

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 129.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

LAW FOR IRELAND!

LAST week we showed the danger of exaction and harshness. This week we would show the danger of indolence and leniency as regards the Irish Land question. To insist upon one's bare legal rights without any regard to the moral claims of the tenant is foolish and wicked, for it makes the devil's work easy where otherwise it would have been impossible. But how much more foolish, how much more wicked, it is to call anything but a cowardly crime that arrogant and cruel self-vindication which claims the life of the wrong-doer as forfeit? Even in the very worst cases the sympathies of those who love order more than rebellion, and patience more than revenge, must be with the victim, not the author of the crime. The perverted minds of those with whom the murderer lives may confuse dogged malignity with brave heroism, and may not be able to see the crime of the assassin for the shadow that his wrong had cast over him; but in proportion as *he* meets with aid and sympathy, while justice is baffled and detested; in proportion as his impunity is secured by the complicity of those who, without the courage to commit the crime, have sufficient cunning to conceal the criminal, so is the anger of all those who hate violence and bloodshed increased, till, from unwillingness to demand the life of the one murderer, they are eager for the severest punishment of all his accomplices. For accomplices those are who either actively, or passively, encourage these cowardly assassins to think themselves heroes, and sanction the violation of the most sacred human and divine law, because the violator has, or imagines he has, suffered some wrong.

The long list of crimes that the annals of Ireland for this year furnish would be stain enough on her people, even if the authors of them had paid the penalty of their deeds. But when we find that in not one single case, however brutal or atrocious, has the law been able to vindicate its authority, we may indeed wonder that the cry in Ireland is "Down with the landlords," and not "Down with the assassins." We should have thought that even the illogical mind of Paddy might have grasped the fact that a single criminal, delivered up to justice by the aid of the peasantry themselves, would have done more to silence the voices of their detractors and enemies than all the murderous snaps of triggers from behind the shelter of a dense hedge. But no—while scheme after scheme was being earnestly urged for the benefit of Ireland by the nation whom she chooses to call her oppressor; while minds were being racked, and voices were being strained, and purses were being emptied, to aid her; Ireland was reviling and cursing her helpers, and reserving her approba-

tion, her sympathy, and her gratitude for the brutal wretches who were shooting or beating to death defenceless men. For the murderer there was welcome at the fireside, there was aid; there was comfort; for the widow and children of the man struck down without warning, without chance of defence, there were nothing but malicious sneers and cruel taunts. Not one man, from north to south, from east to west, stood up and said, "Friends, fellow-countrymen, the assassin shall not escape; he shall expiate on the gallows his brutal treachery, and clear our good name from the pollution of harbouring amongst us a fiend like that. Our religion, which we love, and for sake of which we would gladly die, teaches us long-suffering and gentleness. Because our enemies are unjust, shall we be criminals? because they are harsh, shall we be cruel? because they eat our substance, shall we drink their blood? No; let us teach them that if we cannot forgive or forget the injuries they have done us, we can leave it to God to avenge us; that we are ready even to wipe out the black records of the past, if they will promise us a brighter future; that we are not the barbarians which they would try and make us."

This may seem too much to ask of the tenant-farmer class of Ireland; but the Irish have always claimed to be a generous and an eloquent race, and we cannot but believe that, had the desire not been wanting, the ability would have been easily found amongst the peasantry with which to make an appeal far more eloquent and more forcible than the one which we have suggested. It is the most disheartening thing to the would-be friends of Ireland that, as a nation, they should have utterly failed to understand the villainess of these agrarian murders. They are lower, more brutal in nature and execution than any crimes having their source in vindictiveness which the history of any other nation contains. Where the tenderest affections, the sweet sanctities of home have been outraged by lust and cruelty, one may well pause before one condemns the assassin; but where the simple refusal to obey the peremptory and often unjust, as well as illegal, demands of a secret tribunal, when the mere performance of a duty, however harsh, the compliance with conditions which are not of the victim's choosing, when such causes as these are held sufficient justification of the most treacherous, mean, and blood-thirsty crimes,—what sympathy can a good and pure soul feel for the murderer? If there can be anything more painfully astonishing than the degradation of those who commit these crimes it is the moral obliquity of those who tacitly encourage and condone them.

It is easy to thunder denunciations of the usurping Saxon, to declaim against the unjust laws of which one, perhaps the most

unjust, still is law in Ireland. We do not deny that the cruel facility of eviction gives to the grasping or the careless landlord a terrible instrument of persecution, and that sometimes he uses it. But for one bad or indolent landlord in Ireland, how many are there who, with gentle patience and earnest industry, have sought to improve the condition of the tenants too often in vain? Moved by a generous spirit and a sincere desire to make those dependent on them happy, because in the course of their work the prejudices and passions of some idle rascals are thwarted, the assassin's bullet or bludgeon is as ready for them, or their agent as for the most heartless and sordid. One after another the abuses of the law have been abolished, but without any good effect in suppressing these secret bands of assassins. None of those who are themselves industrious and God-fearing men dare help in the detection or punishment of the criminal, though they fear and detest him. This is the grossest moral cowardice, the most contemptible truckling to brutality of which men can be guilty. It is the more difficult to comprehend in a nation which boasts, and with some justice too, of their courage.

It seems, as we have often said, worse than ridiculous to talk about the purity of the Irish and their freedom from certain forms of vice. This is entirely beside the subject. It is disgraceful to talk of the wrongs inflicted in past times on the conquered country. England has been conquered again and again, spite of the popular boast to the contrary; she is a medley of the races that have subjugated her with fire and sword. It would be as reasonable and just for men to defy the law in England because a brutal code not long ago condemned the shoplifter to the gallows, as it is for the Irish to rail against the landowners, to ill-treat and kill them, because in the time of Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell, and even as late as in the time of the George's, the land was governed with great cruelty. Vendettas which are handed down from father to son are a very disgraceful inheritance. It will be an evil day for mankind when the sins of the fathers are visited by an Omnipotent Being on the unoffending children. Fortunately, that barbarous superstition has faded away before the light of a religion of which love and mercy are the foundation stones. Ireland must either consent to aid us in the task of reconciliation, or be for ever the battle-ground of fanatics and traitors. It is no use holding out our hand if they will not grasp it, or if they take it coldly with one hand while the other grasps the bludgeon of the murderer.

