

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 76.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE PETTICOAT PARLIAMENT.

LETTER NO. 2.

MISS LEONORA LORING, M.P., TO MISS CAMILLA SHARP.
3 Poet's Corner, Westminster,
30th June, 1870.

MY OWN PRECIOUS OLD DARLING,—It is something to be able to pour out so many endearing epithets to any human being; for I really *do* begin to believe that the world is simply peopled with the descendants of brutes, who originally escaped from some travelling menagerie that Noah, or Alexander the Great, or William the Conqueror maintained at the expense of the country; and that, with *very few* exceptions, all the *men* are only *gorillas* in disguise. But I must not anticipate.

Ah! my dear, I did hope to have continued my last letter the very next day: not that it is any use writing to Africa every day, considering the post only goes once a month, if it goes as often as that; and then for unpunctuality commend me to the Post Office. But what can you expect—all MEN? If women bought the letters, do you think *they* would not put *stamps* on the *unpaid* valentines out of their own pockets? Ah! Camilla, my darling old monitress, you see I am as giddy as ever, though how I can smile now, when Ruin (in deep mourning) seems to sit brooding, on a gigantic camp stool, over this devoted land, *I don't know*. We women are wonderful creatures—but I know you want me to get on, and so I must—though my retrospect is the but tinged with a mocking glory which fades as it mixes with beams of the present, and leaves but an amber-coloured storm-cloud lowering over the future of our devoted and noble sex.

Why do I say that hateful word? I do not know—my mind is one gigantic chaos, stirred but occasionally by the omnipotent staff of memory. Camilla, my dear, *sexes* are a mistake! I won't enter into a question at once so deep and so *profound*; but, depend upon it, if Eve had been created first, there would *never* have been any men, or, if there had been, they would have been *very different* creatures to what they are now.

But a truce to these metaphorical conjectures. My business is with the stern area of the present. I but sport with the bubbles of the rivulet, when I should be grinding down the ore over which it ripples.

What I told you in my last related but to the opening week of the Session, when all was amiability, and there were few divisions. It soon became apparent that *we* did not intend to let our majority fritter itself away into capricious caves or fanciful factions. (I hope, my dear old tutoress, you will be spared by the cannibal natives long enough to give me some idea as to how you like my *style of composition*: it is founded on the *best models*, I assure you.) We were determined to close our ears to the blandishments of flattering tongues, and to demand our perfect freedom from the shackles of the infamous laws that had so long oppressed us. About three weeks after Parliament met a notice was put on the paper, that Miss Sophia Singleton would move for "a return of the number of marriageable bachelors at present residing or domiciled in Great Britain and Ireland; and also for a similar return of the number of marriageable spinsters or widows, with a view to abolishing that wicked practice of celibacy which had attained to such *grave dimensions* as to threaten the prosperity of the country." This

motion was vehemently opposed by the Government. By the way, I never told you that our resolution to abolish the distinctions of political parties had resulted in a similar move on the part of the male members of the House, and that the present Government, or rather the then existing Government, was composed as follows:—

First Lord of the Treasury (in Commission).—

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.
Right Hon. B. Disraeli.
Right Hon. J. Bradlaugh.

Chancellor of the Exchequer (in Commission).—

Right Hon. G. Goschen.
Right Hon. J. Roebuck.
Right Hon. Sir Morton Peto.

*President of the Council.—*Lord Commissioner Ker.

Secretary of State for the War Department (in Commission).—

Right Hon. J. Bright.
Right Hon. J. Hardy.
Colonel Fane.

First Lord of the Admiralty (in Commission).—

Right Hon. Sir George Bowyer.
Right Hon. Sir Edward Head.
Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson.

President of the Board of Trade (in Commission).—

Right Hon. Peter Taylor.
Right Hon. E. Moses and Son.
Right Hon. Sir Henry Edwards,
Bart.

There! that is quite enough to show you how all parties have amalgamated to fight the battle of men against the superior part of creation.

Well, this motion which I have mentioned met with a very rude opposition from the above *Happy Family*! However, by a *severe whip* we succeeded in carrying it. This was our first victory; and flushed with the glow of triumph, and irritated by the factious opposition and sneering criticisms of the other creatures, we determined to take a bold step. Camilla, my guiding star! (as Lord Lytton would say) you will, I know, approve that determination.

We held a meeting in the Tea Room (which was exclusively devoted to our convenience for the occasion), and determined at once to bring in a Bill which should enable all unmarried women to propose to any unmarried men of their acquaintance who paid income tax, and that "if the said proposal were rejected on any other ground than that of an impending engagement to some other unmarried woman, that the male person rejecting the proposal should forfeit one-half of his income to the proposer, to be employed by her for her sole use and comfort, as she should think fit." This Bill was opposed in the most virulent way at every step, and the Speaker even stooped *so low* as to rule several points of order against us; but we triumphed at last, and spite of the cruel desertion of many of our supporters, who had hitherto secretly, or openly, countenanced our efforts at self-assertion, we obtained a majority so decisive as to compel the Ministry to resign.

Mr. Lowe's speech on this occasion I shall *never* forget, and we will NEVER forgive: he compared us to "the crowd of harpies who, swooping down on the humble fare of the Trojan

wayfarers, defiled the provisions that their greedy maws could not devour." He quoted so many Latin verses at us (which we could not understand), that we were nearly driven to desperation; and afterwards, in the Lobby, I almost regret to say, some of the more vehement of our darling sisters set upon the vituperaterous wretch, and plucked from his imposing (in more senses than one) brow the white locks which had so long been his boast. Of course the wretched Men took advantage of this generous outburst of enthusiasm, and sentenced to imprisonment in the vaults of Westminster Abbey the most prominent leaders of this vigorous attack. But all such manoeuvres proved futile, for a week after the third division on the Bill "for Promoting the Prospects of Unmarried Women" the Government resigned; and oh! glorious triumph, Camilla!—a female Minister assumed the reigns of office for the first time in this poor man-oppressed country.

Here, my dearest friend and guide, I must pause. I fain would leave you some space to enjoy the contemplation of such a heavenly prospect, before I attempt to pourtray the untoward gales to which the bark of the State, spite of the angelic beings who sit at the helm, has been exposed.

With many fervent kisses, believe me,
Your own devoted friend and pupil,
LEONORA.

P.S.—Oh! something so dreadful has just happened; but I must not delay this. Oh, Camilla darling, live and hope. I write again soon.

ON TRIAL.

THE WORKING MAN'S CANDIDATE.

THE Commissioners re-assembled at ten o'clock this morning, when, notwithstanding the prevalent impression that the present inquiry was one capable of exciting the most lively public interest, the room was but poorly filled.

