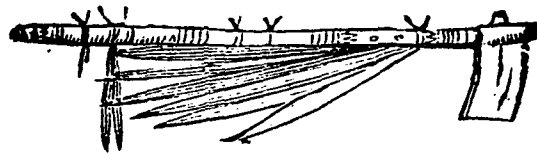


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 44.]

LONDON, MARCH 7, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

PERHAPS banter is scarcely the weapon to bring to bear upon the Irish question in its present state. We know it is just now the fashion—a good deal too much so, we take it—to talk about “giving” Ireland “a lesson,” “showing what England *can* do, if put to it,” and “hanging vermin by scores;”—but spite all this bluster, thinking men are beginning to see that the question of the day is, *par excellence*, this ridiculed Irish one, that the difficulty of the situation is great no one can gainsay. It will be no ordinary Government that can solve it to the satisfaction of all parties, and it is more than likely that Mr. Disraeli's is not the one that will do this. However, one thing is clear, and that is, that a deaf ear should be turned to all extremes. Several programmes have been drawn up, but none must be carried out. Do we want for instance:

ULTIMATUM, NO. 1. (*Ultra-montane*)

That Demands

- 1.—That the Boyne be somehow dried up, and the water used for a general putting out of Kentish fire.
- 2.—That Trinity College be blown up without further notice.
- 3.—That the hated word “mixed” be struck out of the Irish tongue, and that everything mixed be abolished, from whiskey-and-water down to education.
- 4.—That the Union be repealed, a permanent Cardinal Viceroy be appointed, accomplished facts be undone, and a universal re-arrangement of Europe be carried out as speedily as it conveniently can.
- 5.—That a certain hue be wiped out of the rainbow, and that orange marmalade be forbidden the country.
- 6.—That William III., of blessed memory, be —

OR ULTIMATUM, NO. 2. (*Ultra-Protestant*)

That Insists—

- 1.—That every Roman Catholic Priest be compelled by Act of Parliament to dress himself like a Guy Faux, and recant his errors once a week.
- 2.—That every Roman Catholic layman be converted to the glorious Protestant faith by Act of Parliament, and forced to swallow truth at the cart's tail.
- 3.—That peace and good-will be encouraged by a general outrage of everybody's feelings.
- 4.—That the Church establishment not only be supported, but enlarged, and that no minister be allowed to have more than one parishioner to himself.
- 5.—That free discussion, fair play, and truth, be encouraged by a universal stifling of all liberty of conscience; that the Pope be burnt in effigy every Sunday in every Roman Catholic Chapel; and that tolerance teach bigotry that it doesn't mean to stand it any longer.
- 6.—That Roman Catholic pigs be fed on orange peel.

OR ULTIMATUM, NO. 3. (*Ultra-Everything*)

That Swears—

- 1.—That a universal massacre be carried out.
- 2.—That the survivors dress up in green, and scramble for the pieces.
- 3.—That England and a good slice of Ireland be blown out of the water, and that a committee be appointed to

purchase gunpowder, and a halfpenny with two heads for the purpose of tossing up for the next move.

- 4.—That somebody carry this out any how.

We think not—However, it is very encouraging to notice how we deal with the crisis! With this cheerful state of things before him there is of course only one thing for John Bull to do; and that is, to meet, talk, write, promise, and DO,—NOTHING.

THE END OF CLOSE.

THAT amiable humorist who plays the part of Dean, at Carlisle, has been exhibiting his large-hearted charity in a vigorous denunciation of his fellow Christians of the Greek Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury has fallen under the displeasure of the many-slippered hierarch of the Evangelical Church, because he has absolutely dared to address Philarete, the Greek Patriarch, as his “brother.” The gentle Close would sooner “have his hand burnt off than hold it out to the Eastern or Western Church.” Angelic being! Why did such a saint ever flee from Cheltenham and the virgins that adored him? Is it not true that since his departure the waters of that sanatorium have lost their healing powers? But surely sweeter and more soothing springs must have burst forth from the eyes of the maidens of Cheltenham when they heard that their pet divine had even hinted at martyrdom! What a fearful picture presents itself before one, of charming Close as a martyr! Fearful, but sublime, is the picture! One imagines the sweet preacher of perfect love and charity to all men seated in a smoking divan, chained to a Papist on one side and a Greek on the other! Pale and quivering with the sublime indignation which such neighbours inspire in his orthodox breast, he sees the Torturer-in-Chief advancing with a large clay pipe filled with strong “Cavendish!” In vain the martyr struggles—the Satanic pipe is forced between his lips—he rages—he burns! How shall he quench his thirst? A bottle of champagne instantly presents itself at his side—open—creaming—deliciously cool. Oh, outrage incredible!—he is held by his jailors while effervescing poison is poured down his virgin throat! The two heretics on either side of him watch the reluctant smile that lights up his ascetic features with a pale glimmer of conviviality, to give place quickly to a burning glow of shame at the sin that has been forced on him!

Yes, such would be the most terrible form which martyrdom could take for the Holy Trappist of Carlisle. In these days of reckless self-indulgence and mischievous liberality of feeling, it is something to find one man at least who, without any of the rewards which are given to the servants of the Church on this earth, clings to his faith with a passionate devotion which compels him to deny himself the luxury of toleration, and inspires him with noble zeal as the apostle against tobacco and spirits.

The English Church is being sorely tried. It is in such men as Dean Close that it will find its surest pillars of support.

BUILDING UP A FALSE HOPE.—It is said that the Emperor Theodore has determined to rely, in the forthcoming contest, entirely on his celebrated *mortar*. This confidence, if not well timed, is at least appropriate, seeing that he will be fighting against very heavy *hods*!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

Annesley Bay, Feb. 1, 1868.

IN a crisis like the present I feel that you must have been expecting, and that too most anxiously, long accounts from me of the *status quo* out here. I am very sorry, but for several weeks' past I have had little or nothing to say, especially as the last mail from England never came in, and so robbed me of all my usual sources of information about the Expedition. I can assure you that the correspondents of the *Times* and *Standard* know a great deal more about the progress of events than the Commander-in-Chief himself—their letters are therefore invaluable. But to return to myself. I have had nothing to tell you, and even now I am writing *pro forma*, for I can only string together a lot of the most inconsistent pieces of news. I put them down as they reach me, for really now I find that the only safe method of getting on at all. Each moment contradicts the item of intelligence that the preceding one contributes. The result of this is obvious. All my information is worthless, and at the end of a week I have nothing to tell you whatever: your readers do not care to hear that there is, after all, no such thing as the *tetse-fly*, that Abyssinia is like Northamptonshire, and the climate of Annesley Bay very much like that of Brompton. Again, have you not been bored to death—confess it—by accounts of the *morale* of the *Shohos*, the quality of the water, and the Christmas fare of "Own Correspondents?" Well, I mean to strike out a new line. I do not know, I own it, anything whatever, and in this respect I am as well off as everybody else. I might compare the Expedition to a corkscrew, of which Annesley Bay is the handle, our line of march the wire, and "the front" wherever that is, the tip. The handle screws *round*, and the line consequently screws *on*, but no mortal man of us knows where the tip has got to, or how it likes it. Such then is the *status quo*. We began by confusion and we are now well into chaos. Under these circumstances, I can only discharge my duties to you in a fit-and-start sort of manner. I can only listen to what I hear and give you the benefit of my experiences. Here then is a page of my "Notes" for last week:—

