

THE TOMAHAWK.

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Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE MONSTROUS LEGACY.

AN OLD LEGEND IN A NEW FORM.

MANY many years ago there lived a wicked, violent man, who was called Malurex ; and he left his own land to settle in the land of Smaragdus ; and he took with him his sons, and his servants, and his followers, and he conquered the land of Smaragdus with fire and sword and with treachery ; for he was very brave, and he was very cunning.

Now Malurex was also a magician : and he was learned in the black art. And when he had settled some time in Smaragdus, he found that the country was still but half conquered ; for there were constant wars and constant rebellions. So he said to himself, " I will make me an immense and terrible monster, and he shall be my slave, and he shall keep the land in subjection for me and for my children."

So he consulted all his books of evil lore, and he set to work, he and his sons and his grandsons ; and he took the blood of brave and good men, and he took the hearts of gentle women, and he took the bones of helpless babes, and he ground them all down together with a very great millstone, and he poured in the blood ; and when he had made a cement thereof, he began to fashion the body of a monster after the form of a man ; but so vast, and so horrible, and so hideous, and so mighty, that no man could withstand the sight thereof, but would fly away in terror.

And when the monster was but half made, Malurex died, and was gathered to his fathers. And being on his deathbed, he called to him his sons and his grandsons ; and he bade them, as they loved him, and as they feared him, to continue the fashioning of this monster until he was finished.

And the sons and the grandsons of Malurex did even as their father had commanded them. And the monster grew and grew day by day ; and more blood of brave and good men, and more hearts of gentle women, and more bones of helpless babes, were ground down and mixed together, even as they required.

And in the fourth generation after Malurex, who had first conquered the land of Smaragdus, this monster was perfected, even his limbs, and his entrails, and all his features, like unto a man. And, behold ! while the descendants of Malurex, of the fourth generation, looked on the gigantic and hideous form, which they and their forefathers had created, suddenly the breath of life entered the vast body, and the monster rose up and walked, and cried with a loud voice, " Give me to eat."

And they brought him to eat, even of the blood of good and

brave men, and of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes ; and he ate thereof, and was refreshed.

And now the princes and the chiefs of the land, the descendants of Malurex, of the fourth generation, said unto the monster, " We and our forefathers have fashioned and made you of the blood of brave and good men, of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes, and you are our slave, for we have created you ; and us, and us only, you must serve."

And then the monster spake in a terrible voice, and said, " True, O princes and chiefs of the land, you have fashioned and made me of the blood of brave and good men, and of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes ; therefore will I serve you faithfully so long as you shall feed me with that wherewith you made me ; for on nothing else can I feed. In cruelty and bloodshed was I born, on cruelty and bloodshed will I live."

And the princes and chiefs of the land of Smaragdus bowed their heads, and said, " Oh, monster, we will do unto you even as you desire. On the blood of brave and good men, on the hearts of gentle women, and on the bones of helpless babes shall you be fed ; and us, and us only, shall you serve for evermore."

And many years passed away, and, behold, a new generation arose, that loved not the children of Malurex, nor their wisdom ; and they governed the land of Malurex, and the land of Smaragdus ; and they hated this monster, and they said unto him, " Oh, monster ! we will give you no more of the blood of brave and good men, nor of the hearts of gentle women, nor of the bones of helpless babes, for we are sick of this bloodshed and of this cruelty ; and by justice, and by mercy, and by peace, will we reign over the land of Smaragdus !"

And the monster spoke in a terrible voice, and said :—

" Your ancestors made me, and fashioned me of these things, and on these things have I been nourished, and fed, since ever I was born ; and will ye deny me them now ? Then will I drink of the blood of your brave and good men, and eat of the hearts of your gentle women, and of the bones of your helpless babes ; even as I have drunk of your foes' blood, and eaten of your foes' hearts, and slain your foes' babes, will I drink of your blood, and eat of your hearts, and slay your babes, even unto the fourth and fifth generations !"

Then were the princes and chiefs of the land of Smaragdus sore afraid, and they knew not what to do. And they fought against the monster, but they could not prevail. Then said

they in their fear, "Let us make court to this monster and do him honour; and let us offer unto him even of our own brave and good men, and of our own gentle women, and of our own helpless babes, and, peradventure, his wrath will be appeased."

But the monster grew more savage, and more cruel, and he thirsted after blood, even as the hunted deer thirsts after water: and he passed to and fro over all the land; and all the people feared him, for he was very fierce and very cruel.

And at last the people of the land of Smaragdus grew exceeding wrath, and they cried out to the princes and rulers of the land, "Slay this monster that your forefathers have created, lest he make our land desolate and our homes childless."

