

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 84.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A FAREWELL.

TO THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

MY RIGHT HONOURABLE FRIEND,—I did not think to have so soon had the opportunity of congratulating you on your retirement from that position which was really hardly worthy of you. Attack and not Defence is your line; Obstruction, not Progress, that of the party which you lead; therefore, you will excuse me if I rejoice at your surrender of the Treasury Bench to your opponents. The Conservative party were somewhat in the same position as the defenders of Thermopylæ. There was a narrowness about that pass which is common also to their policy with regard to the Irish Church. I am glad to see that you have wisely resolved, evincing more foresight, if less self-devotion, than Leonidas, to retire before your forces are all slain, especially as your intimate knowledge of human nature must convince you that there may be more than one Ephialtes ready to betray you. What wonderful feats of arms, what prodigies of valour, what wily stratagems, what bold *coups de main*, will you not perform with that small but well-disciplined band of followers, now that you can act on the offensive! I look forward, O Caucasian mystery! with a keen delight to the wonderful exhibition of strategy which you are, doubtless, planning for the future. Dull, indeed, would be the political prospect, if Parliament should be deprived of such a—statesman, shall I say?—of those wonderful impersonations of character, which justify us in the belief that the true dramatic genius of England still survives in the person of Benjamin Disraeli.

Suffer me to take a slight retrospect of your career as Prime Minister of this country which has, alas! been so prematurely brought to a close. Believe me, it is a mournful task. What Premier will ever furnish me with such delightful subjects for cartoons as your right honourable self? In whom else but in you (and perhaps the Emperor of the French), can we look for that charming versatility, that facile power of transformation, which render you such an inexhaustible subject for the pen or the pencil? You are like a moral chromatope; one shake of the hand and behold! the intricate combination of colours, which we so admired, yields to another combination equally intricate, and equally beautiful. How dull, how dreamy, is the sombre sameness of an earnest and principled man compared with the ever-changing attractions of a chameleon such as you! Now the champion of the aristocracy, thundering forth denunciations of democracy, and shaking the very heavens with terrible forebodings of the dire calamities which the rule of the people *must*

bring down upon the land; next, the mild and half-hearted advocate of a silly compromise, of which no one saw the silliness clearer than yourself; then, hey presto! the plausible pleader for the rights of the people, changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from the leader of the Tories to the life-long devotee of Household Suffrage! Oh, when shall I behold so exquisite an entertainment again! How I laughed (and so did you, dear Benjamin, in your sleeve) as you held up before the bewildered country squires that old bogey, at a distant glimpse of which they had so often shrieked with fear, and showed them what a very harmless puppet it was, and let them tie leaden weights to its arms and legs, and bind ropes round its waist; while there were you, all the time, you clever dog you! with a large pair of shears, ready to cut off all the weights, and undo all the ropes, at the bidding of your opponents. "Excellent knave! Perdition catch my soul but I do love thee!" How you gammoned those honest old squires with tales of a Conservative reaction, and the wonderful safeguard of the ratepaying clauses, till they did not know whether they were standing on their heads or their heels! How you must have enjoyed the foolish ill-temper of Peel, and Cranbourne, and Carnarvon, who really looked upon the matter in a serious light, and gave up their splendid offices rather than perjure themselves both in speech and in thought! They would not see the joke, the prigs! I declare I cannot write for laughing, when I picture to myself you in the Cabinet Council, cocking your eye at Stanley, while you proved to Gathorne Hardy and Ward Hunt, and such genuine old Tories, that it was all right, and that the Reform Bill was a true Conservative measure! Ah, we never shall have such fun again.

Then about the Irish Church; how could you keep your countenance when you heard Lord Mayo blundering solemnly through that ridiculous proposal to "level up" the different religions, and trying to explain that ingenious plan for an endowed Roman Catholic University, which was to consist entirely of Catholics, and be entirely managed by Protestants; and to which, you knew very well, neither party would agree? It really was wicked of you—it was the only spiteful thing you have done for a long time, making that very respectable Earl go through such a ridiculous farce as his subsequent explanations of his former explanations, and then—oh cruel blow!—not content with the ridicule already heaped upon him, you must needs draw down upon him a fearful avalanche of contemptuous abuse by appointing him Viceroy of India! Was this kind? What had the wretched man done to you, that you should so relentlessly persecute him? Could he have been very troublesome

during the discussion of the Reform Bill? He must have done something which offended you very sorely, or you never would have had the heart to inflict so fearful a punishment on him. Had you only left him alone, and appointed him to some harmless sinecure, who ever would have heard of, much less praised, or blamed, the Earl of Mayo?

And yet, my dear friend, there was something noble about your conduct on the Irish Church matter. To attempt to arouse the "No Popery" cry, with all its attendant bitterness and bigotry, was one of those humorous tricks of your sarcastic nature which you cannot help. But it certainly showed your good-nature—I suppose you had tired of the fun—not to drag your party into further ridicule and disgrace, by making them give up the Irish Church. No, you spared them that blow, and, I must repeat, it was really noble of you! As for your resignation, so admirably timed, it is the cleverest thing you have done; it looks *so like* a generous and patriotic action.

