

# THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 131.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## "HOW THOSE CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER!"

DESIRABLE as it may be that the most violent religious and political agitations should, as a rule, end in smoke, perhaps it is just as well for this country that such a termination was vouchsafed to the famous Gunpowder Plot. Indeed, had that unpretending arrangement ended literally in *smoke*, the consequences might have been very serious indeed. Not only is it to be presumed that James the First of England would have suddenly abdicated his throne, without any preparation whatever, on the morning of the 6th of November, 1605, but, moreover, it is tolerably certain that Dr. Temple would never have received his mitre from the hands of Mr. Gladstone. But this is not all; for a catastrophe far greater than the mere exclusion of a highly-polished and intellectual man from the bench of the English Bishops would most certainly, as the Americans say, have eventuated. Dr. Pusey would have absolutely lost another opportunity of "making solemn protest," a piece of business, whatever it may be, for which, if we may be allowed respectfully to suggest it, that learned divine seems specially to have been created. From the date of the celebrated Gorham case, when Dr. Pusey signed himself down one of a band of thirteen champions of the faith, and most solemnly declared in so many words that the Church of England no longer was the repository of the truth, the then decision of the Privy Council taking effect, to the week before last, when he again raised his voice in another pious wail against Essays and Reviews, he has been a sort of lachrymose Jonah, or, to speak more correctly, a kind of Greek Chorus, that looks on at the more serious portions of the action, groaning, and shouting *or' otoi*, and doing nothing else whatever. But there is, fortunately, no reason for gloomy regret. Guy Faux lived before the age of Bryant and May, and such matches as he had about him absolutely declined to light on the box or anywhere else. Hence the Church of England is flourishing in 1869, luminaries and all, and Dr. Pusey has the luck to fall upon one of his happiest opportunities. It is not every man who is able to show up his communion so thoroughly and completely as the Regius Professor of Hebrew, who, in the name of Christianity and its supposed interests, once more bursts into a flood of party tears, and parades the double split in the camp, to the great edification of the reasoning world outside. The truth is, we have not much patience with Dr. Pusey. Willing, as all must be, who respect erudition and bow to an honoured name, to make every allowance for such intellectual vagaries as always inevitably

result from religious partizanship, we must frankly confess that we think Dr. Pusey ought, in this instance, as indeed in many others, to have simply held his tongue. Nothing ever yet of any practical kind has come of his groans, his grave forebodings, his horrors at grievous scandals. Like the Greek Chorus, to which we have already compared him above, he has always been equal to any amount of reflecting and protesting, but he has never, so to speak, lent a hand to the matter himself. He is known on the Continent in religious circles as the "foggy" divine, and this estimate of his reasoning power is peculiarly happy and accurate. Illogical to a degree there he stays, up at Oxford, possessed of a fat income, a Cathedral stall, and a Regius professorship, a member of a national Church, to the wrecking of which, as such, his whole religious career has been devoted, and from the communion of which, according to his own words, he ought to have separated himself eighteen years ago. Such antecedents could scarcely entitle a man to much consideration, and yet Dr. Pusey obtrudes himself on public notice in a position even more despicable, namely that of a mean truckster to the leader of the very party he and his set have from first to last had to regard as their most merciless enemies. Whatever may be thought of the intellectual capabilities of Lord Shaftesbury and his Evangelical backers, it must be honestly avowed that their repudiation of an alliance with what they regard as one deadly error, for the purpose of stamping out another, is perfectly consistent and strictly logical. Exeter Hall for once has certainly the pull of Oxford, and the rebuke it has administered to its cringing antagonist is highly to its credit. And more than this. It is highly to its interest as well, for could anything more disastrous be conceived than a friendship which would absolutely rob the May Meetings of their very text? Dr. Pusey, his dreadful doings, his awful unbelief, his possible dungeons under his rooms at Christchurch, his paganism and his income, all are absolutely necessary as rich food for charitable and believing Christian audiences. Exeter Hall without Dr. Pusey would be like a tea party without scandal, or a bull fight without the bull. The things could not possibly come off without them. As far as the public are concerned, of course the bickerings and wailings and cursings of Puseys and Shaftesburys, and others, are of little concern. They amuse rather than otherwise, and certainly afford excellent matter for correspondence in the columns of the *Times*. All the protesting and moral posturing in the world will not alter Mr. Gladstone's excellent choice, upon which he ought to be congratulated by every earnest Englishman who sets the interests of the national Church above the mere successes of his own little religious clique.

Dr. Temple is certainly one of a party that can boast in its ranks the vast bulk of the present intellectual vigour of the Church of England. As a representative man his followers, through the length and breadth of the country, would outnumber respectively those of his rivals in a proportion of at least five to one. His appointment is, therefore, not only judicious but popular, and the miserable hooting to which it has given rise is about as futile as it is contemptible. We have represented Dr. Pusey anxious to play Guy Faux to Dr. Temple's Houses of Parliament. Perhaps we should have hit the mark more nearly had we hidden him, with his powder and matches, under the vaults of the Establishment itself. Not that the situation would have been satisfactory, for Dr. Pusey, we can assure him, is not half the man Guy Faux was. Had that eccentric Spaniard, that "gallant but misled gentleman," as, if we remember rightly, the *Daily Telegraph* once designated him, only had a really effective lucifer about him, he might considerably have altered the position of the Crown, in Council at least, if not that of the Church of England itself. But there is no such danger to be apprehended from the case of the Oxford Guy Faux. His matches are shams, his powder is make believe, and though his intentions are honourably sanguine, he may be confident about the issue. Should, however, it be by any chance possible for the great conspirator to explode anything whatever, we may at least be certain of one result. No possible catastrophe will ever blow Dr. Pusey out of his present berth; and who will venture to say he is not wise in his generation?

### CAPITAL FRIENDS.

A PRACTICE seems coming into vogue with certain "literary men" which is more ingenious than honourable. One or two writers, whose poverty of brains must be their excuse, are in the habit of turning their friends and acquaintances to good account by borrowing, not money, but ideas from them. For instance, a successful novelist, whose sketches of character, where he relies upon his powers of observation, not of imagination, all will allow to be life-like, meets you at dinner; you are introduced to him; you converse with him freely, fondly imagining the occasion to be one in no ways different from the ordinary intercourse of private life, and, without the least suspicion that "the reporters are present;" you are, therefore, rather surprised to find your conversation reproduced, verbatim, or nearly so, in the successful novelist's next work.