And the princes and rulers of the land said, "Nay, tarry a little and have patience, and, peradventure, he will go hence and we shall see him no more."

And the people answered, "Nay, but why should we send this bloodthirsty and cruel monster into other lands to feed on the blood and on the hearts of other people? We will slay him, even we, and no more shall ye cowards and traitors govern this our land of Smaragdus."

And so the people arose; and they took the sword of Justice, and they took the breastplate of Truth, and they took the shield of Patience, and they took the spear of Courage, and they slew this monster; even the monster that Malurex and his children, and his grandchildren, and their children, had created; and the land of Smaragdus was at peace; and joy and plenty came to the land, and unto its sons and daughters sweet content; and the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field ate the carcase of the monster, even the flesh, and the entrails, and the bones, until nothing was left.

THE SUEZ NOTES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALEXANDRIA, 12TH DEC., 1869.

If you wish to learn a lesson on the uncertainty of human affairs, go to the East. Nothing has struck me so forcibly, since my departure from London as your special correspondent, as the extraordinary amount of *surprise* one meets with in Oriental life. One may plan here to-day, and to-morrow find one's most cherished schemes scattered before the winds. The Khedive himself is a living illustration of the truth of this, inasmuch as, yesterday one of the richest and proudest of old-world Sovereigns, to-day he is cowering in abject terror before the *Sooltan* (this is *the* way to spell it), and cannot even call the world-renowned Isthmus his own. The curse, for it is a curse, seems to have clung to the land from the beginning. Cheops, depend upon it, never anticipated that future generations would drink bottled beer on the great Pyramid. The Sphinx never pictured to itself the loss of half its eternal nose. The very union of the two great seas, just accomplished, is a tremendous marvel, a genuine Eastern *surprise*. Indeed, I believe it is this constant apprehension of a sudden change,—this *expectatio mirabilium*,—this realization of the necessity of being *always prepared for anything*, that has accustomed the Turk to wear his hat in a room, and never think of taking his boots off except in church. The contractor, I mentioned to you as having met at the canal the other day, attributed solely to this national characteristic the refusal of the Egyptian gentleman to enter into the Bitter Beer business, or put £2,000 into his, the contractor's scheme for supplying the Nomad tribes of Central Asia with a really sound Yarmouth bloater at three halfpence.

But you will see what I am leading up to, by this disquisition on Oriental uncertainty. I am, as it were, apologizing for myself. I left home intending, as you know, to confine my letters

solely to the scientific aspect of the Canal, and here I am to-day on the eve of starting for Europe, greatly interested in a large Beast and Circus Company. In my last I told you briefly *what* we wanted, and now, according to my usual custom, I enclose you my random notes, jotted down since the date of the last mail.

CAIRO, 6TH DEC., 1869.

Spagmore has just come in after having been round to see the hyena, mentioned to him last night as a great bargain. His report is not altogether favourable, and he is much afraid that, except tied tightly in the centre of a happy family, of which the other members are not too confiding, it will turn out to be practically useless. The owner honestly gave it as *his* opinion that "he thought there would be considerable difficulties in the way of getting it to go through a comic scene with the clown, as though *the hyena has naturally a cheerful expression, it is almost impossible to get it to enter thoroughly into a joke.*" He said the most we could hope for would be a sort of jig with fireworks to his tail, or perhaps a curtsy for a plate of tripe, if well trained for six months with a crowbar. The great recommendation in favour of the hyena is, unquestionably, its *price*. It is certainly *very* cheap, and as I hear that last night it broke loose and eat up half a ton of raw *Ra-haat-la-koum*, and the six pound weight out of a pair of scales, I fully believe the owner will let us have it for a mere song.

10 a.m.

Spagmore has just bought it for a shilling. It is to be sent round this evening to the hotel, in a box. I am to have charge of it, and Spagmore says I had better see the hotel-keeper at once, and arrange about its board.

11 a.m.

A very disagreeable interview. The hotel-keeper at first would not hear of its coming, and though he has given in on that point, he says he can provide *nothing* but what is in the *carte*. Of course, if one can dine here as one does at the *Palais Royal* with *pain au discretion*, the thing is simple enough.

Have seen the *carte*. There is nothing about *pain au discretion*, and Spagmore says the hyena, being a *carnivorous animal*, would never have got on with the privilege, had it even existed. He says the only way to feed the brute under the circumstances will be to pick out the plain dishes, and give them altogether in a washing tub. He is going to write down the order while I find the *garçon*.