What are you going to do now? Not stick to your principles, or what may be left of them? Don't say that, please! What on earth is to become of the country if you do? Why, such an action would be like the death of Garrick; it would "eclipse the mirth of nations." No; you cannot be so cruel as that: you will badger Gladstone, and spring all sorts of mines under him, and sneer at Bright (though you generally get the worst of that), and you will exhaust the tempers, and perhaps the prudence, of your opponents, till you see the country won't stand it any more; and then you will let the Bill for disendowing and disestablishing the Irish Church pass the Commons, at least. But after that? Do you intend to destroy the House of Lords by inciting them to a useless resistance to the national policy? Or better still, will you ally yourself with the extreme Radicals and Irish patriots, and move for a repeal of the Union? It would be just like you. Would not it be capital fun! Do you look forward to another lease of office, and will Freedom of Religion, and the Divorce of Church and State, be coupled with the name of Benjamin Disraeli, leader of the great Conservative party? Unlikelier things have happened. By my faith, what a capital speech you would make against the English Establishment! But I don't think your party is quite enough educated for *that*. However, *macte virtute*, Benjamin! and who knows what you may make them do yet?

It is very hard to say good bye to you as Premier, indeed it is. Gladstone after you is like Fidelio after the Barbieri. It is very grand, but it is very dull. But, alas! life is not all comedy. Even clowns have wives and children, and other serious cares that can't be painted out, or grinned away. The greatest comedian sighs sometimes, and dies once. It is a very pleasant thing to sit in court and roar till your sides ache at a funny barrister, but Justice cannot always wear the cap and bells, and she has another sword than Harlequin's.

Long may you be spared, greatest of successful men, to adorn the Senate of your country; to infuse into that body some of that airy grace and comic versatility which it so much needs! Long may it be before the voice of Benjamin Disraeli is silent, before his well-known form is absent from that bench to which he is an honour—no, not the Treasury—but the Opposition Bench of the House of Commons.

Your faithful admirer,

TOMAHAWK.

ERRATUM.—Mr. Finlen said he was the only public character that dared openly to advocate the cause of Fenianism. We suppose he meant Public-house character.

PULLING TOGETHER!

To those who look confidently on the future of the country, we beg most respectfully to offer the following ideas, picked up recently in the course of conversations held by us with various people in various circumstances of life. We offer no comment.

THE OPINIONS OF

Marmaduke Hawkswith, Esq., of Breckhurst, Great Grobford, Beds.

"The new Parliament, Sir? I'll tell you what: if Bright, Gladstone, and Beales, backed up by a set of blackguard Radicals, think they are going to cut into the position of the landed proprietors and touch the privileges of the aristocracy, the country won't stand it, Sir, won't stand it! You just see whether the Opposition will let a single measure pass. I should rather think not. The Tory party is still alive, Sir, and means to stand no humbug; and if it comes to blows—well, Sir, Beds will show what she can do, and I'll answer for Great Grobford. What? bring in the ballot and touch my influence, and rob me of my two-and-thirty votes! Why, they will be taking my pigs and my horses next. Just as if my tenants weren't every bit as much my property as my pigs. A set of scoundrels, Sir!"

The Rev. Porter Mocks, Vicar of West Whiffington, Bucks.

"Oh dear no, they will never be able to interfere with the temporalities of the Irish Church; the country would not suffer it for a moment. Of course it is only the thin end of the wedge, and I trust I have faithfully discharged my duty to my Queen and country, as a true minister of the gospel of peace, in having, during the last four months, most urgently pressed upon my flock the manifest dangers of doing unto others as you would they should do unto you. From Dublin to Canterbury there is but one step, and the English See, as a necessity, would immediately follow the Irish. And were that to fall, West Whiffington would be swept away like a straw upon the stream, and, in the chaos that would set in, I should possibly lose my £439 per annum. Oh no, my dear Sir, believe me, the country would not suffer *that*."

The Honourable Charles Languard, of H.M. 3rd Dragoons.

"Well, yes, you see, I confess I don't go in for politics and all that style of thing—no. But—aw—as to that fellow Gladstone—aw—I should say that he was—aw,—'cad, you know. And as for these other fellows—you know the fellows I mean—yes, Bright—aw—and that fellow that pulled up the railings in the park, I should say that they ought not to be allowed to stand, and—yes, stand—that's what they ought not to be allowed to do—yes. You see, if these sort of fellows were to get up a row, it might interfere with the 'Row,' or the opera, or something—aw—of that kind; and that wouldn't do at all, you know. In fact, it would quite spoil a fellow's season—yes."

John Mactoovey, Esq., of Ballacree, County Cork.

"What! touch the glorious work of 1688 and insult William of blessed memory! Let the Queen of England, or anyone else, but lay half a finger on just as much as a brick of the Church, and the Orange boys shall deluge Ireland in blood from one end to the other, to the tune of Boyne Water! What, do you say Orangemen are not loyal? Sure, they know their duty to their colours, drums, and pockets; and if the Crown doesn't throw itself into their scale, so much the worse for the Crown, that's all."