The first witness summoned was Mr. JONAS FREEBOOT. He said he was what was called a working man's candidate. That was certainly what he considered himself to be, though he had not consulted many working men on the subject. His claim to the confidence of his fellows was unquestionable. Yes, he was quite, in his opinion, a public man, and, as such, entitled to come forward as a representative of Scrubbsborough in the new Parliament. He could state what were his pleas for notoriety if required to do so. They were at least three in number, and might be more. In the first place he was the best speaker in the Nine Dials Elocution and Harmony Club, and was generally known in the neighbourhood as "Jawing Jonah." Secondly, he had written a series of anonymous letters signed "Lexibus," in the *Scrubbsborough Mercury*, in which he proved that one working man was worth six peers, and ought to go share and share with them in their landed property, and, to quote his own words, "similar aristocratic baubles." His third plea, however, was that on which he chiefly relied for popular sympathy and support. He had pulled five feet of railings up at Hyde park, harangued the mob—he begged pardon, he should say, Britons who never would be slaves—from the summit of a sweetstuff stall, and made one of a glorious seven who vindicated the liberties of their country by bonneting a policeman when he was not looking. He hoped with such antecedents to be returned to Parliament. His political principles were not quite fixed, but he had no objection to state their leading features. He should go into the House determined to effect five simple reforms. The universal abolition of war would be one; the fair and equal division of property would be another; the imprisonment of dastardly newspaper writers who ran down the working man, as represented by himself, would be a third; the fourth would be to pay all members of Parliament a handsome salary; and the fifth would be the legal equalisation of intellect. He could not well explain what he meant by that, but he felt sure it would work beneficially, and prevent the swells from getting all the pickings. This last sentiment he had enunciated at a public meeting of his friends the other evening, and it was received with vociferous cheers. He was therefore quite certain that it was sound, and he meant to stand by it. Yes, some one did cry out from the other end of the room to ask him how he would "carry it out," and he got a very fitting answer to a question so entirely superfluous. His hat was knocked over his eyes, and he was pitched into the street. That was the way

to treat all political opponents. He would like to knock Mr. Disraeli's hat over his eyes. He would not mind knocking Mr. Gladstone's over his eyes either, or Mr. Bright's over his, for the matter of that. None of them understood the working man and his wants. Only wait till he got into Parliament. (*The witness, who strongly insisted on an Englishman's right to be heard when he had something to say, was here ordered to stand down, and was eventually removed from the committee-room in the charge of two policemen.*)

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE XI.

From Florence's Mother to Willie.

My dearest nephew, Florence bids me say
She cannot possibly herself reply
To your kind letter she received to-day;
But she desires most urgently that I
To you her thanks immediately convey,
And you assure that until she shall die,
Your nobleness she never shall forget,
But deem herself for ever in your debt.

I wish that I could get her to say more;
And more indeed she does say, but it all
Only amounts to what she said before,
And which 'tis scarcely worth my while to scrawl.
One's words, whether to argue or implore,
Might just as well be spoken to a wall.
She would not show your note to me, but kept
Its contents to herself, and o'er them wept.

But what they are, I easily can guess.
You want her still to marry you, I'm sure;
And I, dear Willie, wish she would say, yes,
For that alone her malady would cure.
And though of course she nothing doth confess,
Her love for you doth as of old endure;
And 'tis provoking you are separated
Just as if one the other deeply hated.

I know I have myself alone to blame,
And yet I thought to do it for the best.
A cousin as a husband's not the aim
Of mothers for their daughters, 'tis confessed.
And even had I yielded, all the same
Your uncle would have never let me rest.
Now, he is just as sorry as am I,
Who ev'ry moment am inclined to cry.

And I suspect you think if you had been
A wealthy cousin with pretentious places
In town and country, then we should have seen
The matter differently, and no grimaces
Made about cousinship. If that you mean,
We should; for circumstances alter cases.
But both a cousin and a poor one! How
Could we so easily the thing allow?

And girls are very changeable, you know,
And we supposed her preference was fancy,
And not, as the results appear to show,
A mixture strange of love and necromancy.
How could we guess that things would turn out so?
As for that villain, it was but by chance he
Was chosen, and the choice *might* have succeeded.
All men do not conduct themselves as *he* did.

'Tis no use arguing, I feel; for you
Will always think us grossly in the wrong.
But, Willie, the real world—you know, 'tis true—
Is not quite like the world one reads in song.
The many must be wiser than the few,
Or how could matters have gone on so long?
But, be this as it may, I'm grieved sincerely
For our mistake you should have paid so dearly.

However, put a brave face on't, and keep
Your spirits up ; for girls are fitful creatures ;
And though she vows she ne'er again could sleep
If she beheld your pale reproachful features,
You the reward of constancy will reap
If only you don't let her patience beat yours.
Woman so keen, to start with, in enlisting
In hard resolves, are poor things at resisting.

But for the present she declares she is
Unworthy of you, and she always was so ;
And when I press her hard with that and this,
Answers me in Italian, *non posso*.
She seems to think that something is amiss
With her fair fame and value, just because so
Worthless a scamp as Bullion, when she granted
His people's urgent prayer for him, levanted.

Now 'tis no good entreating her at present.
Either forget her or appear to do so.
Besides, my dearest nephew, 'tis not pleasant
To have your only child and daughter you so
Love—just as though she were a common peasant—
Play a part like the Héloïse of Rousseau.
That cannot be. The thing, whate'er befall,
Must be done properly or not at all.

Therefore, rely on me to bring her round ;
I'll do the very best for you I can.
If anybody does, I know the ground,
And may be trusted to devise a plan.
But at the paper's end myself I've found,
Although I little thought, when I began,
To write a twentieth part of the above.
Good-bye, dear Will. Your uncle sends his love.

EPILOGUE.

So up to date doth stand this precious Drama,
Enacted in a country which doth boast
A Creed more pure than that of Jove or Brama.
Yet is it plain that Fashion sways our coast,
And money is enthroned the British Lama.
Hence our *personæ dramatis*, engrossed
In its prevailing worship, by the stress of it
Have for the present made a pretty mess of it.

FINIS.

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

WASPS manufacture comb, but have never come into notice
for their honey. Yet a man thinks he has only to make verses
to be a poet.

A man of spirit can always keep his head out of water, but a
coward in difficulties sinks in spirits and water.

"All men are liars." Of course the other sex is not in-
cluded. What says Miss Becker ?

"The Divinity that hedges a king," must have great confi-
dence to back any one to win in the Bourbon Race.

What's in a name ? William Tell would never have come
down to posterity without it.

Birds in their little nests agree that they do not reciprocate
when they hear man "woulding he were a bird." They lay
six eggs to one man would not know how to fly if he had wings.