The *garçon* has come. Spagmore has given him the following order:—

- 6 potages (Prince de Galles).
- 1 bifteck, sauce Mahomet.
- 1 tête de veau, en bastion diplomat.*
- 1 sel au naturel.
- 1 demi bouteille de vin, Maçon ou Chablis.
- 2 saumon à la minute.
- 1 gloria.

I have pointed out the expense of a food of this character; but Spagmore very truly says, "It can't be helped out here—only wait till we get him to Southampton."

3 p.m.

Out all the afternoon making inquiries about the other animals. There seems very little doubt but that we shall be able to pick them all up, and reasonably too. We have seen one elephant, a very fine creature, who, unfortunately, is rather blind of the left eye, and, it seems, could not be *relied* upon in a round game, where a good sight happened to be requisite. But Spagmore very truly suggests that if his hand is dealt *well* to the right of him, he does not see why he could not get through it. Besides, there is no reason why *he* should take the tricks. It appears, too, that he has been to Europe before, and that it was there he damaged his eye, by a too close inspection of a pan of blue fire employed in the siege of Mooltan at Astley's. His European training, however, renders him a decided acquisition, for they assure us he does some capital light business with an ounce of snuff and a couple of arm chairs.

5 p.m.

After a long consultation we have bought him, the owner, at the last moment, at Spagmore's suggestion, throwing in twelve pounds of tobacco, a boa constrictor, and an Arab chief. Spagmore insisted that the carriage should be paid, and stood out

* Nearest approach to tripe.

for some time that the lot should be delivered free of expense in London; but the owner was firm, and so it is going with me and the hyena. We are not yet quite decided as to the best and cheapest method of getting the elephant home; and at present Spagmore thinks far the better way will be to land him in the most southern point in Italy and walk with him. He says Hannibal did it, and Hannibal knew what he was about. I dare say he did, but I can't help thinking that if we could get him quietly on board, paying only fore-cabin fare, the rest would be easy. Once at Waterloo, we could easily arrange with four cabs, and drive to the nearest livery stables. Spagmore says it would keep the thing much darker if I could put the elephant up at my chambers; but I am quite sure it would not do, and that the other fellows on the staircase would object to it.

8 p.m.

We are drawing up our programme, having met, most opportunely, a professional gentleman connected with the English stage. But I must close this as the mail is starting.

10.55 p.m.

The garçon has just come to say that the hyena has arrived. There appears to be a serious altercation going on in the hall. I am afraid they do not like it.

11 p.m.

The garçon up again. He says the man says he is not to leave the hyena without the money, and has brought the bill receipted.

THE CLIPPER CLIPPED.

A POLICE case at the Marylebone Court which was heard last week should be read as a warning by all travellers by the Metropolitan Railway. One John Atkins, a private in the 89th Foot, was fined twenty-one shillings, or in default twenty-one days' hard labour, for assaulting a ticket-collector at the Edgware road Station. The soldier was called upon by the collector to produce his ticket, in order that it might be clipped, and in consequence of the delay attendant on his so doing he missed a train which was at the platform at the time. On this he went back to the collector and struck him a violent blow in the eye.

The case was simple enough, and the magistrate no doubt felt no difficulty in coming to his decision; but we must admit that, notwithstanding his outrageous conduct, we have a sneaking sympathy with Private Atkins. Very likely the collector, in this instance, was only doing his duty on insisting on clipping the man's ticket; but it has happened, indeed, it is even now happening, that the money-takers in the ticket offices of the various Metropolitan stations dauble listlessly about their enclosure while infuriated passengers clamour at the little windows for attention, and collectors wantonly intercept them on their road to the platform when a train happens to be ready at hand. Whether it arises from the stupidity, the mischievousness, or the stern sense of duty of the Metropolitan Railway officials, it cannot but be admitted that their general obstructiveness is not a little trying to the public temper. We assume that Private Atkins was of an irritable temperament, as he took his grievance into his own hands, in preference to writing to the newspapers; but if the "violent blow in the eye," illegally administered though it was, serves as a caution to the bod of ticket clerks and collectors on the Metropolitan line, and induces them to be a little more civil and attentive in the performance of their duties, the gallant Atkins will not have suffered in vain.

A GOOD SCHOOL.