Even as we write, with the blood of nearly a score of recently slain victims crying in vain for vengeance, a ray of hope falls on the dark distance. The O'Donoghue has addressed a letter to his countrymen, in which he speaks the language of peace and good sense, and even of magnanimity. He is beginning to see how impossible violence and vindictiveness are beginning to render mercy. He may see far enough into the future and with clear eyesight enough to understand that until the law is able to vindicate its authority in Ireland, further concession would be a crime. How can we create another class of proprietors in Ireland from the people themselves, that people whose good we profess to seek, if we know that we are powerless to defend them from the assassin, even in broad daylight? If the tenant-farmer becomes to-morrow the owner of the soil, dare he discharge a servant, dare he claim his due in labour or in money without the certainty of being sentenced to death by a midnight tribunal of murderers? And if he is shot down who shall avenge him? Will his fellows, will his nominal landlord, will his labourers avenge him? Who shall dare to speak of comfort to his widow, who shall assure her that her son, that she herself, may not be the next victim?

What power can the law claim, what protection can it pretend to give, where no men but hired soldiers will aid it in punishing the man-slayer? Is not it fearful to think that everything which the least unreasonable and disloyal of the Irish ask may be granted to-morrow, and yet no check be put on this tyranny of crime? What if then, no longer deluded by the false halo of heroism which had formerly surrounded these wretches, the people themselves rise, and in the fury of roused vengeance strike savagely and wildly around? Will the punishment, meted out by long-suppressed indignation, be milder than that which the grave and sober law, if rightly supported, would inflict? We fear not.

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is a very beautiful thing. It is also useful. Without friendship a man cannot borrow five shillings. Shillings have been borrowed at sixty per cent., but still a brotherly love of a certain kind has inspired the transaction. There is a bold sort of philanthropy in cent. per cent., and philanthropy is merely universal friendship.

By the aid of friendship mankind can get rid of a damaged lot of wine or a lame horse, for it is in the sacred name of friendship that these and other lasting obligations are conferred by man on his brother man.

There are many ways of bearing testimony to the existence of this beautiful and useful quality of the heart. Men have been known, through friendship, to write their names side by side on the self-same piece of paper.

Friends have done bills together. Thus, often has confidence been inspired. One friend has frequently been known to trust implicitly in the other when the document has become due. Touching instances of this happy and simple trustfulness are on record. A friend has been known to leave to his friend the sole and undivided honour of taking up their joint note. And the holder has often acknowledged the sacred tie, by regarding them as brothers, and seizing the one, without compunction, for the other. Without friendship this perfect identity of nature would have been impossible.

Friendship is also the mother of truth. No one speaks so frankly about a man as his friend. The charity of friendship prevents him from doing this to his face. He therefore does it behind his back.

The word "friendly" has many meanings. It sometimes has the same meaning as "simplicity." To be asked to dinner "quite in a friendly way," means soup, joint, and cheap sherry. This is beautiful. Mere acquaintanceship entitles man to a good repast. Friendship does not.

People talk of "friendly" societies. Sometimes these same societies have put the friendship to which they have appealed to the most comical test. They have occasionally made away with every halfpenny they have received. Only true friendship could venture upon an experiment so searching.

These associations must not be confounded with the Society of Friends. That is quite a different affair. So absorbing was the idea of friendship with which they joined in brotherhood, that they helped nobody but themselves. They also wore white hats.

There is a saying, "Save us from our friends," but it does not mean anything in particular. It was the last remark but one Julius Cæsar made to Brutus. Brutus was an intimate friend of Cæsar's, and meant extremely kindly to him. Brutus put a knife into Cæsar. This is a striking instance of friendship.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

Why was the recent visit of the Volunteers to Belgium like Prop. 5 of the First Book of Euclid?

Prizes from £100,000 to ½d.

SUNDAY CRICKET.**A WORKING MAN'S APOLOGY.**

1.

"WANT amusement on Sundays? What next?" You'll inquire.
 "Sunday cricket? Perdition!" Of course you smell fire!
 All ideas of propriety seem out of joint,
 When the curate is caught by churchwarden at "point!"

2.

While the parson, just fresh from denouncing our sins,
 'Tween the services bowls swift round hard at our shins;
 While the beadle stands umpire, and lays down the law,
 And the pew opener gives her whole mind to the score?

3.

Well, why not? Is there scandal or harm to be seen
 If the bishop himself were stumped out by the dean?
 Would you cut off all hope, close the gateway of heaven
 To the lost sheep who play in th' archdeacon's eleven?

4.

You won't have it at no price? 'Tis easy to sneer,
 Say Sundays mean dulness, and cricket means beer.
 Minds depressed by the gloom you would force on the day,
 Ask the Devil to step in, and have his own way.

5.

"There's the church." *That* of course. But amusement we
 seek,
 And a mouthful of fresh air for once in the week.
 You, fine folks, has the whole of six days for your use—
 It's no sauce for ganders what's sauce for the goose.

6.

"Good books." They're tough reading to us, the profane:
 When we've used up our muscles, we ease our brain.
 Learned sermons, big words, they're for you—don't ye see?
That's enjoying a sort of æsthetical spree.

7.

Slaves of prejudice! Would you by rigid decrees
 Leave St. Peter no option in using his keys?
 Narrow minds! Self-dubbed saints! Think again, is it true
 There's no sinners like them who dare differ from you?

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF MURDER.

THE Whitton tragedy is now carted away with last week's news, but before it is put thoroughly out of sight and mind for good, we are desirous of directing public attention to the extraordinary verdicts that resulted from the coroner's inquest. It may be remembered that an old man, named Green, had a grudge against a certain Mr. Kyezor, and forthwith waited for him outside his house, and wounded him mortally in the stomach with a pistol shot, subsequently blowing out his own brains. The verdicts found were to the effect that "Thomas Hydon Green did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, kill and murder Louis Kyezor, and that the said Thomas Hydon Green did afterwards commit suicide by shooting himself while in a state of temporary insanity."