- JAN. 24.—Nothing going on.
 „ 25.—Ditto, ditto. Saw a live mule to-day.
 „ 26.—News from "the front." Magdala taken. Immense slaughter on both sides. Surrender of Theodore, who undertakes to pay all the expenses of the war, and an indemnity of £5,000,000, and enter into an engagement with the proprietor of the Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square, to appear sixty successive nights in some popular entertainment—to be hereafter determined upon. All the correspondents of the English press to be delivered up to the Emperor forthwith.
 „ 27.—No foundation for yesterday's news. Appears to have been partly a mistake of the interpreters, partly, specially the latter portion, a practical joke of young Hartley of the 33rd.
 „ 28.—Thirty-six miles of pipe-clay arrived. Bracer thinks it is a mistake, and must be meant for somebody else. It is to be sent back.
 „ 29.—20,000 Egyptians are marching on to *Senafé*, commanded by the Emperor of the French in person. Saw another live mule. Not *pipe-clay*, that arrived yesterday, but *piping*. Nobody to look after it. Doubts about the Egyptian affair. The *Shoho* for half-a-crown is *bagajee*. Talk of Expedition being abandoned. Thermometer at 90. An exciting day.
 „ 30.—All yesterday's news false. It is pipe-clay after all—thirty-six *tons*, not miles. Bracer says it is to make the men look soldier-like on the march. News this afternoon from the "front." Captives given up, but our forces in retreat. Bought a scorpion for twopence. All wrong, of course, about the captives. Thermometer at 3. Nothing much going on. Saw another mule. Wind N.E. by E.N.E.

There, now, you have the very latest news, later than that furnished by a *British Tax-payer* in the *Times*, or by the Government in the House of Commons. Mail off.

P.S.—Open this again to say that the mail isn't off. I might have known it. One does not know what to believe; but I may as well tell you that Magdala has been "taken" twice since yesterday, and that Theodore turns out to be a Frenchman after all. I don't think I have alluded to this before, but it doesn't matter, for the whole thing was an evident *canard*. Yes, the mail *was* "off" after all, so this goes next week—but it will not matter.

UNDER THE MOON.

(A FRIEND.)

40.

The Notes now came in crowds and strewn my floor,
 Alike in form and much alike in wishes,
 Just as the white winged gulls come flapping o'er
 An unexpected shoal of silver fishes,
 Or flies which buzz about a gilded frame
 As mothers do round Midas What's-his-name.

41.

To go or not to go? The question's there—
 Do we accept with joy the invitation?
 On paper, certainly. 'Twould scarce be fair
 To drop in answer the insinuation
 That if we came, we felt it was a bore:
Au contraire, we should write our pleasure more.

42.

While I debated how to draw the cards:
 The door flew open, and I met the features
 Of Herbert Vulcher, of the Third Life Guards;
 A specimen of Nature's noble creatures
 Transformed to vanity by art or vice—
 In moral scruples never over-nice.—

43.

He too in air had smelt the latest prey:
 And down he swoops with patronising clawing:
 "So glad to think at last you're on full pay!
 "By Jove! you've got a prize Sir, worth the drawing!
 "You're rich, good looking, and what's more you know it:
 "You must see life, and I'm the man to show it."

44.

To show it in the colours touched for him
 With others' gold. In me he might discover
 A fresh Pactolus, golden to the brim,
 Where he could dip till all the wealth ran over;
 Then leave me dry: without a formal care
 For how I hence might vegetate—or where.

45.

This is the friend who, having had his share
 Of social talents in a handsome fortune,
 And spent it in a year, with none to spare,
 Thinks he has bought the brevet to importune.
 His neighbours' goods regards as Heaven-sent;
 And borrows to repay what he has lent.

46.

And should their hand be close, he draws no blank,
 But always pulls off something with the winners—
 They pay his Hansoms, if they're not his bank;
 And stand him Derby drags, or Richmond dinners:
 They find it far the cheapest in the end
 To treat him as their honourable friend.

47.

Too poor to marry, and too vain to love,
 He seeks a neighbour's Eden, where he pensions:
 And thinks as much of soiling a glove
 As tainting others' Eves with his attentions.
 No serpent he would make us all believe:
 He likes the apples quite as much as Eve.

To be continued.

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

SIR,—My maxim is never to hit a chap when he is down, or else I might find a home for some very hard hits somewhere about your body. I suppose you have forgotten that letter which I addressed to you on the subject of the late Mr. Speke—when I say late, I mean as a mystery, not as an individual.

Yes! you threw that letter into your waste paper basket, or you burnt it, or otherwise destroyed it; in short, you never read it.

You little know what you did. That letter, if you had published it, would have made your fortune. Zadkiel would have been nowhere. Dr. Cumming would have retired on a small pension. The Racing Prophets would have been crushed. Why?

Why? Do you ask why? Because in that letter I argued from conjecture based on experience, and from a careful collation of the existing evidence with non-existing facts, that the Rev. B. Speke had gone on a secret tour through the provinces as a *comic entertainer in the style of Woodin!*

How did I know it? Never mind. I did know it, and you might have known it too—had you been wise and published my letter, but you did not. You never even sent me a gold watch, or a copy of the TOMAHAWK, Vol. I., bound, with bevilled edges. No! you were too mean.

I am not going to triumph over you. I could, but I sha'nt. All I say is, was I right? Was the Rev. B. Speke found disguised as a drover, with lots of money, and a number of other disguises about his person, or was he not? Does that confirm my speculations, or does it not? Was he practising his celebrated song, "I'd be a Drover bold and free," or was he not? Did he mean to give a new impetus to sacred harmony as a polygraphic artist, or did he not?

How do you feel now, Sir.

I own I am proud; just a little. When I wake in the morning I feel elevated. I am having my photograph done (in a helmet and knickerbockers), as the Patriot of Peckham Rye. Pardonable vanity, you will say. It is—very pardonable.

I feel like a public benefactor. Henceforth the Londoner is safe; he will not be murdered between a hatter's in Warwick street, and the Houses of Parliament (and the hours of six to half-past). No! I feel as if I had taken off the Income-tax, or extinguished the Metropolitan Board of Works, or found the way out of Abyssinia.

Understand this, Sir, I *won't* have a statue. I don't mind a piece of plate, or a purse, and many of them.

