

# THE TOMAHAWK.

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 123.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### "LET THE DEAD REST."

It may be doubted whether the whole annals of literature contain anything at once so cruel and so painful as Mrs. Stowe's *Revelations of Lady Byron's Confidence to Her*. Whether this fearful story of secret crime be true or not, whether it be exaggerated or not, whether it is the produce of a nature distorted by jealousy and debased by ill-treatment, nobody will envy the feelings of the person who has told it. For, however true it be, the guilty creatures who lived this life of infamy, and the innocent person who was their victim, are all alike dead. To tell this secret, and to tell it in such a way, can have no effect but to shock the living, to awaken feelings of bitterness, to let loose torrents of abuse and virtuous wrath, perhaps undeserved, and, above all, to wring with agony, if spirits can feel agony, the spirit of her in whose behalf this hideous profanation of the tomb is professedly committed. We cannot see ourselves the faintest justification of Mrs. Stowe's repulsive eagerness on Lady Byron's behalf. The worst ever said against her was that she was cold, austere, and wanting in the gentle patience which the wife of a man of such genius, but of such violent ill-regulated passions as Byron, would have been fortunate in possessing. That Byron was not at least to blame in a great measure, none but her enemies, and not his friends, could ever wholly maintain. Those who knew Byron and who loved him,—for that he was capable of inspiring love, is, alas! for human frailty, too true,—were pardonably exasperated by the ceaseless stream of abuse and calumny which was poured upon him by the professed friends of virtue and Lady Byron. Strange as it may appear to such paragons of purity as the *Times* critic, Byron was accused falsely of many horrid crimes in his lifetime. This his friends knew; and, in the bitterness of their soul, seeing as they did, to quote Lady Byron's own words, "how much of the angel there was in him," they uncharitably blamed his wife for the wreck of his happiness and of his fame. There must have been something not quite bestial in the nature of that man who never sat down without his child's portrait, all that he was allowed to see of her, before his yearning eyes.

Byron was one of our grandest poets; every line he has written has added a stone to the temple of Britannia's fame. He is one of our Dead, and his Memory is as sacred to us as his very dust. Cruel is the hand who casts dirt upon his coffin—base is the pen that "writes down" his honour. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" It is a hacknied line, but the words breathe

of the noble spirit which marks the "gentleman." Mrs. Beecher Stowe has not added a whit to her "friend," Lady Byron's, fair fame, and has pelted with pitiless mud the escutcheon of one of England's Greatest Men.

We do not envy her her handiwork.

### PIPES AND PRINCIPLES.

SOME enemy of the Temperance enthusiasts has complained that on the occasion of their great *fête* at the Crystal Palace the other day, though there was no drinking there was a terrible amount of smoking. It appears "that pale youths of fourteen could be seen lounging about with cigars in their mouths." This is very suggestive, as well as awful. Unhappily for the total abstainers, their movement in this country seems always destined to be under a *cloud*! To supply this from tobacco-smoke is certainly to make the best of it.

### MONEY AND MONEY'S WORTH!

MR. BARCLAY, whoever he may be, has made a very vigorous attempt to introduce an entirely new system of musical criticism. In the *Times*' report of the Norwich Festival on Thursday last, the following editorial note was appended to the article:—

"Mr. Barclay, who gives no address except London, and who has insulted our musical reporter at Norwich by writing him a letter enclosing £20 in notes in order to influence his criticism on some of the performances at the Festival, is desired to call at our office for those notes, which will be delivered to him after he has described them, and given their numbers and his address."

Although we have sometimes expressed our dissatisfaction with the manner in which some musical critics of the period have performed the tasks assigned to them, we were not prepared to suggest the comprehensive method of teaching them their craft which Mr. Barclay's note and enclosure would inaugurate. Although the extreme vagueness of the name, "Mr. Barclay, London," may not lead to the identification of this worthy person, two facts are worth noting:—Firstly, that the singers or musicians, to abuse whom the bribe was offered to the critic, will certainly rather gain than suffer by Mr. Barclay's recommendation concerning them; and, secondly, that the chances are that Mr. Barclay will not have the courage to put in an appearance at the *Times* office to get his money back. If, however, he does make an attempt to repossess himself of his bank notes, let us hope that the musical critic to whom he addressed himself may chance to be on the premises at the time; for, although he and his brethren may not always understand the subject they have to write upon, we may safely say they one and all know how to handle a horsewhip, and the use to make of it when they are grossly insulted.

In conclusion, let Mr. Barclay try us with £20 (or even £40 if he likes), and then let him see what we will do!

*A PSALM OF LIFE ASSURANCE.*

TELL me not in mournful numbers,  
Life Assurance is a dream,  
And that while the public slumbers,  
Figures are not what they seem !

Really, I am quite in earnest !  
So would you be. Here's a goal !  
Come let's have enquiry sternest.  
It's too bad, upon my soul.

Here a set of fellows borrow  
Money that they can't repay,  
Then buy up, till each to-morrow  
Finds them deeper than to-day.

Thus my claim they'll fail in meeting,  
Though they've taken all I gave !  
They, not muffled drums, want beating  
Soundly till they look quite grave.

Talk of board rooms' tittle tattle !  
Stuff ! I have insured my life.  
I'm not dumb, like driven cattle !  
And I'll make a precious strife !

Trust the Future ? Come, that's pleasant !  
Wait until I'm buried—dead ?  
No, I'll make a row at present.  
On official toes I'll tread !

And directors think to blind us !  
Humbug us just for a time.  
Till we go, to leave behind us  
Nothing ? Why, the thing's sublime !

Nothing ! Do they think another  
Will insure, like me, in vain !  
No ! the outcry they'll not smother,  
Nor catch shipwrecked dupes again !

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
Never mind what be our fate,  
Each director still pursuing,  
Shouting out, "Investigate !"