WE have much pleasure in drawing the attention of the public to a modest but very useful charity—the Victoria Schools, 40 Sloane street—which have been established by Miss Couper for the education of the children of the lower middle-class, servants, &c. No class is more in want of a sound mental and moral training, and to the community at large the importance of properly training those who are intended for servants, especially for nursery governesses, or for any other position of responsibility in the household, cannot be exaggerated. Nothing can be better than the system of education pursued at these schools. All the subjects—history, geography, biography, arith-

metic, needlework, natural history, &c., are well taught. French and music are not neglected, and wholesome religious instruction forms part of the daily routine. The system of teaching young children by objects is resorted to with great success, while in the infant school the kindly watchfulness of an amiable governess supplies very efficiently what these little ones too often do not get at home—a mother's care. The hours of study are not too long, and no one subject is so long dwelt on as to fatigue the children.

We cannot do better than give an extract from the very sensible circular which is the sole means of bringing the schools under notice that the funds admit of:—

"National and ragged schools are provided for the children of the poor, but for these two very large and very important classes no adequate education is provided. Far worse educated than the poor, these children, while living in a Christian country, are in a state of heathenism. Their ignorance of all subjects, but especially religion, is something hardly credible: for they receive no religious instruction whatever in the schools which they usually attend, and little, if any, moral training. This circumstance, painful as it is, is easily accounted for. It is, unfortunately, a fashionable idea among the girls of this class to consider it a genteel occupation, and the only one to which they can condescend, to keep schools. To these schools parents will send their children, quite regardless of the fact that the governesses being themselves uneducated, cannot be capable of educating their children; quite satisfied if, among the smaller ones, they learn crochet and beadwork, and in the higher, a smattering of French and music; that they attend a private school, and are called "young ladies." They like to feel that they can patronise the school and the teachers, while the latter flatter the children, in order to obtain and retain them.

"In these schools the children are led to consider themselves too fine to do anything. Utterly ignorant of religion, nearly as ignorant of all household duties, looking upon marriage as the object of life, they become eventually useless, if not bad wives and mothers, and it is feared too often swell the annals of crime."

The charge for education is very small, and, of course, does not nearly cover the expenses. We can ourselves testify to the economical manner in which this charity is conducted. No money is spent on outward show, while in the matters of real importance there is no niggardliness. The funds are wisely administered. The children are all very cheerful, and are notably better-mannered than those of their class usually are. We earnestly recommend this charity, not only as an object of benevolence, but as an example, the imitation of which, in all large towns, would be an incalculable benefit to the lower middle class.

POLITICAL NEWS.

(Taken from the Daily Papers, of June, 1870).

MR. WILLIAM SYKES, the well-known murderer, having been recently elected Member for Paddy County, will not be executed until after the end of the Session.

Mr. John Swiggins, M.P. (the celebrated burglar), has accepted a Government appointment in Botany Bay.

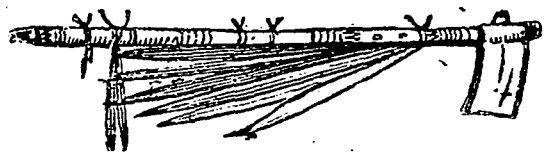
There is no truth in the report that Mr. Jim Snooks is about to be raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Milbank; on the contrary, he has chosen the designation, Lord Clerkenwell. He is at present staying on a visit with the governor of the prison, and his invitation will not expire until the end of next year.

Yesterday The O'Hallyoo, M.P., was buried at the expense of the State in Newgate. The deceased spent his last moments in the company of Calcraft.

We understand that Madame Tussaud's Exhibition now contains a fine collection of portrait-models of members of the new House of Commons. Most of the figures are placed in the Chamber of Horrors.

Yesterday only nine Members of Parliament were convicted of pocket-picking. We hail this great improvement in the morality of the House with genuine satisfaction.

READY SHORTLY,
TOMAHAWK ALMANACK
FOR 1870.
PRICE THREEPENCE.



LONDON, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

THE WEEK.

It is said that, as a companion decoration to the Abyssinian Medal, a cross will be given to those soldiers who have taken part in the late reviews at Aldershot.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr. Ryder, the well-known tragedian, made the trousers he wore in the character of the Baronet on the first night of *Morden Grange*.

THE Emperor Napoleon is prepared to do anything for Liberty. He established that beneficent goddess in France by a *coup d'état*, he now wishes to save her by a *coup de grace*.

LET those happy persons who dwell near Metropolitan Railway extensions on the Thames Embankment take heed from the fate of the dining-hall of King's College. It is plain that, dramatically speaking, the Metropolitan Board of Works is a great success, for only give them a strong part to play, and they are pretty sure to "bring down the house." Still, their proper place seems to be in the Sensation Drama, not in the monotonous respectable entertainment known as "everyday life."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph*, "with an ear" as well as with an eye to abating a nuisance, warns people to avoid crowded carriages on the Underground Railway, unless they have a fancy for musical performances executed with more spirit than taste, by minstrels who supply themselves any brass in which their instruments may be deficient. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*. Music, who is said to have had her birth in a grotto in Greece, seems in her old age to find a pleasure in haunting Underground Greasès.