Learn from this humility. Learn also, Sir, that intelligent detectives are needed, with high salaries, the chief detective to have a *very* high salary. I know what you are going to say,—"*I ought to be the chief detective.*" You are right. Take this piece of advice: don't for the future destroy letters because they come from persons whom *you* do not know.

Yours, nevertheless,

VERITAS.

Peckham Rye, Feb. 23.

P.S.—I forgive you. Would you like to send anything towards the fund I am organising for the above purpose? If so, I shall not be offended.

[NOTE.—Our correspondent's advice is not needed. We never destroy letters without reading them. We certainly have not read his, but we have it by us. On referring to that lengthy document, we find that it contains an elaborate argument to prove that Mr. Speke was murdered by an omnibus conductor with a metallic pencil, and his body concealed in the straw on the floor of the omnibus. We publish his letter, however, out of respect to truth.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

MORAL TALES FOR LITTLE STATESMEN.

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS EVER PROSPER.

THERE was once a bad little boy named Benjamin, who was very fond of apples and nice things. One day he went out for a walk with his friend Cecil, and passed by the orchard of Farmer Whig, when the trees were covered with beautiful ripe fruit. "See," said Benjamin, "what fine apples are there, let us climb over the wall and take some of them." "No," replied Cecil, "they do not belong to us, and it is not right to

steal." "There is nobody to see, and I will have some," said Benjamin, "for they are very nice," and he began to climb up the wall. "Come away," said Cecil, "and we will plant an orchard ourselves, and grow finer apples than those, and they will be our own, and we may eat them." "Let me get on your shoulders to look at them," said Benjamin. "Yes," said Cecil, "for there is no harm in that." So Benjamin stood on Cecil's shoulders, and when he saw all the apples quite close to him he called out "Stand fast, for I shall get over the wall." "No, no," said Cecil, "that is wrong." But Benjamin gave a spring, which threw poor Cecil flat down on the ground, and got over the wall. Then he picked a great many apples, and put them into his pockets, and went back into the high road with them. Now policeman People was looking on all the time, and he caught Benjamin as he came down from the wall. "What have you got there," said he. Then Benjamin was very frightened, but he answered "Please Sir I have been picking some apples for you—see how fine they are!" and he showed some of them. Then the policeman took the apples and Benjamin to the magistrate, Mr. Posterity, who was deaf and blind, and the magistrate and the policeman divided the apples between them, and praised Benjamin for his courage and cleverness, and Benjamin's fame grew greater and greater, and he lived happily to the end of his days, but Cecil was put into a dark hole for making a disturbance.

THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.

There was a little boy called the People's William, who always knew his lessons, and never idled away his time, so that his masters praised him very much. But his friend John, who was an older boy than him, had always been first in the class, and it made him angry to see that William knew his lessons better than anybody else, so he took William's exercises and scribbled all over them till they were covered with writing, and could not be read by anybody. Then when the day came for giving prizes to those who had done well, the master looked at the exercises and said that they were nonsense, and he gave the first prize to John, and asked him, and all his cousins, to come and live with him, and William was called a blockhead, which grieved him very much, so that he went out to Foreign Lands to seek his fortune. And after wandering about a long time he was eaten up by Beales and Potter, and the rest of the wild beasts.

OUT OF THE KENNEL.

THE result of the negotiations that have recently taken place between the American and Prussian Governments, on the subject of Naturalization, is already known. What arrangement will eventually be made with this country is, however, as yet, uncertain. We, therefore, have much pleasure in publishing the following American programme, which is worthy of perusal alone, from the fact that it embodies the views of the more moderate party who are agitating this question on the other side of the Atlantic:—

NOTICE.—TO UNITED STATES CITIZENS AND OTHERS.

Any European, Asiatic, Britisher, Jew, Nigger, or other varmint, wishing to become a free-born citizen of the United States of America, must—

1. Commit some offence against the laws of his own State;
2. Thereupon skedaddle;
3. Visit the immortal city of New York;
4. Come down with a dollar.

He will then be entitled to enjoy all the privileges attaching to the free and enlightened citizenship of the United States of America, and can return forthwith to his former domicile, where, under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, he will—

1. Consider that creating a disturbance entitles him to a vote of thanks;
2. Regard pocket-picking as a recreation;
3. Indulge in manslaughter and murder *ad libitum*;
4. Go in for high treason, with thorough confidence in the protecting powers of his own Government.

And furthermore, be it understood, that any body owning a sewing-machine, American cheese, clock, revolver, or other fixing, constructed in the said United States of America, or having a partiality for cock-tails, General Grant, spittoons, five-twenties, boiler-busting, and other suchlike Yankee notions, may claim the motherly protection (paying the sum of one dollar down) of the said States, and get it accordingly.

BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION REFORMED.

Report of a Select Committee, appointed by the House of Commons, to examine into alleged malpractices at Elections, and to report as to the means to be taken for the better prevention of the same. Presented to Parliament, March, 1878 :—

Your Committee have examined into the matters comprised in their order of reference, and have received various evidence touching thereupon. They beg now to report the conclusions to which they have arrived, and the recommendations they would make upon them.

I.—The evidence submitted shows in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that neither bribery nor corruption are now, or ever have been, prevalent in any elections for boroughs or counties in the United Kingdom. Previous to, and for some time after the passing of the Reform Bill of 1867, the opinion was very generally entertained that the malpractices in question were to be found, more or less, at every election in the country, and many motions were made in, and bills presented to, your House, with the professed view of putting a stop to them. But with the improved system of popular education, carried into effect in 1870, and the general growth of intelligence among the people—which has resulted from their admission to the exercise of the franchise—more enlightened views have made their way, and we have been unable to discover any individual who has ever seen, suspected, or so much as heard of, the existence of the malpractices in question. As to this, we would particularly refer to the evidence of Lord Chancellor Nicholson (p. 3); Mr. Attorney-General Finlan (p. 5); Lord William Sykes (p. 6); the Right Hon. Edmond Beales, K.G.; and Mr. George Potter, M.P. (pp. 8 and 9).

II.—Your Committee have, however, not hesitated to enter into the merits of the question, as if it really existed in a practical form, and regarding it on all its sides, have agreed to the following recommendation, which, of course, must be understood to be nothing more than a mere exercitation upon an abstract question, capable, perhaps, of being acted upon with advantage in more corrupt times, or countries, than ours, but of no practical use to us.