*DEMAND AND SUPPLY.*

FASHIONS are said to repeat themselves as time goes on, and, true to this theory, Fancy Bazaars are once again coming into vogue. We are glad to observe, however, that their promoters now appear to be a little less exacting on their friends, as a few years ago it was their wont to be. At one time, watches, clocks, baby linen, or, at least, magnificent home-made table cloths and sofa cushions, were regarded as very ordinary contributions towards a stall ; but now this is all altered, and Fancy Bazaar promoters have learned to be contented with offerings of somewhat less intrinsic value. Of course, it does not follow that because articles are not so costly as heretofore, they should fail to serve the charitable purposes for which they are intended ; and we are glad to observe that this point was most unequivocally proved only the other day at a Fancy Fair held under the patronage of the Queen, at Portsmouth, for the fund for the redecoration of the Garrison Chapel at that station. The articles for sale on the stalls, the report stated, were very numerous, but the object which attracted the greatest amount of attention, and commanded the highest price, was a bird's nest taken from a branch of a tree near Lord Raglan's quarters in the Crimea.

As probably our readers are aware, we are ever ready to lend a willing pen in the furtherance of a good cause ; but if such articles as those recently offered for sale at Portsmouth are of any real use to charitable committees, we can do even more than this. With a view, then, to rendering practical assistance towards chapel restoring generally, we append a list of articles suitable for fancy sales, any of which may be obtained at our office, 199 Strand, on the application of any well-disposed

person, who can satisfy our publisher that the institution in which he interests himself is deserving of our sympathy and support :—

1. A piece of a paving-stone over which the funeral car of the late Duke of Wellington passed on its progress past the site of our office in 1852.
2. A playbill of the last Drury Lane pantomime.
3. A copy of an evening newspaper with an account of the Oxford and Harvard boat race.
4. Two thousand incorrect answers to double acrostics.
5. A halfpenny piece (damaged), picked up in Pall Mall, not far from Marlborough House, the residence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
6. The current number of the TOMAHAWK (on the receipt of the merely nominal fee of 2d.).

We may as well add that our stock of many of the above articles (especially No. 6) is unlimited, and that they may be obtained in any quantities on the conditions named.

*OUR COLUMN  
FOR LITERARY GHOULS.*

THE real reason of Bolingbroke's retirement into the country during his early youth has been discovered at last. In a private letter which has recently come to light, one Dennis Broke says that he heard from one Margaret Eburn, who heard it from some one else, that he wished to find a spot to bury the limbs of a servant-girl, whom he had seduced when a child and then murdered.

POPE's deformity was caused by a fall he had when he was a child. He tried one day to strangle his mother, and in the struggle he was thrown down and hurt his spine.

ADDISON's relations with Steele are well known, but not the intrigue which he had with Lady Steele. This is proved by the correspondence of a housemaid in the service of Lady Steele, who makes frequent mention of this scandalous connection.

THE secret history of Prior's wife will shortly be published. It will prove very sensational reading. She was, as is well known, a woman of very low character.

SWIFT confessed on his death-bed that he had tried to poison Stella some fifty times, but unsuccessfully. He was a horrid monster. His secret memoirs will be ready soon.

GOLDSMITH's chequered career has often furnished food for the moralist ; but we may expect shortly some revelations as to his nightly debauches, which will astonish the admirers of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

THE real reason of Churchill's quarrel with Garrick was that on several occasions the poet forged the actor's name.

"LITTLE'S Poems" will be shortly published, with copious notes, and a key to all the allusions both to persons and places. This will throw much light on the character of the author of the "Irish Melodies."

WE are sorry that we can promise the admirers of "Revelations of the Lives of Celebrated Men" no more for the present ; but they will allow that the above promise well. Magazines had better apply at our office (under cover to Mrs. Pry) as soon as possible.

BROAD CHURCH.—"The numerous clergymen" stated, on the authority of Messrs. Boucicault and Chatterton, to be nightly assisting at the performances of *Formosa*.

## THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

AN AFTER DINNER DUOLOGUE.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (*with ideas of the Period*).  
COUNTRY COUSIN (*with ideas behind his Time*).

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Seen the new Play?

COUNTRY COUSIN.—Not I. You know I hate

This modern craving for th' indelicate.

(*Decisively.*) I read the Papers.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Yes—and, on their word,

Condemn our favoured Dramatist *unheard*?

COUNTRY COUSIN.—I read the Papers, I repeat.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—  
(*More decisively.*) Your views

No doubt are largely borrowed from the news.

You join the blatant chorus, when the Press

Abuses, till abuse ensures success;

With sympathetic indignation bristle,

And, at its bidding, tune your penny whistle.

Judge for yourself. I argue that the Play

Pictures the manners of the present day—

No more, no less.

COUNTRY COUSIN (*indignantly*).—The heroine, a jade!

A—why not let me call a spade a spade?

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—The evil *is*,—then where the wrong to

show it?

COUNTRY COUSIN.—None,—if you drew it so that all might

know it.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—We show it *as it is*, are we to blame?COUNTRY COUSIN.—Make it attract,—call *that* your moral

aim,—

For Sin in cotton, dreary, vulgar vice,

Can point no moral when it can't entice!

Urged by propriety your tastes require

That tigress' claws be hid in silk attire;

The scene must be all glitter—but you scout

The thought how soon the gas must be turned out,

The paint be dimmed by premature decay,

The dust and broken spangles swept away!

There's a *true* picture! You prefer the task

To preach the genius of GRANT and GASK,—

You, who from life-long study of the nude,

Give startled Innocence the name of Prude;

The "tawny Siren's" inner life unfold;

Make guilt a legal tender for pure gold;

And, *coram populo*, have dared proclaim

The splendid home of marketable shame!

Is this your sermon? Preach on, unperplexed,

And trust the Devil to supply your text!

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—Bucolic virtue! would you then deny

The evil rampant in our midst?

COUNTRY COUSIN.—Not I!

When girls (who should know better) strive to win

Our admiration in the garb of sin.

I know it all. I see the self-same paint

Bedaub the Siren, and conceal the Saint;

And even country cousins in their dress

Assume a lack of virtue they possess.