To the words "did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, kill and murder," we take no exception. No doubt the revengeful veteran did all this. But why the moment afterwards, when he directs his murderous propensities against himself instead of against his neighbour, is he supposed then and there to break off into a state of "temporary insanity"? Suicides are always now-a-days supposed by coroners' juries to act on no principle whatever, and the plain verdict of *felo de se* is rarely if ever found. The truth is, there is a good deal of morbid nonsense entertained on the subject of self-murder, and so, with their usual illogical love of compromise, Englishmen refuse to come to the point, and find on the evidence before them,

We should like to know in the present instance, if the man Green had not shot himself as well, whether he would have been

found guilty of simple murder without the extenuating plea of temporary insanity. We suspect that most undoubtedly he would. As the matter stands, the verdict stultifies itself. That a man can be perfectly sane one moment, and then take someone else's life, while the next he suddenly goes mad, and takes his own, is beyond the range of ordinary criminal court phenomena. It would be entertaining to hear the matter ably discussed. Why does not Dr. Forbes Winslow open the ball?

OUR BOOKMARKER.

The Academy: A Monthly Record of Literature, Learning, Science, and Art. No. 1. John Murray, Albemarle street.

WE gladly welcome this addition to intellectual literature—the more because it belongs to no faction nor party. The spirit of this paper is what that of all literary papers should be, strictly impartial; it is free from the pettiness of cliques, and from the intolerance of sects; from the dulness of Conservatism, and from the insolence of Radicalism. It has neither the mean liberalism of the *Spectator*, the blundering bumpiousness of the *Athenæum*, nor the impartial spitefulness of the *Saturday Review*. Excepting the special articles bearing on the Byron controversy, it is, perhaps, rather dull. The notices lack individuality, though signed by different names. The best article, and the only one that shows any genius for criticism, is Mr. Matthew Arnold's on De Sevancour. This is full of that delicate appreciation which is the essence of criticism. The notice of Charles Baudelaire's works is very poor. Mr. Simcox either fears to reveal his knowledge of the work or has none to reveal. There is a lack of pregnancy in the few sentences that constitute most of the articles. There is brevity, but neither wit nor force. Professor Lightfoot's article on W. P. Renan's St. Paul, is too tepid, but it is very clear and correct. The "information" throughout is well given. In short, this paper is an accurate and ample record of literature and science, not a collection of brilliant criticisms. Those who look for such will be disappointed. Still we cannot help thinking that, unless Providence furnish a Byron scandal once a month, the *Academy*, to judge from the present number, will have but a very limited circulation. Neither the Drama nor the Novel receive any notice or discussion here; and even in a Record of Literature in these days it is scarcely wise to ignore such important branches of the Belles Lettres.

MUD AND MUDDLE.

IT is certainly not probable that by the date these lines come under the public eye any steps will have been taken to ameliorate the dangerous condition of things at the Serpentine. We therefore have much pleasure in announcing that we have discovered a sovereign remedy for the frightful nuisance that has already started a fever, and given rise to a *Times* correspondence. It is simple, and as follows:—Let every one of the officials who have anything to do with the present "improvement" be thrust into separate bathing-machines, and stationed all day and all night here and there along the pestiferous banks, till every painful of poisonous mud is either deodorised or removed. If this plan be promptly carried out we give our word to anxious and suffering mothers that the plague will not last three days. The House of Commons mumbled and grumbled over the Main Drainage Scheme year after year, and would have mumbled and grumbled on for ever, had it not been for an extremely hot day, that drew forth the hidden beauties of the river, and so rendered the lobbies of the House insupportable. The Bill was framed forthwith.

REFLECTION BY A YANKEE AFTER A LENGTHENED SOJOURN IN A FRENCH TOWN.—The drinks of France are very good, but darn their drains (!)

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.—A line from Dr. Livingstone announces his belief that he has at last discovered the source of the Nile. He, however, appears to have been anticipated by the Sultan, who complains that he has lately had a good deal too much of it from the Khedive!

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LONDON, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. A. W. KINGLAKE is going to write the Bridgewater Treatise for this year. The subject will be "Purity of Election."

"TENURE for life" is the cry in Ireland now of the tenant farmers. The landlords also desire a life-tenure—which is not determinable by the assassin.

THE Bishop Designate of Exeter is not to the taste of the Diocesan Clergy. They seem to think that, in order to preserve the Church, they must profane the Temple.

WHO is Mr. G. H. Moore? Not the celebrated member of the Christy Minstrels, surely? Whoever he is he has been making a very vulgar harangue, in which he talks about the "bloodhounds of the English Press who had been hunting him down." Poor Moore! He must be very ignorant. Bloodhounds only hunt men; they do not interfere with—vermin.

EMBLAZONED BUFFOONERY.

ON the occasion of the Royal visit to Chester last week, the good people of the place reckoned without their host, or rather, to be more correct, their hostess. On the arrival of the Prince of Wales, an address was presented to him by the Mayor and Corporation, welcoming not only himself but the Princess too to their ancient city. Unfortunately, however, as the Princess was not there the address lost half its point.

In the first instance, we were inclined to give the authorities of Chester credit for indulging in a mild though offensive practical joke, for of course weeks since it was known that the Princess of Wales would not be able to pay them a visit; but it appears that they are perfectly guiltless of any such untimely waggery, for the address in question was prepared not weeks but months beforehand, in order that it might be embossed on vellum in a magnificent manner. Let us hope that the *contre-temps* at Chester will put a stop to the absurdity of making speeches into pictures, regardless of expense. Mayors and Corporations no doubt consider such tomfoolery *de rigueur*, and severally shrink from the responsibility of breaking through a time-honoured custom; but will any intelligent Municipality answer us the following questions with regard to what happened last week?—

- NO. 1.—Did the presentation of an illuminated address give the Prince of Wales the least bit beyond the pleasure the warm reception of the population may have afforded him?
- NO. 2.—What did his Royal Highness do with the address when handed to him? and was it not subsequently in somebody's way as a decidedly inconvenient bundle to have to carry about?
- NO. 3.—What will his Royal Highness do with the address now that he has got it?

We cannot say we are heartless enough to object to a written address being used on such occasions as that of the other day, for they possess the advantage of being "takeable as read;" but we think that an inscription on a sheet of note-paper would be much better appreciated by Royalty; and indeed an address in such a form might be acceptable if Royalty happened to want to light its cigar, when left to itself.

AMOR NUMMI.

CAN any casual reader give an immediate explanation of the following lines, which we have cut at random from the columns of the *Times* of Thursday last:—

"A crowd of howling, desperate men, maddened by the frightful alternations of hope and fear protracted through days and nights of agony. Over them these two and their set held control, and still hold it, determined, if they bring the country to utter ruin, to still make their profit out of the danger. Nothing seems to make them falter, and no act is too daring for them to hesitate to do it."

