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INDEX, 30

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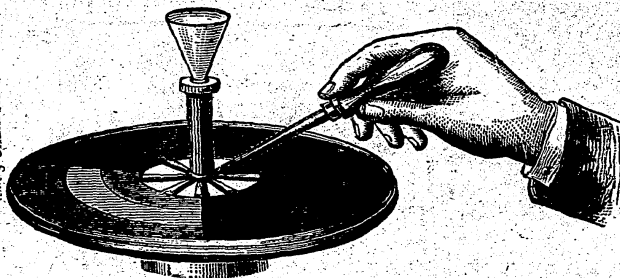
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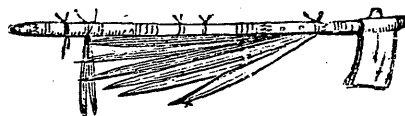
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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 141.]

LONDON, JANUARY 15, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

"TIME WILL SHOW!"

THE new year has begun, and already the pen grows accustomed to the figures 1870. The old year, with its sad memories and failures and discontent, has faded away for ever. Would that its abuses were equally things of the past! Would that starvation and bungling and official murder were carried away in the funeral *cortège* of the year just dead—carried away never to see the earth again! Would that we could welcome a millennium, when the working men would cease from grumbling and the Poor-law Guardians would be at rest!

Visionary abuses, some fleeting as shadows, and as unsubstantial,—real abuses, others lasting as steel, and as hurtful. Old Father Time conjures up the shadows, and it is he who fixes them for awhile, or permits them to depart. Let us watch him, as he moves the slides of his lantern, and old pictures dissolve into new—as 1869 gives way to 1870.

Time takes a slide marked 1869, and we see a vision of an Emperor, despotic and fearful, seeking to rid himself of the power that has become a burden to him—of a ruler who has made his own throne, has given his own country twenty years of a glorious history—of a man who has grown old and grey in the State's service—of a father who has a wife to preserve and a son to establish on the throne of his own making—on that throne which will be the cause of so much contention when he is dead.

And the slide dissolves into the picture of 1870.

Shall we see his throne more firmly established than ever? Shall we see the country free and self-governing?—the people contented and loyal? Shall we see France like unto England as regards liberty, with a Constitutional Sovereign in Napoleon and the promise of a firmly established dynasty in his son? Shall we see France governed by the intellect of the many in lieu of the grand tact (now weakened by age and anxiety) of the Sovereign?

Or perhaps the picture may dissolve into this. A man returning from the first steps taken on a perilous journey, undoing a believed mistake. We may see Napoleon destroying his own handiwork. In 1869 he tried to give his people a free government; in 1870 he may possibly find his people unprepared to receive so great a boon. Or, again, the picture may be on this wise. The people may have risen upon their ruler, and have made him their slave. It has been done before in France, and the odds are fearfully in favour of the multitude. On one side there are numbers, and wealth, and good births, and genius; on the other, there is only the intellect of an old man!

Which of the three pictures shall we see? The first is our choice; for Napoleon, with all his faults, has been a good friend to England, and we wish him well with all the heartiness of a British nature. Which shall we see? Time can only show.

Then the Genius of the Hour selects another slide, marked 1869, and the world becomes dark and dismal. We have the interior of an infirmary, but such an infirmary! The poor sick are huddled together in an unseemly crowd; the room reeks with a nauseous odour; the beds are overrun with vermin. Death reigns supreme, while the Guardians of the poor quarrel and abuse one another in the choicest Billingsgate. Time takes the slide, and it begins to dissolve—into what?

Into a new *régime* of cleanliness and comfort? A *régime* with new Guardians and new management? With Guardians who prefer to seek the welfare of the poor rather than to insult one another,—Guardians who will look after their charges, instead of quarrelling with their subordinates? Or will the picture become more horrible than ever? Will mismanagement grow apace? Will bad become worse? Will Death take up his abode in the place, and consequently give up his flying visits? Will the paupers' graves grow in number, and the inquests be counted by hundreds instead of tens? Which of the two pictures shall we see? Time alone can show.

Then another slide is slipped into the lantern, and a hideous street appears on the white disc. A street which disfigures the beauties of the City, with its new street and its glorious bridges. A street that has been condemned over and over again,—that has been written at, and argued about, for weeks, months, years, and proved to be useless and expensive, and emphatically BAD, and yet which remains at this moment in its native hideousness! Shall we see it dissolve into a broad thoroughfare, with noble shops and contented citizens? Shall we be able to look upon it with pride and admiration, or will it remain as a disgrace and a shame to the City of London? Shall we have a street capable of containing any amount of traffic, or will the list of accidents grow longer, and the time of business men be wasted as if it were as useless as dust, as valueless as pump-water? Which of the two pictures shall we see? Time alone can show.

We have a slide still marked 1869, and showing the picture of a brutal demon more beast than man—more devil than either. Will this portrait (it has been drawn in Ireland) dissolve into the representation of a happy landowner, with meat in his larder, crops in his fields, and money in his pocket? Will patriotism take the place of Fenianism? Will the thirst for bloodshed give way to that sweetest of loves—the love of country? Once more, and finally—time alone can show.

A SMALL BORE FOR THE RIFLES.