A woman who has a good figure does not require too low a
dress to make one aware of it : but a badly made girl cannot
suppose that undressing herself will prove what the bare fact
denies.

Motto for ladies in evening dress. "Bare and forbear."

What an extraordinary thing ! as Calcraft said when two
chaplains came to the execution.

The Empire is Peace. That must be the mouth-piece of
war.

Women are like magazines. They must have their little
romance and their padding to make them perfect.

A friend of mine has been put on the staff and sent to Sierra
Leone. This is like being complimented with the command of
a Forlorn Hope, or flattered with precedence at a barricade.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

It may reasonably be expected that now-a-days, in these times
of political Leotardism and buffoonery, nothing will astonish
the public.

The German popular story of the boy who could not shiver—
frighten everyone around him how you might—finds its counter-
part now in a public that cannot be surprised. But while there
is yet a chance of one single shiver existing, may it not be
claimed for a Premier who does not know what are the con-
stitutional functions of a Secretary of State—for a First Lord
of the Treasury who does not know what "my Lords" of the
Treasury have decided and have ordered, and have defended
in Parliament ?

Yet such is the case, taking only one small item of the
marvellous manifesto which, by an "awful dispensation," our
mountebank Minister has lately addressed to the historic county
of Bucks.

"Her Majesty's Government," says M. Leotard, "by placing
in the hands of a single individual a control over the expenditure
of the War Office, commenced a considerable reform during the
late session in the administration of the army." Now everybody
but M. Leotard knows that there has existed ever since 1856
"a single individual" charged with "the control of the expen-
diture of the War Office," viz., the Secretary of State for War.
What, then, is this new creation of the Prometheus of
Bucks ? Is he above the Secretary of State, is he under the
Secretary of State, or is he in lieu of the Secretary of State ? Is
Sir John Pakington abolished, superseded, or assisted by the
new marvel, this omnivorous, clerkivorous, ministerivorous
monocrat !

But M. Leotard is First Lord of the Treasury as well as Prime
Minister. What view have the Lords of Her Majesty's Treasury
taken of the appointment of the Controller-in-Chief—the officer
referred to by the First Lord ? "My Lords" were pleased, under
date 29th June, 1868, to be "of opinion that the functions of the
Controller-in-Chief should be kept entirely distinct from those
of the financial department of the War Office," and insisted that
he should have beside him, on the same platform, a financial
officer of the third rank (for this manifested monocrat is him-
self to be only of the third rank in the War Office cosmogony)
who shall review his arrangements, control his control, and
advise their common chief as to his proposals.

But perhaps M. Leotard took no part with "my other Lords"
in the discussions at the Treasury on this subject, not being
aware how important the subject was, and how strong a card
he had in his hand, until he came to play it out when "speaking
to Buncombe"—to Buckingham, we should say.

Even this plea cannot be pleaded, unless Hansard has joined
all the rest of the world in turning against our amusing political
acrobat ; for that hitherto credible witness records the part
taken by the Leader of the House in the debate in the House
of Commons on the subject of this very Treasury letter.

How, then, can the statement now made by the same Minister
be explained ? We cannot accept the solution that in the can-
didate he deems it expedient to forget the Minister—the First
Lord—the Leader of the House ; but we can only conclude
that he knows, as well as everyone else does, that not one word
of what he states is true, and that not one word of what he
promises is possible ; but glories in the cleverness by which he
bequeaths to his heir—now very apparent—this "legacy of
insult."

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LONDON, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THERE is not the slightest truth in the report that Mr. Mark Lemon will shortly give Readings of *Falstaff* "out of (not in) costume," at the Turkish Baths, Jermyn street.

A VERY great Spanish wag, calling himself Don Juan, has taken advantage of the flight of Queen Isabella to inform the world that he considers the moment has arrived for his own abdication in favour of his son, Don Carlos. This is only one claim similar to some dozen others resulting from the fall of the last Bourbon Crown; or, to quote his Royal Highness's own words, "Spanish *fly* is the stuff to bring out the rightful hairs!"

OF course, somebody has offered the Spanish Crown to Prince Alfred, and strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that Gibraltar and £40,000,000 of English money are to go with the young monarch, the idea is not very popular at Madrid. Surely, some more commanding and elderly individual would have had a greater chance of success. Why does not somebody ask Mr. Stuart, the well-known comic-tragedian of the Theatre Royal New Adelphi? He would, we have no doubt, look the thing to perfection, and do it cheerfully for half the money.

HEADS AND CROWNS.

THOSE enthusiasts who have been exulting over the success of the revolution in Spain have already commenced to modify their prophecies as to the bright future in store for that very unsettled country.

A republic is all very well in theory, but as far as the Spaniards are concerned, it has even now been voted an impossibility in practice; and those who professed the deepest pleasure in the turn events have taken during the last month, are already uneasy about the difficulties which are beginning to present themselves in the remodelling of the dislocated Constitution. On one point all are agreed—viz., that a sovereign is wanted; and although one would have supposed that a great many very eligible people would be ready to accept the throne of Spain, if it were offered to them, yet, as a matter of fact, the Spanish chair of state does not promise to offer any great comfort or repose to its occupant, and the eligible people in question are

already showing unmistakable signs of shyness in having anything to do with it. However, the alarmists need not at once despair of providing a fitting sovereign for the vacant place. Although the Emperor of Brazil, the Duke of Edinburgh, and a few other miscellaneous princes have hinted their intention of declining with thanks any overture that might be made to them, yet there are numbers of Royal personages holding inferior positions, or out of place altogether, who would be ready at a moment's notice to make any number of promises, swear any number of oaths, or undertake any amount of responsibility. Indeed, we happen to be in the possession of exclusive information concerning the persons who have expressed their willingness to fill the Spanish throne; and while we regret our space does not permit us to reproduce the whole number of applications which have been sent in to the Provisional Junta, we are constrained to publish the following, which have been selected from the list, as possessing some interest for the British public.

Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein.—Speaks German and a little French. Knows the King of Portugal. Would make himself generally agreeable. Hates the English.

Queen Emma, of the Sandwich Islands.—Is highly moral. Middle aged. Of economical tastes. Would annex her present territory if required.

The Maharajah Duleep Singh.—His Highness is of pleasing appearance. Understands nigger driving. Would find his own regalia and coronation robes. Address D. Singh, Esq., 199 Onslow square, S.W.

Prince I-have-seen-the-world, of Abyssinia.—Considers himself well suited for the place. Feels himself rather in the way in England, and does not want to be educated in the family of a clergyman of the Established Church.

Mr. Henry Cole.—Is just the man wanted. Knows all about everything. Is a C.B. Has lots of sons.