MAN ABOUT TOWN.—You wander from the subject. Let me

bring

You back. This Drama is indeed "the thing."

Let's go. I promise you the treat in store

Shall leave you starched in morals as before.

(*COUNTRY COUSIN shows signs of indecision.*)COUNTRY COUSIN.—Hem! ha!—*Formosa*?—Fulham?—yes

—'tis true

No harm can come from seeing something new—

'Tis well to live and learn, to see new life—

Not that I'm curious—I may take my wife—

But first, in my respect for Mary Jane,

I'll see myself—(*with great decision*)

Hi! Hansom! DRURY LANE!!

[*Exit, in a burst of curiosity*—MAN ABOUT TOWN*follows triumphant.*

A HACKNIED SAYING.—Hi! cab!

## OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

*The Seven Curses of London.* By JAMES GREENWOOD, "The Amateur Casual." London: Stanley, Rivers & Co. 1869.

RATHER a disappointing work. When we opened the book we expected to find any number of exposures and suggested reformations. Alas! hope told a flattering tale. Mr. Greenwood has certainly produced an amusing collection of essays, but we question very much whether the world will be any the better for their publication. Emphatically, the author is impracticable. We have stories of wickedness and wrong-doing, but for real names and true addresses we have stars and blanks by the score and the hundred. This is a great mistake. The "Amateur Casual" should have attacked the evils of which he complains with greater freedom and spirit. He gives us what we *don't* want, and keeps from us what we do. We *don't* want sensational accounts of wretchedness and spasmodic word pictures of gaudy wickedness;—those kinds of things we can get at any time in the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Morning Star*; but we *do* want to have facts put before us that will assist us in crushing out from our social system the many parasites that live upon us and destroy us. The "Seven Curses of London" (according to Mr. Greenwood) are "neglected children," "professional thieves," "professional beggars," "fallen women," "the curse of drunkenness," "betting gamblers," and the "waste of charity." We think our author might have added another curse to his list—the "quacks." In conclusion, we may cordially agree with his strictures upon certain "bookmakers"—nay, we can go further than our author; *he* only abuses the "bookmakers" of the Turf, while *we* consider the "bookmakers" of the Press quite as objectionable. Perhaps Mr. Greenwood will understand our allusion, and be warned for the future.

## THE BACCHANTE AND THE INK-BOTTLE.

NOBODY has yet discovered who threw the bottle of ink at *M. Carpeaux's* group *la Danse* that adorns the exterior of the new *Grand Opera*. The *Figaro* says that there is a certain sort of moral protest in the atrocious act of vandalism, inasmuch as *M. Carpeaux's Bacchante* is *very French*. "Still," it further remarks, "it is at best retaliating on an infamous act by a brutal one." The *can-can* in marble is, in fact, too strong even for Parisian tastes. But what is the use of ink, printing otherwise? How many gallons, we wonder, have been hurled this side of the water at *ballet* indecency without any result? The Paris *morum censor* was not only an enthusiast, but a fool. Ink, in these days, spite the nonsense we put into newspapers, does very little. It protests,—*mais voilà tout*.

## WHO IS TO BLAME?

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports of the brilliant reception accorded to Prince Arthur in America, an ill-feeling has already arisen against us on the part of our American cousins, in consequence of its having been decided that his Royal Highness is not to visit the United States. It is reasonably enough suggested that the hearty welcome accorded to the Prince of Wales a few years back is a sufficient guarantee that Prince Arthur would be well received, and that the great respect that all American citizens bear towards the Queen is alone a sufficient passport for her son. That the Americans should make a grievance out of the matter we are not surprised, but it is quite a mistake for them to suppose that the English nation or the English Government has anything to do with it. Prince Arthur is possessed of a free will, which, report states, he is wont to exercise, and it is not likely that he would alter his plans and put himself to inconvenience simply to be polite to a foreign nation. If there is one gift that our modern Princes have learnt to appreciate more than another, it is the value of independence, and we must not expect Prince Arthur to admit any one's right to dictate to him even what would be wise and creditable.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—"Professor" Risley in the Dock.

No. IX., Price 1s.,  
BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,  
NOW READY.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

### THE WEEK.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has arrived at the Sandwich Islands. We hope that he will not try and do a stroke of business there by selling the natives cold beef and pickles cheap, else the nation may have to pay for his extravagant generosity.

AGAIN this gallant age is down upon the weaker sex. A correspondence is at this moment raging on the subject of the "Waist of the Period!" *Cui bono?* Surely every day proves that the real waste of the period, as far as woman is concerned, is—words!

THE papers that delight in personalities are full of General Prim's French journey. They insist that he has gone to Paris to see his mother-in-law, and to Vichy for the hot water. Taking into consideration the condition of Spain, the General's excursion must be strongly suggestive of home.

IN the evidence given by the sister of the poor little girl who was shot at Wormwood Scrubs through the most culpable carelessness on the part of some Volunteers, she deposed most clearly and decidedly that on telling one of the Volunteers who was at the Range that they had shot her little sister, the brute answered, "Serve her right." As the girl says she should know the monster again—and it is not likely she could forget such a choice specimen of ruffianism—it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in discovering the name of the brute, and in expelling him with every ignominy from the corps which he disgraces. The Volunteers owe it to themselves to show by every means their horror and disgust at this piece of brutality on the part of one of their number. It would be well if he could be literally kicked out of his corps. Should his name transpire before we go to press, we shall have great pleasure in holding him up to the execration of mankind.

WE cannot sufficiently admire the courage and almost Roman devotion to duty shown by the Empress of the French. It must have involved no slight struggle for one of so sensitive a nature to leave her husband when he was so unwell. But duty and the interests of France demanded that she should go, and she went. Here was no selfishness of sorrow. The Emperor could bear his illness alone; if the Empress had deferred her visit to the South, not only would the anxiety on account of her husband's health have been much greater, but the disappointment of many loyal persons would have been inevitable. A woman who can thus free herself from the sentiment of sorrow so as to be capable of action is very rare indeed. It can have been no pleasure-trip to the Empress; the world is too slow to

appreciate such real unselfishness and heroism, and to attribute to heartless indifference what really is the result of painful repression of feeling and magnanimous self-control.