Edward Hetherington D'Arcy, Esq., of the Junior Carlton.

"These Liberals want keeping in check, and Benjamin Disraeli is the man to fix the lines. As to their majority, such as it is, in the Lower House, we shall be perfectly able to hamper that when decisive action is required. In the event, of course, of this spoliation measure being sent to the Lords, we can rely on them to teach the country the great lesson it at present seems disinclined to learn. Why Disraeli the other day thought of making a dozen new Tory peers, but even without that fresh constitutional blood, we can trust the Second Estate of the realm to support the Crown in its determined opposition to the revolutionary tendencies of the people. The

country may go to the dogs and the Commons with it, but we shall still have our Peers, God bless them!"

Brutus Barrow, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

"The fact of the matter is this: If there is any dead weight thrown in by the Upper House against the overwhelming determination of the country, as expressed by its Commons, England will be on the eve of a crisis greater than any she has witnessed for the last 220 years. Everything has long been ripening for revolution, and Englishmen need very little more political education in that direction. The Minister, or the chief of the Opposition, that would run the risk of a civil war for a mere party purpose ought to be sent to the Tower, and his head pinned up on Temple Bar. This is what men are saying to each other, and depend upon it, the stuff that made the Commonwealth is to be found, if the hour of anarchy should strike."

John Bull, Esq.

"Well, this is a pretty piece of business, and I begin to suspect a good deal of humbug has been talked about my blessed 'Constitution.' 'Pon my word, I believe it is very much out of order."

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLES BY THEIR CHOSEN ONE.

ELECTORS AND NON-ELECTORS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—The proud position in which you have placed me at the head of the poll at every bookstall and news shop in the United Kingdom, makes it incumbent on me to offer you my best thanks, and to state the course which I purpose to pursue in the forthcoming and every future Session:—

My affection for the CROWN, and my attachment to the SOVEREIGN, need no explanation. Any change, however small, in the direction of Americanizing those valuable institutions would undoubtedly be disastrous.

The *Church of the State* and the *State of the Church* are questions beyond me. I will only say that it is my intention to support my own ESTABLISHMENT in this country in the fullest vigour and efficiency, and to have an establishment in Ireland so soon as we can educate that bull-loving people to understand real wit.

My POLITICAL VIEWS are well known. Thanks to my renowned artist, they are no-Tory-ous.

I am CONSERVATIVE of all that is good, honest, and just.

I am a REFORMER of all that is bad, mean, and unworthy.

I am LIBERAL in everything.

As regards the EXPENDITURE of the country, I am unwilling to check it so long as the nation continues to spend its money in the way it now does, only I think every one should buy a *second copy* for his best friend in addition to his own: all LOANS (of copies) should be strictly forbidden, as interfering with the due circulation of the precious articles.

I am in favour of COMPULSORY EDUCATION in the proper, that is in one direction of all ranks and all ages; two-pence a week is the fixed rate for the education and enlightenment of everybody (apply at the office, 199 Strand, W.C.)

To PERSONAL RATING I have the greatest objection, in fact to personalities of every sort. Only public crimes and public wrongs are brought to my bar and judgment-seat.

I am prepared to uphold FEMALE SUFFRAGE universally, as I know that universally Female Suffrage upholds me.

In conclusion, I appeal to my past career as evidence of my consistent support of law and authority, as well as of the rights of the people. Were I in want of a motto, I would select, as second to none, in the words of the Scottish Bard,

Who will not sing
God save the Queen
Shall hang as high as the steeple.
But while we sing
God save the Queen,
We'll not forget the People.

TOMAHAWK.

THE IRISH POLL-TAX.—Broken Heads.
THE HEAD OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Of course "Le Taite!"

THE GLOBE UPSIDE DOWN.

ONE more engine for ruining confiding persons is added to the already too numerous throng of such contrivances at present existing in London. Yes, another theatre! There will soon be as many theatres as publichouses in this Christian City. The latest addition is not a very beautiful one. Some kind critics may call it elegant; but to us the combination of cherry-coloured velvet, pink paper, and maroon-covered seats does not appear to evince any extraordinary elegance of taste. One feels too, in the stalls, as if the pit were all tumbling down on one's back. The stage and proscenium are very spacious and handsome, but the auditorium has a cramped, or humpbacked appearance. But enough of the house itself. The wedding-cake style of decoration finds favour with less "spirited and talented managers" than Mr. Sefton Parry. The entertainment provided on the opening night was better than we hoped to meet with from our recent experience of theatrical novelties. As to the *entrées*, the usual National Anthem was played, but—merciful relief!—not sung. The words were taken as read. The same course might have been pursued with great advantage as regards the manager's address.