No one will complain, if in paying a visit to a literary friend, one is happy enough to contribute his store of information. If one recognizes one's opinion in the pages of, let us say, "The Philosopher," a week or so afterwards, ought one not to be grateful for the unsolicited and unexpected honour? Many persons pass their lives in trying to see themselves in print in one of the comic papers. All in vain; their contributions are invariably rejected. What a pity it is they cannot scrape acquaintance with one of the talented writers; they need not say anything funny, it is quite enough if they have some infirmity, or natural peculiarity; these witty dogs will manage to make capital of that.

Is not this sufficient honour to compensate for any annoyance you may feel at having what you consider, rightly or wrongly, as the sacredness of private life thus violated? If it is not, it ought to be.

But those, who are happy enough at any time to have enjoyed the friendship of one of these eminent wits, may fairly complain if they find that they have been bestowing their hospitality upon one who has been sitting at dinner with you, night after night, with his note-book under the table, jotting down materials for some facetious sketch of character, in which he will introduce any feature of your countenance, or any peculiarity of your manner, which may be sufficiently striking for his purpose, with great comic effect. It is hardly calculated to increase either the respect or the affection which you would wish to feel for your friend when you find that your physical, as well as your moral, infirmities have furnished him with infinite jests, at which he himself can laugh over and over again, even if those to whom he may relate them should have so much gentlemanly feeling as to perceive the indelicacy of such jests more than their humour. It may be great squeamishness, but certainly

one's mind does revolt from the idea of making capital of your friends in this fashion; drawing portraits of them which are like bad photographs; one cannot fail to recognise them, and yet the likenesses are so clumsily and coarsely done, that one recognises them only to condemn them. In these portraits there is neither deep observation, subtle analysis, or kindly humour; there is, simply, stupid vulgarity. The drawer of them has not either the imagination to idealise, or the power to create. He is equally without the skill, or good taste which, from observation of individuals, can so generalise, that the result becomes a picture which is true to nature, for which many might have sat, and yet no individual be able to resent it as his alone. Herein lies the difference between a satirist and a caricaturist. To be the former, one must have earnestness, vigour, and genius; to be the latter, one only needs flippancy, insolence, and knack.

We would put it to these great wits, who may be tempted to adopt this rather easy method of obtaining a reputation, whether the game is really worth the candle? Is not such a mine of wealth soon exhausted? Is it not probable that as the eyes of their friends and acquaintances become opened to the gross violation of all honour and decency, of which they have been victims, they will withdraw from the society of those who cannot assume the courtesy of gentlemen, much less respect the sanctity of friendship? It is even possible that some individual, whose indignation is stronger than his prudence, may take the law into his own hands, and may administer to some one of these area sneaks of literature that personal chastisement, which they would be able to understand, and which, certainly, they deserve.

### MISERABLE WURMS;\*

#### A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF BROMPTON (*the Editor of an English satirical paper, travelling in search of "subjects"*).

ALAN MCBABWEE (*a Scotch follower of Mr. Cook, the excursionist*).

MRS. MCBABWEE (*his wife*).

MISS MCBABWEE (*his daughter*).

#### ACT I.

SCENE.—*The interior of a second-class railway carriage on the line between Cologne and Heidelberg. Windy night. Great storm raging. Thunderbolts, lightning, &c., &c. The DUKE and MCBABWEE and his family discovered.*

THE DUKE.—Are you going to Heidelberg, Sir?

MCBABWEE.—Well, Sir, I canna say I'm ganging at once, as I've just ascertained that I can get out at Wurms for jest half an hour. (*Thunder.*) It says so on Mr. Cook's ticket.

THE DUKE.—But surely it is rather a bad night for sight seeing. (*Lightning and terrific crash.*)

MCBABWEE (*trying to make himself heard through the noise of thunder*).—You may be right, Sir, but it jest says that I may do it on the ticket!

(*The train arrives at Wurms. The MCBABWEE party get out in the pelting rain. As the train starts off again several thunderbolts fall.*)

(*Twelve hours are supposed to elapse between the first Act and the second.*)

#### ACT II.

SCENE.—*The salon-d-manger of a hotel at Heidelberg. The DUKE and the MCBABWEE party meet and salute.*

THE DUKE (*courteously*).—Trust you liked Wurms last night, sir?

MCBABWEE (*candidly*).—Well, Sir, I canna say we saw much of it. It was vera dark, except when we had the thunder and the lightning. We went to a large space that may jest have been a market-place, and when it lightened we saw a something in the centre that ma wife thinks may jest have been a pump, or perhaps a statoo! But you see, Sir, it said we might do it on the ticket!

MOTTO FOR A POPULAR LIFE AND FIRE OFFICE.—I am "Monarch" of all I survey.

\* This piece is founded on facts.

## CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT!

WE have reason for believing that the recent shower of knighthoods and baronetcies has necessitated the publication of the following "table of precedence":—

Officers in the Army and Navy.  
Attorneys at Law.  
Irish Bishops.  
Stockbrokers.  
The Lord Mayor.  
Cheesemongers.  
Pawnbrokers.  
Baronets.  
Usurers at 40 per cent.  
Usurers at 60 per cent.  
Fenians.  
Actors.  
Literary men.  
The Eldest Sons of Baronets,  
Sweeps.  
*Knights!*

## THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON TRUTH.

TRUTH is a very valuable thing. It is, in fact, so valuable that few people can afford to part with it. Hence it comes, possibly, that most men are liars.

The proverb says, "*In vino veritas.*" But it depends entirely on your wine merchant.

The intense devotion of mankind to the sacred cause of truth is edifying and striking. Nine-tenths of all the human butchery that has defiled the earth from the beginning has taken place under its banners. Men have hacked each other to pieces valiantly in its name, and even started penny papers in its defence. On the whole, the sacred cause of truth, when well advertised, has generally turned out to be a decidedly paying business.

There is also a very terrifying side to truth. Men talk of "telling the truth and shaming the devil;" and, depend upon it, if anything *could* have shamed that personage they would have managed it.

People are very fond of spreading the truth, and such a priceless boon do they consider its diffusion, that they often do not mind a good deal of dirty work to bring it about. If Truth were only her own mistress for five minutes, she would give all her servants a month's warning on the spot.

The desire to propagate the truth far and wide sometimes assumes a religious aspect. Under such a condition it works marvels. It fires the human soul with such energy that it voluntarily resigns the blessings of home, represented by city back lanes, fever bed-sides, metropolitan squalor, misery, and sin, for an expatriation in a far-off clime. Here it has to face a comfortable house, elegant furniture, converted slaves, £400 a year, and the reputation of a martyr! Yet, spite these terrible alternatives, men are to be found who are willing to make the sacrifice, and go forth to preach the truth. This is its most beautiful side.

Philosophers have moralized on the probable position of truth at the bottom of a well. When one takes into consideration the amount of cold water that has been thrown on her by mankind, it is difficult to imagine her thoroughly at home anywhere else.

