admirer (Welshpool) ... 4d.

### NAGS AT THE MAGS.

TO those who criticise fairly it is equally a pleasure to praise as to censure, thus TOMAHAWK, although he applies his scalping knife unmercifully, and without reference to kith or kin, when he considers it deserved, is always pleased to bestow praise where praise be due. It is not often that magazine literature calls for any special notice. There are so many monthlies now-a-days, and there is, for the most part, such a similitude in their contents, that to paraphrase what Dr. Johnson said of the green fields, to have read one is to have read all; but there are several exceptions. For instance, the new Civil Service magazine, *Under the Crown*, has exhibited in its letterpress a freshness and vigour which is as creditable to its writers as it must prove pleasing to its readers. Then there is *Saint Pauls*, which, under the editorship of Mr. Anthony Trollope, has struck out a path of its own, having from its *début* contained many powerful and caustic articles upon political and social topics. The *Gentleman's Magazine* too, in its new form, contains several novel features, and this month commences a new novel by Victor Hugo, which bids fair to add greatly to its attractiveness. Again, there is *Britannia*, the most original of all perhaps, by reason of its coloured illustrations, and the powerfully sarcastic tone of its articles. TOMAHAWK does not often comment upon the merits or demerits of magazines, but those above enumerated have pleasurably whiled away several of his leisure hours, and having hit upon a fund of interest and amusement, he considers it his duty to point out to his friends where and how they may go and do likewise.

### PHILANTHROPIC RUFFIANISM.

IF the "Permissive Compulsory Bill" had passed the "House," we understand the following measures would have been embodied into Acts of Parliament:—

BY MR. DISRAELI (*On behalf of the Jews*),

An Act prohibiting the consumption of pork.

BY MR. WHALLEY (*On behalf of the Roman Catholics*),

An Act prohibiting the consumption of flesh meat on Fridays.

BY EARL RUSSELL (*On behalf of the old women of England*),

An Act prohibiting Sunday trains.

BY MR. M. GUEST (*On behalf of the members of White's, Boodle's, the Marlboro', the Rawley, the Thatched House, and the Grid*),

An Act discountenancing marriage among club men.

BY COLONEL N. STUART (*On behalf of the Lord Chamberlain*),

An Act for the abolition of the ballet.

BY MR. WALTER (*On behalf of the Proprietors of the 'Times'*),

An Act increasing the price of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News* from one penny to sixpence.

### A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

IT is not often that Saturday volunteer gatherings take place under a cloudless sky and on dry earth; indeed, it seems to be the mission of the volunteers to get drenched to the skin on all conceivable occasions. It is therefore the greater pity that the new Inspector-General of Reserve Forces should have availed himself of the finest afternoon of the present season to render the volunteer gathering, which took place in Hyde Park some ten days ago, a failure and almost a disgrace.

It was understood that the day should be observed as the Second Brigade Field Day of the year; and the London Scottish, the Queen's Westminster, the Inns of Court, and the 19th Middlesex Rifle Corps were early on the ground in the expectation of being reviewed. It so happened that an inspection of the South Middlesex regiment was fixed for the same date; and the City corps, attracted by the probability of a considerable gathering, mustered some three thousand men and marched into Hyde Park at about six o'clock, at the time the evolutions

of the corps, composing the brigade under review, were about to commence, for which a space had been cleared by the St. George's Rifles, who were specially employed to keep the ground. When, however, General Lindsay perceived the City force approaching and apparently anxious to take part in the proceedings, he marched the four corps under his command through the line of men keeping the open space and through the crowd into a remote corner of the park. What was the General's object in this sudden movement—whether it was that he was angry with the City volunteers for attempting to force themselves into the review, whether he felt himself incapable of handling the large body of troops which were then collecting, or whether, out of sheer mischief or incompetence, he proceeded to spoil the enjoyment of the day, remains a mystery; but the result of the proceeding was simple enough. The crowd, which had been good-humoured and easily held in check while something was going on within the enclosure, lost its temper when deprived of a sight of what was taking place, and attempted to break through the line of the St. George's Rifles. The volunteers resisted, and a riot ensued, which might have been much more serious in its consequences than it actually was, for all credit that is due to General Lindsay for its suppression.