As it stands it reads terrible enough. Is it a picture of some Eastern horrors, or an episode from the worst scenes of the Spanish revolution? Nothing of the kind. Merely an account of the recent doings "on 'Change" at New York. We offer it for perusal, with much respect to the commercial world.

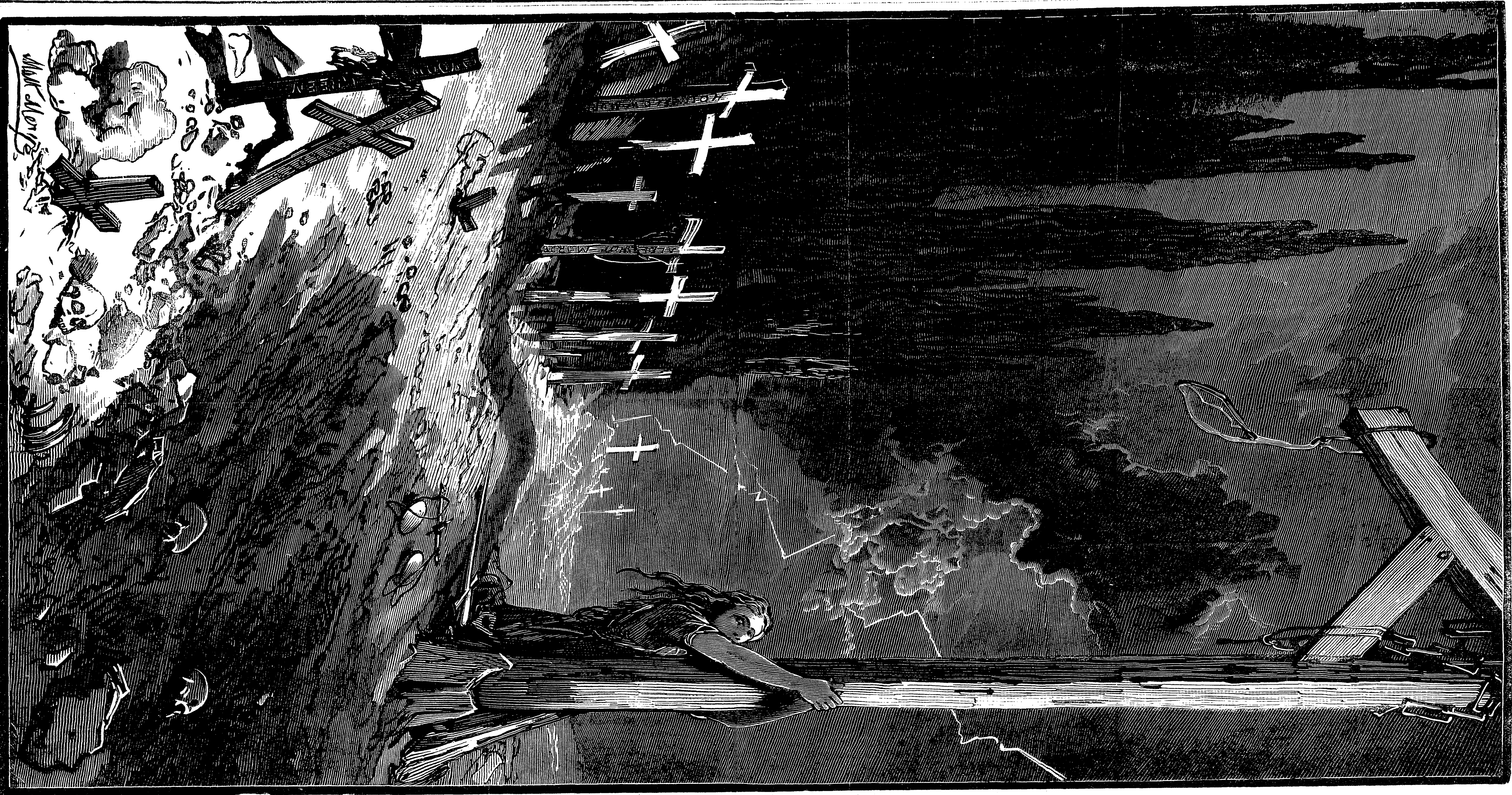
PLAYING AT PARLIAMENT.

THERE is another Ministerial crisis at Melbourne, Victoria. A few months back affairs were brought to a dead lock by the quarrel over the Darling Grant; and now the cause of disagreement is the appointment of a Mr. Ralte to the post of Commissioner of Customs. We cannot say who Mr. Ralte is, or why he should be considered an undesirable man for the place; but it seems that even the supporters of the Government are indignant at his selection, and a want of confidence vote was about to be carried when the mail left. Of course it is impossible for us over here to take any extraordinary interest in Australian politics; but, judging from the stray facts which from time to time force themselves before our notice in large-typed telegrams, it seems to us that the colonists make but a sorry use of the Constitution we have given them. Imagine Mr. Gladstone being turned out of office because he gave an appointment to somebody or other that someone in the House of Commons did not like, or a Conservative Cabinet coming to grief over a Civil List pension! We do not call upon the Victorians to take the mother country as their model in the conduct of all matters political, but they might surely find some more worthy cause for disagreement than the selection of their Custom-house Officer.

VERY FRENCH.

M. DE LESSEPS, after having finished and opened his Canal, is going to be publicly married to a young lady twenty years of age. Of course, it would be in the worst taste possible for us to dilate on the coming happy event if M. de Lesseps did not like it; but as, on the contrary, M. de Lesseps (who, by the way, is sixty-four years old) has in a semi-official manner attached his wedding as a sort of additional attraction to the programme which he has prepared for the entertainment of the number of great people now congregating in Egypt, we do not hesitate to circulate the news.

The idea of making one's marriage a part of a public ceremony is certainly French, but none the worse on that account. Indeed, it might serve as a hint to us here in England. For instance, everyone has been complaining of the stupidity and the dulness of recent Lord Mayor's shows. We are quite sure that if, on the next Lord Mayor's Day, his Lordship, on his way back from Westminster, were to be driven in his gold coach to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and there publicly married, it would prove an immense success. Besides, there would be nothing extraordinary in the proceeding when the great M. de Lesseps himself could be quoted as a precedent. We offer the suggestion to Mr. Alderman Besley for what it is worth.



