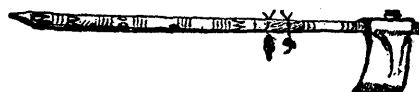


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 24]

LONDON, OCTOBER 19, 1867.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE HELLS.

Hear the echoes from the Hells—
German Hells !
What a tale of selfishness their recollection tells !
How fickle fortune battles
With the ball that rolls and rattles
On its devilish career !
While the coins that oversprinkle,
All the numbers seem to twinkle,
With a simper or a sneer.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of ruined rhyme.
To the hum of speculation that annually swells
From the Hells, Hells, Hells—
From the Hunters and the Punters of the Hells.

Hear the merry laughing Hells,
Baden Hells !
Ring out their call to happiness like wedding bells ;
Blinding eyes with lust of gain,
Dead'ning hearts to others' pain,
With the molten gold and notes.
Calling out,
" We are misery's antidotes ! !
Come and clutch us ! " o'er their poison-beauty gloats
Longing Doubt—
How the air resounding fills
With the cries from out that Hall of Cure for Ills !
How the swells
At the wells,
Dream of health or of wealth, how each tells
Of the craving that impels
To the winning and the sinning
Of the Hells, Hells, Hells,
To the losing and abusing of the Hells.

Hear the losers at the Hells—
Homburg Hells !
What an end of dread despondency their mien foretells !
When fortune turns her back,
And the promised Red looks Black,
And the Black grows Red with shame,
As it hears its worshipped name ;
All is lost
In a timorous appealing to the mercy of Leblanc :
In a sad expostulation with the croupiers of Leblanc,
Playing higher, higher, higher,
With a maddening desire
And a desperate endeavour
Now—now to win or never,
Though it love and honour cost.
Oh the Hells, Hells, Hells !
What a tale their echo tells
Of despair !
How they cling to Black and Red !
What a tremor they outspread
On the loving hearts that wait in hope at home.
Yet the year it fully knows
By the curses
Or the purses
How the fortune ebbs and flows !
How the scandal stinks and smells
By the sinking or the swelling in the budget of the Hells !

Hear the groaning in the Hells—
German Hells !
Ev'ry coin in hope thrown down,
Be it florin, thaler, crown,
Is a groan.
And the croupiers dressed in sable,
Sitting down before the table,
And who dealing, dealing, dealing,
In that well-known monotone
Coldly glory in the feeling
That their human heart is stone !
Green cloth their only scenery,
They go by some machinery
Without souls ;
And their master takes the tolls,
While the ball it rolls and rolls,
Rolls
And rattles in the Hells.
But his heart no longer swells
At the Pæan of the Hells ;
For he hears above the echo of the Hells
The knells, knells, knells,
Of the Hells.
In the fast approaching time,
When ruin, lust, and crime
Will be driven from the wells,
In the downfall of the Hells—
Of the Hells, Hells, Hells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the Hells !

FANCY WRITING.

OUR Special Correspondent at the Paris Exhibition has forwarded us the following valuable and interesting communication :—

" In wandering through the collection of ' Implements ' the other day, my eye fell on some of those early weapons which armed the savage hands of our antediluvian progenitors. I immediately pictured to myself the whole fossil world revived ; and a lively picture of the strange life which those persons must have led presented itself before my mental vision. Sitting round a fire, composed of extinct vegetation, I saw a family, scantily clad with flint spears and sharks' teeth. In one corner a young maiden, her neck and ankles adorned with pieces of coral, sat gnawing the thigh of a baked *Pleiosaurus*. Children of various ages sported around in the primitive habiliments of nature, playing ninepins with the ribs of a *Pterodactyle*. Suddenly one little boy, his head ornamented with a wreath of *Terebratulæ*, rushed impetuously into the family cave ; ' Papa ! papa ! ' he screamed ; ' make haste, make haste, two large *Mastodons* are walking arm in arm up the gravel walk in front of our house. ' Beads of terror stood on the father's brow, and had hardly time to turn to stalactites, before another child ran screaming into the arms of his mother, and sobbed out, ' Oh, mamma, mamma, a great nasty *Megalosaurus* has bitten my big toe off ! ' The whole family were huddled together in the furthest corner of the cave in silent terror, when a piercing shriek struck upon their listening ears, as the eldest boy exclaimed, ' Oh, uncle and aunt and cousins, first and second, and once removed, here is an *Ichthyosaurus* in my waistcoat pocket. ' Yes ! such were the horrors among which our remotest ancestors dragged on their monotonous existence. Little did they think that a race would ultimately spring from their loins who, in distant ages would avenge the insults and persecutions they thus endured at the hands of these misguided antediluvian monsters, by slaughtering hundreds of blackbeetles in their back kitchens, and beguiling the lives of bluebottle flies by means of a cunning mixture of beer and brown sugar. '

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In consequence of the Immense Success achieved by the TOMAHAWK, and its rapidly increasing Circulation (already reaching 50,000 copies weekly), it has been resolved to ENLARGE it from Twelve Pages (its present size) to SIXTEEN Pages. We shall thus be able to secure advertisers from those disappointments which a very limited space has hitherto sometimes unavoidably occasioned. So soon therefore as the Machinery necessary for Printing this Journal sufficiently rapidly, to meet the enormous demand, shall be fixed and in operation, the Enlargement will be made.

With the still Larger Circulation anticipated from this important alteration in size, the Scale of Charges for Advertisements will be increased to £25 per Page, and 1s. 6d. per Line.



LONDON, OCTOBER 19, 1867.

In November will appear the "TOMAHAWK ALMANACK, for 1868." This will prove no joke but a "stern" reality.

THE following "affair" has shaken London to its very foundations this week. It is whispered that the "Censor" of the *Evening Star* is a certain Mr. Friswell. It is said that Mr. Punch has called the "Censor" of the *Evening Star*, a "silly and vulgar person," and it is known that TOMAHAWK has corroborated the words of his friend, Mr. Punch, in every particular!