It is not always wise to speak the truth under all circumstances. Indeed, it is safer, as a rule, in many cases, to have recourse to deception. The truly wise man never tells the whole truth to his tradesman, his friend, or his tax-collector. They are but human, and they will be sure to take advantage of it.

There is one very disagreeable condition of truth which men designate as "plain unvarnished." Fly the man who wishes to tell you the plain unvarnished truth about anything, unless you are fully prepared to knock him down.

## Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Earl of Derby.

BORN 1799. DIED 23RD OCTOBER, 1869.

—o—

NOBLE in something more than birth or name,  
He won, deserved, but never stooped for, fame.  
Instinct with chivalry's most generous fire  
He took, but never loved, the statesman's hire.  
Ready to rule, but readier to obey,  
His ancient, more than he, o'er men held sway;  
To him he left the tricks of party strife,  
And laid down power as he laid down life;  
Both he had used for others not for self;  
He cared for place as little as for pelf.

Bred up to reverence, not to scorn, the past,  
He would the world progressed, but not too fast.  
The ardent youth, who rashly urged Reform,  
In age, grown prudent, scarcely grew less warm;  
With equal fire he opposed as foes  
Those by whose side he had dealt his fiercest blows.  
On either side, frank, honest, and sincere,  
He bred no hate where he inspired fear.

Though boasting ne'er the name of "poor man's friend,"

His charity knew neither stint nor end.  
He felt not only for the distant slaves;  
For those at home, the serfs of greedy knaves,  
His purse was no less open than his heart,  
He would not flatter, but he healed their smart.  
With tear-dimmed eyes upon his tomb we write,  
"Here lies a scholar true and truer knight."

## NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

As it is now generally known that the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford has been offered to Mr. Boucicault, in consideration of his recent distinguished services to literature, and more especially in acknowledgment of his truthful picture of the high moral effect of University training, as given in his great classical work *Formosa*, we need have no compunction in affording publicity to his reply. It is in his best style, and furnishes another proof of his thorough acquaintance with College life and all its belongings:—

Drury Lane, Nov. 5, 1869.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seniors, fellows, bull dogs, undergraduates, and boating men.

I shall have much pleasure in accepting the distinguished honour you have forced upon me. For this reason, I am *the* very one man fit to fill the place. I shall do my best to deserve the confidence of the public—I mean of the heads of your great houses (we have great houses at Drury Lane too), and hope to commence my career by a thorough reorganisation of your ancient institutions. There will be no more lectures, but moral philosophy will be taught all day long at the Sheldonian. I shall put in a new stage, reconstruct the auditorium, re-write some of your Greek plays, touch up your best dramatic authors such as Cicero, Delectus, Ossian, and Nepos, and take a half share of the profits. Places can be secured, of course, a month in advance at all the leading London libraries. But I am wandering from the point. To return to my projected reforms. The new undergraduate dress shall be taken direct from *Formosa*, and I mean to do away with training. I have done away with it at Drury Lane, and the public like it. I know what the public like; nothing like pleasing the public.

There, I can't say more than this. If I do not make the thing run 500 nights, my name is not

D. BOUCICAULT.

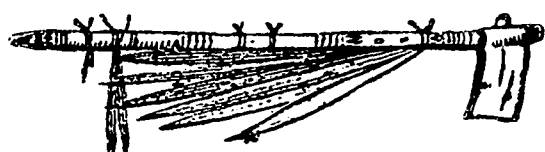
P.S.—If my programme doesn't draw—well, we can soon fill the Colleges with paper. I have tried paper once or twice.



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## TOMAHAWK ALMANACK

FOR 1870.  
PRICE THREEPENCE.  
SHORTLY.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

### THE WEEK.

OUR dear friend, Lord Mayor Lawrence (the alderman who asked for a guard of honour at Liège our readers will recollect), has appeared in a new character—that of a weird wag. In the course of the disgraceful squabble at Guildhall about the late Earl of Derby's merits as a statesman, "his lordship" alluded to the members of the Court of Common Council as an "assembly of gentlemen!"

OUR genial old crony Dean Close is as vigorous as ever. He has taken the first opportunity of disowning any alliance with Dr. Pusey and his party. Of course the festive Dean is bitterly opposed to Dr. Temple's appointment; but it is satisfactory to know that his enlightened orthodoxy has not permitted him to be tempted into any act of charity, or toleration, however trivial, towards those of his fellow-churchmen who differ from him.

THE Honourable Mrs. Norton indignantly denies the authorship of the article in the *Times* on Mrs. Stowe's libel, which is attributed to her by Mr. Hotten in a collection of articles on the Byron Scandal published by him. We can hardly be surprised at Mrs. Norton showing some warmth, considering the nature of the article. Besides, she might plead that she was "hottened," a process which has made more than one author very warm already.

AT one of the many seditious meetings, which have lately been held in Ireland, great stress was laid, by one of the speakers, on the bitter indignity inflicted on the Fenian prisoners by bringing them into contact with murderers and felons. Considering the toleration, not to say partiality, exhibited by the disaffected portion of the Irish nation towards all murderers, we should think that these Fenian prisoners ought to find such companionship very genial.

A REV. MR. BURTON (a gentleman who, in spite of his name, evidently does not consider himself "small beer") said at a recent meeting of the Diocese of Carlisle that he "would not appoint Dr. Temple as his curate if he (Dr. Temple) applied for the appointment." We should think not! Why, the rack has been abolished for years in England, and this would be *much* worse than the rack. Fancy having to listen every Sunday to Burton's after-dinner sermons!

WE have no great admiration for the Spanish nation, but we question if it is either politic, or polite, to send such a man as Mr. Layard as ambassador to Madrid. Perhaps, however, in that land of bull-fights the Nineveh Bull will find himself at home. Let us hope that he may not be tempted to show his prowess in the arena. The following appointments are likely to follow—Mr. Whalley, M.P., to the Court of Rome; Mr. G. H. Moore, M.P., to the Embassy at Washington; and Sir George Bowyer to the Court at Florence.

PROFESSOR RISLEY has written to the papers a most pathetic letter, of which the following is an extract:—

"The accusation of 'unlawfully taking hold' of a young child fell on me like a thunderbolt. It has caused me mental agony indescribable; and the manner in which my name has been held up before the public has been a dreadful and humiliating punishment for a crime not only never committed, but never for a moment contemplated. I may add that I never meant to compromise the matter, but invited the fullest investigation, despite the exposure. The result has been complete exoneration; and it only remains for me to tender my sincere and heartfelt thanks to those friends who so nobly came forward in my hour of need."