It is difficult to write with patience concerning such gross blundering. What really might have been an imposing and interesting spectacle was, by the obtuse caprice of a single individual, turned into a scene of confusion, violence, and uproar. If this is "Military Reform," the sooner we have Colonel M'Murdo or Colonel Erskine back at the War Office the better, as under the old *régime*, when an Inspector-General of Volunteers existed, such events as those of a few days back would have been impossible.

### THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

THOSE who enjoy Shakspeare for his poetry itself, and not for the opportunities which it affords to vulgar would-be actors to rant and attitudinise, should go and hear Mrs. Stirling read the *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, or rather selections from that most charming poem. The music of Mendelsohn is the most perfect realisation of that fantastic ideality, of which no reader, however artistic, could hope to convey any conception. Mrs. Stirling brings the different characters before her audience with admirable skill; she is not too dramatic, for the poem is not, in a demonstrative sense, dramatic; she is earnest, versatile, and distinct. The only fault we have to find with her is that she hurries over the stage directions, the entrances, and exits, which are necessary to the proper understanding of the play, as arranged for her, by those who are not very intimately acquainted with the original work. Her reading of Helena was the best, we thought, among the serious characters; while in the comic portion we must confess her interpretation of Bottom, the weaver, was, for a woman, marvellously good. Mrs. Stirling was very disadvantageously placed when we saw her, being hidden from one-half of the audience by the throne of the Conductor. Not very good taste upon the part of that gentleman, we must say.

### THE BURLINGTON HOUSE CATECHISM.

Q.—I hear the new buildings of the Royal Academy are well worth a visit. What have you got to say of the pictures?

A.—The Exhibition, as a whole, is not bad. Regarded, however, from a certain point of view, it disgusts one exceedingly.

Q.—Explain yourself?

A.—I will. The Royal Academy as an institution is intended, so the public suppose, to develop and encourage National Art. As it is at present constituted, it does nothing of the kind. Merit has not its due recognition, and the title of R.A. is simply a passport that gives admission to a closed borough.

Q.—You express yourself vaguely. Do you mean to imply that the Royal Academicians as a body turn the Academy into



a huge shop, which they crowd with their own wares, good, bad, or indifferent, to the exclusion of other and better articles?

A.—I do. Unquestionably, the very worst picture on the walls of the Academy this year is painted by the President, Sir Francis Grant.

Q.—You are quite right. Can you tell me what is Sir Francis Grant's forte?

A.—I can. He is a fashionable portrait painter, but there are at least half a dozen artists in his own peculiar line who already leave him a long—a very long—way behind.

Q.—Very well. Can you now, if you please, tell me what has happened to Mr. Millais?

A.—Indeed I cannot. His great powers are this year frittered away on a young lady, her stocking, a green pet, several yards of vulgar brocade, and a commonplace lady looking at some cards and a pipe.

Q.—Then there is nothing poetical, nothing worthy of a great genius in his work for 1869?

A.—Nothing whatever!

Q.—You are quite right. Can you now mention two pictures, not by a Royal Academician, that are noteworthy?

A.—I can. Nos. 99 and 714, both by Mr. Sandys, are perfect in their way. There is not an artist represented in this year's exhibition, who could have produced a more thoroughly first-class work than that gentleman's *Medea*. The flesh tints, the shells, and the prevailing tones throughout are all in the highest style of art. There is more work in this small canvass than in twenty such daubs as are furnished by the President.

Q.—You speak severely of Sir James Grant and encouragingly of Mr. Sandys. Pray do you know either one gentleman or the other?

A.—No, I do not.