THE authorities and officers of Volunteer Rifle Corps seem equally puzzled what to do with the rifles of the Volunteers. Why do they not follow the glorious example set by a certain Corps at Sheffield, during some riots there two or three years ago, who marched out to a lonely spot near the town, in the dead of night, and buried their rifles in a pit (having previously unscrewed the nipples), in order that they might not fall into the hands of the rioters? This showed ingenuity, combined with true courage.

THE Turf is evidently recognized now as a regular profession, the duties of which must take precedence of any other public duties. The House of Commons, as we know, always adjourns over the Derby day; but we did not know that attendance at Newmarket was to be held a sufficient reason for the non-attendance of a prosecutor in a case of felony, even when all the witnesses on both sides were ready to appear. But it seems it is so, for last week the trial of the man accused of stealing the Marquis of Hastings's jewels was postponed, because the noble Marquis and Marchioness were detained by important business; nothing more or less than the Cæsarewitch. Supposing the prisoner should ultimately be acquitted, we wonder whether an action will lie against the prosecutor for frivolous imprisonment. Such an action would hardly lie since it would be too near the truth.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.—We are told (although it is difficult to credit the statement) that the good ship, "Syren," nightly sinking at the word of command at the Holborn Theatre, was *not* built in the Lowther Arcade!

IT IS AN ILL WIND, &c.—We hear that some of the clerks in the War Office, who happen to bear Irish names, have received anonymous letters, calling on them to resign their appointments, and warning them that they will surely be called to account if they persist in serving an English Queen. How to reduce the existing number of Government clerks, without overburdening the pension-list, is a problem which, as yet, no Chancellor of the Exchequer has been able to solve. If these appeals prove successful, we may hope to have another penny off the income-tax next year. There is some sense in Fenianism after all.

WHITE LIES.

OF course! You naturally imagine we are going to have a chat about the *Circe* abomination and its exposure.

The exquisite humour evident in the combination of the two words, "white" and "lies," justifies the supposition.

You are quite mistaken. We are going to be more than usually kind and inoffensive. We should like to gossip a little with you, whoever you are, about the Queen's Theatre. Of course you know that there is a new theatre opening its doors for the first time to-morrow week, Thursday, October 24th. We have all read the description in some journal or another, of its comfort, its elegance, and its improvements. If you have a decided theatrical taste, giving you a thirst for those dress rehearsals known as first nights, you have already applied for a stall, and will be able to judge for yourself of the house and the performances.

Exactly so: by-the-way, what are the performances? Mr. Alfred Wigan has been very careful in keeping secret for some time the pieces he proposes to produce; but he has been good enough to throw a sop to public impatience for the last week or so, by the announcement of "a new romantic drama."

Those disagreeable, heartless vampires who are always inspecting the mote in their brother's eye with a double opera glass, under the blissful hallucination that their own beam is one of light, will be whispering among themselves the names of Dugué, Séjour, or Dumas, at the mention of a romantic drama. But this is uncharitable and invidious now; for have we not a Boucicault, a Tom Taylor, or a Charles Reade, who can give us an original drama at a moment's notice? Have not these gentlemen added their names—nay, headed the list of British dramatic authors, who, sick at heart at the wholesale plundering committed by small play-wrights on the pockets and brains of French and German dramatists, have at last protested against the illicit fattening of the whole vulture tribe?

But by this time, you know, also, that the romantic drama is called *White Lies, or the Double Marriage*, and is from the original and talented pen of Mr. Charles Reade—Mr. Reade who has so often been the martyr to coincidence from a fancied resemblance in his works to previous productions of Madame Georges Sand, Messieurs Brisebarre, Nus, &c., &c. But this time malignant envy will be foiled, for Mr. Reade's play is taken from Mr. Reade's novel, which was published under the title *White Lies*, in a penny weekly publication years back. Was it in the *London Journal*? We think so. Coincidence is even now against the title; for many years ago, Mrs. Opie, whose *Father and Daughter* was the sensation of its time, published a tale called *White Lies*, but there really is no necessity to cavil with that fact, as Mr. Reade has no time to study other authors, much less authoresses.

But there is no work or play entitled *The Double Marriage*. Certainly not. And the subject suggested has never been treated before, and promises a sensation which will be quite new to us.

Stop a bit. We remember—and there are few plays that have appeared during the last twenty years in Paris which we have not seen—we remember a certain drama, in five acts, which appeared at the Gaité early in the year 1852. The drama was written by M. Auguste Maquet, and was called,

LE CHATEAU DE GRANTIER.

There was something like a double marriage in that. Perhaps you would like us to tell you what it was about? We will; in as few words as possible. The widow of a certain Baron de Grantier has been left with her two daughters, Thérèse and Benjamin, in circumstances so reduced that the castle of Grantier is about to be sold. Thérèse has already become affianced to a young officer who is abroad with his regiment. Their daily wants have been alleviated by a young neighbour Raymond, who is in love with Benjamin, and who has sent money in a mysterious manner for their benefit. A certain commandant, Morandal, who is on leave for a few days, buys the property, and comes at the last moment to inspect his acquisition before returning to the army. The widow is ignorant of the sale, and Thérèse becomes acquainted with the facts on meeting Morandal at the park gates. Thérèse has heard of the treachery of her lover, Marcellin, who has gone over to the Spaniards, and wishes to avert the blow which the loss of the castle will be to her mother. Morandal, made acquainted with the history of the sale, offers to make over the property to Thérèse if she will marry him before he leaves. For her mother's sake she consents; the marriage takes place before the Mayor, and Morandal returns immediately to his duties. Marcellin, however, has been no traitor, but only a prisoner, and he escapes to arrive broken and weary at the feet of his bride, who turns from him. He falls ill, and is nursed by the Baroness and her daughters, but the torments of doubt lead him to attempt suicide; when Thérèse forgets everything but that they were affianced and loved each other.