Mr. Byron has a very happy imitative genius. He has already adopted the Craven, the Boucicault, and the Watts-Phillips modes, with various success; and now he has followed the lead of Mr. Tom Robertson with decided success. Mr. Byron has humour of his own; he also has a geniality, a hearty sympathy with what is good, which he is not afraid of showing, in both of which qualities he certainly has the advantage of the author of *Society*. In *Cyril's Success*, while he proves himself nearly as deficient in the constructive art as his great prototype, he also shows himself nearly as skilful in epigrammatic dialogue. There are some lines in Mr. Byron's new drama which are well worthy of being preserved in any collection of witty sayings. But as for the plot, it is in its main incident childishly improbable. Miss Henrade is not the actress to conceal any deficiencies of the author. She does not speak her words very audibly, and her power of facial expression does not compensate for her vocal deficiencies. Mr. David Fisher's return from exile all must welcome, who value unexaggerated acting. Mr. Clarke's make-up was very good, but rather too pointedly like a character in the real literary world, rather too faithful an imitation of nature. The new "*jeune premier*," Mr. Vernon, is possessed of a very disagreeable nasal voice, and (we imagine) of a good opinion of himself, by aid of which valuable qualities he will, no doubt, as others have done before him, make his mark in the theatrical world. Miss Maggie Brennan absolutely succeeded in overcoming that aversion which all must feel at the sight of a woman dressed in a frock coat and trousers. She must pay a little more attention to the foreign languages, of which she has to pronounce a few words, if she wishes to perfect the intelligence which she, undoubtedly, by nature possesses.

As for the way in which the new piece was put on the stage, we have not much to say. To introduce a view of Skiddaw and the Cumberland Mountains into the background of a villa in Brompton, savours somewhat of sensation. A drawing-room in May Fair is, let us trust, not usually so dreary as represented on the stage of the New Globe. We live to learn, or else one might take exception to a club of which, the exterior being represented as in Pall Mall, the smoking-room was a cross between the parlour of a public-house and the old Garrick Club. Given, however, such a club, we are ready to admit the probability of a young scion of the aristocracy bursting out into tears before a large party of the members. It is the misfortune of authors who aim at realism, that when they profess to give us a representation of what we all know well, that we cannot help detecting, and resenting, any inaccuracies. The management decidedly deserves great credit for one piece of economy. In the first act two criticisms, one favourable, the other hostile, are read aloud to the successful author. The aid of an opera-glass enabled us to perceive that the two papers consisted of the *Saturday Review* divided into two unequal parts. We merely mention this trifling error as unworthy of a manager, who justly earned a character for scrupulous attention to details, by the way in which he placed on the stage the immortal scene on board ship in *For Love*.

Finally, we recognise in *Cyril's Success* a wholesome reaction, on the part of Mr. Byron, from such trashy hashes of *London Journal* romances as *The Lancashire Lass*.

,KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

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TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,
WILL BE READY ON DECEMBER 12,
Price Threepence.



* * 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. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, DECEMBER 12, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet *resigned!!!*

WE hope before it is again occupied, the Treasury Bench will be well scoured.

THE general opinion seems to be that Mr. Gladstone's "Chapter of Autobiography" should rather have been called "A Chapter of Ought-n't-it-to-be-ography."

WE understand that Sir John Pakington, in consideration of his great naval knowledge, will be offered the command of the Channel Fleet. Should he accept the post, we shall, no doubt, soon see the whole fleet start by the Overland Route for India. If he succeeds in accomplishing this feat, which has hitherto baffled all navigators, Sir John Pakington will be justly entitled to the gratitude of his country.

A PECULIAR ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ways of publishers are wonderful. Messrs. Longmans, on the strength of Mr. John Stuart Mill's recent crushing political defeat by the Conservative Mr. Smith, advertise all his works afresh, adding to the name of the author, *late M.P. for Westminster*. We should have imagined that "actual M.P. for Westminster" could never have added much lustre to Mr. Mill's literary and philosophical reputation; but how anything can be gained for them by constantly reminding us that he was left at the bottom of the poll by one of the most important constituencies in the Kingdom, we cannot for our lives understand. Mr. Mill has certainly done everything in his power to blacken his own good repute, and to make his great name useless; but we cannot think he has sunk so low as to be exalted by being remembered as *late M.P. for anywhere*. "Fame is the wise man's means," says Bacon; but is the late member for Westminster's political *fiasco* Fame? We should give it another name, if it were left to us to christen it.

REFLECTION ON SEEING MR. BANDMANN'S OTHELLO.—
"There is a *tall* and sweating devil here."

MORITURI TE SALUTANT!

(See CARTOON.)

THE world repeats itself. Each fleeting age
Revives old fashions long since passed away,
The gladiator is still the rage;
Britons yet love a Roman holiday.

The sword, the trident, have they lost their power?
Can they still wound? Is this a play? and yet,
An Ex-Prime Minister, at this same hour,
Caught in his own, can swear he held the net!

For what then do they battle? Are they slaves,
Butchered as once in Rome of old, for sport?
Or are they but a set of armed knaves,
Who know not truth, whose honour can be bought?

Well, there they stand, great Cæsar of the seas,
Ready for death, obedient to thy will!
Thou hearest, borne upon this northern breeze,
The "*Morituri te salutant*" still.