ALTHOUGH the Atlantic Cable would appear to have the best excuse for blundering in its working, it certainly, as a rule, conveys messages with far greater accuracy than do many of the shorter wires; indeed, the suburban lines, which are but a few thousand yards long, might well profit by the example of the monstre cable. This being the case it is a pity that the Atlantic Telegraph Company should employ clerks who are not up to the Civil Service Commissioners' standard as regards their spelling. Here is a specimen message which must surely have frightened Dean's Yard out of its propriety:—

"Prince Arthur has gone *moose* hunting in Canada."

We should have thought that even an American official would have known that the word *mouse* was spelt with an *u*, and not a second *o*, but as this is not evidently the case, we can only counsel the Board of Directors of the Telegraph Company to invest in a dozen or so copies of the latest edition of "Mavor" for the use of their *employés*. But, by the way, now we come to read the despatch again, what is His Royal Highness hunting mice in Canada for? At the best it must be meagre sport, and as Prince Arthur was sent to Canada to do a little soldiering with a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which was specially kept in the Colony long after its term of foreign service had expired, simply and solely for His Royal Highness's professional profit and convenience, it becomes but a sorry compliment to the gallant corps for the Royal subaltern to be indulging in inane pastimes while the officers and men are undergoing the hardships of an additional Canadian winter, which Royal influence has let them in for. We suppose *mouse* hunting is a mild form of rattling. Whatever it is however, Prince Arthur would do better to attend to his duty than give his time to it.

PLUMSTEAD TO THE RESCUE.

ALL honour to Plumstead! Its parochial Board has just purchased a roller for its roads, and have announced their willingness to lend it to any neighbouring parochial board at the modest rent of seven shillings and sixpence a day. Here is a chance for our West End parishes. We believe the sacred precincts of Hyde Park are solely under the control of His Royal Highness the Ranger; but there are several roads immediately adjacent thereto which are perfectly inaccessible, as yet, for men or beasts. For example, the continuation of the Exhibition road has been completed these eighteen months, but we doubt if, as yet, as many carriages have passed over the lower part of it, as the owners of horses, as a rule, wisely prefer making a *détour* of a quarter of a mile to laming their animals. But this is one instance only out of many. However, this unfortunate state of things need no longer exist. Surely St. George's, St. James's, and the other West End parishes can scrape together a couple of guineas between them, and a week's rolling will literally put everything straight.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

THE following unique advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* a few days back:—

WANTED, a Second-hand Hatchment. Direct, with full particulars of size and armorial bearings, to ———.

We have heard before now of dwellers in Pentonville and Bloomsbury picking up portraits of their ancestors in Drury lane at seven and sixpence a-piece, but the idea of starting a second-hand hatchment for a deceased relative is altogether quite original. At the best, a hatchment has very little elegance or meaning in it, even when emblazoned with the coat of arms and crest of a person who had the right to them; but when the lozenge-shaped board is stuck between the windows of the "first floor front" of someone who has no possible connection with the device it sets forth, the joke becomes as silly as it is grim. But, we repeat, it has the one charm,—it is original.

SIX MONTHS INTO THE FUTURE.

THE skaters have discovered that the dredging and filling of the Serpentine has its attendant disadvantages. Of course, some thousands of persons, who would otherwise have availed themselves of the large sheet of water that used to exist in Hyde Park, were driven elsewhere, and the result was that last week the Round Pond, the St. James's Park lake, and the ornamental water in Regent's Park were inconveniently and dangerously crowded. This, perhaps, could not be helped, for the Serpentine could not possibly have been made available for the use of skaters this winter; but the inconvenience is suggestive of something worse. It is notorious that but a handful of men are employed in carrying out the works, and the chances are that when the hot weather comes next summer, the Serpentine will be an empty bed, just calculated to breed cholera in particular and pestilence in general. The apathy on the part of the Board of Works is the more reprehensible, for just now thousands of labouring men are out of work, and to give them employment would not only be good policy but real charity. But, of course, this last attribute has no official existence.

THE HOLBORN AND THE DRAMA.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN deserves no little credit for the determination with which he has kept his promise to the public. No nude burlesque is chronicled this Christmas as an "immense success" at the Holborn. The fare, though not jovial from a music-hall point of view, is excellent of its kind, and ought to command a large class of admirers. Not that the play of *Love's Sacrifice* is what a play ought to be in 1870. In parts it is a great deal too stagey, and suffers notably from a far too elaborate leading up to the brisker action of the story. Still, it has a good deal of sterling stuff about it, and supplies some of the most accomplished actors in London with first-rate parts. To begin with, Mrs. Herman Vezin's rendering of the devoted daughter is beyond all praise. Here and there she rises to the heights of pure tragedy, and in the pathetic portions, where great intelligence and careful attention to light and shade are so necessary, her acting approaches perfection. The play is worth sitting out for this one part alone. Again, Mr. Barry Sullivan is, of course, a host in himself, and delivers the lines set down to the unhappy father with great earnestness and power. There is no living English actor who can abandon himself to the storm of the passions like Mr. Barry Sullivan; and *Love's Sacrifice* gives him some fine opportunities, of which he makes the very most. Mr. Cowper is admirable as well; we never remember to have seen him playing better. Mr. Honey,—well, Mr. Honey is Mr. Honey, and that is simply saying that he is worth seeing in anything. The subordinate parts, too, are very creditably filled, and the whole is well mounted. In a word, *Love's Sacrifice* is a thoroughly good evening's entertainment. However opinion may be divided as to the literary, or, rather, as to the dramatic merit of pieces of this class, there can be no doubt on one point: if they are too stilted, too strong, in fact, for modern taste, they will do their work. Slangy writing and vulgar domesticity are the blots on current dramatic literature; and on this Mr. Barry Sullivan's management will have influence. Pieces of the character of *Love's Sacrifice*, if at all popular, will raise the tone of the modern drama a step or two higher. Mr. Barry Sullivan made a mistake when he produced a clumsy adaptation of a French piece under the very British title of *Plain English*; but thanks will be due to him if the ultra-legitimate fare he now furnishes calls, by its silent influence, a new class of plays into existence. Something between the tall talk of our grandfathers and the slang of our sons is sadly wanted in modern drama. Let us hope it is on its way to us.