IF it be true that unremitting efforts to provide for the poor are one of the greatest marks of sanctity, St. Pancras ought to receive promotion in the celestial hierarchy. We learn from the uninterrupted succession of coroner's inquests, that he continues to *do* for his paupers at the usual rate. In his instance, the odour of sanctity appears to be unusually strong and fatal. Another instance of their piety! It appears that they are about to undergo a voluntary persecution at the hands of the law. They have allowed a writ to be served on them for £134, being their costs at the recent Poor-law enquiry held by Mr. Bere, Q.C. This is most Christian resignation on the part of the Board but is not likely to prove a measure of sound economy, as the money must be paid, and if judgment is allowed to go by default, the sum will be increased by the usual legal expenses in such cases.

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

It is not often that a proposal for getting up a memorial to a clergyman of the Church of England is likely to meet with the support of all classes. It generally happens now, when there are so many differences of thought and opinion, that a priest who enjoys the respect and affection of those who agree with his views, is looked upon with suspicion and dislike by those who do not. The late Rev. William Harness, whose recent distressing death we heartily deplore, is an exception to the rule. It is something now-a-days for a clergyman to have many friends and few enemies, and while Mr. Harness had more than his share of the former, of the latter he probably knew not one. A kindly and generous Christian has passed away, a Christian, moreover, who has left his mark on the literary history of the nineteenth century. Such a man should have a memorial, and we shall be glad to see the subscription lists now lying at Coutts's, and at the London and Westminster Bank, amount to a sufficient sum to carry out the scheme Mr. Harness's friends and admirers have in view.

PUFF AND SMOKE,

THE Child of the Prairie smokes greatly now that the winter evenings are closing in, and as he smokes he ruminates not a little.

He rests in his wigwam and opens a bundle of magazines. There are Christmas numbers and annuals by the score. He selects one, *Tied to a Corpse*, and (*puff*) praises it. Why does he praise it? Because he thinks it beautiful (*smoke*), and NOT because he knows the editor, and loves and admires his, the editor's, marvellous (*puff*) works. He also opens the *Belgravia Annual* (*smoke*), and finds two or three sheets of admirable (*puff*) drawings, by Charles Collette, and thinks what a pity it is that there are not more artists like him. He laughs at them heartily, for he finds them as clever and original as the small cuts in a certain penny "comic" paper, published somewhere east of Temple Bar, are stupid and conventional. Then he opens a beautiful (*puff*) magazine published in Oxford, reads half of an article full of virulent abuse of himself (*smoke*), and falls tranquilly off to sleep.

(Sleeps till next week.)

"MORDEN GRANGE."

TOMAHAWK very frequently likes pieces that other critics abuse—abhors plays that other critics praise. For instance, he declared in favour of *Monte Christo* (pronounced a failure by most of the papers); and *Monte Christo* was an immense success. He could see nothing great in a comedy at the Gaiety (what was the name of it?), bedaubed with nauseous adulation by the reviewers, and said so; and the comedy at the Gaiety was withdrawn almost at once. On these grounds TOMAHAWK is not a little proud of his opinion upon theatrical matters.

Now, a new piece by F. C. Burnand, entitled *Morden Grange*, a dramatic version of Mark Lemon's capital novel, "Wait for the End," has been produced at the Queen's Theatre. It is sharply written, and is free from that pest of the modern stage—sensation; it has plenty of good scenery, some good situations, and (not a little) good acting. On the first blush, one would have imagined that it would have been hailed by the critics with applause. Not so, however. Those who "do" the theatres for the papers generally write for the stage; and abuse "was the portion" of *Morden Grange*.

The writer of the *Times*' article upon the piece (it couldn't have been kindly, scholarly, witty John Oxenford: of this TOMAHAWK is quite sure—he says this in all sober seriousness) showed an animus towards Mr. Burnand that was as unfair as it was undignified; it smacked strongly of disappointment and Grub Street, of impotent revenge, and literary small beer; it was spite, not criticism. The critics abused *Turn of the Tide*, and *Turn of the Tide* ran upwards of one hundred and sixty nights; the critics abuse *Morden Grange*, and *Morden Grange*, from a literary point of view, is a better piece than *Turn of the Tide*.

THE TOMAHAWK, December 18th, 1869.







REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER V.—IN WHICH MATTERS COME TO A CRISIS, AND JUPITER IS RECALLED.