POLITICAL RE-UNIONS.

THE return of the Liberals to power has necessitated much consideration as to the formation of the Whig Cabinet, and Mr. Gladstone has fixed the days to be devoted to the claims of the various aspirants to office. The following is, we understand, the programme:—

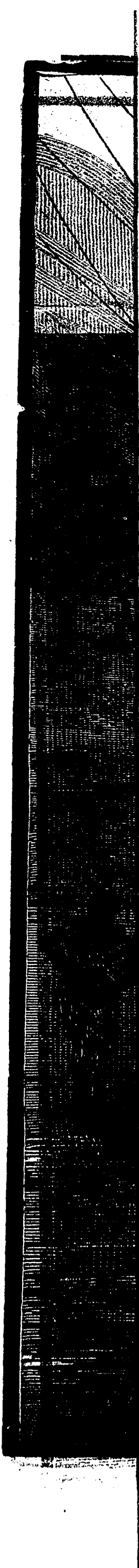
- DEC. 1.—To consider whether "the Party" will serve under Mr. Gladstone as a Premier.
2.—The same subject.
3.—The same subject. Amendment moved as to the expediency of fitting up a Cave with accommodation for about eighty members.
4.—The same subject. (No conclusion come to.)
5.—To consider claims to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ten candidates.
6.—(*Sunday*). A day of rest.
7.—Renewed discussion on the Exchequer.
8 to 12.—To consider claims to the office of Secretary of State for War. Twenty-seven candidates.
13.—(*Sunday*). Day of complete exhaustion.
14.—To consider claims to the post of Foreign Secretary. No candidates, adjourned.
15.—To consider claims to the Great Seal and Woolsack. Candidates the whole of the Whig Bar.
16. }
17. } General scramble for all the other places.
18. }
19.—(*Saturday before Christmas*). Final resolution to decide the whole of the appointments by tossing-up, best out of three. Departure of everybody for the holidays.

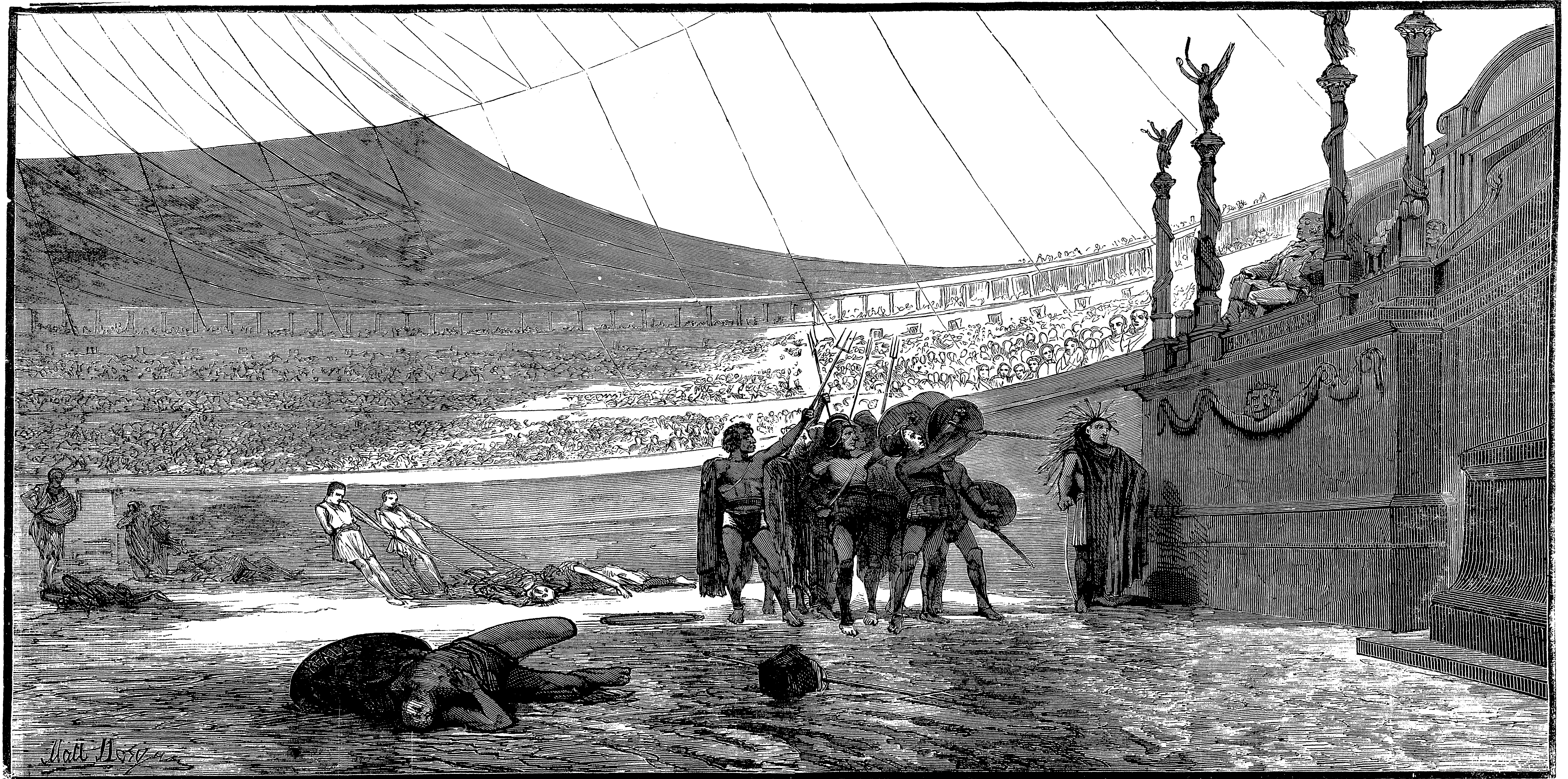
This course of action was decided upon ten days ago, and no doubt Mr. Disraeli's premature abdication may hasten Mr. Gladstone's arrangements, but we shall not be surprised to find that the foregoing programme has been pretty closely adhered to.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"*Hibernia*," a Powder Magazine, companion to "*Britannia*," a Monthly Magazine.
"Dropped Among Railway Directors," by the Author of "*Fallen Among Thieves*."
"He thought he was Toole," by the Author of "*He knew he was Right*."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—Mr. Disraeli's resigning.