An interval is supposed to elapse. Morandal returns on leave, and discovers Thérèse nursing an infant in her room. Benjamin, to save her sister, declares the child to be her own, and Marcellin the father. Morandal vows that Marcellin shall marry Benjamin, and is soon after called to the army before Philipsbourg. He reproaches his brother



THE PEOPLES GUIDE !

OR, THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE.

There was a Man that could look no way but downwards, with a Muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head, with a celestial Crown in his Hand, and proffered him that Crown for his Muck-rake; but the Man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and dust of the floor."—*Pilgrims Progress*.



officer, who is now a colonel, and demands of him the only reparation he can make to the honour of the Grantier family. A Forlorn Hope is to be led, and lots are drawn for the honour of leading it. The lot falls on Morandal, who acquaints Marcellin with his marriage. Marcellin, through remorse, determines to counteract Morandal's destiny, and calling his men together charges the enemy—a mine springs, and they are blown into the air. . . . When Thérèse hears of Marcellin's death she avows to her mother and the colonel that the child is hers, and Benjamine innocent. Morandal receives a note from Marcellin, who has escaped, and is at the doors, gives up all thoughts of his own happiness, and leads Thérèse into Marcellin's arms, while Raymond is accepted by Benjamine, now freed from her burden of apparent shame.

There is an underplot connected with a lost treasure in which are engaged a country servant girl, an old miserly intendant, and a comic recruit such a part as Mr. Toole might perform were he of the troupe, and the piece ends with the wise remark of Morandal that when you marry you should get a year's leave to be securely settled in your new possession.

Now why should we have bored our readers with this plot? Of course it has nothing to do with Mr. Reade or Mr. Reade's original drama, and yet if Mr. Alfred Wigan were to play such a part as that of Colonel Morandal how well he would do it. Perhaps Mr. Charles Reade may be tempted some day, with the permission of Monsieur Auguste Maquet, to translate *Le Chateau de Grantier*, in order to give Mr. Alfred Wigan the opportunity, but at present, we must be satisfied with the new romantic drama of *The Double Marriage*, which will run we hope for the manager's sake until the day, not far at hand we are told, when the article in the literary convention between England and France which relates to dramatic copyright shall have been revised.

Messrs. Dion Boucicault, Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, dear creatures, are dying to see this long standing grievance redressed.

This looks indeed promising for young English authors. The old poachers are making friends with the gamekeepers, for fear the covers which have proved so fruitful to them might be beaten up by their successors.

"*The Penitent Poachers; or, Where's Your License?*" would make a capital title for a new and original drama. Would'nt it Mr. Charles Reade?

SOAP FOR THE UNWASHED.

- A. So the Bishop of Oxford has been making friends with the dissenters?
- B. I suppose you got that from the papers?
- A. Of course I did. Why the *Times* had a whole leading article on the subject, and said the speech was "not only admirable, but remarkable."
- B. Yes; and wonderfully practical. How did he propose to mingle orthodoxy and dissent?
- A. How? Why it was as clear as could be! He said that there ought to be a better understanding between the working men and the Established Clergy—
- B. Well?
- A. And then he said, churches were not meant for scented pocket-handkerchiefs, but for earnest men—
- B. That's new. Go on.
- A. Well; then he said he had a good deal of respect for *Wesley*—he did really.
- B. Did he really?
- A. And then he talked about Churchmen and Dissenters, and a common communion—and—
- B. Offered any practical suggestions as to the advisability of anathematizing St. Athanasius, curtailing the liturgy, and cutting up the thirty-nine articles?
- A. No; he didn't exactly do that. But it was very nice—really very nice—
- B. What do you mean by "very nice?"
- A. Oh! he said a great deal about the rich and the poor, and about the difficulties of getting to heaven with £5,000 a year, and showed how much better it was to have nothing; and then he made a joke about an egg. It was all done in such a nice way.
- B. Was it? Well what is going to come of it?
- A. Going to come of it? Why the *Standard* says its a "grand opportunity," and the *Times*—I forget exactly what the *Times* says; but all the papers are unanimous on the subject. You should read the speech yourself—really you should.
- B. I have read it twice.
- A. Well, and what do you think of it?
- B. That that was a capital joke of the Bishop's about the egg! A good old joke too—to shew your friends a mere shell—with nothing in it!
- A. But you don't mean to infer—that the Bishop's speech — —?
- B. Oh dear no: of course not. (Exeunt.)

THE PEEP-SHOW.

POOR PLAYERS!

SCENE.—*The Private Room of the Directress—Pretty Pictures, Luxurious Carpet, and particularly gorgeous Chandelier.—Chairs Velvet, Tables Mahogany, Cabinets Ormolu.—Very Handsome "Property" Piano.—Splendid Edition of Byron's Poetical Works.—Gifts of Past Admirers, such as Gilded Bird Cages and Earthenware Monstrosities, and last, but not least, Scores of Objects de Vertu, inclusive (of course) of the Great Directress herself.*

Rather a pretty scene,—isn't it? And comfortable? To be sure. But we must not grudge the Great Directress her prosperity, for she richly deserves all that she has gained. She has worked well in the cause of the British Drama. A few years ago she was dancing in the ballet, and now the Theatre Royal Cupidon is "under her entire management!" Only think of that!—rather a jump—eh? All the town remembers her sudden rise. First a coryphee, in linen wings and short skirts; living in Bermondsey, and wearing in private life a cotton gown. Then a page, in spangled tights and diamond rings, living in St. John's Wood, and wearing in private life, moiré antique and point lace. Then an exponent of the fast young man of burlesque, in silk stockings, tiny umbrella, and Russian cigarettes, living in the Regent's Park, and wearing in private life a *souffron* of rouge, and more than a *souffron* of hair-dye. And now? Well, you can judge for yourself; she possesses immense popularity with the public, who admire her break-downs; immense credit with her bankers, who admire her income and her brougham; and immense favour with a very intimate friend, who admires (let us say) her genius. Poor player! Yes, in spite of "popularity," "credit," and "favour," I repeat, poor player!

