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# THE TOMAHAWK.

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 172.]

LONDON, AUGUST 20, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

"PUT NOT YOUR FAITH IN"—PEOPLES!

BY the time these lines are in type and are in the hands of our readers, Napoleon III. will be either re-established on his throne or humbled to the very dust.

Whichever be the fate of the unlucky Emperor, the conduct of the Parisians in the moment of France's greatest trial will remain as a disgrace and a scandal for evermore. As a sample of the demeanour that may be expected from the people at the time of a nation's peril, that conduct is worthy of a little more attention than the silent scorn and hearty loathing that one is naturally prone to afford it. It will be wholesome to hold up that conduct to execration, as a warning to those who foolishly sympathise with the ravings of a Beales, a Lucraft, or an Odger.

The *ouvrier* of Paris and the "working man" of London have many points of resemblance. They are both impatient in the hour of disaster, they are both disciples of physical force, and they are both, to use plain Anglo-Saxon, uneducated dolts. We do not mean by the "working man" the steady artizan, who thinks more of his family's welfare than the vapid twaddle of "h"-less patriots and tavern statesmen, who prefers working for his living of marching through the streets of the West End with dirty demagogues for leaders and riotous roughs for companions, who loves "home" better than "liberty." No! Such a man is a honour to his country, and our remarks have nothing to do with him. When we talk of the "working man," we allude to the wretched creature who has degraded that once-respected title by assuming it, to the "workman" of the pot-house, the "mechanic" who is never so busy as when he is breaking windows, who is never so harmless as when he is drinking beer. In fact, to the man who confounds patriotism with drunkenness, and sees no difference between shouting for reform and smashing a lamp-post. Two years ago this same "working man" was allowed to take the law into his own dirty hands, to invade our streets, and to pull down our park railings. Since then he has been treated by our Government with leniency, and (when it has suited their purpose) even with love. Recent events in Paris have shown the value of the "working man" in a crisis, and the example should not be lost upon us.

Last week a dreadful reverse was the fate of Napoleon III. Whatever may have been the faults of the hero of the *coup d'état*, Paris owes him much, more than she can ever repay. For the last eighteen years France has been one of the greatest nations—if not the greatest—in Europe. Leaving out of the question her prestige as a military and naval power, her commerce has

increased to gigantic dimensions, her manufactures have challenged our own in excellence, her credit has become nearly as good as that of shopkeeping England herself. The France of the Second Empire is immeasurably greater than the France of Louis Philippe. Paris, the capital, has shared the nation's prosperity. Not only has she changed from a town of hovels into a city of palaces, but she has, through the contrivance of Napoleon on two occasions, played hostess to the whole civilised world. The Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867 brought millions to the Boulevards. From the date of the fatal 2nd of December, 1851, until the present hour, Paris has enjoyed undisturbed prosperity. The very war which has proved so disastrous to France was forced upon Napoleon by the Parisians. And the result. The moment the hour arrives for the display of real patriotism, these same Parisians, forgetful of all the favours they have received at the hands of their chosen chief, turn round upon him and attempt to ruin him!

"Put not your trust in Princes," cried Wolsey in his disgrace. "Put not your trust in peoples," may well be the sigh of Napoleon III., as ill, and almost dying, he feebly clings to the throne which he has rendered so glorious. Yes, "put not your trust in peoples." What can you expect from briars but thorns? These Parisians for eighteen years have been basking like tigers in the sun of prosperity, the savage nature of their race has only been dormant within them. Descendants of the men who deluged Paris with innocent blood in the time of the Revolution, they have lost none of their forefathers' ferocity. They have been lying in wait for years, now they have sprung upon their prey. While the Emperor was successful they received his favours, and shouted "Vive l'Empereur" until they were hoarse, but the moment his fortune failed him, and he called upon them for help, they were at his throat in an instant, seeking to encompass his ruin—perhaps even his death. They did this because they were brutes by nature, and dolts by training! The *ouvrier* of Paris is physically, a ferocious monster, morally, again to use plain Anglo-Saxon, an unmitigated ass!

Over here in England we have the *ouvrier's* counterpart. The so-called "working man" is every atom as ferocious as the Parisian, he is as great a coward, as big a bully, and as "pronounced" a donkey. We can afford to laugh at him in England, because if he becomes a decided nuisance we can kick him into his native mud—not so in Paris, for over there the *ouvrier* (in the absence of soldiers) is in the majority. And in the majority the nuisance ripens into a danger—a very great danger.