It will be at once seen that the alleged difficulties of finding a fit and proper person to succeed the ex-Queen Isabella have been exaggerated. With such a choice as we have enumerated, if a bright future is not in store for Spain, it is her own fault.

EPIGRAM BY A TIMID LOVER.

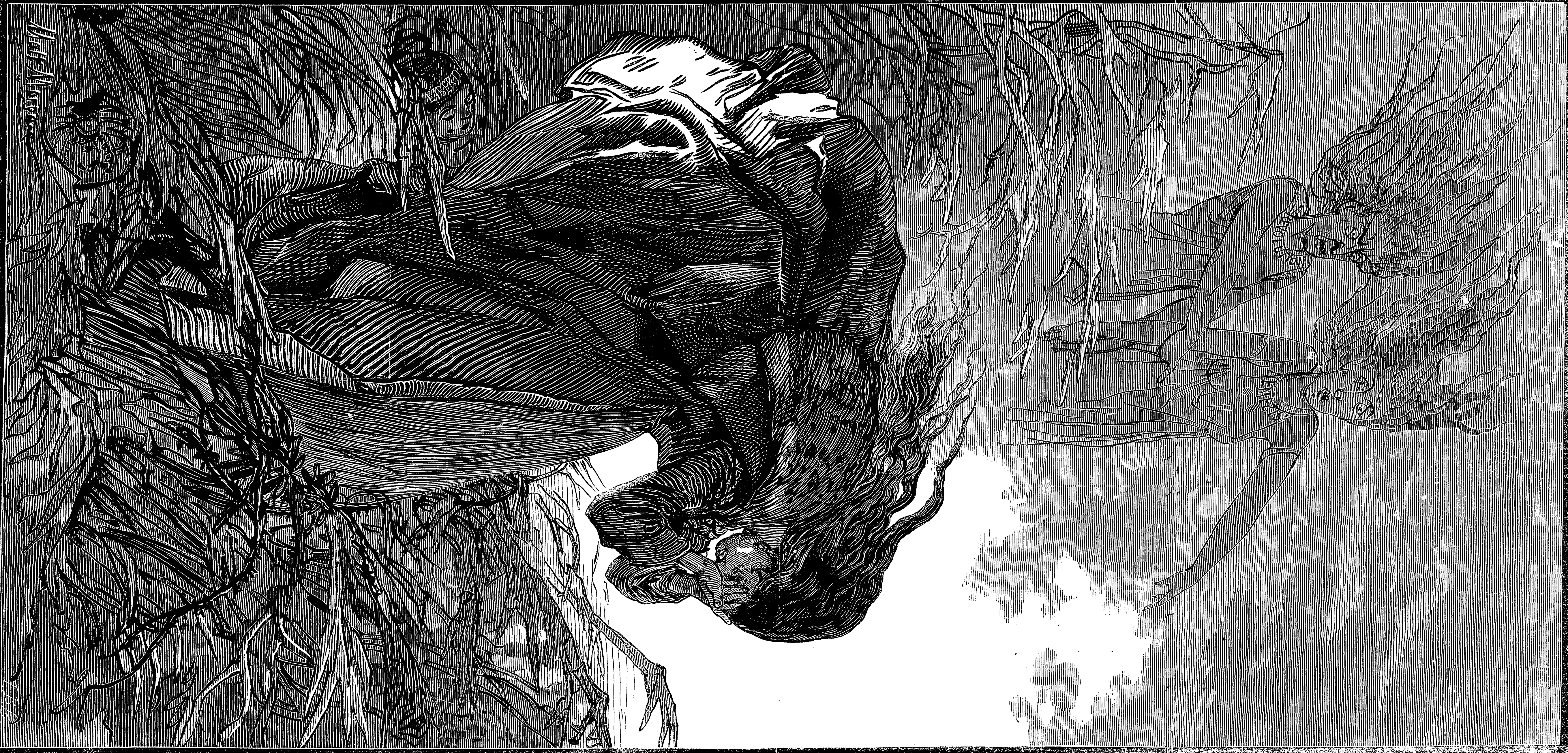
YOU may tell, dearest Lucy, when sleep takes your mother,
 My heart's in my face, though I'm small, by my sighs:
 Yet 'tis useless my cowardly feelings to smother;
 My heart's in my mouth when she opens her eyes.

VERY CONSCIENTIOUS.

MR. WARD HUNT, when he succeeded Mr. Disraeli in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, seems to have inherited some of the ready effrontery of his predecessor. The other day, in the course of a speech at an agricultural dinner at Wellingborough, he said that his friends had often asked him why he had taken such an active part in the cattle plague debates in the early part of the session of 1866. His reason had been, he assured his audience, that as Northamptonshire was the county which made itself the most prominent in clamouring for legislation on the subject, he considered it to be his bounden duty as one of its representatives in the House of Commons to ventilate the question.

Evidently Mr. Ward Hunt counted on his hearers having forgotten the part he played on the occasion of which he speaks. Happily, the cattle plague is past and over, and its very existence has almost gone from our memory; but if we succeed in calling to mind the proceedings of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons at the period to which he so boastfully refers, they would certainly tend to show that the honourable gentleman was actuated rather by the spirit of petty opposition to any proposal emanating from the other side of the House, than by a sense of duty to his constituents. However, let Mr. Ward Hunt take all the credit to himself that he can obtain. He is not the only member of the late House of Commons whose respect for the truth is weaker than his anxiety for re-election, nor is he the only member of the present Government who has adopted "Popularity at any price" as a motto.





THE LAST OF THE BOURBONS!

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER VI.—*Canard's Illness. A Day's Shooting. Costume of the Chase. Extracts from a Diary. How to Shoot. Results.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Oct. 10, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND MUCH RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

You will remember that when I last wrote to you I described in my letter the election of the "Lor-Mayor of London," at the Common Hall. You will recollect that I left off at the point where a presumptuous "counselor" had the audacity to impeach the City magnate. What followed was so horrible that it brought on an immediate attack of brain fever. I was laid up for two days, and when I returned to consciousness remembered nothing but the fact that my salary was in arrears (please see to this). But to return. I have had a great deal of pleasure lately. I have been staying at a most charming country house (I was ordered to Herts for change of air after my illness) and have enjoyed myself immensely. On Monday I went out sporting, and on Tuesday assisted at the great "Cesarewitch-gentlemans-jockey-race" at "Nu-markêt." First about my day's shooting.

I rose very early and dressed myself in the costume of the chase as worn in England. I give you a description of the various garments and accoutrements.

Coat.—Red tail. Blue cuffs. Yellow facings.

Epaulets.—Silver.

Trousers.—Yellow cord.

Boots.—"Hors-gar."

Spurs.—Steel. Long.