OH, STOWE IT!—Why is Mrs. Beecher Stowe to be pitied? Because her bark has got on a *Leigh Shore*!

GOING TO THE JEWS.—It is a fact, we understand, that nearly every journalist in London has started a new "paper" at one time or another. Most of these productions have yielded as much as sixty per cent.—to the Jews!

A FORGOTTEN BARNACLE.

IN their several descriptions of the clearance which took place at Whitecross Street Prison on the 1st of this month, when the new Act for the abolition of imprisonment for debt came into force, all the papers, though in different words, mentioned the case of one Mr. Barnacles, who had been in prison for twenty-seven years on an order of the Admiralty Court. As the story was so generally given, we can only accept it as being true; but it is difficult to believe that a person could in these modern times have been detained in a debtor's prison for a quarter of a century, and at such a suit, too! Although the "order of the Court of Admiralty" accounts for the man's subsistence having been paid for so long a time (for Government departments are liberal enough at the public expense), we cannot understand how the unfortunate Mr. Barnacles can have managed to bring down upon his devoted head such protracted persecution on the part of the authorities. The Admiralty Court, as we take it, is a special tribunal, instituted for the settlement of disputes arising out of the damage sustained by ships; and because Mr. Barnacles had something to do with a collision at sea, or something of the kind, eight-and-twenty years ago, it is scarcely reasonable that the Court should have taken it so unkindly. Whether Mr. Barnacles went "hard-a-starboard" when he should have put himself "hard-a-port," or whether he was "half seas over" when he should have been "in stays," we do not know; but the unfortunate gentleman has been brought to his moorings in Whitecross Street for a time long enough to teach him wiser; and now that he is cut adrift we hope he may weather the fag end of the storm of life into which the new act has launched him.

CALL A SPADE A SPADE.

OH! dear no. Nothing of the kind. How would it be possible in these days of politeness and refinement to call things by their right names? In those good old days of a century ago people were more honest and said what they meant. But then Englishmen were uncultivated, uncivilized almost. They had not had the rough edge taken off their manners, and the language they used *had a meaning*. All women were not called ladies; every shopboy was not an esquire; yet women were as good then as now, and shopboys were held in quite as much estimation. A servant girl was contented with being called a young woman, a barmaid did not wish to be termed a lady, and counter-jumpers and shopmen were plain misters. A lady meant a woman of education moving in something like a good position, an esquire a man who had at least some pretence, if only that of wealth, to the distinction. Now all this was terribly shocking no doubt, a mere relic of barbarism, which, thank heaven, is now past and gone. We have profited largely by our closer communion with continental nations. We have learnt to knock down all these detestable barriers, we have learnt the pure essence of politeness. We have even sought to admit that Mary Jane, cleaning her pots, kettles, and pans, is as much a lady as her mistress, the accomplished and wealthy daughter of an old English family. We have learnt that Mr. Snips, the tailor, is as much an esquire as his customer, the possessor of broad lands, and a magistrate of his county. We have learnt that Mr. Aaron Moses, of the New Cut, should really be called Aaron Moses, Esq., notwithstanding that he buys rags and bones, and is particularly partial to "selp me" in his conversation. We have learnt that Mr. Timothy Brown, who takes his pound a week to serve yards of ribbon and stockings in that grand emporium in Seven Dials, drops his h's and omits his r's, is in every sense of the term an esquire. Fancy writing to him Mr. T. Brown. Bah! it is impossible even to fancy doing so. Imagine advertising for a *young woman* to serve behind the bar. Would one of the hundreds of "young ladies" now out of employment answer your advertisement? Yes, if actually starving, but not if they have the slightest chance of getting to any other place where they would be called "young ladies." Fancy yourself behind the scenes of a theatre talking of the *corps de ballet*, and calling them girls or young women, what an uncultivated Goth you would be thought, and serve you right too! These charming creatures in all the glories of paint and spangles, surrounded with a celestial halo of coloured fires and gas, are not girls, are not young women, but "young ladies."

How truly thankful ought we to be for all this! How pleased to think that our eyes have been opened, that bigoted notions of class distinctions have been scattered to the wind, and that we can now apply the same distinction to all; or rather do away with all distinction. Certainly there are people still who object to this levelling up. There are those who consider this application of the word lady, and this general use of esquire as not only nauseating, but actually injurious. There are those who will say it has cost many a girl her virtue, and led many a young man to rob the till to keep up appearances. But then there always will be sceptics. There always will be ill-natured people who will refuse to call barmaids and servants ladies, who will object to address shopmen as esquires, who will refuse to see the amount of degradation contained in those good old English words, girl and woman, who will not believe that putting Esq. after his name makes a counter-jumper a gentleman, but who will insist upon using these terms in their only true and proper application, and who will insist upon calling a "spade a spade." But then they are only those who possess common sense, and common sense is a commodity which we fear is at a very high premium in the market of Period. In future a true lady should be spoken of as a girl or a woman, and a real esquire addressed as mister, if we wish to make a distinction.