Among the processionists of two years ago a body of very

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This is the dateline. It is an item but should not appear in the TOC

This is a continuation of the previous department

dirty foreigners, carrying a cap of liberty on the top of a pole, were wont to put in an appearance. The mob did not know what they meant, did not know that they were specimens of the men who made such great use of the guillotine in years gone by, did not know that they only required support to wreck London. These dirty foreigners, if they ever appear again, should be ducked in the fountains of Trafalgar square—it would certainly be hard upon the water, but that is a matter of minor importance. With the lesson of Paris before our eyes, we should be careful to prevent any encouragement of an English mob. We must not be indifferent to the danger of the roughs. In the hour of need we should find these gentry rising and committing any number of excesses—accordingly we must teach them that they must not rise. The instruction can be easily knocked into their heads with the aid of a few police staves. The sooner it is done the better.

Before we leave the subject of the French disturbances, we cannot refrain from referring to the present position of the Emperor Napoleon. For years we have opposed his Majesty to the best of our ability. We have done so honestly and consistently, but this is not the time to return to the charge. In spite of the cowardly attacks upon the Emperor in the "leading journal," we are quite sure that it is thoroughly un-English "to hit a man when he is down." Whatever grievances we may have against Napoleon, the French have none—there is no excuse for their treason. When his Majesty is once more re-established on his throne we will (if occasion calls for it) attack him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not disgraced. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.

When he has overcome his present troubles we will criticise him again, but now is the time for sympathy, not attack. We feel sure that the English people, the large-hearted, generous-minded English people, will join us in showing sincere respect to Napoleon in his trouble, to the greatest Ruler of the Nineteenth Century, as he stands bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, of that sun that may never rise again upon his failing fortunes!

**KNOCKS AND H'PENCE.**

THERE is no accounting for the different ideas of Juries regarding the amounts of compensation to which sufferers in railway accidents are entitled. The other day two actions were tried in the same court, in one of which a Baptist Minister got £470 for being shaken, while a working jeweller was only awarded £50 for being very much hurt. At first sight it would appear that in the case of the Baptist Minister—at least we speak from our distorted idea of Baptist Ministers and their sermons—nominal damages would have met the exigencies of the case. Even supposing the Rev. Ebenezer could not mount the pulpit steps for a month of Sundays or so, we are sure that his flock would have excused him. A working jeweller earns his daily bread with the work of his hands, and any inability to use them is a real disaster to himself and family. In the case, however, to which we refer, it is casually stated that the Baptist Minister was also a wool merchant, and this fact may have induced an intelligent British Jury to take a practical view of the matter. We wish it to be understood, we know neither the names of the parties referred to, or the circumstances of their misfortunes; but we merely instance the disparity of the verdicts as showing the necessity for the formation of some better system in awarding damages against Railway Companies than the present. Possibly the Minister got too much, and the jeweller too little: or the jeweller too much, and the Minister too little, or both too much, or both too little; but the present manner of assessment admits of what the Americans call "inspection."

**A RANK ABUSE.**

If Prince Arthur really is meant to become a soldier, his training should be conducted with some regard to the relative positions in point of military rank between a subaltern and a general officer. We doubt not that His Royal Highness himself is sufficiently in earnest, and is ready to work his way to the high places in store for him in the most legitimate manner the peculiar circumstances of his case will admit of, but, unfortunately, it seems that there is some adverse genius which presides over the Prince's conceits, which succeeds in placing him in a false position, on every possible occasion, with a persistency which would do credit to a better cause. It is not long since that a Battalion of the Rifle Brigade was detained at a foreign station long after the proper term had expired, to give Prince Arthur a tour of Canadian service with a crack corps, and now that his Royal Highness is back again in England, the newspapers are full of his proceedings. For instance, the Prince mus't give five pounds to a charity without Colonel somebody informing the Committee that he has received a command to send the cheque; or even the Prince cannot accept an invitation to dinner without a Major-General, at least, being honoured with the privilege of communicating His Royal Highness's wishes "as to whether or not he will accept it." If Prince Arthur must have a number of hangers-on attached to his suite, it would be much better that they should be civilians. The employment of military officers of superior rank on such service, gives the lie to all the fair promises the British public would willingly believe, to the effect that the Royal subaltern intends to be a soldier Prince in real earnest, and not a mere vehicle for the absorption of an unlimited number of honours and rewards. The pity, too, is the greater, that a bad feeling on the point should be allowed to exist, as those who know Prince Arthur personally have nothing but good to say of him, and see in him not only the makings of an amiable member of the Royal family, but an excellent and intelligent officer. Will nobody save His Royal Highness from his friends? Popularity is one of the dearest prizes of his position, and from no fault of his own Prince Arthur is losing it.