Hat.—"Gentlemans-jockey." Red plume.

Arms.—Sword. Carbine. Large French horn. Pistols.

Butterfly net.

"Dogues."—A "boule-dogue," two "Kin-Charles," and a "toy-terriere."

Habited thus I left the house of my host at five o'clock. I said to myself, "These insolent islanders are born 'gentlemans-jockeys,' they are 'sporting-mans' from their infancy. As for me I belong to a nation of soldiers. I know more about *la gloire* than the *perdrix*. I will practice this 'rifle-shootin' by myself, where no one can see me, where no one can smile at my failure." I said this, blew a loud note on my horn, and started for the "cover." I give you some notes from my diary.

6 o'clock.—I have very nearly shot something! I passed by a hay-stack and saw something moving to my left. As the "something" was at least five yards off, I thought my carbine would not carry so far, so I didn't fire. If it had been nearer I certainly should have shot it!

6.5 a.m.—The something turns out to be a boy. So as it happens, it was lucky I couldn't get up near enough to it. The boy, for sixpence, has taught me how to load my carbine. In England they do *not* put in the shot first! Ah! these Englishmen, are they not strange?

6.10 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! I've let off my gun! I pulled the trigger, and it went off suddenly with a loud explosion. I am not killed, but the "boule-dogue" is shot through the head. Ah, this sport is grand!

6.15 a.m.—I'm putting in the powder.

6.20 a.m.—Powder in. I'm putting in the first wad.

6.25 a.m.—Wad in. I'm putting in the shot.

6.33 a.m.—Shot in. I'm putting in the second wad.

6.40 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! The carbine is once more loaded! See, I'm a "gentleman's-jockey" already. Ah, Englishmen, it is Jules who will surprise ye!

7 a.m.—I'm passing by a wood. I've just got to a gate. The farmer's boy told me always to put my carbine "haf coc" when I go over a gate. I am to hold the lock and pull the trigger. Well, this manoeuvre is difficult, but I will surmount it.

7.2 a.m.—Heep, heep, heep! Again my gun has gone off!

It was unexpected, but it was grand. I am still alive, but I've killed both of the "Kin-Charles." Three "Tales of game" in one hour! Come, this is *le sport*! However, in making the "haf coc," I burnt my fingers. This manoeuvre is painful, but pleasing.

7.20 to 8.20 a.m.—Loading my carbine.

8.25 a.m.—I have not met a single bird. I have tried to shoot the "toy-terriere," but he bit my leg as I was taking aim. Who could shoot a dog that bites one's toes?

9 a.m.—I am skirting a hedge. There is something moving over there. I shoot! It is dead. Another "tail of game." *Hold, hold, vive le sport!*

12 a.m.—I have let off my carbine three times—each time it went off! I'm now quite accustomed to this shooting. It is quite simple. All you have to do is to support your carbine on the lower part of your chest, close your eyes, turn away your head, and pull the trigger. If you follow out these directions you may be nearly sure of the gun going off. You must not be surprised if you are knocked down. It is the concussion, or as the English call it, the "kic." Until you get accustomed to the sensation of falling it is as well to place a feather-bed behind you.

1 p.m.—I am on a trail. I have read Cooper's novels, and know that when you find a piece of orange-peel you may be sure that you are near something. I follow up the trail, and am close to a wood.

2 p.m.—Yes, there was something! Now Jules for another shot. I place the carbine against the lower part of my chest, and pull the trigger. I fall, and pick myself up.

2.5 p.m.—Heep, heep, heep! I've found it! My shot took effect! Heep, heep, heep! *O gai!* I'VE SHOT A FOX!

2.30 p.m.—I return home in triumph!

Before concluding this letter, I beg to send you a list of the "tails of game" I found in my "game-carpet-bag."

Contents of M. Canard's "game-carpet-bag."

- 1 Fox,
 - 2 "Kin-Charles" poodle-boule-dogues,
 - 1 English "boule-dogue,
 - 4 Pigs,
- and
- 3 Sheeps.

As I was going into the house I shot a canary I found in a cage to make up the dozen. So my grand total was

TWELVE "TAILS OF GAME!"

Next week I will tell you all about my visit to the "Cæsarewich-gentlemans-jockeys race" at "Nu-markêt."

Till then,

Receive the most distinguished considerations of

JULES CANARD.

ROOM FOR WALKER.

WE are delighted to see that several of the more liberal-minded members of the Medical Profession are aiding the movement to establish female physicians, whose labours shall be chiefly, if not wholly, confined to that province of the art which Nature intended women to perform. No amount of scientific cant, and mercenary agitation can blind us to the fact that, the performance of such duties by men is simply a violation of decency. Women have as steady hands and a more delicate touch than men by nature, and there are plenty of women who can master their feelings when there is need of action. We can hardly believe that those medical men to whom pounds, shillings, and pence represent the only view of their art which they know, will be powerful enough to obstruct a reform which, while it opens an honourable field to Woman's labour and ambition, releases her modesty from a trial, which is as unnecessary as it is severe.

'PAUCA VERBA.'—Some Bath chaps have been introducing pigs' heads into their ritualistic pageants. They would do much better if they studied Bacon, or emigrated to the land of Ham.

CANVASSING THE LADIES.

DEAR MR. TOMAHAWK,—In my last letter I explained to you how it came about that a number of the fair sex have got on to the register in our part of the world, and why I am the person selected for the delicate and confidential but somewhat novel and arduous task of soliciting their votes for the two Conservative candidates. I now propose to give you an account of how I have prospered so far in my interesting labours.

You will readily understand, Mr. TOMAHAWK, that I cannot introduce into my letters the names of the "persons" on whom it has been my duty to call. Some women, it is true, have, now-a-days, a remarkably strong itch for publicity, though I am happy to think that the vast majority of them still contemplate it with the old repugnance; but I should just as little think of gratifying the unseemly taste of the former as of wounding the natural delicacy of the latter. I shall therefore confine myself to a description of the reception I met with at their various hands.