“MORITURI TE SALUTANT CAESAR!”

For what then do they battle? Are they slaves,
Butchered as once in Rome of old, for sport?
Or are they but a set of armed knaves,
Who know not truth, whose honour can be bought?

(DEDICATED TO THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.)

Well, there they stand, great Caesar of the seas,
Ready for death, obedient to thy will!
Thou hearest, borne upon this northern breeze,
The “*Morituri te salutant*” still.

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY—THE AUTHOR AMATEUR—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE. *The Epicurean, its ubiquity, its members, and its use. In the Smoking-room. A "Saturday Reviewer." The Amateur Unmasked. "A low cad." Cawley's "Ideaw." The new "papaw." The fear of "Punch." The Editor of the TOMAHAWK a fool! What the new "papaw" wasn't like. The Proposed "Dinnaw" accepted.*

LAST week I announced my determination to expose the conceit, the incompetency, and the utter folly of that large class of Englishmen—the Amateurs. This week I have great pleasure in redeeming my pledge by presenting you with a pen-and-ink sketch of Macauley Fitz-Muddle.

[As I have no wish to be personal, I will say nothing of his "outer man." My friend may be tall or short, have black eyes or blue, brown hair or red, he may wear diamond rings or emerald scarf-pins, be hatted by Lincoln or coated by Poole, for all I shall say about the matter. No, I shall only tell of his deeds, leaving his dress to his tailor, and his *chapeaux* to those who send in the bills for his hats. Some people may say that his costume is the only good thing about him. Well, if they do, I won't be so unpolite as to contradict them.]

But to continue. We both belong to the same club—the Epicurean—and it is in the smoking-room of the Epicurean that I generally meet him. *Eh bien en voyage.* Time, eight o'clock p.m. I have had a modest dinner (cut off the joint and a pint of sherry), and am enjoying a manilla-cheroot. I am lying on one of the sofas in the smoking-room trying to read the *Pall Mall Gazette* or the 12th or 13th edition of the *Glowworm*. Other members are seated on chairs chatting quietly, or dozing (in some cases) noisily.

[*En passant* I may say that I don't mean any club in particular by the Epicurean—I simply take a respectable middle-class establishment—a club which has a Committee of old fogies and brainless youngsters, a club which boasts a clever *chef* and a good cellar, a club which supports the *Times* and repudiates the TOMAHAWK, the *Record*, and papers of that class; in fact, a club which suits rich "City men" admirably, and is "just the thing" for youthful snobs attempting to creep (when no one is looking) "into society." Oh, everybody knows the kind of place I mean. There are heaps of 'em in town just now. Not bad things in their way. You may safely dine in them, but of course you mustn't allow yourself to be put up for them. As a journalist is outside the pale of civilised society, any place will do for me—so I belong to the Epicurean.]

To continue, we are all enjoying ourselves more or less. The waiter (in a gorgeous livery—all plush and waistcoat) is leaving the room when our friend, Fitz-Muddle, calls out in a loud voice,

"Heaw, waitaw! Come heaw!"

WAITER (*returning obedient to the summons*).—Yes, Sir.

FITZ-MUDDLE.—Just bring me a brandah and sodah.

WAITER.—Thank you, Sir—(*going*).

FITZ-MUDDLE (*in a still louder voice and with a glance round the room*).—And waitaw, bring me some more foolscap papaw, and some more pens, waitaw!

WAITER (*going*).—Thank you, Sir. [*Exit waiter.*]

MYSELF (*waking*).—Hallo, Cawley, my boy—writing as usual.

FITZ-MUDDLE (*not half liking to be called "Cawley," short for Macauley, by such a "cad" as I*).—Yars, I'm very hard at work. Lots to do. Since dinnaw I've written a leader for the "A. B.," knocked off a sonnet for the "P. Q.," and I'm now doing an article for the *Saturday*.