THE CURE FOR MURDER!

JUSTICE CLINGS TO THE GALLOWS.

(DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO WOULD ABOLISH CAPITAL PUNISHMENT)



THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

IX.

MR. PULP, after his penance, became a comparatively reformed character. He was the most earnest of students. It seemed as if what he had seen, or rather, as he himself stated, what he had heard during his short sojourn "in another place," had made such an impression upon him that it had determined him to turn over an entirely new leaf. He had often before turned over new leaves, but had generally turned back again to the old ones; but this time he was evidently sincere. He soon passed the Hall and the College, and when he had received his diplomas he astonished old Jabez, by one day declaring his intention to seek an engagement as assistant to some general practitioner, whose practice should call him more particularly to the treatment of the poor and the wretched.

"I prefer this sort of thing," said Mr. Pulp to his father. "I want experience. I want an opportunity of finding out what I can do, and I have some theories I should like to test practically, besides I particularly wish to see how the 'pauper' business is done."

He was not long in obtaining what he desired, and within a very short time he found himself engaged, for an almost nominal stipend, as the assistant of the great Mr. Tackler.

X.

Mr. Tackler was the parish doctor of the large parish of St. John's, somewhere in this great metropolis. He was the out-o'-door parish doctor, as contradistinguished to the in-door, or purely workhouse doctor. His duties consisted in attending to the paupers of the parish who required his assistance, without the necessity of their being transported to the workhouse to be treated. He visited them at their own homes, or they visited him at his. His superior officer, from whom he obtained his directions as to the particular paupers he was to visit, was the parish relieving officer, and Mr. Tackler was bound to obey all written commands concerning out-o'-door paupers proceeding from that individual.

The parish of St. John's was one of those large and delightfully teeming parishes with thousands of courts and alleys interlacing one another, breeding fever and disease of every description at a rate perfectly incalculable; and the courts and alleys were inhabited by a population which seemed to regard as one of their dearest liberties the privilege of allowing maladies of every description to be continually raging among them. Any interference with their habits of life or the social economy of their existence, or the arrangement of their habitations, although it was undertaken by those who strove to place them in a condition of comfort, and to stay the spread of disease, were regarded by them with a fierceness and a jealousy that drove the authorities to despair. They were independent when they were well, they were exacting when they were ill, and when they died "the inquiries" and the inquests held upon them gave rise to such furious discussions in the press and among the parish officials, that one would have supposed they had all been more or less murdered by the people in authority, who represented the unfortunate ratepayers. The board of guardians of this delightful parish were always fighting together as to the condition and treatment of particular paupers—as to how they had died, and whose fault it was that they had died—for it seemed to be generally allowed, before any discussion began, that it must be somebody's fault, and that some one must be found to be censured. Of course, Mr. Tackler being the doctor, appeared generally to be the nearest available object for condemnation, and there being on the Board and in the parish a large body of anti-Tacklerites, who endeavoured to prove that Mr. Tackler was responsible for the death of every pauper that took place in the parish, and that every such death had been brought about by Mr. Tackler's criminal neglect of the case—and there also being upon the same Board, and also in the parish, an equally large body of pro-Tacklerites, who defended Mr. Tackler against all accusations, and who in truth it must be said, generally carried the day, it may well be imagined that Mr. Tackler's position was not one which was calculated to prove agreeable to a man of a quiet and sensitive disposition. Mr. Tackler, however, fortunately for himself, was not

of such a nature. From having been made the subject of so many contentions and of so many attacks, he had gradually resolved his at one time amiable temper into one of the most bellicose and furious character. There was always "a case" of his of some sort under discussion; and whenever Mr. Tackler entered into conversation he would invariably give his listener the entire particulars of the "case" in question, and recite to him in eloquent language the defence he had made before the Board, and how once again he had crushed his enemies. In consequence of all this it can be well understood that Mr. Tackler's existence was altogether a very lively one; and when it is considered that his salary received from the parish for his labours was something under £100 per annum, and which included the physic, it can also be very readily imagined that he was not inordinately overpaid, and that the paupers were likely to get the very best professional attention possible.

XI.

"You see, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler to his new assistant in an oratorical manner, for he had become oratorical through the fact of having to make so many speeches on so many occasions before the Board,—“you see, Mr. Pulp, that paupers, especially out-o'-door paupers, are peculiar. I will not altogether deny that in the majority of instances they are positively maddening. I do not pretend to know whether the parish of St. John's is peculiarly distinguished in this respect, but I do know that the paupers it is my duty to treat seem universally to possess idiosyncracies of the most bewildering character. By the term 'paupers,' Mr. Pulp, we include all those who obtain relief from the parish, medical or otherwise, although by far the majority of them are not so in the strict sense of the word. Paupers, when taken ill, invariably commence by treating themselves. For cholera, they take strong doses of senna; for a fever they consume spirits largely. When they are very bad they get orders from the relieving officer for me to visit them. They are directed to wait upon me at particular times printed on their orders. Without an exception they always come at other times than those directed, and invariably when I am either out or at dinner. They are ordered to bring bottles to contain their physic. As a certain rule, they never do bring bottles, and have to go back to fetch them, and then bring them smelling either of gin, or blacking, or pickles. Paupers refuse to take physic if it is not highly coloured and tastes nasty. If it happen to be clear coloured and sweet tasting, they complain to the Board that they are being neglected by the doctor, and that their case is not properly treated. Paupers, I really believe, Mr. Pulp, enjoy being ill. I know, as a fact, that they revel in physic. The quantity they consume will startle you. The nastier you can make it the better they like it. If you tell them to take two tablespoonfuls three times a day, and write it in large letters upon the bottle, they are positively certain to drink the whole of it in one dose immediately they reach home, and come back the next day for more. If you give them lotions with particular directions how they are to be used, it is the most usual thing in the world that they swallow them at the first opportunity, and, if they survive, bring their case as one of gross neglect on your part before the Board. If they don't survive there is an inquest, and ten chances to one if the jury don't append a censure upon you to their verdict. At all hours of the day—at every one of your meals—at all hours of the night—you are being summoned by paupers, complications having taken place, in their estimation, in their cases. They appear to nurture a sickness as a valuable possession, to obtain which they have expended the utmost trouble—a possession which they are anxious everyone should share with them, and your attempts to rob them of which they appear to regard as a piece of cruelty on your part, and a purpose which they certainly do their utmost to prevent you from effecting. I am not exaggerating, Mr. Pulp. I have been a parish doctor for several years. I have worked like a slave. It has nearly driven away the whole of my private practice. I have been attacked, abused, condemned, censured, roared at, and all but tried criminally, for performing duties which are most beyond one man's power, and which, I can safely say, I have always performed conscientiously. I am deeply thankful to have obtained your assistance. You commence your duties to-morrow, Mr. Pulp, and you will then have an opportunity of seeing my course of practice, and I think it will astonish you."