THERE was terrible consternation in the committee-room, when Mr. Publius Pryor announced the arrival of the unfortunate victims of their own curiosity and Mr. Decimus Brutus Potts' ingenious invention.

The waiting-room was full, and from it proceeded the most unearthly noises and clamour for instant relief.

The President looked at the bewildered Potts, so did every one else.

"Potts, you must go in and attend to this."

"But, please your Majesty—I mean Mr. President—is not this a case for your especial interference?" suggested poor Potts, in a whining voice.

"No, Sir. You insisted on carrying this invention of yours into effect, and now you must take the consequences yourself;" and having said this the President retired.

There was no help for it, so snatching up a large folio, once the property of Æsculapius, and composing his countenance into an expression of self-satisfied knowledge, Potts entered the room.

He was immediately pounced upon by a motley crew of grievances.

"Oh, Doctor. My head! my head! it's all crooked, and I can't put it straight."

"Oh, Doctor, my stomach. I've mislaid it, and I believe that Pincher, my old mastiff, has run off with it." This in a very weak voice from a half-starved looking epicure.

"Oh, Doctor, my heart! my heart! I've touched it up with a patent lotion, and now it keeps stopping every five minutes," and the wretched victim shook himself violently, as one may see an impatient lad shake his first watch, when he finds it has stopped.

The number of hypochondriacs who had taken themselves to pieces, and finding nothing wrong anywhere, were full of angry discontent!

The number of persons who, having taken themselves to pieces, had been unable to fit the puzzles of the human frame together again, and had got loose portions of their bodies in their pocket which they could not manage to get in anywhere!

They all were suffering frightful agonies, and all wanted to be relieved at once.

One irritable old gentleman had been very successful in repairing the coats of his stomach, and had put himself together with the exception of his pancreas, or spleen—that he could find no place for. "Look here," he said, "you, Potts! you!"

"Sir," interrupted the great Decimus Brutus, "I won't be talked to in that manner."

"Oh, but you will, Sir. This is a free heaven, and I shall do what I darn please. What the blazes am I to do with this d—d thing?" showing the obstinate spleen—"I can't fit it in anywhere."

"Well, my dear Sir," said Potts, "I think you have arrived at that time of life when you don't require it any longer. I should send it to the South Kensington Museum, if I were you."

Those who were not too ill tried to laugh at the rage of this gentleman with the spleen—but the clamour commenced again very soon.

The great Potts sat down at a table and entreated his patients to justify their title to that name. "I will take you one by one, and try and remedy any little mistakes you have committed."

So saying, he opened his large folio, and having found a large plate of the interior anatomy of mankind, he set to work and did his best.

However, some cases were too bad even for his omnipotent skill. "No hope for you," he whispered to an unfortunate individual who had so arranged his internal machinery that all he drank (and that was a good deal) went into his lungs instead of his stomach; and whose breathing was something like the sound of the late lamented Albert Smith's friend, the engineer's, celebrated waterpipe. "You'd better stay up here in heaven to die, and then you know you'll be pretty safe."

The advice was followed by this man, and by most of those similarly situated. Some, however, insisted on being sent back to earth to make their wills. Those who were completely set to rights departed by the next Aerial Train.

But a nucleus of discontent, and even of revolution, was established; for after a few days' experience everybody who had

undergone rehabilitation by the great Potts found that his anatomy had been arranged in a somewhat obsolete way; as the plate which had served Decimus Brutus for a model was some 2,000 years old, and, consequently, a little behind the time.

In fact, when that plate was drawn the circulation of the blood, and one or two other trifling matters of that sort, had not been discovered.

Whether "the obsoletes," as these rehabilitated persons were called, first provoked the storm is not exactly known; but that a storm was provoked is very certain.

In fact, the new régime had not proved very successful. All the vegetation, having been accustomed to the ordinary seasons, when time passed on, and they found nothing but eternal summer, did not know quite how to behave. So they lived as long as they could, and then they died, but they brought forward no seed, and no buds came forth from their burnt-up branches. So food became very scarce; and those who had corn would not sell it, except at exorbitant prices. So the people took it by force, and what they could not take they burnt, and a very unpleasant time did the Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association have of it.

Then, Poverty having been abolished, no one would work; and when they had spent all the money given them by the Omnipotent Committee, they wanted more; but they were refused, and so they took to living a life of savage and predatory warfare on mankind in general.

So, at last, the wretched people rose, and, incensed at the miserable issue of their own policy, they demanded the instant deposition of the Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association; and at the instigation of Mercury, who found there was not enough scandal on earth to suit his taste, or to employ his energy, they also demanded the recall of Jupiter.