DEMOCRATIC ENJOYMENT.

THE representatives of the Democratic City Government of New York have been showing the world how to enjoy itself respectably. A *Bal Masqué* took place, a short time since, in the French Theatre. It was, says the *New York Times*, the resort of the scum of the earth. Infamous creatures endeavoured to surpass each other in outraging every sentiment of decency. And the spectators were men of position and influence—citizens calling themselves respectable. In one box was a party of civic officials, well known in the town—aldermen and others, representatives of the Democratic City Government. Their conduct was viler than that of the degraded wretches whose obscene revels had attracted them to the place. They seized upon one woman and flung her from the box. Her thigh was broken in the fall. The police were appealed to, but declared that they dared not meddle with the occupants of the box, for they were all members of the City Government.

So much for the social conduct of these glorious republicans. What a delightful *régime* to live under where City officials are at liberty to amuse themselves by breaking women's legs, in addition to revelling in obscenity! This is another lesson for us to add to the lengthy list of those that our civilized Yankee cousins have taught us.

FOWL CRIMES.

THE child stealing case, the nine days' wonder of last October, came on for trial last week at the Reading Quarter Sessions. The prisoner was, of course, found guilty; but the magistrates being mercifully inclined, she was sentenced only to fifteen months' hard labour. On the same day, at the Middlesex Sessions, a man was convicted of stealing four live fowls, and was adjudged seven years' penal servitude.

It is no longer an original idea to compare sentences for different degrees of crime, and lately there has been plenty of such moral drawing in the newspapers; but the sentence on Elizabeth Barry is unique indeed. Here we have a woman, actuated by the worst passion—revenge—stealing the dearest belonging of her employers—their child—ill-using it, half-starving it, and finally attempting to desert it at a Liverpool lodging-house. The crime was so revolting that the hue and cry was raised throughout the Kingdom, and, thanks to the publicity given to the facts in the newspapers, the woman was taken; but it was a chance, a fortunate chance only, that the child was recovered. It is too horrible to dwell on possibilities if the unfortunate baby had been lost to its parents; but "possibilities" should have influenced the magistrates in determining the punishment. On the other hand, an unfortunate lad stole a few head of poultry, which, according to the law of England, is something more than five times as wicked as stealing a child. But is this the law of England, or the incapacity of those who are trusted with its administration?



LONDON, JANUARY 15, 1870.

THE WEEK.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE has published her defence. It is worthy of her!

NEWS reaches us from America that great excitement has been caused in the town of Wabash, in Indiana, by a resolution to enforce the Sunday law. Men, women, and children have been indicted for fishing, sewing, knitting, and blacking boots on that day. But we understand there is no truth in the report that eating and drinking is to be disallowed, and that babies are to be denied the luxury of crying. This is, indeed, an oversight and a concession!

MAJOR DITMAS, R.A., of Folkestone, has lost his pet—a wolf! After the brute (we mean, of course, the wolf) had ravaged several hen-roosts and had hurt to the death six sheep, the Major kindly gave instructions that he (the brute) might be shot if—he (the beast) could not be captured! Major Ditmas should receive a medal from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Surely the owners of the hens and sheep would head a subscription for carrying out this excellent idea!

PRINCE NAPOLEON has sent his poor little son to a small school in Paris, where he is to be fed on dry bread and kept to work ten hours a day! The child is seven years old! Surely this is a case in which the Emperor might exercise a little personal power on behalf of his youthful first cousin once removed. His Majesty should order Prince Napoleon to find some other means of purchasing popularity than at the expense of his poor little son. His Imperial Highness was not (if report is to be believed) *very* terrible at the head of his Infantry in the Crimea, why then should he prove such a Tartar now that his Infantry is in Paris!

A "BALLET GIRL" wrote, the other day, to the *Times*, to protest strongly against the cruelty inflicted on her order by managers, who regard those who compose it as so much machinery. She, moreover, hinted that many accidents occurred that were hushed up. This is very likely, as no man, who has a reputation in humanity to support, would care to wash such dirty linen as this is public. By the way, the allusion to linen, in connection with this subject, is happy. Ballet girls, now-a-days, are treated, it seems, very much after the fashion of linen. Both are carefully "got up," but there is this radical difference between them. Unlike linen, the ballet girl is *ironed* first and mangled afterwards.

"ANOTHER—AND ANOTHER."

THE International Exhibition fever, we find, has broken out in a fresh place. After a slight outbreak in Holland last year, which quickly succumbed to treatment—ill-treatment, we believe the Dutch considered it—the disease has now appeared in South America. It seems that an International Exhibition on a grand scale is to be opened at Cordova, a city of the Argentine Republic, some time this autumn. We do not know what

share England is to have in the display, but we strongly recommend would-be exhibitors to reserve themselves for our own show of 1871. Exhibitions have unfortunately lost a great part of their popularity, and any little energy which still remains in this country will be wanted at home. By the way, would it not be a good plan to put off the proposed Exhibition for twenty years or so, for then we might find time to raise a building worthy of the ground it would stand on? A permanent edifice at a twelvemonth's notice is an idea too horrible to dwell upon, so let us hope that the design chosen will be something of poles and canvas, after the fashion of the great flower show tent of the Horticultural Society.