I must confess that my canvassing campaign did not open very brilliantly. The first two names on my list were those of maiden ladies, and the next two of widows; but I equally failed to obtain an interview with any one of them. They were all at home, and I was ushered into their drawing-rooms with perfect urbanity by their domestics; but there my success ended. Why, I will tell you immediately. But I should not be doing my duty if I did not tell you, Mr. TOMAHAWK, how much I was struck, in each of these four cases, with the admirable order of so much of the establishment as I was permitted to see. None of them was a pretentious abode, though all of them possessed that air of permanent comfort which Englishmen associate or used to associate with the idea of home. The approach to them was carefully and even scrupulously kept; you might have dined on the door-steps, so exquisitely clean were their smooth white slabs; a bride need not have hesitated to touch the knocker with her delicate glove; and as for the bell-handle, I declare it shone with such lustrous brilliancy that I saw every feature of my countenance reflected, though, of course, somewhat distortedly, on its burnished concave surface. I was not kept waiting above the space of forty seconds. Indeed, my summons must have been attended to the moment it reached the ears for which it was intended. Nor did the apparition that greeted my gaze as the front door was opened for me in any way belie the marks of a well-regulated household that had already attracted it. The waiting-maid who took my name was as far removed from a hussy as from a slattern. She was dressed with surprising neatness, but she had neither ear-rings nor coquettish airs. I did not fall over her train as she showed me into the drawing-room; neither, as she left me to apprise her mistress of my visit, did she fling me one of those would-be seductive looks as well calculated to upset the virtue of a man as to make him seriously doubt that of a woman. She offered me a seat in grave and deferential tones, and as if with the voice of deputed hospitality, and then, without any loitering, left me to perform her errand. I thus had time to note the inexpressible cleanliness, order, and completeness of the apartment, all of which I thought augured well for the success of my mission. Surely, I said to myself, the woman who rules a house so faultlessly organised, and so admirably regulated as this one, must be a thorough Conservative at heart. I had scarcely arrived at this comforting conclusion when the door opened. I rose from my chair, expecting to see the lady of the house herself enter the room. It proved, however, to be only the maid, who, with my card still in her hand, politely asked me if, as her mistress had not the honour of my acquaintance, I would kindly apprise her of the purport of my visit. There was nothing for me to do but to comply, and the servant once more left me. I now began to think that I had entered an establishment even still more Conservative than I imagined—too Conservative, indeed, for the ends of those who had sent me. My penetration was this time not at fault. The well-behaved domestic speedily returned, and with unchanged courtesy of demeanour informed me that her mistress bade her thank me for my consideration in calling, but that she had been put on the register without any application on her part; that had she known of the intention she should have protested against it; and that under no circumstances should she think of availing herself of a privilege she

did neither covet for herself nor approve for her sex. The message also added that the sender of it was extremely sorry I had been put to any trouble in the matter.

Such, Mr. TOMAHAWK, both in form and language, was the reception I met with at the first house at which I presented myself, but such, in substance, was the result of my application at the next three I have already mentioned. At all four I found an elegant and superintended home, in which cleanliness and order reigned supreme, in which the service was deftly and modestly performed, but where the mistress resolutely refused to entertain the subject of politics, or to confer unnecessarily with a mere political visitor. As a member of the Conservative Committee, and the particular member chosen to canvass the softer portion of the constituency, I, of course, felt baffled and disappointed. But as a member, Mr. TOMAHAWK, of Conservative Society, I felt victorious and exultant. "See," I exclaimed to myself, after my fourth repulse, "how little the dreams of philosophers and the machinations of interested agitators affect the real well-being of the community! Its scum and surface may be cankered, but, thank Heaven! its heart is sweet and sound." How far I have since seen reason, through my later experience as a canvasser of the ladies, to modify this opinion, you shall hear in my ensuing communications.

Meanwhile, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK, I have the honour to subscribe myself your faithful reader, admirer, and friend,

RHADAMANTHUS SMALLTALK.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

COMING as we do in the field of criticism a week after every one else, we shall not be accused of enthusiasm, as many of the gushing gentlemen must be who threw off their salvoes of flattering phrases on coming out of the Lyceum Theatre after the performance of Lord Lytton's new play of *The Rightful Heir*, on Saturday, October 3rd. Our readers will, if they take an interest in dramatic literature, have already read in a dozen journals how the new play of *The Rightful Heir* is a phoenix which has arisen out of the grave of *The Sea Captain*, who died after a month's existence some thirty years ago. Every one who has read Thackeray will remember the rattling hail of his ridicule athwart that same captain's doublet, and how James Yellowplush treated the author in the servants' hall.

That immense interest was taken in the old fiasco with a new face was evident by the crowded audience present; though perhaps the live lord in a stage box added not a little to the pleasurable excitement. Literary London was present: that of course means all the gentlemen who "do" the drama for the daily journals, with their friends; the friends of the illustrious dramatist Lord Lytton; and probably not a few friends of the illustrious manager, Mr. E. T. Smith.

Now no one will venture to say that a box-order, or a glass of champagne in the green-room, will give a shade one way or the other to a criticism which appears in our columns, and the mere fact of our speaking our mind proves that we have had no piece accepted at any of the playhouses in London. We have never been asked to dine at any great dramatist's; nor are we writing a burlesque to be produced at Cremorne next season. This being the case we shall perhaps astonish those playgoers who were not present on this occasion, and who have already formed an opinion on the piece through the criticisms of the Press, when we state that a more DREARY, TEDIOUS PIECE, or more common-place acting (with one exception among the actors) we never had the misfortune to sit out.

Having eased our mind of that, we will pass to extenuating circumstances, which are not legion. It is impossible, without reading a piece in blank verse before seeing it acted, to give an honest criticism on the lines spoken. Shakspeare would not bear it. Still less (with all deference to his lordship) Lord Lytton. There is too great a tension on the senses which have to get at the plot, judge the acting and construction of the drama, and think more of the general effect than of ideas or images. There is many an allusion lost, or simile buried, or a poetic creation cancelled altogether by the bad delivery or thick utterance of an actor, or by some external attraction which prevents the fixing of a reminiscence on the memory.

So that not yet having a copy of the play we do not profess to criticise the beauties or failings in the writing. Many a

truism caught up by the crowd at the moment turns out on reading to be simply common-place, while the real poetry contained in a line may only expand by study in perusal.

Take up any paper of Monday, the 5th, and you will find an elaborate outline of the story. There is the hero, Vyvian, repudiated for a time by his mother, Lady Montreville. There is the inevitable young lady, Evelyn, saved from some danger or another, pirates we think, by the hero. There is the wrongful heir, Lord Beaufort, and there is a presumptuous heir presumptive, Sir Grey de Malpas. Add a pirate with his face corked, a military friend (there is always a military friend, who in this case is a naval officer), a seneschal, and a judge, with the usual number of seafaring supers, and men in brass, and you have the ingredients which, under Lord Lytton's manipulation, have been cooked up into the extraordinarily successful play now performing at the Lyceum Theatre.