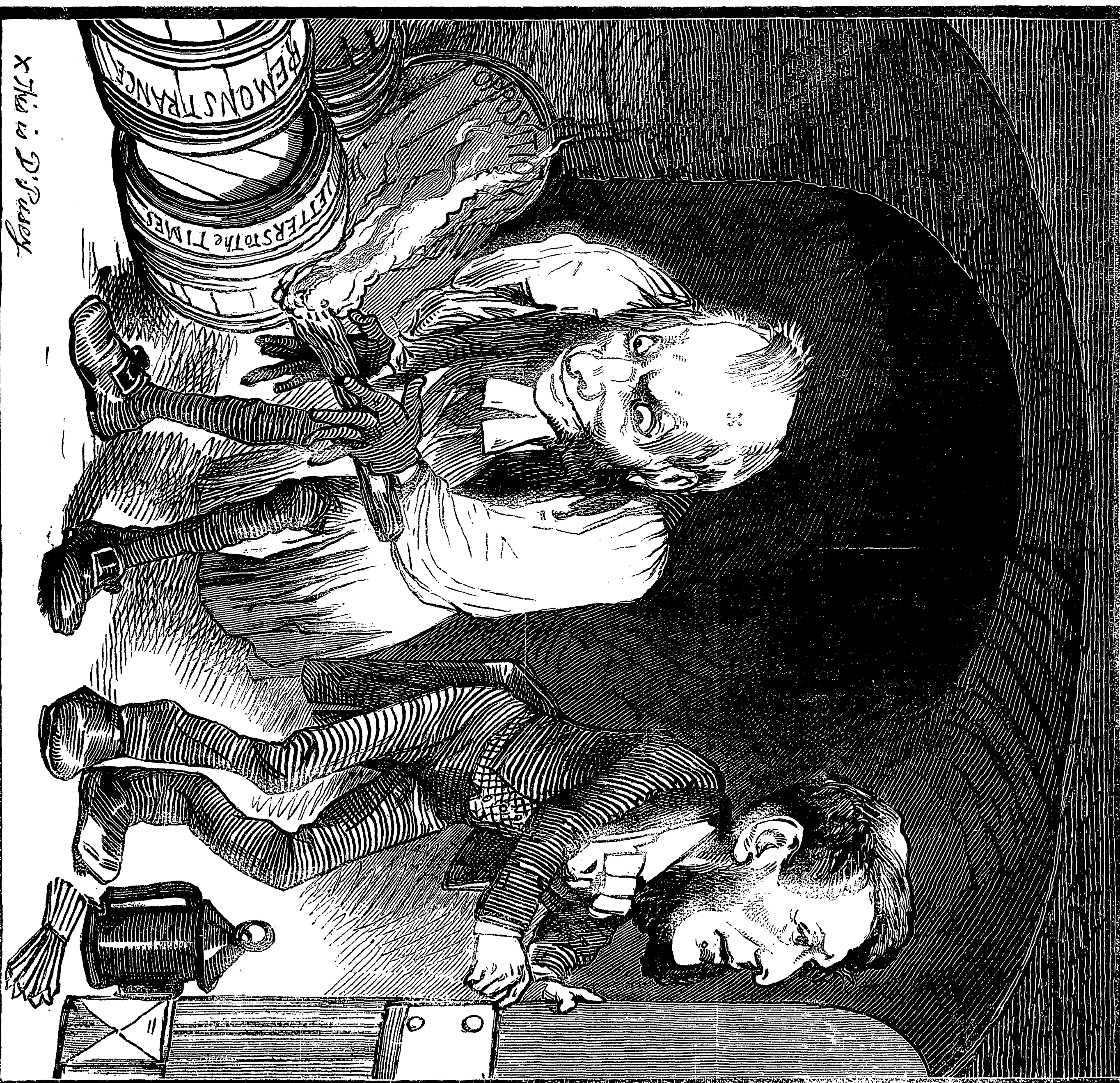
The Professor is too sensitive. The British public did not doubt his innocence (we feel certain) for a single moment, and when Mr. E. T. Smith spoke to his good character—why, the matter was ended.

THE *Daily News* appears to have fallen into bad hands. Since its descent from the Olympus of the threepenny journals to the vulgar plains of the penny papers it has gradually sunk lower and lower in credit. It need not have dropped decency and truth when it dropped the twopence. An article has appeared in its columns exalting Leigh Hunt at the expense of Thomas Hood—we mean the great Thomas Hood. Both are honoured names in literature, and it is a poor compliment to Leigh Hunt to attempt to praise him by denying the fame of his far greater contemporary. Few poets are justly so loved and honoured as Hood. His life was as noble a legacy as any author could ever wish to bequeath. He did not leave behind him wealth bought at the cost of independence—of decency—of honour; but he left to his children and to all writers a richer legacy far, in the example of a spotless life of heroic devotion to duty and self-denial, which can never be wasted.

ARCHDEACON FREEMAN (whoever he may be) hates newspapers and magazines. Newspapers tell him things that he does not want to know. We can quite believe that, for newspapers are apt to tell the truth about such matters as the narrowmindedness and idleness of some of the clergy, which is the last thing such individuals as Archdeacon Freeman want to know. A magazine, to this holy man, is "a rubbish hole, in which a large quantity of goods are stored up, but out of which you can't find anything that you want." Goods are not generally stored up in rubbish holes, and if they are goods they are generally worth preserving. It must be a man's own fault if he cannot find what he wants in a magazine, considering that each one has an index. There certainly is a good deal of rubbish in magazines, but if we were to suppress them on that ground, sermons might be the next form of literature to suffer extinction. The amiable Archdeacon makes another mistake, he declares that St. Paul would have hated newspapers had they been published in his (the Saint's) day. We think not. May we hint, with all possible respect, that St. Paul was unquestionably a "man of letters," as the Ephesians and Corinthians of the first century could fully have testified if called upon so to do? Now, no "man of letters" could hate (for instance) the *Daily Telegraph*. The idea is too absurd.





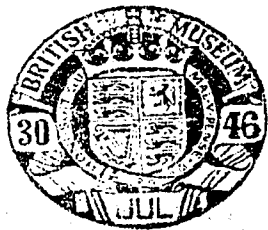


## THE MODERN GUY FAUX!

A DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT<sup>OR</sup> TO BLOW UP A BISHOP.

(Defiant to those Theological Traits, Dr. Pusey and the Faint of Sovereignty)





## THE NATION.

## No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

XIV.