WE are glad to see that one Englishman, at least, has been found who is not afraid to row against the American champion on the Thames, and that it is finally settled that Sadler is to represent this country against Browne. It appears that Renforth, though Browne had had the pluck to come from New York for the purpose, declines to race him over the Putney and Mortlake course. The matter is scarcely one for public comment, except that it serves to illustrate the fact we have so repeatedly pointed out—namely, that the clap-trap talk about English generosity is sheer nonsense. Here is a man who has come all the way across the Atlantic, thwarted in his object simply because his English rival will not travel three hundred miles to his three thousand. Not being a sporting print, we know nothing of the ins and outs of the question, but, looking on as mere spectators, we can only say it does not do much credit to our national large-heartedness. However, *pro tem.*, Sadler is the real English champion, and the American, if he wins, may justly go home and say we can show no better man.

### A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

IT seems that, owing to the contemplated financial reforms in France, it is estimated that a surplus of sixty million francs will be left at the disposal of Government at the close of the year 1869. Of this amount, twenty millions will be applied to the increase of small salaries of persons holding official appointments; twenty millions towards the reduction of the land tax; and twenty millions towards the reduction of the octroi duty on wines entering Paris.

While we congratulate our neighbours on the soundness of their pecuniary position, and compliment them on the excellent use they propose to make of forty out of the sixty millions saved, we must admit that we scarcely understand why the last twenty millions to the good is to be devoted to cheapening the drink of the Parisians. Of course, we are well aware that Paris is France, and the provincial population has always admitted its responsibility in having to keep the capital in a state of magnificent repair; but it is scarcely equitable that the Parisians should alone enjoy the advantages of a substantial saving, and the talked of removal of the wine duty will surely create no little discontent outside the barriers. What would Englishmen say if Mr. Lowe's next surplus were to be expended in providing gin within four miles of Charing Cross at half price? And yet this is very much what M. Magne's scheme amounts to.

### A MODERATE SUGGESTION.

THE *Church News* of last week, in discussing the possibility of Dean Stanley being nominated for a Bishopric, declared that "there are times when rebellion is not only excusable, but a positive duty," and that such a time may be at hand should a notorious abettor of heretics be chosen by the Government to act as a spiritual head of the Church.

No doubt, as the *Church News* suggests, there are exceptions to most rules; and although rebellion is generally regarded with some degree of popular aversion, certain circumstances might justify it; but the *Church News* is on dangerous grounds when it makes the recommendation, for, on the same principle, interference with the liberty of the Press might "not only be excusable, but a positive duty," when it would become the immediate business of the Government to seize and demolish our seditious contemporary, and, much as we all should mourn the loss of a periodical professing a policy so deeply religious and so truly Christian as that of the *Church News*, we should have in sober justice to admit, that if our contemporary were suppressed for using such indecent language as we have quoted, it would serve it perfectly right.

THE TOMAHAWK, September 11th, 1869.





**"FORBARI"**  
OR,  
**"UNCLE TOM'S" NEW SPEC.**

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand  
To drive this pestilence from out the land.—BYRON.





## THE NATION.

## No. 11.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(Continued from page 110.)

XXVII.

"An old gentleman, named John Branscombe, a musician, was this morning brought before Mr. Knox charged with attempting self-destruction by drowning. Mr. Squigsby appeared for the defendant, and made an earnest appeal for his release. Mr. Branscombe's daughter also joined in the entreaties for the discharge of her father. It appeared that the defendant had been very despondent of late, and his rash attempt was attributed to some temporary embarrassment in money matters, which Mr. Squigsby explained could be easily removed. Mr. Knox, after reading the defendant a severe lesson upon his conduct, and Mr. Squigsby undertaking that he should be looked after for the future, he was discharged. The defendant, who left the court with his solicitor and daughter, was apparently quite bewildered at the proceedings."

This was the descriptive paragraph in that evening's *Pall Mall Gazette* of what had taken place. No wonder old John Branscombe was bewildered at the lawyer's sudden generosity. He was still more astonished when Mr. Squigsby insisted upon his having a suit of new clothes and a brand new hat, and a new umbrella; and, to enable him to provide these necessities, he compelled him to accept a loan of thirty pounds, payable three months after date, at ten per cent. interest alone, and upon his own personal security! Was there ever such benevolence? Even Maria Branscombe, who still maintained a sort of mysterious terror for Mr. Squigsby, without exactly knowing why, somewhat softened in her manner when she saw her father so altered for the better.

"You may depend upon it, my dear," said Mr. Branscombe to his daughter as he brushed his new hat, "that Mr. Squigsby has a large heart—a very large heart; only he don't often show it."

"You may depend upon it, father," replied his daughter, "that Mr. Squigsby is not taking this interest in us for nothing."

XXVIII.

Mr. Squigsby, a few days after this, was driving down one of the noisiest of the noisy streets running out of Golden square. The street was lighted, and suddenly the glare of the various coloured bottles shining in a doctor's shop threw a bright and demoniac light through the windows of his brougham. It was apparently more by accident than anything else that Mr. Squigsby in looking up caught sight of the name of the owner of the shop and the brilliant bottles. Mr. Squigsby's face, coming full within the reflection, had scarcely time to change from red to green, and from green to blue, of the brightest possible description, when he ordered the coachman to stop. He got out, and went into the shop. It was "Dr. Plummy's." Dr. Plummy was behind the counter, pounding away with a pestle and mortar in a savage noisy manner, and a small boy, with his face tied up in a white handkerchief, was sitting on a chair, evidently waiting for the completion of the compound, and looking on in the interval at the doctor's proceedings with a sort of fascination of mingled terror and curiosity.

"Will you oblige me," said Mr. Squigsby as he went in, "with half-a-dozen boxes of tooth-powder and a couple of ink-extractors?"