They sought the exiled god, and they found him lying on his back at a watering place on the shores of the Mediterranean, throwing pebbles into the sea.

"Sire," said Mercury, "they insist on recalling you."

"I thought they would," was all Jupiter answered.

"Why, my dear," said Juno, "what have you been doing all this time? I have been in Paris, expecting you to join me every day."

"Have you?" replied her rude spouse. "You would have had to wait a long time. I have been employing my leisure moments in reflecting on the errors of my past life; and as a proof of the sincerity of my reformation, I intend to divorce you as soon as I get back again to Olympus."

"What?" cried the astonished Juno.

"I mean what I say—henceforth I have done with your sex—I intend to establish celibacy in heaven."

"Then I'll be——" began Juno.

"You need not finish, my dear—don't come back—I can spare you;" and, jumping lightly on to Mercury's back, he was soon in Olympus.

He was met at the threshold of the palace by a dejected-looking being with a carpet bag, in whom he recognized the late President, Marcus Antonius Smith.

"Well, my good fellow, you have had a short reign."

"My liege, we have; the people—curse them!—are fickle knaves."

"Yes, my dear fellow, they are; but that is not the cause of your failure."

"No! what is then?"

"When I offered to give you Omnipotence, you forgot, my excellent Smith, to ask me for Omniscience. Good day!"

THE END.

MUSICAL BELL(E)S.—There are many kinds of bells and belles. For instance, there are *dumb* bells, but, we think, very few dumb belles. Lately, however, we have come across some belles who make very good use of dumb bells at Madame Brenner's Gymnasium for Ladies, at Bruton street, Bond street. At this establishment we find a number of young ladies practising a variety of calisthenic exercises, to the time of music, as played by their fair instructress, and which will tend to strengthen them in *physique*, and add to the beauty of their figures, while it will also teach them the utter absurdity of tight lacing. Many bells, and all belles, are intended for ringing, and we feel certain that golden rings will be rendered much nearer the grasp of those belles whose cheeks bloom with health conducted by exercise.

SOEMTHING LIKE AN "ALARMING SACRIFICE."

RETRENCHMENT is still the order of the day at the Admiralty; but it is somewhat questionable whether the means used by Mr. Childers to secure a reduction on next year's Navy Estimates are sensible or indeed honest. It is all very well to dismiss clerks, and pension heads of departments when their services can be dispensed with; but to sell the very ships of the Navy as old timber for a few paltry hundreds of pounds is a measure of which we believed even Mr. Childers incapable. However, we were wrong, as the following list of ships, sold by auction at Lloyd's a few days back, proves:—

The <i>Thais</i> , paddle-wheel tank-ship, 310 tons	£775
The <i>Sharpshooter</i> , screw-sloop, 503 tons	1675
The <i>Wasp</i> , screw-sloop	2500
The <i>Miranda</i> , screw-sloop, 1039 tons	2550
The <i>Niger</i> , screw-sloop, 1072 tons	4000
The <i>Emerald</i> , screw-frigate, 2913 tons	9000
The <i>Coronation</i> , 71 tons	75
The <i>Plym</i> , 76 tons	95

£20670

Of course, Mr. Childers will tell us that these ships were wooden vessels, and no longer fit for service in Her Majesty's Navy; but, granting this, we question much if they need have been got rid of in this reckless and haphazard manner. That ships, which must have cost actually millions of money within the last fifteen or eighteen years, should be knocked down by the auctioneer for some twenty thousand pounds looks very unlike economy. The ships might, surely, have been made useful in the service for a dozen purposes: but even supposing that such was not the case, it is simply ridiculous that half a fleet should be "given away," as probably the auctioneer expressed it, simply to add an item to Mr. Childers's list of retrenchments. Let us hope the matter will be remembered when Parliament meets.

AN UNSWALLOWED BAIT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports in the Tory press, the "Great Conservative Banquet" at Belfast seems to have been a dismal failure. Although covers were laid for 500 persons, not 300 sat down at table. If a cause cannot find 500 sympathizers willing to eat a good dinner gratis, it must indeed be at its last gasp, so we may fairly assume that Conservatism in the north of Ireland is in a bad way. Such being the case, it is scarcely worth the while of the Conservative newspapers so to falsify facts as to attempt to create an impression that the party is gaining strength in Belfast, when really it is languishing beyond hope of regeneration. Facts speak for themselves, and are stubborn things, as stubborn indeed as Belfast Liberals, who, we are glad to see, are not to be fed into venturing into the enemy's camp.

COLUMNS OF SMOKE.