MYSELF.—Really! I didn't know you were on the staff of the *Saturday*.

FITZ-MUDDLE (*with another glance round the room*).—Oh, yars, I write 'em a leader every week.

MYSELF (*thinking to myself "what the deuce can the Editor of the 'Saturday' have been about to let such an idiot as Cawley write for him"*).—Well! I'm really glad to hear it. Oh, you'll get on, my boy—knew you would! Which article was yours, last week?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*rather confidentially*).—Well, to tell the truth, there wasn't any article of mine in the *Saturday* last week.

MYSELF (*with returning hope*).—Indeed! Well, the week before?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*more confidentially*).—As far as I remembaw, I don't think there was—

MYSELF (*with joy*).—Or the week before that?

FITZ-MUDDLE (*bringing his chair up to me and speaking very confidentially*).—Don't talk so loud; we are disturbing the othaw membaws. I don't mind telling you (as you are a brothaw journalist) that none of my articles have appeared in the *Saturday* as yet. I have reasons for believing that the editor is keeping 'em to bring 'em all out in one numbaw, to send up the circulation, or something of that sort. However (*with returning boldness*), you really should read the last thing of mine that appeared in "*The Farthing Rushlight, a Magazine for Girls*"—rather after Tennyson, but (from what I'm told) bettaw.

MYSELF (*gathering myself together and preparing to leave the room*).—Look, my boy, I won't swear that I'll read it myself, but if you like to send it to me I will give it over to a promising eight-year-old I know—my sister Jennie. Now she really will appreciate it. Good night, old man. [*Exit.*]

FITZ-MUDDLE (*to intimate friend*).—Low cad that fellow?

INTIMATE FRIEND.—Yars, very low. Fellow with brains—brains awfully bad form. Something to do with the papaws, isn't he?

FITZ-MUDDLE.—Yars. Awful mistake letting in low cads.

INTIMATE FRIEND.—Very much so.

[*Enter waiter with foolscap paper. FITZ-MUDDLE flourishes a lot of pens about, and the scene closes in.*]

Cawley and I were never on very good terms; I hated the man's conceit, and he detested my outspokenness. I don't believe he was really a bad fellow at heart, but his foible was too much for me. If we both had given up writing, I daresay we should have become very good friends; but as such an arrangement was (at least on my part) impossible, we were a sort of amiable enemies. One evening as I was hard at work in my study, writing a sensation story, he came in smoking a very strong cigar. Cursing *sotto voce* my carelessness in leaving the "oak" of my chambers un-"sported," I looked up and greeted my visitor.

"Don't mind smoke, old fellow?"

"No," said I, "sit down and make yourself comfortable. Just let me finish this page—I've got the heroine clinging to the mast of a sinking ship in the Atlantic, and want to bring my hero to rescue her. Shan't be an instant."

"Oh, don't mind me."

Scratch—scribble—scratch, and then I cried, "Now I'm at your service—what is it?"

"Well;" he looked at his cigar and blew a cloud of smoke, "I've got an ideaw."

"My dear boy," I seized his hand and wrung it heartily, "pray let me congratulate you."

"Oh, don't play the fool," he said testily, "why can't you be serious when a fellow comes to you on business?"

"Business. I'll be serious. Fire away."

"I'm thinking," said he in a pompous tone, "of bringing out a papaw. I know Billy Townshend, and he says he can write, and Johnny Parker, who sent something to *Punch* once, and knows they were afraid to put it in, and—and, oh, a lot of other fellows. I'm to edit it, of course, and the other fellows will be the staff."

"Well, then, what do you want with me?"

"Oh, you could put me up to how you look through proofs, and how you correct the spelling; and tell me where I could get a fellow to sell the thing, you know, and all that."

"What's it to be like?"

"Well, it's rather hard to describe."

"Will it be anything like the *Times*?"

"No," said he, after some consideration, "I don't think it will be much like the *Times*."

"Like the *Athenaeum*?"

"Well, no, not exactly—that's to say, not much like it."

"Or the TOMAHAWK?"

"Oh no," he cried, quickly; "that's an awfully low papaw. Besides, the editor's a downright fool you know: he refused a lot of things I sent him!"

"Well, then, the *Illustrated London News*?"

"No—at least, I don't think so. Fact is, I don't know exactly what it will be like."

"Well, that's in its favour."

"Is it?" he said, doubtfully. "Why?"

"Because, if it's like nothing we have now, it must be novel."

"No," he replied, after much musing, "I may be wrong, but I don't think it will be a novel. I don't know, though," he added, "Townshend's a capital fellow for a plot. But I don't think it ought to be much like a novel—I don't know, though. At any rate, you will dine with me and our fellows at my rooms and talk it ovaw?"

I accepted his invitation, he took his cigar off, and I returned to my sensation.

What passed at the "dinnaw" shall be told in my next.

TIME, THE AVENGER.