The doctor looked up. "Why, surely, it is Mr. Squigsby."

"Why," said Mr. Squigsby, "it is, if I mistake not, Dr. Plummy."

"It is," said the doctor; and then, sternly addressing the small boy with the swollen face, he said: "Perhaps, Sir, you will allow me a respite in the preparation of your medicines to wait upon Mr. Squigsby, whose carriage I see is waiting at the door?"

The small boy gave a sort of gasp of relief, and Dr. Plummy proceeded to crawl into the shop-window in order to produce the articles required by his customer.

"How's business, Doctor?" said Mr. Squigsby, leading the conversation; "much sickness about, eh?"

"A good deal, Sir," said Dr. Plummy, reappearing from the window; "a great many disorders raging about this neighbourhood just now; but my system of treatment, Sir, is active—

very active. No half measures with me." The small boy looked white. "I think you said a couple of ink-extractors, Sir?"

"Make it half-a-dozen," said Mr. Squigsby; "they're always useful."

"Thank you, Sir," said the doctor. "Upon my word I really don't know what would become of my profession if it wasn't for the retail business. A period of general rheumatism or influenza is good to a certain extent, but a brisk demand for corn plaisters and hair-oil is very much better. Here's a case however," he continued, pointing to the small boy on the chair, "most interesting from a medical point of view. We've been treating him for ever so many things; but his head won't go down. We're going in at present for neuralgia with him; but if he don't answer to that, I am afraid we shall have to deal rather actively with his back teeth."

The small boy looked intensely miserable, and began to whimper. "Don't let him be obstinate, then. Don't let him defy the Science of Medicine, or we shall have recourse to Surgery. Anything else, Mr. Squigsby, Sir, to day? No soap, Sir? or skin-brushes? or the newvermin-powder?"

"No, thank you, Doctor," and Mr. Squigsby took up his purchases. "Oh, by the way," he said, turning round as he reached the door, as if the matter in question had only just crossed his mind, "can you tell me how your patient, old Mrs. Rigsworth, is getting on? I've not seen her since I met you there. How is she, Doctor?"

"Going fast, Sir," said Dr. Plummy; "it's lucky she made the will at the time she did, for she never would have been able to make one since. It's just what I said, Sir: going, Sir, with the cold weather coming in. Shouldn't be surprised to hear the news at any time. More's the pity; I shall lose a good customer and a first-rate patient."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Squigsby, as he left the shop. He might have been; but directly he got into his brougham he threw himself back upon his seat and laughed quite loud.

"This will be a game," he said.

XXIX.

"What do you think, my dear?" cried Mr. Branscombe, bursting into his daughter's presence—and dancing frantically round the room. "What do you think? Here's happiness! Here's joy! Here's unexpected bliss! Here's cherubs sitting up aloft for you! I can't believe but what I'm dreaming."

"More likely mad, father," said his daughter, quietly.

"No, not mad. I heard it with my own ears. I heard him say it. I heard him myself. It is all about you, my darling, and you deserve it. You've been a good, devoted, affectionate daughter, and you deserve it."

"But what is it?"

"Mr. Squigsby," said her father with a sly laugh, "Mr. Squigsby, you pussy-cat-mew. Mr. Squigsby, you goody two shoes."

"Mr. Squigsby again! It's always Mr. Squigsby now."

"Yes," said Mr. Branscombe, "and it always will be. What do you think? Your bright eyes have struck him hard. He has proposed for you, my dear. He wants our consent to his marrying you."

"Mr. Squigsby marry me!" cried the girl in unfeigned surprise. "Why, I hate the man—and I won't have him."

"Won't have him!" cried old Mr. Branscombe. "Won't have him! Won't have the great Mr. Squigsby! Won't have carriages and horses, and no end of money a year—and you without a penny, my dear!"

"No, I won't have him," repeated the girl.

"Won't have him, and I getting into debt to him, and he lending me money, and only at ten per cent.—and on my personal security! What is to become of us if he comes down upon me again? Mr. Knox is a good magistrate," went on the old gentleman, "but he's a severe one—and I shouldn't like my enemy to stand in my shoes if I get before him again!"

"Oh! father," screamed the girl, "don't speak like that. I will marry Mr. Squigsby!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Within a fortnight Mr. Squigsby became the lawful husband of Maria Branscombe.

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 116.)



## A CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND!

TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in informing the world at home and abroad that,

AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE!

that *may* be estimated, if anybody likes to take the trouble, at

£16,478,000,

he has secured a number of what the authors have been pleased to term—

“NEW AND ORIGINAL PIECES,”

scenes from which will shortly be published in these pages.

When the Series is complete, a Prize of indescribable (for excellent reasons) value will be given to

THE PRIZE PIECE.

In accordance with this programme, TOMAHAWK will publish next week scenes from a Grand Sensation Piece, entitled—

POOR NOSE, SIR!

or,

THE HANSOM CAB TO DESTRUCTION.

BY

DYING BOUGICAULT, ESQ.,

Author of “*A New Literary Thorofare*,” “*A Great Pecuniary Success*,” “*Shakespeare Outdone*,” &c., &c.