A CENTURY'S SURVEY.

WE have it on the authority of *Nature*—and what better authority could we have?—that the trigonometrical survey of England and Wales has been just completed—in fact, that it was finished last week. As the work was commenced in 1791, we have no doubt that the work will have been thoroughly done. In the meantime, may we ask the Topographical Department when the maps of Scotland and Ireland will be completed? The survey of the latter country, we believe, was only recently commenced, so we must not expect its completion yet awhile; but we would remark in the best spirit, and without the slightest intention of giving offence, that if it will be another 79 years' job, that—why, that we have no particular interest in the matter.

MOVING TALES.

IT is a pity that the rumour that Mr. Bruce, the Leeds Police Magistrate, was to be transferred to London was not founded on fact. Unfortunately, it turned out that Mr. Bruce was not the Home Secretary's brother, indeed, that he was no relation to him whatever; so a successor to Mr. Burcham was sought elsewhere. We regret, though, that a magistrate who has the courage to fine dog fanciers for cutting dogs' tails should be allowed to vegetate in the provinces. Small cruelties of this kind are too general in England; and London is the very hot-bed of such brutalities. At the London courts, cruelty to animals is generally looked upon as a pardonable indiscretion, rather than as a revolting crime; so let us hope that the Metropolitan Police Magistrates may read the Leeds police reports, and profit by Mr. Bruce's good example.

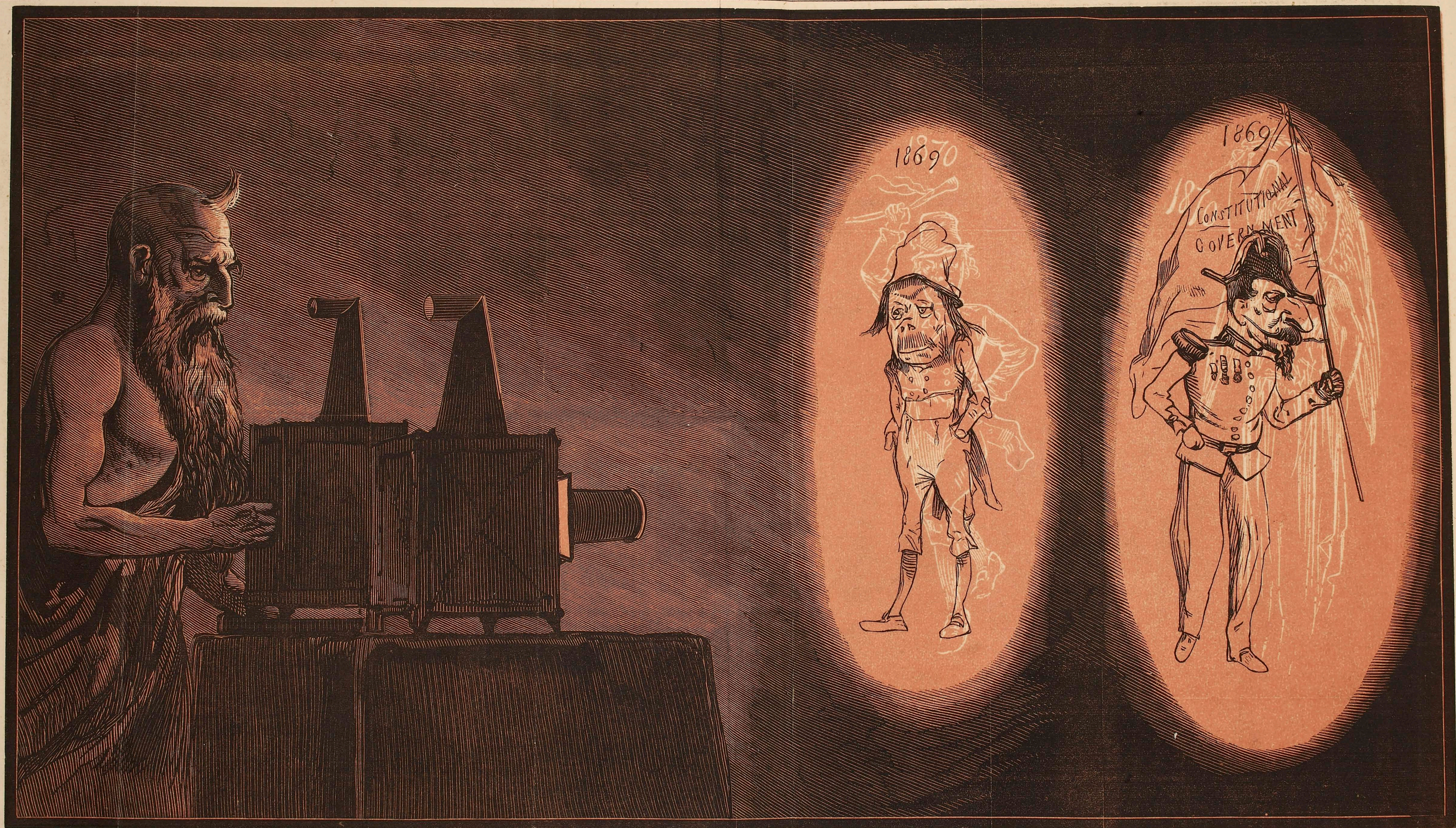
ANY ANI-MUS?