EVEN at the present dull season, when the Suez Canal is opened and done with, the Oecumenical Council has turned out a barren topic, and there is actually "nothing in the papers," we protest that the "Granville Ball" should be thrust upon the public as something, if not important, at least interesting. It is neither one nor the other. An hotel was opened at Ramsgate, we believe, this summer, and a new dancing room has now been attached to it; but because the Ramsgate tradesmen have danced and made merry when their town is empty, and they have had nothing better to do, it is absurd that a whole column of large type in more than one of the daily newspapers should be devoted to chronicling their proceedings. One paper actually takes Lord Granville to task for not having graced the assembly with his presence, and insists that as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it was his duty to have opened the ball. His Lordship who is proverbially the politest of men, instead of, in the first instance, refusing to associate his name with the proceedings, actually put himself to the trouble of sending an excuse to the effect that a meeting of the Cabinet detained him in town. The excuse was unanimously voted insufficient; and at the present moment Lord Granville is the most unpopular man—in Ramsgate. But we must cease, or we shall be falling into the absurdity for which we blame our contemporaries.

BLACK SHEEP AT WOOLWICH.

WHATEVER the enemies of the Duke of Cambridge may say, His Royal Highness certainly takes a straightforward and practical course when real abuses come under his personal notice. Indeed, he sets a good example to his superior officer at the War Office, who is ever half-hearted in rooting out a scandal, however glaring and objectionable it may be. It seems that for some time past it has been the habit of certain tradesmen at Woolwich to supply goods to the Cadets of the Royal Military Academy, and even to lend them money, without the consent of their parents. To put a stop to so disgraceful a custom, the Duke of Cambridge has just issued a circular, wherein the tradesmen are condemned as obtaining money under false pretences, and the parents and guardians are strictly enjoined not to pay any debt contracted by the Woolwich Cadets without their sanction. This solution of the difficulty does equal credit to the Duke's integrity and common sense. It is clearly unfair that parents should suffer because their children are enticed into the wiles of a band of harpies, who disgrace the name of tradesmen, and it is right that these people should be punished to the fullest extent possible. This might mean Cold-bath Fields and the treadmill; but failing the action of the criminal law reaching them, we can only hope that the loss of their money will have the effect of clearing Woolwich of a class of usurers, not the less despicable because they transact business only on a small scale, and choose children only for their victims.

THE DUCHESS D'AUMALE.

TOMAHAWK is grieved to report the death of the Duchess d'Aumale. Of a noble but unfortunate family, she forgot her own misfortunes in relieving those of others. She and her husband formed a pair such as Royalty very rarely produces. It was neither their rank nor their unmerited reverses that won for them the respect and affection of all who knew them, of whatever creed or party; it was the unfeigned benevolence of their characters, a simple genuine kindness which made the recipient of their bounty forget the rank of the giver. The Duke d'Aumale has in his bereavement the hearts and sympathies of all who have seen in the exiled Princess and Princesses of the House of Orleans, a constant but unobtrusive example of well-doing, which many reigning monarchs might do well to copy. It is true that neither pretentious fiascos, nor sanguinary *coups d'état*, adorn the memoirs of the present House of Orleans, but in them Royalty is not the less respected because it is not associated with futile ambition or successful cruelty.

SCARCELY AN ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

ON the 1st of January the new Cab Act is to come into force. There will then be complete free trade in cabs and carriages, and each vehicle may charge whatever it pleases, provided the fares are painted conspicuously on its panels. It is early yet to say how the new *régime* will answer, but as the leading principle of the Act is, that all classes of conveyances suitable for all classes of people shall be free to ply for hire, we may assume that the future tariff will include the following descriptions of vehicles:—

<i>Hackney Drag</i> , licensed to carry seventeen people outside, four horses, per hour	£	s.	d.
	4	4	0
<i>Hackney Barouche</i> , wiggid coachman, and footman with calves and hair-powder complete, per hour	1	1	0
<i>Hackney Broughams</i> , dark green, with high-stepping horse, per hour	0	10	6
All others	0	5	0
<i>Hackney Coaches</i> , various, from, per hour	0	2	6
<i>Hansoms</i> , ditto, from, per hour	0	2	0
<i>Hackney Carts</i> , ditto, on Sundays only, from, per hour	0	0	9
<i>Hackney Wheelbarrows</i> , per hour	0	0	2

Of whatever convenience or inconvenience to the public the new Cab Act may prove, it cannot be gainsaid that it will open a new and wide field for competition. If our anticipations are correct, on the 1st of January next its effect, to quote a fashionable contemporary, will be "novel and pleasing."