## SILENUS ABROAD.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a journal so deservedly respected as the *Pall Mall Gazette* opening its columns to the ridiculous misrepresentations of prurient imaginations. In the impression of August 19th, we find a letter from Dieppe, which is full of the most objectionable falsehoods from beginning to end. It gives a picture of sea-bathing at that charming watering place, which can only have been derived from a study of the pictures in the purlieus of Wych street and Holywell street. The writer commences by an inaccuracy which is only important as showing that, in a matter so easily capable of disproof as the situation of a building, he is too careless to be truthful. Everybody who has been at Dieppe knows that the warm baths are without the enclosure of the *établissement* within the gate of the town, and directly opposite the theatre, not of marionettes, but of the live drama. But nothing can exceed the vulgar insolence with which this advocate of purity goes on to invent a scene, which is, doubtless, the offspring of his wish as much as of his imagination. Take this sentence as a specimen: “But never in England have I had to make my way in a state of nudity (drawers excepted), down a long beach thick with ladies, many of whom bring their work, which I fancy makes little progress, and their books, which I misdoubt their reading, and take up their positions as nearly as may be to the edge of the water, in which scores of naked men are disporting themselves.” This is entirely untrue. The ladies sit on the terrace in front of the Casino, and there are never more than a very few at the end where the men bathe, and these are waiting for their husbands. A woman on the beach by the men’s bathing-place is as rare a sight as a man on the beach by the women’s bathing-place. In England, at any small watering-place, this miracle of manly modesty may walk naked without any drawers out of his machine, within a few yards of benches or beaches crowded by grown-up women and girls. So much for proper delicate England. We ourselves were obliged to bathe in our clothes at a small watering-place on the Yorkshire coast, to try and shame the English matrons and virgins from sitting within six feet of the machines from which, in very low water, we were bathing.

It would be tedious to wade through the tissue of chaste fictions which this apostle of decency has evolved from the purity of his inner consciousness. Women walking about in diaphanous robes before crowds of admiring men; gentlemen with their opera-glasses glued to their eyes; ladies wrapping up their beloved ones in “peignoirs,” and patting them affec-

tionately on the back,—such are some of the groups called up by this moral enchanter. Everybody who knows Dieppe, everyone who is there now, who is not interested in bathing machines at Margate or Ramsgate, will testify to the utter falseness of those “views of Nature.” The paragraph near the end of the letter, about the way in which women cling to the male “guides” who attend on them, we will not reproduce, as we are afraid we have not much sale in Holywell Street, and we respect Lord Campbell’s Act. We will conclude this article on a most unpleasant subject with the remark that we do not know which to wonder at most—first, how any man with any respect for truth or decency could write such an article; secondly, how any respectable journal could admit it into its columns. The desire to be sensational as well as clever has its dangers: let the *Pall Mall* be warned in time, and not, however distantly, imitate that pandering to pruriency which it so eloquently denounces in others.

## THE MOVINGS OF THE SPIRIT!

WHAT is the mysterious connection between licensed victuallers and the Evangelical persuasion? The *Morning Advertiser*, that constellation of journalistic literature, which is embellished with so many rings by the pewter-pots of devout publicans, has been thrown into a fearful state of alarm by hearing that the Bishop of Oxford is to go to Winchester, that Dean Stanley is to be Bishop of Oxford, and that Dr. Vaughan is to be the new Dean of Westminster. The Deanery of Durham was offered to Dr. Temple, and, being refused by him, was given to Mr. Lake, another broad churchman, and, like Dr. Vaughan, a contributor to Dr. Alford’s *Contemporary Review*. All we can say is, that if the statement of the *Morning Advertiser* is true,—and who shall doubt the veracity of this inspired journal?—such a list of proposed recipients of Church patronage does credit to any Minister who selected them. It is long since so many distinguished men have been available candidates for the prizes of the theological profession, and it is important at a time when the Church of England is on its trial to show that she possesses among her members so many men of noble intellect and enlightened Christianity. There are very few names that are so surrounded with grand associations as those of Dean Stanley and Dr. Vaughan. There are few Reviews so distinguished for intellectual liberality undimmed by heartless scepticism as the *Contemporary Review*. We can imagine the fact of a man having contributed to the *Rock* being a slur on his Christianity; but to have written in the *Contemporary Review* is an honour of which any clergyman of the Church of England, who does not deem cultivation of mind inseparable from Christianity, might be proud. Does not the *Morning Advertiser* see the moral of its fit of pious horror? The Broad Church and the High Church contain most of the intellect and most of the active benevolence of the Church of England; and, therefore, it is not unnatural that a Minister who studies the real welfare of that Church should select its dignitaries from those sections. No doubt, there are many among the Evangelical saints adored by licensed victuallers who are respectable, if narrow-minded men; but, until they can produce some greater claim on the admiration and respect of mankind, they must expect to hide their light under a bushel or a quart.

## ANOTHER LAW-COURT QUESTION.

IT is said that Sir Alexander Cockburn, in consequence of ill health, is about to retire from the Lord Chief Justiceship of the Court of Queen’s Bench. If this is a fact, we are extremely sorry for it; more especially as rumour suggests Lord Penzance as Sir Alexander’s probable successor. What Lord Penzance has done to entitle him to the honours and rewards already heaped upon him, we cannot see. He is a good Judge, no doubt, and conducts the business of the Divorce Court in a satisfactory and creditable manner; but this did not call for his elevation to the House of Peers, which took place a few months back, and certainly would not justify his selection for the high place which is understood to be about to become vacant. No doubt there are wheels within wheels in most matters, and we must suppose that the machinery which drags Lord Penzance up the ladder of promotion must be powerful and well greased.

## "TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

### No. III.—Margate.

GENTLE reader, do not think evil of the poor Red Skin. The Noble Savage, the Child of the Prairie, has left London, and wandered far away from the street called Fleet footed—the Cross surnamed after the Chief of the Women of Charring—those terrible creatures who sweep in the kitchens of the wig-wams of the Pale Faces and imbibe terrible potations of nut-brown beer, and drink great drinks of crystal-coloured fire water. He has wandered far away into the desert—to Boulogne the brilliant, Ramsgate the rollicking, Dieppe the deceptive, and Margate the mobile. He has done all this, and surely shall he not write of what he has seen? Most assuredly. He is at Margate. Tremble, ye who hate vulgarity—be much afraid, ye who never sink below Deal! The poor Red Skin is at Margate! alas! alas!! alas!!!

So much for a preface.

Do you know anything about Margate? If you *do*, please don't read any further in this article; if you *don't*, you may safely continue.