AMONG the many "comics" published now-a-days, there is, or was lately, a paper called *Jack-o'-Lantern*, or *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, or some such name. We have been sent a copy of this paper, containing an attack (in our opinion a most pointless attack) upon the performances at the Globe Theatre. We make a quotation:—

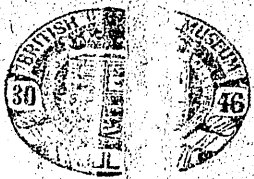
"The public . . . do not throng to the Globe; on the contrary, keep away, and will keep away, in all probability, unless drawn by something more attractive than *Sir Simon* and *Lord Bateman*, a burlesque . . . which is about as weak a concoction of dull plot and poor word-twisting as can well be imagined."

So said *Jack-o'-Lantern* } and our contemporary had a perfect right to his opinion, although, for our part, we pity the taste of the critic who finds nothing good in Mr. Byron's excellent acting in *Not such a Fool as He Looks*. We should not have alluded to this paragraph had not a report reached our ears that the manager of one of the Strand theatres had been threatened with vengeance by a disappointed "comic" critic, who had been refused admission to the stalls of the theatre in question on Boxing Night. As anything written in malice is always discreditable, we trust that the story has nothing to do with *Jack-o'-Lantern* } Perhaps our contemporary (if he is still in the land of the living) will be kind enough to explain the matter. He has, we repeat, a perfect right to express his opinion upon the merits of any piece produced in public, but he has no right to bring discredit upon the profession to which we both (unhappily) belong.





DISSOLVING VIEWS!
OR,
THE PAST AND THE FUTURE



THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE SUEZ NOTES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 8, 1870.

THIS will be, I anticipate, my last letter from the East. Spagmore and I have taken our passages by the next boat to Marseilles, and I cannot say that I am sorry for it. I have had enough of Egypt. Spagmore says that it all comes of going to Egypt without knowing how to talk in hieroglyphics, and I dare say he is right. However, on Wednesday next we leave, celebrating our departure by a farewell ball. It has struck us that this would be a nice thing to do, and, as our New Year's affair was *nearly a success*, we mean to make this one a thorough go. We were not quite up to Eastern ways on the first, so made one or two blunders that we shall, of course, avoid in future. In fact, you might almost lay down special rules for the proper conduct of a thing of the sort. I could jot down some valuable experiences myself; and in case any of your readers should be coming to Egypt, and mean to give a few entertainments there, I will just throw out a few hints at random. For instance, suppose I take the following heading:—

HINTS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF EVENING PARTIES IN THE EAST.

It is a mistake to get Turks to stand up for Sir Roger de Coverley. They are all very well once up the middle and down again, but in hands across, set to partners, and all round, they are nowhere. Avoid Sir Roger as a Turkish dance. It is always a failure, and sometimes becomes extremely disagreeable.

Then you must not have negus. They will not drink it when anyone is looking, and so you become puzzled what to refresh them with. I left it to Spagmore, who said, of course, the proper thing was *ra-hat-la-koum* and hot water, and he put a couple of ounces of it into a six-gallon jug, but I do not think there was any particular run on it. Then, as to coffee. Our English way of taking it is not theirs. We take the coffee—they the grounds. However, you can manage *that* by emptying the coffee-pots, when used up, into ice-plates. We did it, and it was the only substantial refreshment a great many of our Eastern guests had. I noticed one distinguished Pasha, who had come all the way from Cairo on a camel, try seven of them, but he left early, and took the saucers with him. Spagmore says this was only an Eastern custom, and denotes great friendship, but that I must explain it to the pastry cook. Its mention reminds me of another drawback to these entertainments abroad. I refer to the habit the Continental nobility have of pocketing the plate. I saw a bevy of aristocrats—in short, some of the best blood in Europe, hanging about the sideboard, from which we missed at least five dozen silver spoons the next morning. The most marked case that I noticed was that of a dashing Polish count, who walked about the whole evening with an electro *entrée* dish, *with a jelly in it*, in his dress-coat pocket. How he got it in I do not know, but, as just at the close of the entertainment I noticed him without it, I conclude he had been relieved of it by a couple of Dalmatian dukes, who had followed him about closely from half-past seven till one, discussing the political future of Hungary, and tossing him for cigars with a two-headed halfpenny. Avoid plate, therefore, or anything with a valuable showy appearance as much as possible when you get together distinguished people in the East.

But to resume. The great news of my letter is unquestionably that which refers to the *Circus*. We have given it up. Not a single vessel would take the elephants to Europe at children's forecabin fare, or allow the boa constrictor to take an afternoon stroll in the rigging, the only thing that would have enabled it to bear the change of climate. Then one of the camels was, we heard, a very bad sailor, and would have cost us a small fortune in brandy and soda if the weather got bad. Add to this that none of the Arabs would go on board without six months' salary in advance, and full permission to go through their "flying carving-knife feat" after dark, on whatever part of the ship they might select, and you see pretty well at a glance how the Circus idea was abandoned. I cannot say I regret it, for at Spagmore's wish I had written to my uncle at Clapham about

putting up the two tigers and a Kaffir chief for a few days, and had received a very cool reply. However, we have not lost by the affair, as I will explain. There is a charity on foot here for "*decayed Turkish gentlewomen*." There is to be a large Christmas tree, and a drawing of prizes, a certain percentage of the subscriptions being devoted to the purchase of articles. Spagmore knows the Chairman of the Asiatic Committee, and has persuaded him to *buy the beasts*, and let them be drawn for along with the other prizes in the usual manner. So the thing is settled, and the drawing is to take place at our "hop" to-night. Of course, we cannot hang the beasts to the tree itself, so we can only append their names to some appropriate trifle.