The five acts and eight tableaux drag their weary weight along like the coils of a sick serpent. There is one good scene which has not actors engaged in it capable of bearing its weight. We did not see Mr. Bandmann in *Narcisse*: we are sorry for it, for honest critics of judgment praise highly some parts of that performance. We went with the hope of finding our stage possessed of another good romantic actor. Mr. Fechter, though not arrived at the highest art, is a good romantic actor. We were sadly disappointed. Mr. Bandmann has a commanding figure but scarcely an expressive face; has not, by any means, a talent for dressing himself; and, though his accent is less noticeable than that of Mr. Fechter, makes such a noise and has such a German delivery that it is very difficult to catch what he says. His passion consists in shaking his head rapidly from side to side as if it were on springs, and his energy is principally evident in profuse perspiration.

He is quite capable of taking a leading part in popular melodrama, but he has no breadth of style and little distinction beyond what his stature gives. In the scene in which his mother repudiates him he goes as far as he can, but it is below the mark; and the thrill imparted to a sympathetic audience by the art of a great actor does not come.

A great actor would never have allowed himself to act while reading a proclamation. Mr. Bandmann does this to such an extent that one almost imagines that, in spite of his excellent English, he does not understand what he is saying. His general delivery smacks too much of the learnt lesson, and his gesture does not always suit the word.

The character which stands out in the play by the efforts of the actor is that of Sir Grey de Malpas. Mr. Vezin has the instinct of the artist in him. He is never offensive, and very often extremely good, as in the scene where he pictures to himself the chances of his inheriting the title. He really merited the applause which followed his exit. We wish we could say as much for all others concerned.

The scenery was flashy, but artistically bad. We speak of those scenes which were new, for we noticed cloths which had done duty in *The Master of Ravenswood*, under Mr. Fechter's management. The costumes, with a few exceptions, had been raised among the authorities of the Bow-street costumiers.

The piece was listened to with great attention; and had it been utterly bad, the same respect would have been shown to the author of *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*. The critics seem all to have carried away the same line in their retentive memories,—

“Bravery leaves cruel deeds to cowards,”—

which, we submit, is scarcely above the average of the Proverbial Philosopher's verses. Cruelty is cowardly and a brave man is not a coward, or *vice versa*, is all you can make out of that line. But there were many lines which will lead us to read *The Rightful Heir* when we get a copy.

Of the popularity of the play we have no doubt. It will not last up to Christmas.

CRITICISM ON “PINDEE SINGH.”—Good is NOT the word! THE WAR-CRY OF THE ALDERMAN ON THE WOODCOCK'S TRAIL.—The *Turtle's Hoop*.

AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—The Archbishop of Dublin descended to punning about *noes* and *nose*. Rather undignified for a prelate. He will be known henceforth as the Archbishop of Dublintender.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

A PREFACE.

[Private and Confidential.]

Dashover, Beds, Oct. 13, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR,—A good notion has just occurred to me—to send you the whole thing as it stands. As explanation would be useless, and they are expecting me back in the dining-room to finish the '34, I can only refer you to the enclosed MS., adding at the same time that the main idea was unquestionably the thorough *misunderstanding* of the British people—as a people. But I dare say you will excuse brevity when I tell you I have left my friend, Mr. Banks Johnson, and several leading county men over their wine, to pen this hurried note, and catch the post. Perhaps it would help matters to add also that the conversation turned on the position of the country before Europe, and that I gave them fully *my* views, and told them of the step I had more than contemplated. “Send it off at once,” said every one of them, and then Johnson had up two bottles of '34 port, and we drank success to it. Here is the man for the post, but I will explain more fully to-morrow.

In great haste, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

MONTAGUE ROCHEFOUCAULD BAKER.

P.S.—As the man says there is ten minutes to spare, I will just try and touch up the thing, and put it a little ship-shape. As to terms, I will write about them to-morrow too.

MS.

Before I begin, what do you say to the *Kaleidoscope Reflections* for a title? I haven't time to explain how it might be appropriate, but I think it is better than the “History of Great Britain and Ireland,” Banks Johnson's idea. However, take which you like. Mark please that the MS. begins here* :—

* Never mind when the idea struck me, but it did strike me once, to write a book about England and her political and social institutions. I felt that she was misunderstood as a nation, not only by foreigners universally, but unhappily also by too many of her own children.

†† I just add a line here to say my idea was to go off familiarly and pleasantly, yet at the same time preserve the dignity due to the subject. If you think the first “struck” is too much, cut it out. On looking over it again I see it is the “did strike me” which gives the familiarity to the passage. However, do exactly as you like about both. N.B. Let the printer understand these bits marked †† do not go in. The MS. continues (.) here :—

(.) Influenced by this feeling, for a long time I confess that beyond sketching out plans, and jotting down a note or two, I took no practical step in the matter, and I have now only consented to do so at the earnest solicitation of a distinguished circle of friends who have assured me that the vindication of the national character is a patriotic and important work.

†† The very words used by Banks Johnson and the leading county men. MS. again * * * :—

* * * I have therefore determined upon at once giving the result of my few days' investigation into the subject to the world, and continuing my labour in the most complete and searching manner. Of design or form in the combination of my materials the casual reader may possibly find little or none, but it is to the continued attention of the many that I look for that appreciation which —

†† Haven't a moment. The man says he couldn't wait, even if Banks Johnson wanted to make his will and catch the down mail with it. I post therefore *all in the rough*. Please see to it, and try and tack the bit I send above on to the rest, and make it fit. More to-morrow. Great haste.

ROUGH NOTES.

Feb. 9, 1867.

NOTES made by Montague Rochefoucauld Baker, Esq., of Pump court, Inner Temple, Barrister at law, M.J.L.S., &c., &c., on the character of British institutions and customs, in relation to their influence on the social, physical, and political education of the people. Heading for first chapter, “The Old Times *versus* the New.” Idea to be carried out by contrasting the

“good old” coaching days with the modern system of railway travelling. The subject to be skilfully handled, and eventually worked round to show the genial, hardy, generous, and dangerous nature of Englishmen.

Notes continued.

June 1, 1868.

ON reading the above, I cannot see exactly now what I meant by it. It seems to tell the other way on the whole. N.B.—The only method of doing the thing thoroughly is to begin with the Queen and Constitution, and go straight through the list down to the very bottom. Say Chap. I.—The Three Estates, subdivided—(1) the Queen; (2) the Lords; (3) the Commons. Necessity of treating same in an original manner. Try allegorical. Gold head, silver body, and lead legs. Carry out idea fully.

Oct. 4, 1868.

ALLEGORY won't do. Better go straight at the subjects in a familiar manner. Inquire into every matter personally. Do London and the great provincial towns. Look up Banks Johnson and get him to ask some leading county people to meet me. N.B.—Write to B. J. this afternoon.

The subjoined letter reached us when the paper was made up. We, however, publish it in connection with the above:—

(Private.)