THE attractions of Mr. Tackler's system did not increase upon acquaintance, and Mr. Pulp found himself day by day losing all enthusiasm in the matter of attending upon paupers. As for Mr. Tackler's private patients, they were a very eccentric body, and they possessed this charming and encouraging characteristic, they never paid. They gave an infinity of trouble, they always came at night, their maladies always went through dangerous complications, and when they were thoroughly recovered they ignored payment altogether. It necessarily followed that Mr. Tackler, although an experienced practitioner, was not a rich man; on the contrary, he had, from devoting himself so extensively to the performance of kind and generous actions,—attending this case gratuitously, forgiving that case its debt, and generally neglecting his own personal finances for the sake of "the profession,"—found himself at last wretchedly hard up; and it was only by the utmost ingenuity exercised by Mrs. Tackler in the matter of management that they succeeded in making both ends meet, and very poor ends they were when they did meet. "Go to Mr. Tackler," would be the recommendation given by one of his regular patients to a suffering acquaintance; "he's a capital doctor, and he is very cheap, and he is a highly respectable man, for he never enforces payment of his fees." And "the suffering acquaintance" came, and was treated by Mr. Tackler, and was put upon the books, and Mr. Pulp made up his or her physic, and the boy took it out, and "the suffering acquaintance" got well, and at Christmas the account was sent in, and then it was found that "the suffering acquaintance" had been sold up in the interval, or had gone through the Bankruptcy Court in consequence of his illness, or had gone abroad for change of climate, or disputed the items, or performed one of the thousand tricks it is lamentable to state are usually adopted by dishonest patients towards that hard-working, badly-paid body of gentlemen—the general practitioners of London. There was one feature, however, in Mr. Tackler's system which just redeemed him from absolute starvation. It was in taking everything out, in kind. Fortunately, the baker who supplied him with his daily bread was very asthmatic; and Mr. Tackler, assisted by Mr. Pulp, attended him for his complaint. The bread went against the attendance and the physic. The butcher, too, who had furnished the Tackler establishment for some considerable period, and had then ineffectually demanded payment, having suddenly required the attendance of an accoucheur, had thought of Mr. Tackler in order to work out the outstanding bill; and Mr. Tackler having attended and done his duty in first-rate style, producing a plumping boy, he had been retained as the butcher's regular medical attendant; and Mrs. Butcher being of a prolific tendency and generally ailing in the intervals, Mr. Tackler found himself working out his butcher's bills in a very agreeable and satisfactory manner. Whenever Mrs. Butcher's time was coming on, and a new chip of the old block was expected, he went in for sirloins of beef and shoulders of mutton to an extravagant extent. His coal merchant he attended for a chronic gout. He was knocked up at least three times a week to visit his wine and spirit merchant, who kept the "Goose and Gridiron," in the adjoining street, to treat him for delirium tremens; and even the milkman's bill was worked out by his attending one of the milkman's children, who was suffering from water on the brain. All the tradesmen he dealt with appeared to have a certain amount of sickness in their house from one year's end to the other; and it was a curious discussion that took place at Christmas over Mr. Tackler's books in striking the balance of accounts as between himself and his various tradesmen patients.

Whether there had been enough asthma on the part of the baker to cover the bread bill, or enough activity on the part of the butcher's wife to pay the meat account, or enough gout to discharge the coal liability, were subjects which were anxiously discussed; but fortunately it generally ended in Mr. Tackler's turning the corner into another year without being immediately compelled to seek the aid of the Bankruptcy Court.

There was only one person, however, who was apparently free from all diseases that flesh is heir to, and that obstinate individual was the landlord of Mr. Tackler's house. It was in vain that Mr. Tackler had often and often endeavoured to convince him that a little medical treatment would do him an infinity of good. He

didn't see it. He wanted his rent. He didn't want physic. The consequence of this obstinacy being that nearly every half-year an execution came into Mr. Tackler's house, and was only got out by some sort of superhuman process, which consisted in Mr. Tackler raising the necessary money some way or the other, probably by a partial sale of his furniture, or a desperate appeal to his trade patients, or borrowing the money from a brother doctor he had met at consultation, or, what was generally the case, mortgaging the magnificent stipend he received from the parish.

XV.

"One minute, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler one day after the prescription book had been filled up, and the various private patients had been disposed of, and Mr. Pulp was about to descend to the Surgery to make up the various medicines. It would have astonished the Apothecaries' Hall to have examined Mr. Tackler's pharmacopœia, for the Surgery being very deficient in important drugs, in consequence of a perpetual disbelief in Mr. Tackler's solvency on the part of that gentleman's wholesale druggists, the necessary medicines were made up by ingenious combinations. "One minute, Mr. Pulp—sit down. I am perfectly tired of this sort of business. I will not conceal from you that it is getting worse and worse. Nothing can be gained from devoting one's energies to paupers, except experience of a certain sort. It does not make one think better of one's fellow-creatures. It disgusts one with a noble profession. The wretched way in which I am paid—the work expected from me—the attacks made upon me in the event of any inattention shown on my part, all convince me that no man could embark upon a more ungrateful and hazardous enterprise. I will stand it no longer."

"You are right, Mr. Tackler," said Mr. Pulp. "From what I have seen in your establishment, I am convinced that what you say is true. I engaged myself to you to see what could be done. I had a strong desire to practise my profession in such a way that I should receive the blessings and gratitude of those I attended. Naturally, I thought the poor the first objects of my solicitude. I renounce that idea entirely. I will, if you like, join you in another course."

"Join me!" cried Mr. Tackler, starting. "To carry out my scheme, I want money."

"Money you shall have," said Mr. Pulp. "The gov'nor will advance me any moderate sum I may require."

"Will he?" said Mr. Tackler. "How much? Two hundred?"

"Five hundred, if I wish," said Mr. Pulp.

"Five hundred!" said Mr. Tackler, almost losing his breath.

"Why, we can make a fortune, Mr. Pulp. We will go into partnership. We will make a fortune. I have struggled long and hopelessly in this career, and I have seen others rise over my head by unblushing quackery and imposture. We will go into partnership, Mr. Pulp. You shall be the head partner as you bring the money. I have a wife and child dependent upon me, and I will work hard. I will give up this wretched parish, and this miserable life of poverty and starvation. We will have a magnificent house in a square. We will have our carriage, our liveried servant; and we will soon see if that system does not prove a better one than that I have hitherto followed."

"Agreed!" said Mr. Pulp, enthusiastically.

"And now," said Mr. Tackler, "put down the prescription-book, there are scarcely any drugs in the Surgery to use in making up the medicines. The brokers will be in to-morrow. Old Tonkin of the 'Goose and Gridiron' has been going it lately with D. T., so we can afford some champagne. Let's have it, let us call in Mrs. T., and let us drink to the prosperity of the future firm of 'Pulp and Tackler.'"

XVI.