Since the last representation in the Peepshow, the establishment (like a rival place of entertainment situated in the Strand, and presided over by Mr. Benjamin Webster) has undergone a thorough renovation. Some of the old strings have been replaced by new ones, a prop of the establishment which had for years served to support the structure having grown venerable and weak has been removed and left to its own devices, and many of the cobwebs that used of yore to cover the place, have been brushed away from the scenery. Not only this: by means of wooden wands conducting sounds from the depths below to the stage above, arrangements have been made to give several of the puppets the benefit of their voices. Thus it will be seen that the management have been at one and the same time scientific as regards the wands, enterprising as regards the cobwebs, and charitable as regards the prop of the establishment, that has lately been removed from supporting the structure, on the score of weakness and old age.

This explanation was needed, in my opinion, to account for the sudden acquisition of the faculty of speech by the puppets, whose talented strings its my proud duty to have occasionally the distinguished honour of pulling. But to return to the private room of the Directress. By-the-bye, please to pardon any indistinctness of utterance you may be unlucky enough to discover on the part of the puppets as (between you and me) the enormous acoustic arrangements necessary for carrying the gigantic project I have formed into execution have not as yet quite arrived at the point of completion.

There are present on the stage, as you can see, two persons—the Directress and her intimate friend. As I pulled up the curtain, you observed that a puppet was leaving the room—a puppet close shaven as regards face, and dirty as regards dress. The intimate friend is talking of this puppet.

"My dear, you were quite right to send Joe Baldwin about his business. It would never do to fill the place with professionals. What we want are young fellows who have tried their hands at the Oxbridge A.B.C., or the Haymarket Turquoise, who will bring with them to the theatre a good wardrobe, a false name, and a large connection. So long as we have Bessie de Coltay's figure, and your breakdowns to back us, the house will pardon any number of sticks, and we may defy the world of the critics with the most perfect safety.—Any letters?"

The Directress replies jerkily (I have explained the "difficulty" about the wooden wands), replies, I am forced to admit jerkily. "Three, my dear. The first from Dick Twaddler, of the *Morning Thunderbolt*, asking me if I have room in the bills for a little comedietta of his, in one act, entitled *An Innocent Flirtation*."

You hear the intimate friend interrupt, "Say yes. The *Thunderbolt* critiques are influential, and I've seen the piece. Its a little strong, perhaps, but it will give De Coltay a good part. In Paris it was called *Un Menage à Trois*."

The Directress observes: "If De Coltay has the part, she must leave her dress to me. I'm not going to have *her* taking the lead. The second note is the usual offer of a new and original five act comedy, from (I suppose) a modern Sheridan."

The intimate friend says carelessly: "The fire, of course."

The Directress opens the third letter: "Last week's expenses.—'Posting the hoardings, £200;'—h'm, not so much as usual. What's this? 'Salaries of Company, £16 18s. 4d.'—Really this is too much of a good thing; I must cut it down directly. I'll get rid of Miss Dalton and her two guineas a week,—she doesn't draw a single stall, and—"

A knock at the door, and a servant in livery announces "Miss Plantagenet Fitz-Herbert."

The intimate friend takes up his hat, bows, and says: "I will leave you ladies to your own business. My dear, I'll see that some of my people send down the chairs you want from the shop to the theatre. Good day, Miss Fitz-Herbert."

Intimate friend has left, and the two ladies are together.

The Directress says: "Miss Plantagenet Fitz-Herbert—I believe, h'm, the friend of The Honorable Thycked Hawyars."

Miss Fitz-Herbert answers: "Yes; I suppose you 'ave received Mr. 'Awyar's letter, saying as 'ow 'e wants you to give me an engagement?"

The Directress smiles and murmurs "To be sure. Certainly the proposed terms are advantageous. You find your own dresses, and wish to pay me a guinea a week so long as your name appears in the bills? Moreover, Mr. Hawyars has been kind enough to take a private box for the season. What sort of part do you think will suit you best?"

The other replies "Well, I was a reading in the '*Alfpenny Miscellany*' the other day a beautiful story called 'The Maids of Merry England, or Chastity Triumphant.' Now if you could do that there story into a play I think as 'ow I could feel and act the part of the 'eroine."

The Directress returns a little dryly. "Very likely. Well, we'll keep the piece until you take your benefit. In the meanwhile here's a part in the new extravaganza—Mr. Hawyars says in his letter that he thinks you would be, as he expresses it, 'jolly good in a stunning burlesque!'"

Miss Fitz-Herbert replies "Well, I can dance the *can can* like an angel, and smoke cigars like a factory chimley, and I should like to know what more you want in those rubbishing burlesques. It's all settled then? That's right. And now I'll go home and tell Thycky to take the private box. Good bye."

(*Pull the String.*)

And yet some people *will* have it that we live in the days of the drama's decline!

FENIANISM AND TERRORISM.

THE following circular to the Mayors of country towns in England has been confided to us by a person whose position renders it impossible for us to name him. We may say, however, that it was not for nothing that the Cabinet box arrived so late from the last Duke but one to the last Duke in the Cabinet list. The marginal notes are in different handwriting.

(*Confidential.*)

Home Office, 5th Oct., 1867.

Sir,—Recent events which have taken place in connection with a treasonable conspiracy having for its object the subversion and overthrow of the Queen's authority in Ireland, render it necessary for me to place before you the views which Her Majesty's Government entertain upon the subject, and to give you such instruction as may guide you in taking the most effectual steps for preventing any disturbance of the public peace in the town of _____, or in the case of any such disturbance unhappily taking place for restoring order and confidence among Her Majesty's faithful subjects, and vindicating properly and effectually the authority of the law.

1. You will cause a survey to be made of all the public buildings in the town of _____, in order to ascertain whether they are in a state of security, and you will ascertain whether the [banks, barracks, parade grounds, citadel, forts, canteens, and powder magazines †] are mined, whether the [rivers, canals, ditches, sewers, drains, and gutters †] contain any infernal machines, and whether there exists in the neighbourhood of the public buildings or works any Greek fire, revolvers, squibs, rockets, catherine wheels,* or other weapons of offence.