### HISTORY OF MARGATE.

Margate was discovered early in the twelfth century, and built in the tenth. It was the birth-place of the celebrated Temple Bar of Fleet street, and the whole of the Pike family. Hence its name—Mar-gate, *i.e.*, the mother of the turnpikes. It was here that William the Conqueror came after the passing of the Bill of Rights at Runnymede. Since then the inhabitants have been great hands at "bills." The following is a specimen:—

Hotel.

THOMAS HAWK, ESQ., Dr. TO NEMO KNOWWON.

	£	s.	d.
Sept. 1, To apartments*.....	1	5	0
„ service †.....		1	6
„ pennyworth of paper	2	0	
	£1	8	6

It is said that Margate once was a part of France. Our readers must clearly understand that we refuse flatly to give up our authority for this assertion. This was about the Middle Ages—who have since resided a good deal at the place. From that time we hear nothing about the place until last year, when Brown's aunt went there and saw a good deal of the Robinsons, who know Smith (*our* Smith, not the Smith who married Miss Jackson), and—but this is intruding upon the sacred ground of private life. On second thoughts, why should I give the history of Margate? No one cares a pin whether Oliver Cromwell died there or not? *Apropos*, it is said that the Prince of Orange *did* dye there. He went to Margate in the winter an Orange, and found the place so very cold that he began to look quite black! I should not have mentioned this little *on dit* but for two reasons—firstly, because by some unaccountable mistake Lord Maccawley has omitted to insert it in his history; secondly, because the little story may please some of my readers in the North of Ireland.

### EXPORTS OF MARGATE.

Chiefly the letter "H." At least, you never find that consonant in the town. Perhaps it is sent to Ramsgate, where in truth it is much needed. The letter "V" also is largely exchanged for "W" by the shopkeepers.

### IMPORTS OF MARGATE.

Bad grammar, vulgarity, cads, snobs, drunkenness, oaths, and ribald tomfoolery.

Shopmen and women are also imported during the season in large quantities. Moses and Noses always on hand.

### THE HALL BY THE SEA.

On the sands. Conducted by the boatmen of the town. When a sailor induces a family of six to patronize his pleasure (?) boat, he considers that he's obtained a very good "haul by the sea."

\* A room at the back, with a splendid view of a dead wall.

† Evidently on foreign duty; no one came near me.

### THE JETTY OF MARGATE.

A sort of pier into the seas. Mild wags have been known to declare it "a worthy pier of the harbour." The name is taken from the French; in fact, in Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* there's a song about it, called "*Si j'étais*," or, as we spell it, "Sea jetty." It is here that the Margate world promenades. It is made of iron, because it has to bear a great deal of brass!

### THE ASSEMBLY ROOM.

"A place to send a happy Dey;" for in it the amiable Oriental will find plenty of females to his taste. There are balls here occasionally—balls, however, which have nothing to do with "great guns."

### THE BATHING MACHINES.

These charming carriages are unquestionably a great improvement upon the London cabs. The horses that drag them into and out of the water stay at Margate only three months; they devote the rest of the year to winning races in France.\*

### MARGATE FASHIONS.

It is the fashion in Margate to watch the bathing from the shore. This fashion is known in London as the "snob's survey."

It is the fashion in Margate to bully and brag; to persecute the police, and to howl at anything approaching to respectability. This fashion is known in London as the "rowdy's waggery."

It is the fashion in Margate for the police to occasionally interfere. At these times the visitors are rather severely handled. This fashion is known in London as the "cad's desert."

There, I think that will do for the present. Before I conclude, I think I ought to print, in the interests of science, the following case (in point of fact, my own—I was the patient), which will, or should be, reported in the columns of our excellent contemporary, the *Lancet*:—

*Notes of a Case of Extreme Nausea—a caution.*

*By Dr. Lardner Esculapius.*

*Monday.*—Was called in, and found the patient weeping bitterly. He was nervous, irritable, and half insensible. He was very sick, and could not eat. I administered stimulants.

*Tuesday.*—Delirious. Raves about "dummy" advertisements, and quotes doggerel from some Conservative comic paper. Ordered a strait waistcoat.

*Wednesday.*—Still delirious. Raves about some Conservative comic paper. Declares he sees horrible cartoons, senseless and out of drawing. Ordered a Seidlitz powder.

*Thursday.*—A little better. Delirious in the morning, and very sick in the afternoon. Ordered tincture of iron.

*Friday.*—Decidedly better, but still weak. I allowed him to read the *Pall Mall Gazette* for five minutes at a time. Administered stimulants.

*Saturday.*—Quite well. I ascertained that the nausea had been brought on by the patient imprudently reading *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, which is very bad at this time of the year.

I am happy to say I am quite recovered now. The sea-bathing, and Oxford winning the boat-race, cured me.

I am now off to the machines. The sun is shining brightly—the water is as smooth as glass. Sweet reader, do you envy me?

## FOREIGN POLICIES OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

THE failure of the Albert Life Assurance Company threatens to become an awkward question for the Foreign Office. It seems that the Albert's victims are distributed throughout the whole face of Europe, and meetings are already taking place in several Continental cities. The North German policy-holders have already passed resolutions against liquidation and against the proposed scheme for reconstruction, and call for a declaration of bankruptcy in the usual course. With this view they have requested the intervention of their Government, and it is not unlikely that the matter may become troublesome.

\* A fact.



It will, no doubt, be difficult to make foreigners comprehend that in England the State has no direct control over the class of societies to which the Albert belongs, and that the customers of such companies are entirely in the hands of the dozen or so persons to whom their direction has been entrusted; but the sooner this is understood on the Continent the better, for it will never do, in these days of economy and retrenchment, to throw on the Foreign Office the extra work which would be entailed on that department if it undertook to become the apologist for all the questionable ventures which have extended their depredations beyond British territory. Our neighbours must learn that they have to take care of themselves; and if they are at all reasonable, they must surely admit that they cannot expect protection from our Government in such matters when Englishmen themselves are left out in the cold.

### MACBETH.

NOTICE.—We are sorry to say that the libretto of this Part is not quite complete; we, therefore, give the argument. Managers desirous of producing this unequalled work in England must apply at the office of the TOMAHAWK, 199 Strand.