Bribery being a free act of purchase on the one side, and of sale on the other, has a right to as full protection as any other mercantile transaction, and both briber and bribee should be defended in all the necessary incidents of the transaction. Thus, as secrecy is an essential condition of bribery, any infraction of it should be treated as a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, while a remedy by action at law should be given against any person failing to fulfil the conditions of a contract made upon the basis of bribery. What was once known as "undue influence," or "intimidation," will be found, when it is examined, to come within the same category as bribery proper, for a threat to inflict an injury upon an individual in the event of his not doing a certain act, is precisely the same thing as the promise to confer an advantage upon him in the event of his doing the act; in other words, the consent of the individual to do the act procures him advantages equally in both cases. "Intimidation," therefore, being the same thing, should receive precisely the same protection as bribery. And it will be observed, that this rests upon the first principle, which has, happily, of late years, guided the actions and destinies of the Nation. Labour is honoured, as being the original purchase-money of all things, and all that represents labour is entitled to equal honour, so that whether a candidate for Parliament possess ability and industry, or the sum of money currency which represents an equal amount of ability and industry, elaborated into the currency of the realm, either by himself or his ancestors, he has an equal claim upon the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. Thus, then, we come to the modern principle of the purchase of seats in Parliament, than which, no other has done more to elevate the tone of elections, and to facilitate the working of the Constitution.

And your Committee would suggest, that in any case or country where bribery or corruption might be found to prevail, elections should be conducted as public auctions, and the seats to be disposed of adjudged to the highest bidder, which would obviate all necessity for individual contracts, tending imperfectly to the same result.

This report has been agreed to unanimously.

A PRINCELY PROGRAMME.

THERE was a time, not so far back, when Windsor was lit up for the intellectual treat afforded by the representation of some of Shakespeare's best plays, played by London's best troupe of actors.

How changed now! But we must not be gloomy, for there is a Patron of pleasure who has been doing his best to revive taste among his friends, and show an example to his future subjects.

With a freedom of choice, we can but admire he has selected the style of amusement which elevates feeling and cultivates refinement.

It is, therefore, with mingled admiration and pride that we print the programme of the next entertainment to be given at Sandringham to a select circle, composed of the highest culture and most exalted gentlemen of England.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- Overture . . . "Skedaddle" By the DERBY NIGGERS.
 Song . . . "Crikey, what a lot of Duffers!"
 ARTHUR UNALLOYED.
 Chorus . . . "Borioboolahgah" . . . By the AIOUSSAS.
 Song . . . "Bold Billy, the Burglar"
 By a PORTLAND ISLAND AMATEUR.
 Poses Plastiques By ADAH WINKEN.
 Song . . . "The Funny Old Mormon" . . . JOLLY HASH.
 Chorus . . . "Rumti-tiddyti-bow-wow-wow"
 By the JOLLY DOGS' CHOIR.

An Interval of Ten Minutes.

Gin-sling and Cavendish in the supper-room.

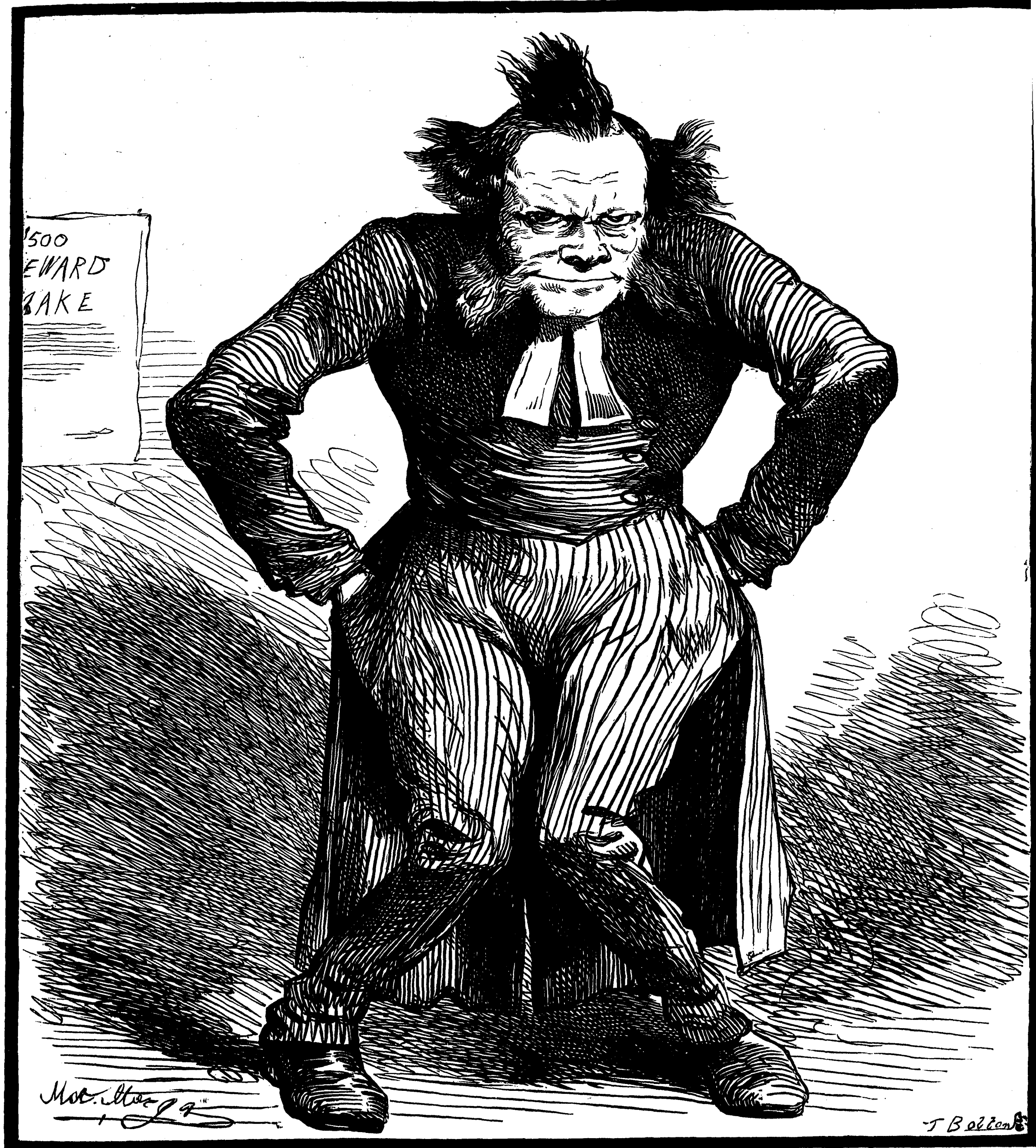
PART II.

- Song . . . "The Pigs'-wash Tub" THE GREAT PRANCE.
 Break-down By MISS ELISE COLT.
 Song . . . "Squinting Sarah" ARTHUR UNALLOYED.
 Can-can By MDLLE. MINETTE
 (with variations expressly composed for this occasion).
 Song . . . "Blow your Bacca' my Blokes" JOLLY HASH.
 Finale . . . Grand Steeple-chase over the Furniture
 By the ENTIRE COMPANY (Lady riders up).
 Concluding Chorus "We Won't go Home till Morning."