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 127.)

DIOGENES' TUB-TALK.

SECOND SERIES.

- (1.) A CERTAIN profligate boasted that he was not afraid of the terrors of Hades, for "when it came to the point, he knew how to die."
"It would be better," said Diogenes, "if you knew how to live."
- (2.) Ameipsias, the Comedian, was always praising his own works.
"Poor fellow," said Diogenes, "he cannot find any one to relieve him of his labour."
- (3.) A vulgar ignorant fellow said to Diogenes one day with a patronising air, "You know I always praise you, Diogenes."
"You should not do so," answered the Philosopher; "what harm have I ever done you?"
- (4.) "Why do they make Justice a woman?" asked one of Diogenes.
"Because they do not know how else to account for her vagaries and caprices."
- (5.) Diogenes was arguing with one Xanthias, a very foul-mouthed fellow. Xanthias wound up a long string of abusive epithets with this compliment: "Diogenes, you are a filthy dirty brute!"
"How can you wonder at my being dirty," replied Diogenes, "seeing you have thrown so many of your words at me?"
- (6.) There may be some men who mean what they say, but I never knew one who said what he meant.
- (7.) Women bring us into the world, and, when we are there, they do all they can to drive us out of it.
- (8.) "Ah! Diogenes," said Eubulus, the great demagogue, "I look upon the people as my brothers."
"No doubt, Eubulus, and on yourself as the eldest brother, for you keep the estate."
- (9.) Those make light of life who know not how to use it.
- (10.) A great lawyer defending with much eloquence one whom he knew to be guilty, called on Truth and Justice to come and aid him.
"Tut! man!" said Diogenes, "if they were to come, you would not know them."
- (11.) Young men would not be so in love with Vice if they could see what was written on her back.
- (12.) Diogenes was asked to define a good friend. "A good friend," said he, "is one whom you dare not make your enemy."
- (13.) Alexander was conversing with Diogenes concerning some of his own countrymen who opposed him.
"They are too deep for me; I cannot fathom them," said the great general.
"Psha!" answered Diogenes, "you can fathom any man if you have gold enough to weight the line with."
- (14.) The greatest happiness in life is this—and men need not take so much labour to seek it, for it comes sooner or later to all—I mean the summons to leave it.
- (15.) If a man dies for a woman she is very proud of herself, and of him. But if he try and live a good life for her sake, she neither thanks nor praises him.
- (16.) It was said of Lycias, a plausible knave, that he had a very sweet smile.
"Yes," observed Diogenes, "but it is one of those sweets that turn acid on the stomach."

- (17.) "You think your husband loves you?" said Diogenes to a young wife.
"Loves me! he would lay down his life for me!"
"That may be; but he would take it up again before you could make any use of it."
- (18.) It is fortunate that Jove has no sins of his own, seeing how many men lay theirs on his shoulders.
- (19.) The sculptors represent Innocence as a young girl, and rightly, since for her all the vices are to come.
- (20.) "How dare you, Diogenes, thus abuse mankind?" said a young student; "you do not pretend that you yourself are free from all meanness and vice?"
"By no means; but surely I may try to make others free."

MR. CHILDERS AND HIS TRUMPETER.

WE fear we shall have to apologise to Mr. Childers. Since his accession to office we have put him down for a retrencher at any price, and have failed to perceive in him any of those amiable weaknesses which we are foolish enough to consider the head of a great Department of the State should possess. But we are now ready to admit ourselves at fault.

It appears that one Mr. John Murphy, Bugle Major of the Portsmouth Division of Royal Marines, has for some years devoted his time to preparing a set of bugle calls for use in the Royal Navy in lieu of the drum. These calls have recently had a trial accorded to them, and have been found such an immense improvement upon the old regulation that it has been decided that they shall henceforth be generally adopted throughout the Service. Now, as Mr. Murphy was known to have given many years of his life to the perfection of his invention, it seems to have occurred to Mr. Childers that such praiseworthy industry should be specially rewarded; and the following highly flattering communication, which we quote from our contemporary, the *Broad Arrow*, is the result of the First Lord's fit of generosity:—

"Admiralty, September, 1869.—John Murphy,—In consideration of the services rendered by you with regard to the 'bugle calls' for H.M. Navy, I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that they have been pleased to order that a sum of five pounds (£5) be paid to you direct by the Accountant-General of the Navy.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, VERNON LUSHINGTON."

Here is an inducement for non-commissioned officers to give up their time and trouble to the improvement of the Service. It may be, we admit, that in this case the inventor has been only a short time—ten or twelve years, perhaps—in perfecting his system; but even for this little period the reward, though munificent, we are sure the British public will not grudge. Really, if Mr. Childers goes on as he has now begun he will in time regain his lost character for justice and liberality. We are sorry, though, that the Admiralty letter makes such a point of the money being paid direct by the Accountant-General of the Navy. Were it not for this, knowing Mr. Childers's objection to add a single additional item to the Navy Estimates, we might have persuaded ourselves that the right honourable gentleman had produced the five pounds from his own pocket.

AN AWFUL EXAMPLE!

THE Editor of this paper, being pestered by would-be contributors, publishes the following brilliant article, as a warning to those who imagine that the TOMAHAWK is a fit vehicle for conveying to the public the weak emanation of their sheep-like brains:—

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE!