Q.—Then why do you do so?

A.—Because I am not a hack art critic.

Q.—Have you heard anything particular concerning Mr. Sandys's *Medea*?

A.—Yes, I have. I have heard that it was absolutely refused last year.

Q.—If that report be true, can you give any explanation of it?

A.—Yes. Either a greed of space for themselves, or a jealousy of merits superior to their own, or the grossest ignorance of what is really art, must have brought about such a result.

(To be continued.)

### DISABILITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—The O'Sullivan Disabilities Bill seems likely to be heard of no more (until it comes to be paid), but it has suggested certain considerations to me amongst others.

Have we no other instances of persons in high places whose privilege protects them from degradation—at least, from all but moral degradation. A recent case in the Bankruptcy Court has reminded the public of the existence of a certain noble personage who is Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, a deputy-lieutenant, and a member of the highest legislative body in the land. If Daniel O'Sullivan, who at the worst seems to have been a vulgar, frothy demagogue, with as little real power as sense, is unfit to sit on the bench of magistrates, surely the economical benefactor of the Countess d'Alteyrac is hardly fit to legislate for Great Britain, or to represent the lord-lieutenant of his county, much less the dignity and purity of the Court.

It would be unnecessary to point out here the admirable courage with which in public this great nobleman bore testimony to his own character. He has always displayed a laudable anxiety that the whole world should be intimately acquainted with the intricate delicacies of his moral nature.

No one who has ever read of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby—certainly no one who has been fortunate enough to know him can doubt that it would be as well that his name should be removed from the House of Peers for the sake of that august body of men themselves. Of his fitness for his other offices there can be no doubt. I would suggest that the Peers might try the Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain themselves, and

also any other of their members who distinguish themselves in a similar way, and might have power to exclude such from the privileges of the order that they have disgraced. Unless some such power of self-purification is granted to the House of Lords, that venerable institution may find itself threatened with disestablishment before long.

Your obedient servant,  
NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

### 'WARE SKUNKS.

CERTAIN persons, calling themselves Messrs. Harvey and Co., are circulating among householders, and heads of families, one of those pestilent publications which, under the guise of medical works, have brought misery and ruin to so many foolish and wretched creatures. When will men learn to see through the shallow tricks of these benefactors of the human race, who represent the family physician as an imbecile and a poisoner, in order that they may draw the miserable victims of shattered nerves and digestions into their parlours? The excessive use of tea and other hot drinks, and still more of tobacco, produces all the symptoms described by these (?) surgeons (!). They know this; and they know how terribly dyspepsia, the result of adulterated food and drink, and of the sedentary habits to which most young men in London are condemned, weakens the mind; until in some moment of hypochondriasis, they swallow the bait thrown out by these (?) benefactors (!) of the human race. If any common sense is left to a man, surely he might see through the nauseous affectations of benevolence and the impudent assumptions of special knowledge which these (?) surgeons (!) assume, since they all end in the same moral, viz., Buy a five pound case of our Elixir of Life.

### ENIGMA.

I've always heard this maid described  
As gentle, soft, and balmy;  
A siren who, though cross ye be,  
Would quickly soothe and calm ye.

I find her boisterous, freezing, rough;  
For Love she's no essential;  
Her mood is like all women's moods,—  
Not certain but potential.

### ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

S	on	G
U	n	A
L	aughte	R
L	ot	O
I	scario	T
V	arle	T
A	p	E
N	ewspape	R

ANSWERS—None correct. Ruby's Ghost nowhere this time. (How do you spell garotter—you creature from the shades), The Original Pretty Little Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, J. H., Slodger and Tiney, Midas, Rataplan, Manchester Sam, K. G., W. Whitfield (Birmingham), D. Cullis (Southampton), R. Lovegrove (Farnborough), James Amphlett (Torquay), Tommy and Joey, Two Oxonions, Oliver Twist, C. Bradley (Cheltenham), L. Lewington (Scarborough), H. Liddiard, C. Hammond, D. Edwards (Aberystwith), N. Hamblin, Two Black Diamonds, Walter Harrison (Birmingham), Captain Crosstree, A Lover of Justice, J. Millington, A Proud Salopian, N. Hayward (Rhyl), Emma, G. Gough (Croydon), Little Florence, Sam Slick, C. Rowles (Banbury), and E. Lewis.