There is a dish to set before a king! We only hope the ghost of Judge Gascoigne won't find his way to the entertainment. He might be obtrusive.

TU QUOQUE.

AS might have been expected, the slip the *Times* made in reference to the case of Mr. Speke, has been pretty freely commented upon in all quarters. That a weakness for travelling under the most complete *incognito* should be described as "an offence against the public peace," which has only escaped "the penalties of the law" by reason of the rarity of its commission, has been too much even for the disappointed excitement-mongers at whose expense the reverend practical joker has raised a laugh. It is difficult, perhaps, to catch exactly what the *Times* did mean; and it is very possible the writer of the sentence in question would be as much at a loss as anybody, were he asked to put a plain interpretation upon his own words. Naturally he felt, in common with all his brothers of the pen, whose exciting duty it is to get on stilts on all possible occasions, extremely angry at making the humiliating discovery that he had been hoaxed. Mr. Speke ought, so these gentlemen most reasonably feel, to have been cut up into little bits, made into parcels, and thrown into the Thames; or at least strangled in some back street in Westminster, as a return, however scanty, for the tremendous fuss they created over his disappearance. This, of course, is rational enough, but it is a pity the *Times* should express itself so unfortunately. What! hurl the "penalties of the law" against anyone who amuses himself by deceiving society? Why, this would stop every newspaper in the kingdom in a week, and, what is more, the *Times* to a dead certainty, would have to open the ball! However, Mr. Speke has made himself thoroughly ridiculous, and deserves heartily the gibbeting he will have to experience in our (this week's) Cartoon.



"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"
OR,
A CLERICAL CLOWN.
(DEDICATED TO THE REV. B. SPEKE).



POOR HUMBUGS!

WHAT MADE ME A HUMBUG.

I'M very much afraid you will not *quite* like me.

You see I've lived all my days among humbugs. I've humbugged and have been humbugged. My father was a humbug, poor fellow; and my brothers were humbugs too—lucky scoundrels! I imagine that my sister was something of a humbug when she married young De Boor, of Boorville Park. On my soul the man was an arrant idiot, with the head of a pig and the brains (?) of a South African nigger. She was a clever girl, my sister, and knew a good heart from a bad one—had no difficulty in distinguishing between gold and tinsel, paste and brilliants, glass and pearls. And, do you think I blamed her for becoming a humbug? Not a bit of it. She was right—*very* right! Say that she had *not* thrown over Charley Tinker (Tinker! there's a name for you), and what then? Love in a cottage, affection, five children, and one hundred and twenty pounds a year! Would she have had a carriage, or a country house, or a box at the opera? But stay, its "humbug" to pursue the subject further. Poverty is a mistake—a grand mistake. We know this, and (half) believe this, in spite of the "humbug" that has been talked about love!—Love!—Humbug!

All women are humbugs. From my heart I believe this, all, with one exception—my mother died (thank God) long before I had time to discover whether she was like unto the rest of her sex. The picture before me does not *look* like the portrait of a "humbug." Thank God again!

You may think it strange that I, who have been accustomed to humbug from my cradle should ever have been humbugged myself. Well, think so by all means. It *was* strange! Shall I tell you how it happened. Pray don't let me bore you. Of course I don't want to do that. A humbug has vague ideas about right and wrong, but he knows that a Christian should never be a bore. Gaze complacently at your fellow man as he starves, or drowns, or burns, but don't bore him!

I didn't think *she* was a humbug! There, you have got my secret. You can imagine the rest. Now you may expect plenty of sentiment, despair, and tears. Nothing of the sort. A true humbug is eminently prosy, never desponds, and is the last man in the world to indulge in lamentation. This is the best side of his character—the Spartan boy who allowed a fox to feed upon his entrails was a consummate humbug. Do you take my meaning?

I repeat I didn't think *she* was a humbug. And yet I don't know exactly why I exalted her above her fellows. There was nothing extraordinary about her, and had I summed her up calmly I must have noticed her many failings. Exactly, but I did *not* sum her up calmly, and the result. I loved, I lost, I became a humbug! A humbug, a man with a smiling face and a crying heart, with a frame fashioned in the person of a God, and a mind placed under the direct superintendence of a Devil! The Dictionaries haven't as yet given the meaning of the word "humbug," so I've supplied the information they have omitted to furnish—to your satisfaction I trust, my friends!

It's awfully hard—this subject. If I could get away from "her" and "her" doings I know I could rattle through with my cynicisms and pleasantries in first-rate style, but I can't manage it. I must explain the cause or you won't understand the effects. You will lose the moral of my words—supposing my words to have a moral. I don't want to be *too* hard upon human Nature, I would like to show that man would be very good *indeed* if circumstances didn't interfere and convert him into a demon. Is this a moral conclusion? I don't know, however, let me arrive at it fairly, and it will bring me comfort. So good people keep your thoughts to yourselves, and allow a poor humbug to enjoy a little consolation. I generally put down "conscience" to pork chops at supper—but I own that my theory *may* be wrong.

To return. I didn't think *she* was a humbug. I will tell you why. Imagine to yourself a gushing young creature—all sentiment, white muslin, and silvery laughter. A girl with a "heart;" a sweet child who cried if you suggested frivolity, and went into violent hysterics if you hinted at the possibility of her "caring for another." A dear angel, who rested *so* lovingly on your arm as she gazed with you up into the starlit sky, and murmured into your hungry ears words of faith and constancy! A darling who wove a fool's cap to your measure and, when finished, dropped it daintily on to your head without disarranging your hair—except to turn it from black to white! She a humbug?

Perish the thought! Child of Nature, daughter of impulse, if you will; but humbug?—Pshaw!

Often have I laughed at "spooning." There's something offensively absurd in it to the outside world. The man looks an idiot and the woman a fool. I suppose, nay, I'm sure, when I went in for "spooning" I must have looked an idiot; but I'm certain Nellie *could* not have looked a fool. I found "spooning" pleasant, and, on my word, when I parted with Nellie, before leaving England for a trip on the continent, I really was quite affected. I do believe I made an absolute ass of myself. As for her, it was all sentiment, truth, honour, love, constancy, and the rest of it. As I think over the matter now, I'm half sorry that what was said on the evening of our parting should have turned out to be "humbug." Yes, in spite of grey hairs and "knowledge of the world" (good heavens, what an accomplishment!), I can't help saying that I grieve a little over that particular piece of "humbug." Pray don't think me mawkish if I own as much.

We went to Switzerland for a couple of months, and we "did" the mountains. My friend and I (true to our corps—we were both humbugs), pretended to enjoy our break-neck amusement. We had had a hard day's work on a certain evening, and my friend and I were seated in the open air smoking. One of us was reading an old number of *Galvani*, the other was thinking about something or other, which something or other had conjured up the smile which sat so pleasantly upon his sun-burnt face. And there lounged the two men enjoying a silence peculiarly English. A silence to be purchased by years of intimacy and friendship only known to stolid, unsociable, heavy-hearted Britishers. By-and-bye the reader whistles, and exclaims—"Poor fellow!"