#### PART IV., AND LAST.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

THE scene opens with a chorus of Witches in the cave, expressing their triumph over King Macbeth's soul in having urged him to the murder of Duncan and of Macduff's wife and children; also their delight at the guilty intrigue which has now commenced between Banquo and the Queen. After a wild ballet of imps Macbeth enters dejected, and seeks counsel of the Witches in his difficulty. Banquo, through his knowledge of the murder, holds an insufferable tyranny over Macbeth, which inspires him with hatred and rage; but these are lashed into a perfect fury by the implied information of the Witches that Banquo is the favoured lover of his wife; he now swears vengeance against Banquo and all his. The Witches artfully feed his fury, and he leaves with the resolve to murder Banquo and Fleance on their way from the Castle that night. In the next scene we find the Queen and Banquo plotting how to get rid of Macbeth, whose cruelties have excited the populace against him. Banquo resolves to treat privately with the principal Thanes, and, if he find them favourable, to raise the flag of insurrection at once, depose Macbeth, and make the Queen absolute Regent. The interview has taken place at night, Macbeth being away on some affair of importance. After an affectionate duo Banquo departs, and the lady watches his departure from the window—presently a scream is heard, and Fleance rushes in covered with blood, and tells the horror-stricken Queen that his father has been murdered. The chorus of Lords, Ladies, &c., enter, and afterwards Macbeth, whom his wife at once suspects of the murder. He denies it to her, and she conceals her anger. The scene ends with a grand finale, in which the chorus threaten the murderer of Banquo with vengeance. A short pause takes place now while the final tableau is preparing, during which a beautiful piece of instrumentation is introduced, in which the good genius of Scotland is supposed to triumph over the wicked machinations of the Witches, and Macbeth's punishment is foreshadowed. The curtain then rises on the banquet hall of the Castle—a most magnificent piece of stage grouping, Macbeth and the Queen in gorgeous robes are seen seated on the throne. The chorus bursts out into a congratulatory ode, between the passages of which are introduced concerted pieces for Rosse, Angus, and the discontented Thanes. Everybody is deploring the absence of Banquo, for his murder is not yet generally known. Macbeth rises to sing a drinking song, and, with the goblet in his hand, has just finished the first verse, when the apparition of the gory Banquo rises by his side from behind the throne and lays his hand on Macbeth's arm. The cup drops from the King's hand as he leans horror-stricken against his wife. The guests are astonished at the conduct of Macbeth, but the spectre having disappeared, he regains his self-control and resumes the drinking song, in which Lady Macbeth, whose face has suddenly lit up with strange joy, madly joins. As the refrain is being sung, the spectre of Banquo again rises in the midst of the hall, and as the horror-stricken guests retreat from around it, raises its bloody hand and denounces Macbeth as a murderer. The discontented Thanes, headed by Rosse and Angus, gather on one side,

and Macbeth, who remains alone upon the throne, stands fixed with horror. Lady Macbeth has fainted in the arms of the ladies near her, but now recovers, and, with assumed tenderness, implores her husband to speak. The muffled discontent of the people breaks forth, and in a grand chorus they bid Macbeth disprove the charge or die. The ghost has meanwhile disappeared, but as Macbeth staggers from the throne to defy the rebellious Chief it again steps in front of him. Mad with rage, he draws his sword and rushes on the spectre, which, to the astonishment of all, defends itself vigorously, and after an exciting combat Macbeth is slain. Banquo, for it is he himself alive and well, explains that having suspected Macbeth's designs, he always wore a shirt of mail underneath his dress, which fortunately saved his life; he declares on his oath that Macbeth was his assailant, and that he has slain the tyrant from no motive of private revenge, but from love of his country. The Chiefs and Thanes cheer, and hail Banquo king. Banquo thanks them, but declines the crown for himself, at the same time proposing that Lady Macbeth be made Regent till the majority of Fleance is attained. This all assent to, and with hearty acclamations greet the Queen Regent. The body of Macbeth is borne away, and the curtain descends on the congratulations of everybody, including, it is hoped, the audience.

The librettist is aware that in departing thus from the story of Shakespeare's tragedy he may incur the censure of some pretentious prigs and pedants. But he confidently appeals to the British public whether, as a lyrical drama, his version is not much better than any strict adherence to the tragedy could have given. Where there is so much material to choose from, it is difficult to select the finest gems so as to please all. But the librettist ventures to state that most of the beauties of Shakespeare's tragedy have been preserved, while the interest is better sustained, and the happy ending is at once more moral and is likely to be more popular. The taste of an English audience is proverbial, and on that the librettist feels he can confidently rely.

### A SHOCKING IMPUTATION.

A WAGGISH contemporary has stated as a fact that on the occasion of the recent Teetotal Fête at the Crystal Palace, such was the rush on the refreshment stalls, that by five o'clock bottled ale had run out of stock, and that every drop of brandy and lemonade in the establishment had been consumed at even an earlier hour. We cannot pretend to endorse such scurrilous assertions as these, but there is no doubt but that of the fifty thousand odd teetotallers who were at the Crystal Palace the other day, a goodly percentage of their number indulged somewhat heavily in malt liquors. Whether teetotallers have special rules for special occasions, or whether bitter ale and gin-and-water are the usual remedies prescribed by their medical advisers for those people with whom "the pledge" does not agree, we do not know; but certainly the proceedings of the teetotallers on the occasion of their last festival would lead us to form some theory, giving a more liberal interpretation to the term "total abstinence" than it is popularly supposed to possess.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN parvenus all social bonds would burst,  
The upper ten fall back upon my first,  
And yet e'en parvenus are often reckoned  
Men of my first, because they have my second!

1.

You're off to Paris? Missed the mail? it's plain  
That far your quickest way is by this train.

2.

Burthen your horse, and load him as you will,  
He likes to have these heavy on him still!

3.

"Improper word," say prudes! and yet, forsooth  
Men hate it most when it's allied to truth!