Qy. Colza oil.
R.

2. In case it should appear that the defences of the town are insufficient to resist a sudden attack by 20,000 Fenians, you will, with the assistance of the local engineers and the School of Science and Art, draw up a scheme for the construction of fortifications* on the plan of the Portsdown forts.

Qy. Iron-plated?—J. P.

3. Should any such engines or mines as mentioned in paragraph 1 be discovered, you will transmit an account to this office, stating
 - a. The quantity of gunpowder, &c., and the number of arms, torpedoes, or other engines found.
 - b. Any circumstances or evidence leading you to form any supposition as to the object for which they are intended.

† If any.

*
Qy. from Beales? c. An account of the means at your disposal for extinguishing fires.
S. H. W. And will then await instructions.*

*
Qy. or any Compound householder? B. D. 4. You will direct the arrest of any individual not personally known to you, or to members of the police force of your district* who may be met in the street of _____ on suspicion of being a notorious Fenian leader at large, and will proceed against him with the utmost rigour of the law until the mistake has been discovered.

*
Qy. "Alabama." "Irish republic," "Colleen Bawn," "Stephens,"* S. &c. &c. 5. You will cause to be apprehended any person who is heard to use the words "Fenian," "Arrah na Pogue,"

6. You will then at once call in the aid of the military and the volunteers, and load all the available cannon in the town in order to their safe custody.
7. In the event of an actual outbreak by undoubted Fenians, you will detail one policeman (without arms) to capture the band concerned in it, and will upon direct proof of their criminality send them to the local prison in perambulators,* followed by four policemen (unarmed) in a cab, previously taking the precaution to ask the prisoners their names and addresses in order to facilitate their recapture in case of an escape.

*
Qy. Iron-plated? J. P. 8. Should an escape be effected, you will at once call in the aid of the military and the volunteers, and load all the available cannon of the town.*
I don't think there is legal power to do this. C. 9. In the event of any engines or materials such as mentioned in paragraph 1 being reported, or any mare's nest discovered, you will take care that the greatest secrecy is observed with reference to the measures you may deem it necessary to take.

10. In the event of an outbreak actually taking place, you will inform all the local penny-a-liners of the exact strength or weakness, arms, equipment, and disposition of the forces at your disposal, in order that they may be made public with a view to the better defence of the town committed to you.
11. You will immediately act upon any suggestions you may receive through anonymous letters,* but should any authentic information reach you, you will leave it to be dealt with in the ordinary official communications.

G. HARDY.

THE LAST BLOW FOR NAPOLEON!

LETTER I.—From the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, Ambassador from France, at the Court of St. James's to His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

(Private and confidential.)

London, 10th October, 1867.

SIRE,—For some time since I have had a heavy weight upon my conscience which has completely destroyed my peace of mind. Your invariable kindness to me—especially displayed at parting—when you seized my hand and exclaimed "My friend, my well loved friend, regard me as a comrade—as a father" has emboldened me to embosom myself to you. Pray calm yourself and prepare to forgive me for revealing to you the evil news of which I am the sorrowful bearer. Your throne is in danger, the Napoleonic dynasty is in jeopardy, in fact—But stay, I cannot muster up the courage, I have not the heart to strike the blow. You must learn the dreadful news from others.

Your Majesty's grovelling slave,
TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

LETTER II.—Answer to the above, from His Majesty Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, K.G., &c.

Paris, 11th October, 1867.

MY FRIEND,—Be not afraid, you know my feeling towards you. Be sure that I will not visit upon you the dreadful news of which you are the bearer. Courage old one, is not your Emperor brave, does he not believe in his destiny? Then say what is this dreadful news, let me know by return?
Your friend,
NAPOLEON.

LETTER III.—From the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne to His Majesty Napoleon III., &c.

London, 12th October, 1867.

SIRE,—It is impossible. Have pity upon me. I dare not tell you. Indeed I dare not!

Your Majesty's grovelling slave,
TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

Telegram from His Majesty Napoleon III., &c., Paris, to the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, London, Oct. 14th, 1867.

PRINCE,—There is such a place as Cayenne. Send me the news by telegram, or I send you your *congé* by the next post.

Telegram from the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, &c., London, to His Majesty Napoleon III., &c., Paris, 14th Oct., 1867.

YOUR MAJESTY,—I have packed up my portmanteau and left the latch-key of the Embassy on the hall table. I await your orders *re* Cayenne.

Telegram from Napoleon, Paris, to Tour d'Auvergne, London, 14th October, 1867.

A frightful thought has just occurred to me. Only one thing could make you brave my displeasure. Is it possible, it surely can't be true that my terrible enemy, the TOMAHAWK, is about to increase its size from twelve to sixteen pages? For Heaven's sake tell me (by telegram) that I am wrong!

Telegram from T. d'A., London, to Napoleon, Paris.

UNHAPPY MONARCH,—Your guess is only too good. The TOMAHAWK, alas, IS about to increase its size from TWELVE to SIXTEEN pages!

Telegram from N. to Tour d'Auvergne.

Good Heavens! When?

Telegram from T. d'A., London, to Napoleon, Paris.

So soon as the machinery necessary for printing the TOMAHAWK sufficiently rapidly to meet the enormous demand shall be fixed and in operation, the enlargement will be made. Accept, Sir, my respectful condolence.

THE MILLENNIUM AGAIN.

So the Emperor of the French has got hold of a new toy. It is a simple toy—need we say that we allude to his new exploding bullet? As yet the amusement it has afforded, if it has not been general, has at least been of the most promising character. Everybody has now read how at *Strasbourg* the other day a great deal of real fun was got out of it with the aid of a corpse or two. Indeed, all true humanitarians must have gloated with considerable gusto over the wreck of "shattered bones, pulped muscles, and orifices of exit, eight to thirteen times larger than the ball" that marked the occasion. However, the matter did not end there, for we have been further informed in reference to its more extended use, say by the French army in action, that—

"Almost all wounds inflicted by such a missile would be necessarily fatal, and the demoralizing effect, on the comrades of the stricken men, of such ghastly wounds, vomiting like small volcanoes, would be almost overpowering."