I find I have no more time now till the close of the affair. Guests are arriving in shoals, and the tree is being lighted. Before I close this, I will slip in a list of the numbers, prizes, and the names of the successful people.

11 p.m.

Here it is:—

PRIZES ON THE CHRISTMAS TREE, AND THEIR WINNERS.
Official List for the Committee.

NUMBER.	PRIZE.	WINNER.
113	2 crackers	H. R. H. the Khedive.
5	A hyena and a pot of jam	The Countess de la Vayannee.
15	One orange	Paapoosh Pasha.
34	Two Dutch dolls and an elephant .	Lady Luff.
71	A boa constrictor and a set of chocolate ninepins.....	Ditto.
100 (<i>grand prize</i>)	A camel (performing), two Bengal tigers, an omnibus, a set of paper moons, 29 pairs of spangled tights, and a Lenny Noah's ark	Ditto.
125	A chalk die	Paapoosh Pasha.
19	A white elephant and a brandy bottle	The author of <i>Sideboard</i> , and other novels.
49	A crocodile and a slice of seed cake	The Rev. Harvey Potts.
12	A musical and performing fish (set of tea trays complete) and a bottle of ginger beer	An Egyptian gentleman (name unknown).
142	12 Bedouin Arabs, with feats (a five years' travelling engagement included), and an orange	Paapoosh Pasha.
95	A free passage for an elephant to Southampton, and a set of lead tea things.....	The Archbishop of Gaddipolitis.

I open this to say I am afraid everybody is disappointed. However, the prizes will be delivered at their addresses tomorrow, whether they like it or not.

IN RE THE POULTRY.

A QUESTION THAT MUST BE ANSWERED.—Why, in spite of TOMAHAWK's repeated attacks (supported by the most powerful of his contemporaries) has nothing been done in the matter of the Poultry?

NEW NAME FOR THE BOARD OF WORKS (*for further particulars see the Poultry*).—The Blockheads.

A CITY CON.—Why is not London a beautiful city? For Poultry (paltry?) reasons?

OUR BOOKMARKER.

The Odes of Anacreon. Translated by THOMAS MOORE, with Designs by GIRODET DE ROUSSY. Hotten, London.

THIS charming little book is one of the most delightful volumes that has been given to the public for a very long time. Both the verses and drawings are full of voluptuous ideas, still, there is nothing that can offend the most pure-minded of mankind. If the pictures are voluptuous, they are at the same time chaste and graceful to the last degree. As, in spite of this, there may be some who will find fault with the designs, and attempt to draw a draught of nastiness from the pure stream of the artist's genius, we may say at once that these will be the nasty-minded critics who find a reason for blushes in the naked legs of a piano, and a subject for sermons on chastity in the breast of a roasted fowl!

George Cruikshank's Omnibus. Edited by LAMAN BLANCHARD. New Edition. Bell and Daldy, London.

THIS work will put many of our modern *littérateurs* to the blush. It is full of wit and cleverness. When we compare it with the annuals of the present season, we cannot but be struck with the difference between the scribble of to-day and the literature of twenty years since. The great feature of the volume before us is, however, the wonderful etchings of the veteran artist (who may be called the father of modern caricature), George Cruikshank the Elder. These sketches are superior, by a long way, to anything produced by the present generation. Mr. Du Maurier may be clever, Mr. Brunton grotesque, and Mr. Charles Collette quaint and humorous; still, all these gentlemen must yield the palm (as no doubt they would do most willingly) to the author of the picture of Fagin the Jew. As we turn over the leaves of the "Omnibus," we do so with a feeling of regret that so many of the writers of the past are silent for ever,—that so few things are now given to the public by the clever artist whose name is inseparably linked with the book before us. Would that George Cruikshank the Elder's pencil was once more to the fore; it would be a terrible thing, it is true, for our caricaturists, but then it would be a great boon to England,—Europe,—the whole world.

The Book of Wonderful Characters. Chiefly from the text of HENRY WILSON and JAMES CAULFIELD. Hotten, London.

THOSE who like the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's will welcome this volume with much delight. There are sixty-one illustrations of "pig-faced ladies," "remarkable misers," "Botany Bay Rothschilds," "Female sailors," &c., &c. We frankly admit that we are not particularly partial to the "Newgate Calendar," or to the accounts of human monstrosities, still, what has been done in this book has been well done. The text is sharply written, and the pictures are evidently speaking likenesses. If Mr. Hotten publishes a hundredth edition of this work, say some fifty years hence, he should add a specimen portrait of a Poor-law Guardian from the parish of St. Pancras.

A PLAIN MISTAKE.