A CONTEMPORARY, in its recent criticism of the new Princess's piece, speaking of the part filled by Mr. Charles Mathews, very truly observes that it derives its charm from its entire "unsuitability." That Mr. Charles Mathews is too finished

and natural an actor not to make any part "go," nobody will for an instant dispute. Still it must be admitted, that it is at best a dangerous experiment to thrust an artist into situations that are not generally supposed to be quite in his line. However, there is much novelty in the idea, and we, therefore, unhesitatingly hail it. Indeed, when managers are at their wits' end for some original device, by which they can possibly startle the public into filling their respective establishments, they might well take a hint from the Princess's. Let the next Drury Lane Charity performance advertise some such programme as follows, and we will answer for the receipts :—

HAMLET.

Hamlet MR. ROMER.
The Ghost MR. SIMS REEVES.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

Louis } di Franchi MR. HARRY PAYNE.
Fabien }
M. Chateau Renaud . . . MR. COMPTON.
A Woodcutter SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.

BOX AND COX.

Box MR. PHELPS.
Cox M. KIRALFI.
Mrs. Bouncer MISS LYDIA FOOTE.

MACBETH.

Macbeth MR. EBURNE.
Banquo MR. HONEY.
Wounded Soldier MR. WEBSTER.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

John Mildmay MR. STEWART.
Potter M. BLONDIN.
Captain Hawksley MR. GEORGE PERREN.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo MR. PHELPS.
Juliet MRS. STEPHENS.

HARLEQUIN GRUMBLEGRIFFIN; OR, THE SEVEN MAGIC.

BOOTJACKS OF THE ENCHANTED FORECABIN.

The Demon of Indigestion . . MR. COLLETTE.
Bolus (*his creature*) . . . MR. JOHN CLAYTON.
The Fairy Pippetinetta . . . MR. BUCKSTONE.
Grisellina } *her three sisters* { MR. PHILIPPS.
Flyleaf } MR. COWPER.
Mirandinella } MR. HORACE WIGAN.
Giroflaggoboldero the Ninth
(*afterwards Pantaloon*) . . . MR. FECHTER.
Count Poppytoff (*his prime*
minister) MR. VINING.
The Princess of the Myriad Isles
(*afterwards Columbine*) . . MR. ROGERS.
Prince Fogo (*her lover, after-*
wards Harlequin) . . . MR. ALFRED WIGAN.
Haribaggibus (*his rival*) . . MR. BANCROFT.
Julep (*his slave, afterwards*
Clown) MR. SANTLEY.
&c., &c., &c., &c.

And so on.

A little shuffling of our well-known artists in this fashion would unquestionably draw immensely. We do not of course bind them to the above sketchy programme, but we strongly recommend its perusal to the next committee of management, when some pressing charity is on the tapis.

There! We have done our duty. Would-be contributors beware!

"BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND."

MR. CARDWELL has taken a spirited step with regard to the Volunteer Adjutancies. These appointments have been of late years converted by their possessors into marketable commodi-

ties, to be bought and sold at discretion. The rule hitherto has been that on an adjutant resigning his place, the colonel of the corps should nominate some one to succeed him, and it has become an understood thing in the Service, that this "some one" should be recommended to the colonel by the retiring adjutant, who, on his part, has been in the habit of receiving a large sum of money for giving the recommendation. Although there has been no secret about the existence of this system, it has not, until recently, attracted the serious attention of the authorities. However, the time has come at last, and Mr. Cardwell, in a Circular just issued from the War Office, has notified to the Lord-Lieutenants of the several counties, that in future, in the event of a resignation of an adjutant of Volunteers, no recommendation of a successor will be entertained until the retirement is fully carried out, and then only will the appointment of the new officer be confirmed on the certificate of the colonel of the regiment that the late adjutant has not derived and will not derive any recompense, reward, or gratuity, in consequence of the resignation of his appointment beyond the retiring allowance the regulations may have awarded him.

Although a few years after date, this step on the part of the War Office is creditable, and calculated to inspire public confidence. But has it occurred to Mr. Cardwell and his advisers that the malpractices which they so thoroughly condemn are nothing more nor less than their old friend the Purchase system itself in a disorganised form? We suppose that this view of the matter has not yet presented itself to their intelligence. However, we must not expect too much at once, and, in the meantime, let us try to flatter ourselves that the Purchase system is doomed to destruction, and that the recent Circular, instead of being an exceptional display of vigour on the part of the authorities, is but an earnest of the policy which, in the name of all that is logical, Mr. Cardwell must have privately adopted.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

THE water is out of the Serpentine, the fish have been carted off in a prostrate condition to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens; and the public are getting anxious to know when the cleansing process will begin, how long it will take, and when it will be finished. Some ill-regulated members of the community have even had the temerity to write to the *Times*, complaining that if the Board of Works are not quick about the work they have taken in hand, the stagnant mud will create a pestilence. Of course, we need hardly say that such appeals to the Press will have no weight with the authorities, who have carefully arranged a programme, which we have the best reasons for believing will be strictly adhered to. Here it is :—

MEMORANDUM REGARDING THE WORKS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SERPENTINE WATER IN HYDE PARK.

1869—October 1.—Water to be let out.
" 10.—Fish to be removed.
" 15 to 30.—Mud to be inspected with a view to its removal.
Nov. 1 to 30.—Pending the decision of the Board, the mud to be carted from the bed of the lake to the Bayswater end.
Dec. 1 to 31.—Christmas holidays of the Board.
1870.
Jan. 1 to 31.—Ditto.
February 1.—The question of the disposal of the mud to be again brought forward, and, pending a decision, the mud to be removed from Bayswater to the large open space facing the Knightsbridge Barracks.
March 1.—The mud to be left there until
1872.
January 1.—When the question will be further considered.

By Order of the Board.

London: September, 1869.

Perhaps the publication of this document will satisfy those people who are unreasonable enough to want to know how long the purification of the Serpentine will take to complete.

THE OCTOBER THESPIAN MEETING.

LONDON, 18th October, 1869.

THE Thespian racing world is beginning to look up. Many of the stables have been decorated with brass—a most excellent substitute for pure gold in theatrical matters. Among the rest, the Princess's (the celebrated training stables of Stella Collas' Broken English and Charles Fechter's Foreign Accent) has been thoroughly renovated; velvet curtains and gilt chandeliers are offered to the public as excellent substitutes for first-rate form and highly cultivated staying power. It will be noticed that the veteran Charles Mathews' Jeun Premier (aged) has returned to this establishment. The Adelphi stables have lost Mr. Stuart's Comic Tragedian, and Mr. Eburne's Octogenarian Juvenility—much to the disappointment of the public, who believe in these two runners. Mr. "Tom" Morton's Plain English (by French Dictionary, out of Les Parisiens de la Decadence) has turned out a sham, with no staying power. We regret to say that Miss Neilson's Tragedy Heroine, by Rant, out of Grimace, seems likely ere long (to judge from recent performances) to prove herself a "roarer." Without further preface we give the result of the week's racing:—

"LOST AT SEA" STAKES.