They kept it up till cock-crow. They arranged their schemes. Old Pulp was to produce the money. The situation to be selected for the house was discussed. The arrangements to be made for the conduct of the practice were argued. They drank to their future fortune, which was certain. They drank to the confusion of all parishes who starve their doctors, and to all patients who never paid. They were very merry, and when Mr. Tackler was taken upstairs by Mrs. Tackler, he defied all paupers with increased vehemence, he defied the brokers, he defied the druggists, he defied the bottle-merchants, and he defied the parish!

They did make a fortune. Our readers may learn how some day.



### THE MISCHIEF OF CHATTER.

THE *Birmingham Gazette* states that the "Warwickshire Scandal" will shortly come before the Divorce Court. The same paper goes on to inform its readers that the *noble* respondent has completely recovered, and will file her answer in the usual way. We are indeed sorry if the first item of this news be true; for we had hoped that we had heard the last of the unfortunate business; but since we are to be let into the secrets of two or more highly respectable families, we may as well offer our congratulations to the *noble* respondent on her recovery. At the same time we must take the *Birmingham Gazette* to task for speaking of the lady as the *noble* respondent. Beyond belonging to a good family, and being a baronet's wife, she has no claim to nobility, so far as the laws of the Peerage are concerned. In every other sense, we have every faith that the respondent will deserve the title our contemporary has given her. Scandals in general are bad things, and should be avoided; but if the Warwickshire case is "going on," and if it ends, as we surely believe it will, in the acquittal of the accused, with the condemnation of those idle tongues which have made so much of what may be so little, we trust that it will have made its mark on the follies of our social constitution.

### TIN AND TINSEL.

THE procession on Lord Mayor's Day, we are officially informed, will be in all respects "suitable to the importance of the occasion, but will not be of an extravagant character." From this announcement it would appear that the new Lord Mayor has some original ideas respecting his show, and intends to carry them out. We suppose the order of procession has already been carefully compiled, and watermen, banner-bearers, volunteer bands, and aldermen have been assigned their respective places; but if it is not too late to offer a suggestion, we would hint that it is, at the least, unadvisable to bar the Strand and Fleet street for four or five hours during the busiest time of the day. Hitherto it has been the rule for large bodies of policemen to disport themselves in single file along the several miles of curbstone between Westminster and the City at about eleven o'clock in the morning of the ninth of November, and generally to obstruct the legitimate traffic of the thoroughfares between the two points for several hours before the space is really wanted. Of course this is an immense inconvenience to everybody except the pickpockets; and we cannot be surprised that the Lord Mayor is more often than not hooted when his gold coach eventually makes its appearance. But we question much if this stoppage of the streets is really necessary. When a regiment of Guards parades Pall Mall, or the Queen goes from Buckingham Palace to the Horticultural Gardens, it is not usual to stop up the streets; so we cannot see why the Lord Mayor should be particularly privileged. His lordship's procession has never for years past been of a character which could not wend its way down the Strand with any greater inconvenience than attends the passage of a Brompton omnibus through that locality, and it is ridiculous to accord it the right to be mischievously obstructive. If the Lord Mayor would compensate the tradesmen who have to close their shops as he comes by, and make good the watches which change hands in the crowd which is jammed into the pavement to make way for him, we might feel inclined to leave him to play the fool unmolested; but, as we are much inclined to think he is prepared to do neither one thing nor the other, we protest against the Lord Mayor's Show of the present day as being a vulgar, unselfish display of buffoonery.

### A SAD SEA WAVE.

WE are sorry to hear that Lord Granville has been ill; the more so as his illness is stated to have been caused by a cold caught while watching for the high tide recently expected at Dover. Really, the learned people who got up the excitement about the great wave have much to answer for. We do not mean to say that they were not very clever to find out how many additional inches the sea might be expected to rise on a given date; but they must have known that unless the wind happened to be in a particular quarter, and it blew half a gale as well, no-

thing very unusual would occur. As a matter of fact, the wind was not in the particular quarter; there was very little of it, and nothing very unusual did occur. Yet we should like to know how many people have caught severe colds in watching for the imaginary inundation. Practical jokes are at their best silly things, and this last "sell," planned by the philosophers, is not only silly, but, as events have proved, mischievous, to judge from the long doctors' bills which the tidal wave has been the means of running up. The physical sciences are something to be carefully avoided.

### THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

AT this time of the year, every one in the circle of the green-room is talking of the pantomimes. Without pretending to prophesy (we are not a theatrical paper), we have reason for believing that the following will be the names of some of the entertainments provided for the British public on Boxing-night:

At Drury Lane—*Jane Shore; or, Harlequin Fair Rosamond, Aspasia, and the Eight little Shopkeepers of Wych Street*, to take the place of *Formosa*.

At Covent Garden—*Gye Forks; or, Harlequin Amalgamation, the Magic Ballet, the Stall Spoons, and Mr. Manager Mapleson*, to follow the "Short Opera Season."

At the Haymarket—*The Magic Taylor; or, Harlequin Ollendorff, the Fairy Dictionary, and the Six French Authors who wrote for the Boulevards*, to follow a comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor.

At the Princess's—*Prince Upatree; or, Harlequin Winslow, the Sensation Smash, and the Fairy Bowers of Basinghall*, to follow *Escaped from Portland*.

### BEYOND A JOKE.

COMMERCIAL people who are in the habit of advertising largely should attach an author to their establishments to prepare their announcements for the press. The literature of advertising is at present shockingly below par, and it would certainly be an advantage, both to the advertisers themselves, as well as to the public, if advertisements were made more readable. A glance down the advertising columns of the *Times* will at once show how much room there is for improvement in the composition of ordinary announcements; but when the advertisers take it into their heads to be jocose, the question really assumes a serious aspect. Here are a few headings of advertisements which appeared consecutively in the *Times* one day last week:—

*The most laughable thing on earth!*

*All the rage!*

*You must laugh!*

*Great fun!*

*You cannot help laughing it tickles you so!*

*Roars of laughter!*

Although all these announcements refer to the same object—a new toy—they do not emanate from the same source. On the contrary, half-a-dozen tradesmen vie with each other to express the great degree of hilarity which their merchandise will cause. If these are their individual ideas of fun, we fear that the great joke which they all have in common must be indeed a mournful pleasantry.

### "IN TRAIN."

TRAMWAYS are once more on the carpet. A company, called the "Tramway Company (Limited)," has completed its organization, and is ready to take into consideration applications from different parts of the country where tramways are required, and where local support seems likely to be given them. It is strange that so useful an invention as the tramway undoubtedly is should have been so long taking root on English soil. Both in America and in nearly every important city of the Continent, the tramway is utilised; but we here in England have hitherto refused to adopt it. It is difficult to say whether this is due to our dulness or to our prejudice. Mr. Train made an attempt to supply our streets with the useful innovation some years back; but his scheme failed, and the association of that gentleman's name with tramways in general may very probably be the real

secret of the lukewarmness of the public in constructing them. This points to our want of spirit in the matter being rather the fruit of prejudice than stupidity. Perhaps both causes have been at work. At all events, now we have another chance of "bettering ourselves," and we wish the Tramway Company, not "limited," but "unlimited" success.