This then is the Emperor's new toy, and France at least ought to compliment him on the scientific direction his taste for amusement has taken. However, we are not Frenchmen, and so must look at the matter from our own point of view.

We have, therefore, according to this view of our responsibilities, nothing to do, but to improve on the hint given by our neighbours, and hit on some contrivance by which we may be enabled to beat a whole regiment up into "shapeless pulp" in a moment's notice. This being our position, then, the sooner Government offers a handsome reward for the invention the better.

The "gains" likely to accrue to "humanity" from such a course are so glaringly obvious, that we do not profess even to touch upon them, but merely lay it down as a safe and broad principle, that there is only one known way of dispensing of a Kilkenny cat, and that is, *absit omen*, by matching him against another. Granting this, it must be generally admitted that the future now opening to Europe is of a most encouraging character, and of a kind that warrants confidence in a speedy and complete solution of all international difficulties. It is true that there are some desponding people who refuse to see things as they really are; but they are few and far between, and mostly extensive holders of foreign securities. That a sudden revolution of ideas on the subject of war is inevitable, the subjoined suggestions will serve to shew. We select them from a heap of others that have reached us, and trust that their publication may, in some measure, assist earnest thinkers in their efforts to work out this new, and not uninteresting, problem.

- 1.—A retired Scientific Man who describes himself as "the inventor and part proprietor of a double self-acting sausage machine" undertakes to supply the Government with a new invention of his own, by which a hostile army, once caught sight of, could be reduced to "pulp" in the course of a few minutes. He adds that the machine by which he proposes to effect this, is perfectly simple and that, to quote his own words "A child could use it."
- 2.—"Spartacus" suggests the use of colossal vitriol fire pumps, which, by rendering the enemy perfectly blind, would effect his capture without loss of blood. He adds that he is also the inventor of a new and serviceable sort of glass eye

- 3.—"Kaffa" wants to know why the Emperors and Kings could not go out and fight any matter out themselves. He argues that it would be cheap, pretty (if well managed), and save a great deal of trouble to the Foreign Office. If his idea meets with approval, he will be happy to forward rules, on receipt of three postage stamps.
- 4.—"Marksman" takes much the same view of the matter as the preceding correspondent, but does so from a sporting point of view. He thinks a good steeple-chase, or prize fight, or something, might be got up, on which a book could be made. He gives some hints generally on the present sovereigns of Europe, and says he should not be disposed to put much on the Sultan as a "light weight."
- 5.—"Martinet" writes from the War Office to know why we do not return to the use of "Brown Bess." We need scarcely add that he gives a detailed account and plan of the battle of Waterloo, both of which are more or less incorrect.
- 6.—"A Crown Court Elder" recommends an unlimited distribution of Dr. Cumming's works. He thinks that this will hasten on the great tribulation when no man being able to work, he will consequently, it is to be supposed, have no time to fight. This correspondent adds somewhat irrelevantly that he has a pump for sale.
- 7.—"Harwell" suggests an immediate application to the Peace Congress, and makes a long and uninteresting comparison between the Emperor of the French and Mr. Beales.

We regret that want of space obliges us to close our list here. We trust, however, that the above specimens may serve their purpose, and induce sober thinkers to look this novel question honestly in the face.

CHARADE.

A band of idle scoundrels leagued,
All honest toil resolved to shirk,
And pilfering the sacred name
Of Patriots, every crime to work
Against their Country's peace and weal;
Who but at thought of these, my First must keenly feel?

The refuse of a foreign land
Which still receives all worthless knaves,
And boasts of liberty, the while
Her sons to drunken mobs are slaves;
'Twas here they learnt their noble plans,
My Second to divide among their murderous clans.

Oh! must Thy wrongs but half redressed,
For ever nerve the assassin's hand;
And clothe with tinsel sympathy,
The deeds of every ruffian band?
Would that such traitors all were slain!
Since by their death alone Thou Freedom's joys can gain.

ANSWER TO THE LAST DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

C	Coat	T
I	Irish	H
R	Rope	E
C	Calf	F
E	Emmett	T

CORRECT Answers received from Miss White, F. T. D., G. F. T., Quartette, Northern, G. H. M. B., J. W. O., L. C. R., Almada, E. L. Orton, Printer's Devil, Foxy, Arundo, Kiss Polly Twice, White Lie, Ruby, Natty Bumpo, W. W. Mansfield, T. W. C. L., Little Puddin, J. H. B., Carbuncle, Talbot Conynghame, Ebochtheen, and Two Clapham Contortionists; and several incorrect.

ERRATUM.—In the fourth line of the last stanza but one, for "say" read "pay."

TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE: an Illustrated Monthly.

Price One Shilling. Conducted by EDMUND YATES.
No. IV., for November, is ready this day.

- CONTENTS:
1. The Adventures of Dr. Brady. By W. H. Russell, LL.D. (With an Illustration)
 - Chap. XIII. My Trials begin
 - XIV. The Flight
 2. Save me from my Friends
 3. By the Fire
 4. Back to Town. (With an Illustration)
 5. Aunt Anastasia on Heroes.
 6. Amiens
 7. The Disadvantages of Convalescence
 8. Bantam's Request
 9. Half-Belief
 10. The Rock Ahead. By Edmund Yates. (With an Illustration)
 - Book I. Chap. VI. Lloyd's Luck
 - VII. The Linnet's Nest
 11. Ladies' Wacks and Hunters
 12. The Detrimental
 13. The Hon. Alice Brand's Correspondence. No. IV
 14. Paris Fashions. (With Coloured Plate, and several Illustrations)
 15. The Mariage de Convenience
- London: TINSLEY Brothers, 18 Catherine street, Strand.