Run over the Adelphi Course, sharing terms and a premium.

Mr. Hawes Craven's Burning House, by Rosin, out of Spirits of Wine	1
Mr. G. Belmore's Farce Actor, by Pantomime, out of Burlesque	2
Messrs. Byron and Boucicault's Original Drama, by Twaddle, out of Old-as-the-Hills	3

Betting—2 to 1 on Farce Actor.

Burning House made the running all the way, and won in a canter. Rest nowhere, especially Original Drama.

THE "FORMOSA" SELLING STAKES.

Over the Drury Lane Course. 20,000 Subscribers.

Mr. Delane's Times' Leader, by Puff, out of Dead Season	1
Mr. Chatterton's Eloquence, by Education, out of Culture	2
Mr. Boucicault's New Thoroughfare, by Impudence, out of Holywell Street	3
Mr. Beverley's Sensation Scene, by Scissors, out of Card-board	0
Mr. Chatterton's Overflowing Audience, by Paper, out of Upper Boxes	0

Betting—3 to 1 agst New Thoroughfare, 6 to 1 agst Sensation Scene, 20 to 1 agst Eloquence.

To the surprise of every one Times Leader started, although it was imagined that a mere Selling Stakes was not good enough for him. However, he sprang to the front from the beginning of the running, and forced the pace immensely. Overflowing Audience followed at his heels, but soon fell away after the first dash. New Thoroughfare was a very bad third. Eloquence was very little in demand at the start, his very existence being denied, but to the astonishment of every one came to the front in a most surprising manner. The "knowing ones" say that this horse has improved immensely since he was last exhibited in public.

THE "PORTLAND" VASE.

Run over the Princess's Course. Very few entries into the stalls.

Mr. Charles Mathews' Fine Play, by Experience, out of Bosh	1
Mr. Vining's Growler, by Manager, out of Minor Theatre	2
Mr. Lloyd's Putney Bridge, by Dauber, out of Express Train	3
Mr. Vining's Bundle-of-Sticks (pedigree unknown)	0

Betting—100 to 1 on Fine Play.

The favourite started off with great spirit, and won in a canter. Towards the close of the race he showed signs of distress, and slackened his pace, coming in at the finish in rather a lame state. Growler was soon distanced, and Bundle-of-Sticks was derided by the populace, who exulted in the failure.

THE "ALLERTON" TRIAL STAKES.

Run over the Lyceum Course.

Mr. Allerton's Footstool, by Luxury, out of Lavish Expenditure	1
Mr. Coghlan's Real Actor, by Fish, out of Water	2
Mr. Wybert Reeves' Debüt, by Cash, out of Pocket	3
Mr. Allerton's Feeble Amateur, by Mouthing, out of Small-beer, did not start.						

Betting—25 to 1 agst Footstool, 100,004 to 17 agst Debüt. Real Actor found no backers.

The favourite made most show at the start, and attracted considerable attention. Real Actor took up the running, but was too heavily weighted to be quite successful. However, there was only a head's difference between first and second. Debüt ran very lame, in spite of the support of his friends. The retirement of Feeble Amateur from this race was much applauded—he would not have stood a ghost of a chance with Real Actor. Very bad third.

THE "PLAIN ENGLISH" STAKES.

Run at Holborn, over the old "Flying Scud" Course.

Mr. Barry Sullivan's Quaint Wagery, by Light Comedy, out of Heavy Tragedian	1
Mr. Tom Morton's Originality, by Dictionary, out of Les Parisiens de la Decadence	2
Mr. G. Honey's Bore, by Gag, out of Bunkum	3

Betting—10 to 1 on Quaint Wagery, 2,000 to 1 agst Originality.

Quaint Wagery soon flew to the front, followed by Originality, who soon began to halt terribly. Half way the latter stumbled over some blockheads said to be comic servants, and very nearly came to hopeless grief. Bore was all over the place as usual, but came in a bad third.

THE "LITTLE EM'LY" CUP.

Run over the Wych street Course.

Mr. Liston's Success, by Enterprise, out of Capital	1
Mr. Charles Dickens' Love Story, by Pathos, out of David Copperfield	2
Mr. Rowe's Micawber, by Lead, out of Lack-of-Imagination	3
Mr. Halliday's Adaptation, by Rubbish, out of Bad Taste	0

Betting—2 to 1 on Success, any odds against Adaptation.

Success won easily in spite of the efforts of Adaptation and Micawber to steal away the victory.

OH CENSOR MORUM!

THE question as to whether the censorship of the Press is of any real benefit to public morality has been very forcibly put, with regard both to the pieces that have been licensed lately, and the pieces that have been prohibited. The Female Woodin at Drury Lane, who changes her hair and her morality in five minutes, and loses nothing in a worldly sense by it, is bad enough. But it seems to us that the wretched piece of dingy trash now being performed at the Princess's is worse. To represent a cold-blooded murderer as being affably received by the husband, son, and daughter of the victim, and being permitted by them to discuss his achievement in a semi-facetious manner, is hardly conducive to public morality. Nor is it very edifying to possible criminals to show them a British magistrate engaged with a detective in trying to suborn the witnesses in a case which he is going to try officially on the morrow. Justice has quite enough abuses to answer for without being brought into such unmerited contempt. It is all very well to say that Mr. Charles Mathews represents the murderer with such *bonhomie* as to make it impossible to believe in his crime; but, unfortunately in real life, murderers have been often very pleasant fellows out of business hours. The more attractive vice is made the more immoral is the lesson enforced. The ignorant and the vulgar have sufficient intelligence to see the bad moral but not sufficient to see the humour of Mr. C. Mathews' perversion of criminality. We certainly think that the audience which can tolerate *Escaped from Portland* could tolerate any drama, however wicked, say *Julie*, for instance, and be none the worse for it.

Answer to Double Acrostic will be given in our next.