### READING COUPLETS.

NOW that the Stage is so much devoted to the worship of that hybrid muse who may be best characterized by the well-known line of Horace :—

"Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne,"

which we may translate (freely) :—

"Fishy indeed must be the Drama's tail,  
When at its head *Formosa* we must hail,"

it is gratifying to see actors trying, in spite of managers, to redeem their art from utter contempt. Messrs. Irving and Montague have begun a series of readings which promise to introduce these young actors to the public in a more favourable light than one of them, at least, can hope to be seen in on the stage. It is gratifying to think that other authors are studied by people on the stage than Boucicault and Robertson. The cultivation of true poetry cannot but elevate those who undertake it; and we may be thankful when artists do not abuse their popularity by pandering to the lowest tastes of their audience, but rather seek to draw out higher and more intellectual instincts.

The chief feature of the first reading was the introduction of a scene out of Talfourd's *Ion*,—one of the few noble tragedies that this century has produced. There are so many dramatic poets whose works are virtually excluded from the stage that we may hope that Messrs. Irving and Montague and those artists who tread in their steps will remind the public of those many dramatic geniuses whose works lie neglected on the study shelf. Every library has a Ben Jonson, and a Beaumont and Fletcher; but how many people have ever read a line of these authors? And it is with these as with all the dramatists of the Elizabethan age; few would have the patience alone to hunt for those beauties which lie scattered about in the midst of so much rubbish.

As for the reading which we heard, we must say that on the whole it was very creditable to both performers. Mr. Irving has a habit of stamping when excited, which he must cure. He also is apt to clip his words with his teeth, which will make him difficult to be heard in a large room. In speaking, as in singing, the chest, throat, and mouth, should all three be opened—no restrictive action of the muscles should be permitted; all the air passages must be well filled. Mr. Irving has great earnestness and intensity; his love of poetry seems with him a passion. In "Adrastus" he realized admirably the sullen obstinacy of the nature embittered by cruel treatment in youth, and half-brutalized by savage self-indulgence in later life. Mr. Montague was tame and colourless as *Ion*; he had not devoted sufficient *mental* exertion to the conception; he was infected with that *laissez-aller* tepid style, which may suit the characters of Mr. Robertson's manufacture, but is very prejudicial to the creations of an earnest and vigorous genius. Mr. Montague's reading of "Joe the Crossing Sweeper," out of "Bleak House," deserves high praise; it showed much delicate feeling, but greater study will improve this performance. The humorous piece which he read in the character of an Irishman was very well given. Mr. Calverley's "Gemini and Virgo," which Mr. Irving chose as his lightest effort, belongs to a higher class of literature. It is an admirable example of quiet refined pleasantry. In scenes from Sheridan's *Rivals*, both gentlemen were excellent. Mr. Montague's "Captain Absolute" is by far the best which we have heard. He succeeded in giving the utmost point to the quiet retorts of the son without any apparent effort, and with a gentlemanly bearing which softened down the want of filial respect in the Captain, so as not to offend the most rigid stickler for parental authority. We wish to both these young actors the utmost success in their future readings.

WHAT THE IRISH PEASANTS REALLY DO WANT.—A little more rope.

### A GENTLE REMINDER.

THE snow has put in an appearance unusually early this year, and we are threatened with what we call a severe winter. To us this means sharp healthy weather, good appetite, and bright clear fires. To some, however, a severe winter means want and starvation. We do not wish to accuse the London public of any want of charity or of good intention; but we affirm that they are ever behindhand in their acts of almsgiving. It is not until the newspapers teem with descriptions of the sufferings of the poor classes, with tales of how whole families have been without food for days together, and have then been frozen to death, that hearts thaw and purse-strings are loosed. Good people will be horrified and surprised when they hear of such things; but surely events such as these will happen as the winter goes on, and this year they will probably commence even earlier than usual.

The charitable persons who take upon themselves the office of getting up subscriptions to supply warmth and food to the suffering poor are already actively engaged in their good work; but we fear that their appeals will be of little avail until they have a text to preach upon, a horrible case to quote, and then, perhaps, the money will come in; but not till then. Can anything be done to remove this lukewarmness on the part of the public? Surely if people could only take up a file of the *Times* ten months old, they would soon have read enough to soften their hearts. The history of want and misery repeats itself, not once in a century, but regularly every winter; and if the public could only be brought to understand that the same pitiful cases will recur unless timely aid be proffered, surely subscriptions would flow in copiously enough. It is as easy to give now as in a few weeks' time, and it should be remembered that if it is praiseworthy to cure, it is doubly praiseworthy to prevent. We hope we may not have written in vain.

### THE TENDER CONSCIENCE OF VESTRYMEN.

THE Vestry Clerks of St. James's and Marylebone have, it seems, applied for summonses against persons defacing, with printed advertisements, the pavements in their respective parishes. No doubt it is very kind of them thus to have rushed forward in the interests of high art, and to have endeavoured to wipe out from beneath the feet of man the records of *Formosa's* success, or the ubiquity of Nabob's Pickles. Still, we think they might have been far better employed. If vestrymen, as a rule, would direct their attention to the carriage-road and leave the footway alone, we can assure them the public would have far greater reason to be thankful to them. It has been frequently pointed out, that their one joke of pulling up the carriage-road, flinging down sharp granite, and then leaving the pounding-in process to the feet of thoroughbred horses, and the wheels of fashionable equipages, is, if a thoroughly practical one, at least, a great mistake. To cavil, therefore, at the rather entertaining habit that has lately grown up among advertisers, is, indeed, a sin of the camel-swallowing sort. There is a certain sort of recreation in tripping over a theatrical advertisement. Indeed, in these days of the national drama's decay, there may even be to the play-going public a savage pleasure in treading the sensational titles of modern five-act pieces under foot. There can, however, be nothing delightful in laming a valuable horse, or smashing a comfortable carriage. The vestrymen are certainly beginning at the wrong end of the business. Moreover, at present, there has been no serious complaint against the pavement notices. In a double sense, the advertisers, as yet, may be said to be on a perfectly good *understanding* with the public.

### ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

B	alsa	M
R	epriev	E
I	dio	M
B	om	B
E	as	E
R	egiste	R

ANSWERS have been received from Bravo Ned, Pimlico Tom Cat, and Cabona Chica.