Second Edition, now published, price 6d., post free for seven stamps,

PURE DENTISTRY, AND WHAT IT DOES FOR US.

BY

A. ESKELL, Surgeon-Dentist.

Author of "Dental Surgery: a Practical Treatise,"

"Painless Tooth Extraction: or Anæsthesia Locally Applied," &c., &c.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.,

All Booksellers; or of the Author, at his residence, 8 Grosvenor street, Grosvenor square, W.

Now in the Press.

WHO WAS THE ART ARCHITECT of the WESTMINSTER PALACE? A statement of facts, from 1835 to 1852.

Founded upon the Correspondence of the late Sir CHARLES BARRY, AND The Diaries of AUGUSTUS WELBY PUGIN. BY E. WELBY PUGIN. Published by Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co.

"A RIGHTED WRONG."

The LEADER. Weekly. 2d.
London Churches and Chapels.
The LEADER. Weekly. 2d.
EDMUND YATES'S NEW NOVEL.
The LEADER. Weekly. 2d.
80 Fleet street. All News-vendors and Railway Stations.

Illustrated Imp. 3mo., cloth, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

A TALE OF A TUB. Written for the Universal Improvement of Mankind. By JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. Dean of St. Patrick's. And (by the same author) THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS IN ST. JAMES'S LIBRARY, with Notes by Wotton and others. Also, THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY; and A LIFE OF DEAN SWIFT. London: WILLIAM TEGG, Pancras Lane, Cheshamside.

Crown 8vo., cloth, Illustrated with Woodcuts by G. CRUIKSHANK, and Twenty-two full page (curious) Engravings. Price 3s. 6d.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN: His Wonderful Travels, Surprising Adventures, and Hairbreadth Escapes. London: WILLIAM TEGG, Pancras Lane, Cheshamside.

SONGS for the PEOPLE.

By the Rev. ALAN BRODRICK, Vicar of Bramshaw. With a Preface by the LORD BISHOP of OXFORD. Cloth antique, red edges, 3s. 6d. London: Houlston and Wright, 65 Paternoster row.

Just published, Price 3d.,

UNIONISM: a Remark on the True Cause of the Tailor's Strike: its Removal, and the Prevention of its Recurrence by the Consuming Public themselves. By DR. WAMPEN, Professor of Mathematics, 140 Ebury street, Pimlico.

THOMAS TANNER, EXPORT AND WHOLESALE STATIONER,

AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. No. 16 UPPER CHARLTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, LONDON. Tracing Linen. Copying Presses. Bank Note Papers. Postage Balances. Tracing Papers. Autographic Presses. India Wax. Printing Presses. Every Article connected with Lithography. Remittance or Reference in London for Payment to accompany all Orders.

HENRY CHARLES BLAKE

and Co., 105 Southwark Bridge road, beg respectfully to inform their Friends and Patrons that they EXECUTE COMMISSIONS on all Races throughout the year. Post-office orders payable at High street, Borough. Cheques crossed London and Westminster Bank, High street, Borough.

T. H. SMITH, West End

Agent for the "TOMAHAWK," 20 Brewer street, Regent street, W.

BREIDENBACH'S WOOD

VIOLET.—It has long been considered an impossibility to extract the sweet but so very delicate perfume of the Violet; and, indeed, it is only since H. BREIDENBACH'S special researches on the peculiar atmospheric influences to which this flower is subject that it has become a practical process in all its details. It is, however, doubted by many, and even by most eminent botanists; but H. BREIDENBACH most firmly declares that his Essence of Wood Violet, and all his articles scented with violet, are prepared direct and only with the sweet flower. The undeniable superiority of H. B.'s Violet has been amply rewarded by a most extensive and unprecedented patronage from every quarter of the world, and especially by the Courts of Europe, which best testifies to its excellence. —157 E New Bond street.

JOHN GOSNELL and Co.'s

CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any tooth powder, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, and protects the enamel from decay. Price 1s. 6d. each.—93 Upper Thames street, London.

SECOND-HAND WATCHES

in Gold and Silver by Eminent Makers; warranted genuine, accurate, and at half the Original Price, at WALES and MCCULLOUGH'S, 56 Cheshamside, and 22 Ludgate Hill, London. Descriptive Catalogues, gratis, and post free on application.

WATCHES SUPERSEDED!

2s. 6d. Post free, 3s. stamps. The SWISS POCKET-TIMEPIECE, Geneva size, steel works, enamelled dial, compensated balance, key complete, Warranted for two years.—KEMP AND CO., 3 Denmark place, Wells street, Hackney, London.

FOR CHEAP WATCHES,

Clocks, Gold Chains, and Jewellery, go to KIBBLE'S, 22 Gracechurch street, one door from Lombard street, and 51 Ludgate hill, opposite the Old Bailey. Gold watches, Two Pounds Fifteen Shillings; silver ditto, One Pound Five Shillings; time-pieces, from Nine Shillings and Sixpence each. Every article warranted. Plate, watches, and jewellery bought or exchanged. List of prices post free.

COX'S OPTICAL COM-

PANION: consisting of a Telescope and Microscope combined, showing small objects distinctly ten miles, also animalcules in water, and other equally delicate objects. Our own manufacture, and warranted. Price 2s.—F. J. COX, Optician, 26 Ludgate hill, E.C. Illustrated description free 1 stamp.

SECOND-HAND FIRE-

PROOF SAFES. Before you Purchase, inspect the Largest Assortment in the World, by the most eminent makers. At GRIFFITHS', 43 Cannon street, West London.



DAW'S PATENT CENTRAL

FIRE CARTRIDGES, FOR RIFLES OR SHOT GUNS. 12 or 26 GAUGE CASES, 50s. per 1000. Mr. Daw was the first to introduce this valuable system into England, and obtained the only prize medal awarded for central-fire in 1862 Exhibition. Every cartridge is reliable, and made by Daw's patented machinery. Sportsmen should beware of imitations. Every cartridge made by Mr. Daw has his name (as above) on metal, and without which none are genuine.—GEORGE H. DAW, Patentee of the best Central Fire Guns, 57 Threadneedle street, London.