"What is it?" said I, waking up from my day dream, "what startled you old fellow?"

"Nothing, old boy," replied my friend, hurriedly thrusting the newspaper into the pocket of his flannel smoking coat, "nothing old boy! Isn't it a jolly evening!"

In a moment I had detected "humbug." I got up quietly, and resting my hand upon his shoulder, said

"Kindly meant old fellow, kindly meant, but I'm used to all sorts of bad news. Fork out the paper."

My friend handed me *Galvani*. I hurriedly cast my eyes over the pages—but found nothing.

"Where is it old boy?" I asked after three minutes of the most fruitless search.

The "old boy" turned away his head and said "Look among the marriages!"

My friend's reticence was indeed kindly meant!

* * * * *

Yes, I saw her afterwards, and we had many a merry laugh over "our folly." She is middle-aged now, and rouges a little, I think, and is just the *least* bit injudicious about champagne. Her husband is a great friend of mine, and complains to me about her; tells me of the "rows" they have about this and that. Of course the poor victim doesn't know that he has taken the place that was once to have been mine on the altar of matrimonial sacrifice. I pity him—what a wife!

The other night, coming home from their house, I couldn't help laughing at the change that has taken place in her since the days of "our folly." She's thirty-five if she's a day, and on my word, to judge from her figure, can never have read the works of Banting. And I laughed so heartily that the tears ran down my cheeks. When I reached home my merriment had *quite* subsided, but my eyes were just the *least bit* watery. However, I found a man, who had "dropped in upon me," waiting up-stairs in my sitting-room, so I quickly commenced my usual round of humbug. Ah, my friend, is it not a wonderful age, and a holy age, and a highly civilized age, when we are so well taught that we can (so to speak) play a nigger melody on our heart strings and account for the bloody sweat of our grief by waggish allusions to pork chop suppers, cucumber, and indigestion! And now having explained how I became a humbug, let me ask your pardon if you find me, now and then, a little bitter. People call me cynical because I consider most men dishonest, and all women false! The idea! but the world is *so* good so *very* good! But let me to my task. The first humbug presented to your notice shall be my father "on the Turf." Poor man, he was deeply wronged. The world, with its usual charity, called him a knave. The world of course, was mistaken in him. I knew my parent well, and on my honour, as a gentleman and a Christian, I swear my dear and respected father was only a fraudulent fool!

Now ready, (SECOND ISSUE).
VOLUME ONE
OF
THE TOMAHAWK,
PRICE NINE SHILLINGS.



* * Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."

LONDON, MARCH 7, 1868.

WHEN a certain motion was about to be put at one of the recent meetings of Convocation held in the Jerusalem Chamber, a well-known reverend speaker suddenly moved a *rider*. The idea taken in connection with the locality, famous as it is for a certain animal, was certainly cruelly suggestive.

A DISPUTE has lately arisen on the subject of the Greek national dish. Surely, there can be no question in the matter, seeing that there have been 31 different ministries at Athens since the midsummer of 1863. It must be a species of "Cabinet" pudding.

The *Owl* publishes a paragraph to the effect that "Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Q.C., has consented to act as arbitrator in the case of the Countess d'Altegrac *v.* Lord Willoughby De Eresby." That this piece of information should be thrust prominently forward as "news" by the small sixpenny sheet in question, says very much for its own vulgarity, but very little for its estimation of its readers.

CONNECTED with the very demonstrative meeting that recently took place at Hietzing, on the occasion of the celebration of King Georges' "Silver wedding," perhaps the most touching, because the most domestic incident, was the conduct of the good people of Gottingen. As a proof of their ultra-Guelphic loyalty they presented the ex-Monarch with five-and-thirty pounds of sausages. As the Prussian Government has been informed that the gathering was of a purely spontaneous, and "un-organized" character, the idea was as happy as it was original. The Gottingen sausages may serve as a good set-off against the very suspicious assemblage of 800 Hanoverians on Austrian territory, which has been described as a most decided *forced-meet*.

MILITARY REFORM.

AT a time when the expedition to Abyssinia is assuming the gigantic proportions which we have always assigned to it, and involving the country in an expenditure that will be little short of Twenty millions sterling, it behoves the Government to practise economy wherever practicable, and it is not therefore, without dismay, that we learn from the military papers that some thirty regiments are about to pass through the "Aldershot course of training."

Now this involves an amount of expense in the removal of troops which would alarm any military economist, could the details be actually ascertained. At the high rate paid to the railway companies for the transit of troops—five hundred pounds a regiment, is the lowest estimate at which, on an average, a

corps can be moved from its station to Aldershot and back—so that at least, £15,000 will be expended for the travelling expenses of these regiments to their training quarters. This is a good round sum to pay for the somewhat questionable advantages of a summer sojourn in the camp, and raises the question whether due supervision exists over the movements of troops as regards the expense attending them. At present, the Commander-in-Chief has the uncontrolled power of moving troops within the limits of the United Kingdom, and has not to consult the Secretary of State before incurring such expenses. Formerly the orders for changing stations proceeded directly from the Secretary at War, but when the lamentable fiction of the universal control of the War Minister was adopted, the consequent fiction that the military departments were under his control, and might, therefore, be intrusted with the expenditure of public money, was unhappily adopted too, and it is as agent as it were of the finance head of the army, but really, as officer of the executive head, that the Quarter-master General is empowered to move troops without the previous sanction of the War Office, to an extent, and at a cost that would, if known, positively terrify those who still believe that the Parliamentary Commander-in-Chief of the army—the War Minister—has any efficient control over the most reckless and extravagant expenditure.

NO SOAPERY!