MORE military blunders in India! After mature deliberation it has been decided that a large number of new barracks for the accommodation of the troops are to be erected in the plains of Bengal. If we could wonder at anything that emanates from the Indian Government, we should wonder at this. It has long since been an admitted principle that the only way of securing a healthy, and therefore efficient, European army in India is by keeping the men at the hill stations; and for the last six or eight years since the institution of telegraphs and railways it has been deemed by all competent authorities most advisable, from a military point of view, to keep the forces in these healthy quarters, whence, at a few hours' notice, they could be thrown into the plains in any direction circumstances may warrant. What the authorities have been about to sanction the erection of buildings which, if they are to be of any use, must overthrow all preconceived ideas of what is the best way of utilising the Indian army, we cannot guess. Sir William Mansfield, we should have thought, would have had influence enough to have prevented such shameless blundering. How

many hundred thousands of money the new barracks are to cost we have not heard, possibly because nobody knows; but whatever the sum total may ultimately be, it will be so much money wasted. And yet we are told that retrenchment in Indian expenditure is being specially applied to the military services!

CUTTINGS FROM A CONTEMPORARY.

AMONGST the features of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its two-penny morning form, there appeared, last week, a "Chronicle of the Events of 1869," arranged with the view of acting as a permanent reference sheet. Although we are unable on account of its length (five columns), to reprint the list *in extenso*, we have, thanks to our intelligent *précis* writer (an officer always retained on the strength of our establishment, in addition to our six private secretaries), been able to give the whole substance of the chronicle in the following lines:—

CHRONICLE FOR 1869.

CONDENSED FROM THE *Pall Mall Gazette* OF JANUARY 3RD.

January.—Disturbances in Spain. Several Members unseated for bribery. Trade dull. Murders.

February.—Several murders. Disturbances in Spain. Trade dull. Election scandals.

March.—More Members unseated for bribery. Horrible murders. Revolutionary movement in Madrid. Trade dull.

April.—Trade dull. Lots of murders, and bribery. Rows in Spain.

May.—Murders and disturbances general. More election scandals. Trade duller than ever.

June.—Trade at its dullest. Spain, as usual. Ditto election scandals and murders.

July.—See January.

August.—See February.

September.—See March.

October.—See April.

November.—See May.

December.—See June.

N.B.—If carefully cut out and preserved, this Chronicle will do nicely for several years to come.

A MODEL MAMMA.

IT is with the greatest pain we read in the newspapers that a "respectable looking woman" has been condemned by a Manchester magistrate to pay forty shillings, or suffer a month's imprisonment, for cruelly ill-using her own child, six years of age.

When the child was first seen by the police, her hands were black and swollen, and there were other marks upon her which showed that she had been brutally beaten. A police-sergeant took her home to his house, and when they were about to put her to bed, they found that her feet were covered with sores, to which her stockings were sticking, and they were obliged to steep her feet in water for some time before they could take her stockings off. A servant girl, who had been in the employment of the "respectable looking woman," said that she had seen the child badly used by her mother on several occasions. On one occasion, she saw this amiable creature put the child's hands on a table, and beat them with a cane until the cane was smashed. Another time she saw her put her child into a cold-water bath, in which she was kept with her head under water, and when she was brought out the kind-hearted mother refused to let her go near the fire. The child became very ill, and it was found necessary to get some brandy for her. Her body had become quite stiff. Once she saw the mother strike the child on the face with her clenched fist with such force as to make the child's nose and mouth bleed.

What a nice, kind, good, gentle creature! How she must have loved her child! Truly it is hard that she should be so severely punished for inflicting a *little* chastisement. Of course forty shillings fine is a terrible punishment, at least it would appear to be so in the eyes of the Manchester magistrate, who informed the prisoner that she was liable to six months' imprisonment, without the option of a fine. Know for the future all ye loving mothers who wish to indulge in the luxury of brutality to your offspring, the price is only forty shillings at Manchester. Has this magistrate any children of his own? We trust not.

J. B. CLEMENTS,

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE TOILET CLUB,
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HAIR-CUTTER to the UNIVERSITIES and the OFFICERS of H.M. GUARDS.

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Now ready,
BEAUTIFULLY BOUND IN GREEN AND GOLD,
Price 8s.,

THE TOMAHAWK: VOLUME V.

EDITED BY
ARTHUR A'BECKETT.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MATT MORGAN.

THE VOLUME CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING
CARTOONS:

BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN!
A FAMILY PICTURE.

LES BRAVES BELGES!

CAUSE AND EFFECT!

OR, THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

CARRIED WITH THE TIDE!
OR, A DANGEROUS CRUISE.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY!

OR, THEY WILL SINK THE BOAT BETWEEN THEM.

THE CURE FOR MURDER.
OR, JUSTICE CLINGS TO THE GALLOWS.

THE DOOMED CITY!

OR, LIFE BENEATH, DESTRUCTION O'ERHEAD.

FORBEAR!

OR, UNCLE TOM'S NEW SPEC.

GLADSTONE'S MAGIC CHANGE!

OR, HOW TO MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR.

GOING HOME!

THE IRISH VAMPIRE!
OR, BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THE MOONBEAMS.

THE IRISH IDOL,
OR, WORSHIPPING THE —!

THE IRISH FRANKENSTEIN!
JOLLY CHRISTMAS!

LEFT IN LONDON!

OR, THE END OF THE SEASON.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE—AND ON THAT."

THE MODERN GUY-FAUX!

OR, A DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A BISHOP.

NOT OUT OF DANGER!

OR, AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

OUR HEREDITARY LEGISLATORS,
OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

OUT, DAMNED SPOT!
PLAY OR CRIME?

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