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

and BEDDING. Carriage free.—See our Illustrated Furniture Catalogue. 500 Engravings, with prices 30 per cent. less than any other house. The most unique and complete guide ever published.—Gratis, from LEWIN, CRAWCOUR and Co., 73 and 75, Brompton road, Knightsbridge.

PRIEST'S

NOTED FIRST-CLASS New and Second-hand

FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, 1 and 2 Tudor Street, Blackfriars', City.

READING'S CARRIAGES

for Removing Invalids. On Hire at 14 Riding House street, W. (Opposite the Langham Hotel.)

Sold by all Stationers, large 8vo., £2. 5s.; large 4to £3 5s., in Russia or Morocco leather.

THE NEW AMBASSADOR'S

WRITING COMPANION or Portable Despatch Case. Manufacturers; T. J. and J. SMITH, 83 Queen street, London, E.C.

CORDING'S

FISHING & SHOOTING BOOTS, Guinea Waterproof Coats, 231 STRAND, TEMPLE BAR.

COMFORT TO THE FEET.

THE PANNUS CORIUM BOOTS and SHOES are the most easy ever invented. HALL and Co., Sole Patentees, 6, Wellington street, Strand, W.C.

THE QUINT, for Sportsmen

and Smokers. (Patent 1,166).—A perfect pocket-piece of mechanism, combining five requisites in one, including an ivory dog-call. Post free 18 stamps. HENRY C. BUTCHER, Patentee, Lyceum Portico, London, W.C.

THE QUINT or Smoker's

sine qua non. (Patent 1,166).—A highly-finished ivory pencil case, perfectly combining (by mechanical appliances) five requisites in one. Silver, 5s. 6d.; gold, 7s. 6d.—Post free for stamps or Post-office order to HENRY C. BUTCHER, Lyceum Portico, London, W.C.

SILBERBERG'S HABANA

CIGAR COMPANY, 104 Cheshamside, nearly opposite Bennett's Clock, supply the finest Imported Havana Cigars of every well-known brand, from 5s. to 20s. per box. Less than any other house in the kingdom. Wholesale, retail, and for exportation.

TWO MILLION GOVERN-

MENT MANILAS, ex Canaan, Capt. Wilson, at Manila, the finest ever imported into this country, to be SOLD. No. 2 cheroots and cigars at 12s. 6d. per 100; No. 5 Cigars, 10s. 6d. per 100; No. 1 cigars, 27s. 6d. per 100; also the finest Imported Havana Cigars, of every well-known brand, 10s. to 15s. less per box than the regular price charged by the trade. A sample box of every description of cigars and tobaccos sent on receipt of a Post-office order for £1, payable to LOUIS SILBERBERG, Habana Cigar Company, 104 Cheshamside. Wholesale and for exportation.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.

Dublin Exhibition, 1865.—This celebrated old Irish Whisky gained the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 8d. each, at the retail houses in London; by the agents in the principal towns in England; or wholesale at 2 Great Windmill street, London, W.—Observe the red seal, pink label, and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

SUTTON'S PATENT UNI-

VERSAL FIRE LIGHTER. Everyone must use them. Sold everywhere. WHOLESALE: 16 CARBURN STREET, FITZROY SQUARE.

MONEY PROMPTLY AD-

vanced on Personal or any available Security, or by Bill of Sale upon Furniture without removal or publicity. Officers' and Gentlemen's Bills Discounted. Apply to COOPER and ISAACKS, Belgrave Estate Offices, 78 Gloucester street, Pimlico, S.W. Established 1858.

THE UNITED SERVICE

BANK.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAP-

PEN! Everyone should therefore provide against them! £1,000 IN CASE OF DEATH, OR £6 Per Week while laid up by injury, caused by ACCIDENT OF ANY KIND, MAY BE SECURED BY AN ANNUAL PAYMENT Of from £3 to £5 ss. to the RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY, 64 Cornhill, and 10 Regent street, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

BREECH-LOADERS,

By Every Maker in the World. SECOND-HAND. WHISTLER'S, 11 Strand, W.C.

"THE RUIN OF THE FEW IS THE GAIN OF THE MANY."

THE PANIC of '66, and its

Consequent Depression of the Colonial Market, enables the EAST INDIA TEA COMPANY to offer TEAS LOWER THAN EVER. Six pounds of good Tea for 6s. 6d. can't be dear. The Company's KAISOWS are delicious.—9 Great St. Helen's Churchyard, Bishopsgate street.

TO ALL EMPLOYERS OF

LABOUR.

FOREMEN, CLERKS, SER-

VANTS, and other Hands, with first-class Testimonials, are SUPPLIED immediately, on application, by the FREE LABOUR REGISTRATION SOCIETY. Offices, 9 Victoria Chambers, S.W.

THE UNITED SERVICE

COMPANY, LIMITED. ARMY, NAVY, AND CIVIL SERVICE AGENTS AND BANKERS.

BANKERS IN INDIA. THE ORIENTAL BANK:

And its Branch Banks and Agencies at—BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, CEYLON, HONGKONG, MADRAS, MAURITIUS, MELBOURNE, SHANGHAI, SINGAPORE, SYDNEY, JAPAN—YOKOHAMA; by any of whom Payments on behalf of the Company will be received.

GEORGE E. HUDSON, General Manager.

9 Waterloo place.

ONE GUINEA.—Three Im-

perial Shirts, in either Linen, Flannel, or Horrocks' Long Cloth, for One Guinea. Made to measure by Gann, Jones, and Co., Shirtmakers, 171 Fenchurch street.

London: Printed by MCGOWAN and DANKS, 16 Great Windmill street, Haymarket, and Published by WALTER SHAW DYER, 30 Tavistock street, W.C. October 19, 1867.