Dashover, Beds, 7.30 A.M., Oct. 14, 1868.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that some apology is due to you for the unnecessary trouble I fear I may have given you. Under the excitement—I am sure I deeply regret it—of an after-dinner conversation, I forwarded you last night a few materials, together with the design, for a series of papers I once contemplated writing. I need scarcely say that I trust you will kindly regard the whole thing in the light of a pardonable joke, played not wilfully upon you, but rather upon

Yours sincerely, with every apology,
MONTAGUE R. BAKER.

The Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

P.S.—Will you kindly return me my MS.?

O YES! O YES! O YES!

To our faithful and well-beloved Charaders, Enigmaters, Logogriphites, Double Acrosticizers, and all the other Merry Maniacs, greeting:

We have received the following letter from our former contributor of food for your mazy brains, which, spite of its tone of groundless irritation towards ourselves, and equally groundless self-satisfaction, we publish:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—With the true magnanimity of genius, I forgive you your contemptible conduct towards myself; my wrath is appeased by the just punishment which Fate, and not the undersigned, has inflicted on you. So you actually thought you could get on without me. Your pride has been humbled. It was not enough that you should compel me to construct double acrostics, though you knew my aversion to that tricky sort of composition, which nearly every miserable comic paper now doles out to its readers in feeble halting rhymes, and by aid of “Maunder’s Treasury of Knowledge.” However, I yielded to you on this point, and I even succeeded in reconciling myself to a form of enigma which I saw was capable of poetic and elevated treatment. Sir, as you well know, it has always been my endeavour to instruct more than to amuse⁽¹⁾; and whether it was a charade, an enigma, or an acrostic, I relied less upon the vulgar trick of obscurity than the noble art of poetic diction⁽²⁾. I did not object either to your associating me with a perpetrator of logogriphes, which, though I deem them to be a childish form of problem, yet were treated by your word-twister with some skill. I undertook at last the somewhat difficult task (under the cloak of a pretty fiction) of attempting to instruct my pupils in Abyssinian. The insolent ingratitude with which that attempt was received I do not wish to record. You, Sir, instead of shielding me from the insults of idiots, laughed at

me, and mocked me with petty taunts, and forwarded me letters full of impertinent and vulgar abuse, with ill-disguised satisfaction. You know the consequences. Hurling at you and that ribald crew a Parthian dart of fiery scorn and gleaming satire in the shape of an “acrostic for boys and girls,” I turned my back on you, and left you to shift for yourself.

Awful and speedy was the punishment. I have often reflected on the melancholy spectacle afforded by the figure of Hannibal sitting in the ante-room of the Bithynian tyrant, waiting his patron’s pleasure to admit him to kiss his hand. I do not mean to compare you, Sir, for one moment, with the mighty Carthaginian⁽³⁾, but still, *parvis componere magna*—I know you don’t understand Latin⁽⁴⁾; but some one will translate it for you—still, I say, I cannot help shuddering as I think of you—whom, spite of your many faults, I consider a young man of considerable promise⁽⁵⁾—sitting in the waiting room of our principal lunatic asylums, waiting for a jabbering maniac who might serve your turn. Well! the column for maniacs grew daily weaker and weaker, till at last it collapsed beneath the weight of its own stupidity⁽⁶⁾; then you sent into the highways and by-ways to find a more jovial lunatic, and he produced a charade which you had to print twice over before you could think of the answer; and now you have actually descended so low as “My 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, is a dish of vegetables; my 3, 6, 4, 2, is a bird, &c.” Oh, shame! where is thy blush? Why, that sort of thing is even below the *Family Herald* and the *Boy’s Magazine*. However, as I said before, genius is magnanimous, and I once more come to your rescue. I have invented a new species of acrostic, about which you shall hear more next week. In the meanwhile I have great pleasure in presenting you with the following

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

By Darwin’s theory the mother
Develops further in the son:
Though one too often is the other,
The other never will be one.

The first and dearest word for men.
The Landseer of the classic pen.
The substance of a full AMEN.

LAST WEEK’S NUMERICAL MYTHOLOGICAL CHARADE.

7, 2, 6, 7, 4, 7, 12, Athamas.
7, 12, 5, 7, 12, 9, 7, Aspasia.
2, 9, 5, 6, 3, 1, Typhis.
4, 9, 5, 6, 9, 2, 9, 1, Miphitis,
9, 5, 6, 9, 1, Iphis.
5, 7, 8, 7, 4, 11, 10, 11, 1, Palamedes.
7, 3, 8, 7, 1, Aylas.
2, 6, 3, 11, 12, 11, 12, Thyestes.
1, 11, 4, 11, 8, 11, Semele.
2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 7, Thalia.
5, 11, 8, 9, 7, 1, Pelias.
2, 11, 2, 6, 3, 12, Tethys.
8, 11, 2, 6, 11, Lethe.
11, 11, 8, 9, 1, 12, 7, Eclissa.
6, 9, 5, 5, 9, 7, 12, Hippias.
5, 8, 11, 9, 7, 10, 11, 12, Pleiades.
5, 3, 2, 6, 9, 7, 4, Pythia.
5, 7, 8, 8, 7, 12, Pallas.
9, 5, 6, 9, 4, 11, 10, 9, 7, Iphimedia.
8, 11, 10, 7, Leda.

ANSWER:—STYMPHALIDES.

ANSWERS have been received from T. H. H. G. H. L. F. O., Java Sparrow, Paffy and Seventeen, H. H. D., J. H. L. Winton, C. B., Sam, Cockroach, L. Becker, Mary Powell, Tommy Dodd, Chocolate Cream, Cinderella, Classical Dic(k), Old John, Ruby’s Ghost, J. C. Ashford, A Grecian Crayfish, Hugo von Bomsen, F. C., Samuel E. Thomas, M. T. S., Charles Wren, H. W. Howse, S. H. E. I. L., Buzwig (Ross), Rustic Cheltenham, Dyrba Deyol, Yorkshire Tyke, The Barnet Devils, Barnaby’s Kaven, W. M. Robertson, Old Tommy, Linda Princess, A Black Heathen, Oedipus, L. J. Wright, W. L. J., J. R. Moor, L. E. S., Willie and Annie, H. J. T., Eureka, M. W., Marie St. Leger, Relampago, Winged Partridge, Longcoldandhungry.

(1) Thank you.—ED. TOM.

(2) You humbug! It’s plain from your writing you had to look this sentence out in your Dictionary of Quotations before you knew whether it was “parvis” or “magnis!”—ED. TOM.

(3) Ditto to you; but you never keep your promises.—ED. TOM.

(4) Very well; we will send this to the “Lunatic of Camberwell Green,” and look out for your self the next time you go out for a walk in the country.

(1) Quite true!—ED. TOM.

(2) You were quite right. I see you know enough logic to perceive that the greater includes the less.—ED. TOM.