THE Anglo-Continental Society, for the Reformation of Italy, the Re-union of the Church, and Restoration of the Pope to Christianity, held high Carnival on Shrove Tuesday in Willis's Rooms. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury graced the chair. Dancing was not included in the programme, though some remarkable *pirouettes* were executed by the principal performers. The movers and seconders of the resolutions, however, did not quite set to their partners. Some, with Lord Harrowby, thought they had everything to teach; others, with the Bishop of Oxford, that they had still something to learn. The report congratulated the meeting, the Continent, and Mankind, that the unrivalled Encyclic of the Pan-Anglican Synod had been translated into every European tongue. It had been made intelligible, as far as the case allowed, to the Continental mind. The Bishop of Oxford elaborately cleared the Society from being a Pharisee. So completely would he urge the contrary, that he humbly and earnestly begged to be allowed to beg the whole question; and, seeing that his own opinions were undoubtedly primitive Christianity, would entreat the meeting to beg the Pope to conform to them; and, as to all the rest of the human race, and the universal heart of man, to be good enough to be united enough to differ. Archdeacon Wordsworth delighted the ladies with his Latin, and proved, to the satisfaction of everybody, that Gregory the Great was an extremely protestant Pope. He was the converter of Angles into angels; he was the very father of the Angle, as that eminent Anglican, Izaak Walton, was a brother: how greatly, then, would Gregory have rejoiced to foresee the Pan-Anglican Synod, and to read its Encyclic? Diverging from history to theological geography, he announced that Rome, supposed by many to be Elysium and Utopia, was about to be Armageddon. The Archdeacon wound up with a quotation from St. Paul, with Martial's epigrams by way of commentary, and proved that whereas Pudeus was a Roman senator, Claudia, a British lady, and Linus, a Pope, the Anglo-Continental Society might entertain hopes of restoring Pius IX. to Christianity. His hearers would perceive the present argument to be equally correct with the last; if they did not, it was no fault of his latin. Lord Harrowby knew Rome, partly from Goldsmith's Roman History, partly from personal travel, and, seeing that from Tarquin down to the secretary of the Anglo-Continental it was so interesting a place, he entertained no doubt, and felt justified in asserting that the Society ought to be supported. The Bishop of Tennessee guessed, if the old country had not been so catawampously conservative, it would have given bishops to America before it did, by a long chalk, and the States and the Britishers would have whopped creation. And even now, if these Anglo-Continental had a few more of those almighty dollars, he reckoned they might lick the Pope of Rome into signing the thirty-nine Articles, and chaw him up to take the oath of Supremacy.

The meeting then indulged in the usual amount of mutual admiration, and quietly separated.

ANTHROPOPHAGY.—IMPORTANT MEETING.

THE neighbourhood of Tattersalls was crowded on Thursday evening last by distinguished members of the equine race, who had come to attend a meeting convened by the committee of the Anthropophagistic Society, for the purpose of discussing the great advantages of introducing Man into the Manger as an article of diet.

The Right Hon. Bucephalus Charger having taken the chair, the proceedings opened with a lecture by Solon Hack, Esq., F.R.A.S., which was listened to throughout with great attention, and often interrupted by neighs of admiration. After having expressed his gratification at seeing before him such a distinguished company, which represented every rank of society, and every phase of feeling in the equine world, he proceeded as follows:—

"We are assembled here this evening from no hostile or vindictive feeling to the human race, though were we as prone as they are to the vices of cruelty and revenge we might find ample excuse, if not justification, in the many wrongs which we have received at the hands of Man. The relations which exist between us date from the earliest ages of the world, when our noble race, taking pity on the wretched two-legged family of cunning builders, consented to place our strength and swiftness at the disposal of their weakness, in return for their providing us with the simple necessities of our existence and constructing for us suitable houses. We made this offer knowing that though we could not rely on their honour and generosity, we could on their cowardice and selfishness; and our services were too valuable for them to venture on ill-treating us to any great extent. That they would extract from us the utmost labour of which our strength is capable we expected, and I think our calculations have been justified by events. It is hopeless to make these wretched creatures understand the pleasure that a horse takes in labour, the horror that he has of laziness. At the same time we have experienced that base ingratitude, which is inherent in animals who occupy so low a place in creation as Man. When disease or old age has weakened our frames, and only the will and not the power to work remains, they, except in rare cases, kill us in order to be rid of the expense of our support. Still we may point with melancholy pride to the comfort and luxury which distinguish our stables from the dwelling places of those of Man's own species whose poverty makes them helpless. I may challenge the oldest horse present to state a single instance in which scores of our lives have been sacrificed through wanton neglect of the simple laws of health on the part of our human owners. No, they know our value too well not to take care of us. We are necessary to their pleasure; as long as we can minister to that we are safe.

I need scarcely allude at any length to the constant efforts which we have made to elevate the nature of those men with whom we are brought in contact. Patience and perseverance are as natural to us as impatience and sloth are to them—therefore we have not despaired in spite of our ill success. Often and often has a horse refused to win a race, and been content to forego the delights of victory, in order that the scoundrels who had backed him might suffer in the only feeling part of them, their pockets. But things have come to such a pass now on the Turf that I need scarcely tell you our noble Racers have resolved to defeat, by every way that lies in their power, the calculations of the cheats and robbers who fatten on their splendid exertions. I mention this merely to show that we are not so unmindful of the well-being of the human race as to minister knowingly to their vices. The uniform fidelity with which we have adhered to our part of the contract between us only renders more detestable the insult that they now seek to put upon us. They would outrage us dead who dare not ill-treat us when alive. They would convert our bodies to the purposes of food for themselves. (*Sensation.*) They would place us on a level with the bullock, the sheep, and the pig, who lead lives of sloth and sensuality that they may pamper the beastly appetite of mankind. (*Sensation.*) Some may say that our dead bodies have been given to dogs to eat often and often, and we have never complained. But will any horse tell me that there can be any comparison between the noble privilege of helping to nourish a dog and the indignity of being devoured by a man? (*Murmurs of applause.*) If it were only to feed paupers the disgrace

would be wiped away by the sense of the benefit conferred; but to think that our bodies should after death be concocted into savoury dishes to tickle the palates of bookmakers and noblemen on the turf! No, my noble fellow-horses, I cannot any more than you contemplate such an abyss of degradation. If this unseemly attempt to put our flesh to shameful uses be not abandoned, we shall retaliate in a much more serious manner than by such jocular experiments as that, to assist at which you have assembled here to-day. If we are to be placed on the level of sheep and pigs, we will live, as sheep and pigs, idle useless lives. Let men draw their own carriages and carry one another. We will do nothing but eat and grow fat. And yet I know well that to our noble natures such a life would be misery. The Anthropophagistic Society has been established, as you all know, for the purpose of introducing human flesh as an article of consumption among horses. The high price of corn, and the reflection that we are robbing the poor and the wretched amongst mankind, for whom their own species show but little consideration, have induced us to try and see whether those who are utterly useless in their lifetime cannot be made to serve some good purpose when dead. I know it is difficult to overcome the prejudice, which is only natural, against eating the flesh of a creature with whom, however despicable he be, we yet are compelled to live in a state of companionship. But prejudices are the rocks which bar the road of progress, and must be removed if we ever intend to advance. Besides, you may console yourself that you are conferring an honour on mankind, if not on yourself; and an act of generosity is always pleasant, however difficult. I shall therefore conclude by simply asking you to adjourn to the banquet which is prepared in the adjoining stables."

The company adjourned then to the stables, where, with much animated discussion and humorous badinage, they partook of the following *carte*:—

Bran Mash à la Tête de Demoiselle.
Oatmeal Gruel à l'huile Aldermanique.
Cotelettes de "Jockey."
Filet de Marchand-de-Vin aux Financiers.
Croquettes de Bébé.
Jambon de Bookmaker, rôti.
Barons of the Exchequer.
Longe de Duc farcie aux I.O.U.'s.
La Jolie Horsebreaker piquée à la Vénus.
Les Cochers aux perruques poudrées.
L'Eau froid. L'Eau chaud.