May 22, 1869.]

## THE TOMAHAWK.

### Amusements.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE.

SIXTEENTH SEASON—1869-70.

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Grand Flower Shows, Saturdays, May 15, and June 5.  
Great Rose Show, Saturday, June 19.  
Great Pyrotechnic Displays and Illumination of Fountains, First, Monday, May 24 (Eighth week).  
Performances of Operas in English, under the management of Mr. G. FERREN, early in June.  
Archery Fete, July 8, 9, 10.  
Cricket County Matches—Kent v. Surrey, June 10, 11, and Kent v. Sussex, July 5, 6, 7; and other matches as appointed (see list).  
Saturday Concerts throughout the Winter and Spring.  
Great Fountain Displays to be announced.  
Great Tonic Sol-Fa Association (Mr. Sarll), June 2, and other Concerts of 5,000 juvenile voices.  
Ball and other Concerts.  
Whitsuntide and other Holiday Entertainments.  
International Show of Gladiators in August, &c., &c.  
Rhododendron Show, end of May.

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—*Wide Critique.*

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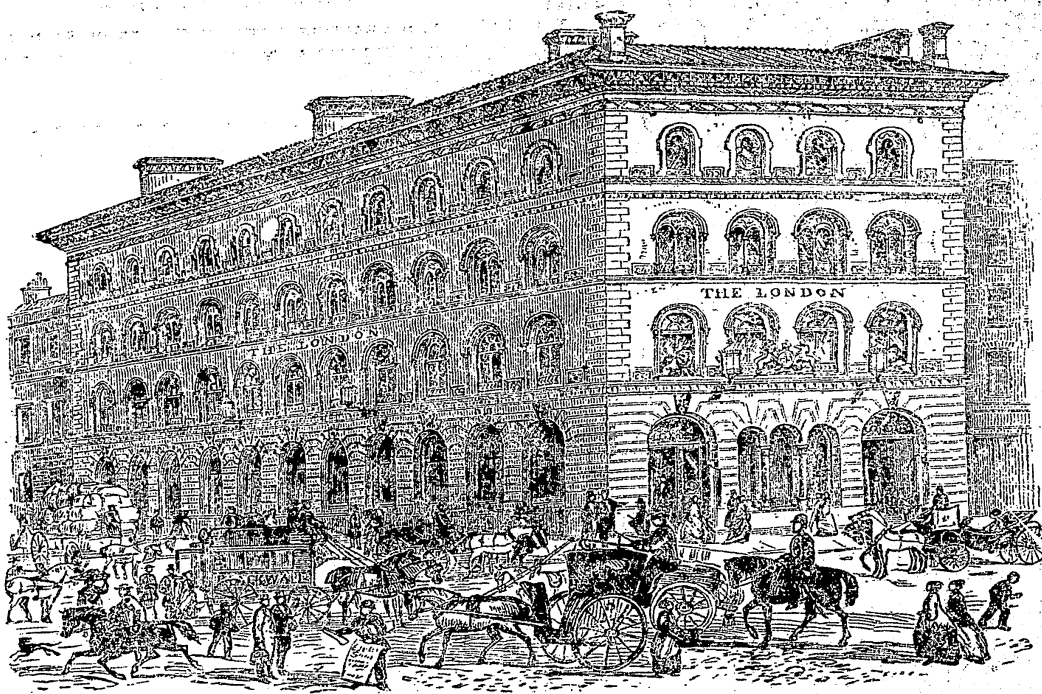
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