SEVENTEEN years? Will the dead never die?

Why should the blood splashed on a barricade

Walk life anew, rather than his whose eye

Is calmly closed behind the curtain's shade?

Why the mean victim of a civic brawl

Riddled with well-aimed bullets of the brave—

My brave Prætorians—have leave to crawl

When other vermin rest there, from the grave?

A Statue! Why a Statue? And to whom?

I am not dead as yet. Nay, give me time.

Softly, my loving subjects! O'er my tomb

Of course you'll raise a monument sublime.

But I am in the flesh, if somewhat cold,

And in my veins runs something that is life;

Morny is dead, and I am growing old;

What reck's it? Is there not an end of strife?

Who says I deluged all the streets with blood?

What if I did? I since have beautified.

I am Augustus. Where there erst was mud,

There now is marble. Paris is your pride.

Have I not fetched Kings from the furthest East,

Aye, from the ice-bound North, Czar, Sultan, Queen,

All save a weak old Pontiff, here to feast,

And summoned Europe to the wondrous scene?

All this I did for *you*. Well, yes, I own

I do deserve a Statue. Only wait;

Infirm I am, but I can sit my throne,

And still sustain the splendours of the State.

What! Not for *Me* the Statue? For whom, then?

For a poor devil Deputy that died,

In that far back December's havoc when

France by mistake my Destiny defied.

Tush! *They* subscribe for *him*! Impossible,

Where is my sword? No, not my sword—my pen;

I will explain to them that 'tis not well

To conjure up the ghosts of sleeping men.

How! They refuse! They write, subscribe, harangue,

And even now prepare the pedestal

For him they call my victim. Fools! Go hang!

They must be tutored better; must, and shall.

Where is my pen? No, not my pen; my boy.

This is the Child of France, and also mine!

See here the Nation's hope—its pride—its joy—

Born to transmit the great Imperial Line!

They heed me not. I hear another name—

Nor mine, nor his—borne on their cheers aloft;

How shall I scare them, since I cannot tame?

Were Morny here, he had not been so soft.

Hence then both child and pen! The cannon's roar

And quick-resolving grape must make an end;

They'll do it well—aye, as they did before.

I rose in blood. In blood I must descend.

MR. POOLE'S LATEST FASHION (*Dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales*).—The "Nihil Fit."

HOME FOR LIBERAL SCOTCH M.P.'S.

The Home, December 1.

SIR,—I am directed by the committee to call your attention to the election by the Liberal constituencies of Scotland of a number of gentlemen whose birth and social position will make it difficult for them to hold the place ordinarily assigned to Members of Parliament. To meet this difficulty the committee have engaged the present "*Home*," where provision will be made to meet the requirements of the individuals in question, with due reference to the modest scale of their former position. Strict attention to cleanliness and sanitary regulations will be enforced. Funds are, however, immediately required to provide the members with necessary clothing, and specially with the garment which English prejudice associates with ideas of decency; and it is with this object that the committee solicit your influence and co-operation.

Subscriptions will be received at the Home.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. S. MILL.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED:

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Messrs. Thistledown	5	0	0	Count Glasowhiskey	1	0	0
Messrs. Banks and Braes	1	0	0	Apothecaries' Company			
A Scotch Liberal, in				a supply of sulphur			
postage stamps				and disinfectants.			
(damaged)	0	0	3				

OH! WONDERFUL MAN!

MR. HOWARD PAUL is a very great genius we all know, but no one could have guessed how gigantic was his intellect, had it not been for a paragraph which has been going the round of the papers. Mr. Howard Paul has suggested a continuation of *La Grande Duchesse*. The heroine "to be married to Prince Paul, and to henpeck him," (what a brilliant idea!), and then—here comes the most wonderfully original notion—"the blacksmith to be sent for to make the *sabre de mon père* straight!!!" and then "the history of the wonderful sabre to be told!!!" Was there ever such a witty ingenious dog? *Two* English authors are to write the libretto. One could not carry out such grand ideas all alone. After this who will not admit that England indeed possesses a second Shakespeare?

EXTRAORDINARY CONFESSION.

THE Reform League, in condoling with Mr. Beales on his recent defeat in the Tower Hamlets, expresses a confident opinion that he would have been returned at the head of the poll but for the interference of the Police. We quite believe it; but we must say it is rather a *naïve* confession to come from such a quarter. It is not every man's friends who would think they were complimenting him by the assurance that the criminal classes would have sent him to Parliament if the guardians of the law and our pockets had only let them; nor is it every man who would be grateful for the information. We fear that Reformers and Enthusiasts generally have a very small sense of humour. We cannot congratulate the League on that particular score, but we thank them for about the first incontrovertibly true statement they have ever made.

ENIGMA.

TELL me what is it that we are,
And yet we never know;
Which mounts with us to heaven above,
Or sinks with us—below?

'Tis what we're always thinking of
When least of it we dream;
'Tis what we all must try to be,
Yet never try to seem.

Q. WHY are members of Parliament said to *sit* in the House of Commons?

R. Because a House divided against itself cannot stand.