## [ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE ROYAL MUSHROOM AND UNITED ARTFUL  
DODGERS LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated according to Law, 60 Geo. IV., cap. 500,  
40 William IV., cap. 2, and 50 Vic., cap. 8.

CAPITAL, £,000,000,000,000,  
In 1,000,000,000 Shares, half paid up.

## HEAD OFFICE.

Fungus place, Royal Exchange.

## WEST END OFFICE.

Blank street, Round square.

## BRANCH OFFICES.

Everywhere.

## DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. Lord Swinne de la Doddge.  
Sir Patrick Cutpurse, C.B.  
Admiral Sir Peter Scuttle, K.C.B.  
Count Pitchantoss, late Colonel Polish Legion.  
The Chevalier Liefbeizwitz, Attaché to the Russian Minister  
of Police.  
The Rev. Dr. Diddell, Rector of Prig-cum-Filch.  
T. Chishle Sharper, Esq., Director of the Grand Oceanic and  
Polynesian Railway Ferry Company (Limited).  
John Sheppard, Esq., Tyburn.  
Wigown Longwind, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of the Old Bailey  
and Knavies Inn.  
Spencer Fleeceham, Esq., Craft House, Clapham.

## MANAGER.

Christopher Sly, Esq.

## CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.

C. Quick Passham, Esq., M.D.

## CONSULTING SURGEON.

Timothy Needy, Esq., M.R.C.S.

## BANKERS.

Spider, Webb, and Co., Ayr Bank, Isle of Skye.

## ACTUARY.

Decimus Fraction, Esq.

## SECRETARY.

P. S. Ready Scrawl, Esq.

## P R O S P E C T U S .

THE Royal Mushroom and United Artful Dodgers Life Assurance Association has been projected to supply a want long felt by the community.

For many years the insecurity of Life Offices has been felt and acknowledged, and the failure of several which gave the highest promise of success and stability, has shaken public confidence in more than one existing institution. In order that adequate provision, on a sure and certain foundation, may be made to meet the requirements of an evergrowing population, the promoters of the Royal Mushroom have caused to be prepared a series of tables by one of the most eminent actuaries of the day. Upon the data set forth they rely with calm confidence, and of the integrity of the calculator they are forbidden to entertain a doubt.

Determined to ensure stability, and anxious not to excite cupidity on the part of assurers, they have resolved that the payments shall be commensurate with the demands which, sooner or later, the office must be called upon to meet. The proportion, therefore, which persons insuring their lives will be called upon to pay per annum, for every hundred pounds, has been fixed at a rate which may be briefly illustrated. Thus: A man at twenty, will pay 10s. per year; at thirty, 12s. 6d.; at forty, 15s.; at fifty, 17s. 6d.; at sixty, £1; at seventy, £1 3s.; at eighty, £1 6s.; and at ninety (after which age, unless specially agreed for, no policy of assurance can be effected), £1 10s. These rates will at once afford a guarantee of stability, and compare favourably with those of other offices.

The Company guarantee payment within thirty days after death, and in the case of suicide, half the money will invariably be paid. The advantage of the last-named resolution will be obvious. Persons desirous of enhancing the interest of their friends may, by assuring, say for one thousand pounds, secure to their legatee or legatees the sum of five hundred, minus only

5 per cent. for expenses, by self-immolation at the Shrine of Friendship.

One of the most beautiful traits of our common nature is a desire to make provision for those we love; and as husbands and wives are naturally anxious to effect mutual policies, determinable upon the decease of one of the contracting parties, facilities will be afforded them to gratify so commendable a purpose, at low rates. In the event of the wife leaving her husband, or *vice versa*, the policy will hold good; and should either kill the other, then, as in the case of suicide, half the amount assured for will be paid to the survivor.

As a means of obtaining collateral security life assurance has always been deemed invaluable. Policies may be effected with this special object in view, on moderate terms. To persons in difficulty this branch of the business will, it is hoped, have considerable attraction. Needless and frivolous questions will not be asked, and impertinent enquiries will be strongly reprobated by the directors.

In too many instances agents and medical men conspire together to induce persons to insure their lives irrespective of their state of health—frequently fraudulently misrepresented—and merely for the sake of commission on the premiums and the medical fee, which is divided between them. The directors of the Royal Mushroom, with a view to put a stop to practices alike nefarious and prejudicial to the interests of the community, have taken means to protect the public against the designs of pettifogging solicitors, truculent tradesmen, and unscrupulous practitioners. Their agents are required to produce testimonials as to character, and only respectable doctors, able at least to keep a gig, are eligible as medical examiners.

The subject of annuities, having considerable interest for the community generally, and professional men in particular, has been well considered by the directors, and they are prepared to grant policies, terminable or otherwise, on terms likely to be profitable to all parties. A man may secure an annuity for himself of £100 a year, to commence at the age of fifty, by paying ten shillings per annum from the age of twenty-one; or he may secure a similar income for his wife at the same rate. The conditions of connubial bliss are not emphatically insisted upon; for, although the directors are extremely anxious to inculcate moral precepts, it will be evident to the most casual observer that disturbances which tend to shorten life must result in an accession of profit under this particular head to the office.

As amalgamation is the order of the day, arrangements have been made to swallow up all rival societies, the directors and managers of which are inclined to accept shares in the Royal Mushroom, fully paid up for them. In such cases the agents of amalgamated societies will receive a substantial bonus, will be eligible for the premium which the Company will give annually to the agent who obtains the largest number of insurers, and will receive tickets of invitation to the various dinners and entertainments given as encouragement to merit in the course of the year, and paid for out of the funds of the society.

The full value will be given for policies surrendered, and in the case of transfer or assignment, the charge will be only such as the solicitor to the Company will consent to receive.

The Royal Mushroom guarantees the honesty of persons in want of security in order to obtain appointments of trust. As, however, there is a tendency in the present age to commit forgery, embezzle, and rob employers—a circumstance which the directors regard with unfeigned horror, and deprecate accordingly—the terms will necessarily be high. Considerable caution will be exercised in this department, the directors being anxious to maintain an unspotted reputation, and to uphold the commercial integrity of the country. A rigorous enquiry will, therefore, be made into the antecedents of applicants under this head.

At a period when foreign travel excites universal attention and when international intercourse is in vogue, the risk of insuring lives against the various vicissitudes of railway collisions, burning alive with petroleum, disasters at sea, street accidents, bowie knives, revolvers, and banditti, has been carefully weighed. Tables have been prepared, from which enquirers may learn how large and numerous are the advantages which arise from association with the society in this respect.

For forms of application, tables of rates, and full particulars, apply to the Secretary; or to

JOHANNES ASTLEIUS, *Principal Promoter.*