We have not yet received the report of the committee, but we learn from private sources that the Banquet excited more curiosity than pleasure. All the horses who partook of it are still alive.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

DETECTED now, the humbug lies,
The mystery solved, the wondering over:
Thief-takers pierce his mute disguise,
And make him *Speak*, the wandering rover!

SEPTUA: SEXA: QUINQUA: GESIMA.

GUSHING CAROLINE:

Dear Charles. Why do such numbers marry
In the three weeks preceding Lent?

GRUMPY COUSIN:

Because they know they'll soon want Carry
A fitting season to *repent*.

SOLVED AT LAST.

IF the two Houses of Convocation have done nothing else, they have, at all events, made one of the greatest discoveries of the age. Carrying nothing, but moving everything, they surely may be said to have hit on the real secret of perpetual "*motion*!"

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two gods that mortals worship most,
The one with women quite supreme;
Before the other men bow down,
And in their madness fondly dream,
That they are loved by those for whom
They spend their money, time, and lives.
Poor fools! This god's inconstant form,
Claims all the love of their dear wives.

1.

With fervent love I pressed my suit,
And with more fervent kiss,
She laughed, and whispered in my ear—
“My darling, I am — this.”

2.

A Queen and Knave at supper sit:
Hush! stealthy steps ascends the stair—
No hand shall wash away the stains,
Which still that bloody deed declare.

3.

Though brave thy heart, though swift thy feet,
Yet thou canst ne'er restore,
The fortunes of thy noble Lord,
Now lost for evermore.

4.

In matrimonial market those,
Who titles strive to buy—
Oft find that honours are not hearts,
And own this with a sigh.

5.

The general whom his foes besiege,
If he but love a jest,
By making this, can leave the town,
However closely prest.

ANSWER TO LOGOGRIPE.

PARLIAMENT.
RAMPANT LIE
PAINT
MALE
TRIAL
PEARL
MALE
TEAL
LIAR.

ANSWERS have been received from the following:—Josh and Bosh, Cinderella, Singlewell, G. J. R. (Camberwell), Peckham Rye, Charlie Green's Baby, Joe, Samuel E. Thomas, Jollynose and Serag'emall, Relampago, R. A., Mrs. Bouncer, H. C. G., Anti-Teapot, Your Loving Flute, W. H. H. (Islington), Snakes and Snuffers, H. W. R. (Hammersmith), Brummagem Sam, G. W. C. (Wansey street), W. C. H. B. Ives, F. R., Rustic, Ruby, Old Dog Tray, Colonel B., Calumet, C. D. (Welshpool), The Camden Town Tadpole, John and Annie (Wandsworth), Lucky Bob, James H. (Liverpool), R. L. P., J. Smith, J. Thomas (Nottingham), The Singing Sweep, Midas, H. Heatley, L. S., H. Lucas, M. Walker (Portsmouth), C. Bradley (Cheltenham), J. W. (Shrewsbury), L. Jones (Manchester), R. Bell (Dublin), The Whistling Oyster, Jerry (Durham), T. F. F. B., Rataplan,

J. L. (Kentish Town), H. C. Saunders, G. B. T. (Newbury), A. P. (Swansea), G. Gough (Croydon), W. Whitfield (Birmingham), F. C. (Hoxton) A. R. Smith, Elephant's Trunk, Ikey, H. M. I., H. L. (Windsor), R. C., Tom Hughes, J. Sullivan, A. Purdue, M. H. (Torquay), W. H. (Scarborough), Clementina Colt, Tim, N. O. (Sydenham), Alonzo, I. K. (Ramsgate), Kate, M. E. F., B. D. (Bath), &c., &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE RESCUE SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE “TOMAHAWK.”

SIR,—A constant reader of the TOMAHAWK, I have seen, with painful interest, the series of articles headed “The Most Shameful Sight in the World,” and especially the number of February 1st.

I wish to do what I can to help such an excellent cause as the Rescue Society has in view, and as your article first directed my attention to this particular institution, have pleasure in requesting you to hand the enclosed £5 note—No. 06295—to the treasurer.

With it I would send my best wishes and sympathy in the good work, and only hope that many more besides myself may have responded to the appeal.

The especial cause is one I have very much at heart, and earnestly do I desire the united efforts of the many now working to counteract the evil, may be blest with success.

High in the scale of influence may be ranked that of the TOMAHAWK, which has now, indeed, become a “mighty power in the land.” May it always be wielded *for good*, and keep to the high standard already raised.

Many a time have the principal ideas which your correspondent of the R. S. has so ably put into words, suggested themselves to me, and to the utmost of my small ability, I would second his encouragement to persevere in the strife.

Will you allow me to call your attention to an institution which includes a somewhat similar branch amongst its other good objects?

It is the South London Night Refuge (139 Southwark Bridge road, S.), with its various branches, which will be fully explained by the fourth Annual Report which I post you herewith.

The conductor, William Carter, is truly another “good man in a good cause,” who is devoting his life to his Master's service in caring for those who have none to care for them.

I have felt much interest in this excellent institution, and should be glad to bring it to the notice of others.

Will you kindly have one of the Rescue Society's reports sent me—Address as above.

In conclusion I should like to express my conviction that the general influence of the TOMAHAWK is likely to be very useful, and that I trust it will continue to show up and pull to pieces such things as *Police brutality and partiality, Magisterial injustice, unequal and unjust laws, making poverty a crime*, and all the hydra-headed brood of snobbery and flunkeyism, for all of which there is no better punishment and cure at the same time, than mercilessly to strip off all false pretences, and then hold them up to public view.

I don't want my name or self brought forward, but shall hope to see in some future number that my letter has been received. Make any use you like of it.

I remain, yours respectfully,

S. S—— A——,

Exchequer Buildings, Alexandria, Egypt.

February 12, 1868.

[Contrary to the rule we have made of refusing insertion to all correspondence (as unsuitable matter for the pages of such a periodical as our own), we print the above letter, feeling convinced that it may be of great service to two very excellent institutions. The £5 note has been sent to the Rescue Society.—ED. TOM.]

“JUSTITIA.”—We shall be glad to receive the papers you allude to, on approval.

PAUL JONES.—You did *not* give us any useful information. The facts you sent to us were brought before our notice three days before your letter was received by us, by the gentleman to whom our acknowledgments were offered. Now are you satisfied?

A “STERNE” MORALIST.—The author of *Second Thoughts*.
THE RIGHT LADY IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—Finette at the Alhambra!

ANOTHER ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—We understand that arrangements have been made by which the pupils of the Royal Academy will be admitted to the Lyceum free of charge, in order that they may enjoy the advantages afforded at that excellently managed theatre of studying the female form.