**OUR GOLDEN AGE.**

THE *Bullionist*, a paper which we should suppose has hitherto enjoyed but a class circulation, deserves wider support. Its cheerful way of looking at the present appalling crisis is at once unique and encouraging. "It is a severe test," says our contemporary, "that after a long period of depression, and just as an opening of renewed life and activity had come, this war, upsetting everything, should have come down like a thunder-clap. But the credit of England can bear the blow—nay, more, it will make profit out of it. The capital which our country has at its disposal is coveted by, let us say without invidiousness, at least one of the belligerents, and to get it they must pay for it. So out of evil comes good."

These sentiments are English in a double sense. In the first place they are selfish, and in the second the blurring of them out in this shameless strain partakes of that straightforward honesty of which it is our national pride to boast. But pride must have its falls. With the funds down at 85 we shall begin to feel ourselves humiliated, and then, perhaps, we shall look on the position not with reference to how much money is to be gained from it, but how much further it is possible to pledge the country's honour to keep matters straight in the City. Even when we have drifted into difficulties, and find ourselves swept away in the full tide and excitement of a great war, even then, depend upon it, we shall squabble piecemeal over every penny that is put on to our income-tax, and in the moment of victory we shall barter for cheap bunting, and be content with mid-rate reworks to commemorate the event. In truth, although the *Bullionist* is not a paper which just now might be supposed to represent popular opinion, its sentiments will find an echo, perhaps, in the hearts of the majority of our countrymen. How much money is to be made, or, failing that, how little is to be lost, and the strong objection to any being wasted, are the characteristics of our age of progress. We are *not* a nation of hopkeepers—the great Emperor was wrong. But we are a nation of money-makers, money-lenders, and money-grubbers. We thank the *Bullionist* for having reminded us of our mission and its responsibilities.

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LITERARY MURDER,  
OR,  
THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND ENGLISH ANONY-  
MOUS JOURNALISM.

LAST week we had to direct attention to the brutal onset made by a certain portion of the British press against the Prince Imperial, and point out the unfeeling rowdiness which inspired it. We have now to go a step further. Since our last article was penned Imperial France has received a terrible blow, under which, before these lines find their way into print, she may have fallen for ever. It is, however, still possible that the 15th of August may dawn on a great day for the name of Napoleon, and that the Eagle may once again break through to victory. But let the day go which way it will, all Frenchmen, to whom the Empire and its associations are dear, will have a heavy reckoning to settle with this country. The audacious, unbridled, and vulgar abuse which has been heaped upon the founder of the Second Empire by an influential portion of the British press, ought not by them to be forgotten. We will undertake to say that the frenzy with which certain of our journals have clawed vulture-like on to the fallen Emperor, our ally, has no parallel in the history of literary murder, ancient or modern. The whole subject is sickening and humiliating. It is a scandal among honest men. What can have been more diabolically ungenerous than the celebrated *Times* leader on the *Woerth* disaster, working up as it did to the closing word "abdicate?" Such an article, at such a crisis, becomes almost a matter for diplomatic protest, and we very much doubt if this country will have heard the last of this and all the other cowardly back parlour scribbling that has disgraced it daily since the war broke out. Even if the Emperor survive to forgive and forget, Frenchmen may possibly be less patient. It is true that all the better read and better bred classes in England have looked on with regret at French humiliation; but the mass, the great middle-muddle-headed bulk, have coarsely rejoiced at it. From the beginning this spirit has been manifest. An English ship was fired at by an ironclad in the Baltic. The papers announced at once that an outrage had been committed by the French. The wish was father to the thought, and so these honourable Englishmen jumped at the occasion, and deliberately told the lie. Later on, it transpired that it was a Prussian and not a French ironclad that had committed "the outrage," but nothing more was said upon the subject. So has it been throughout. In cases where there has been no occasion for falsehood, slander and scurrility have been used to the fullest extent. But let us quote a bit of the sort of disgraceful stuff that has been forced into the face of Englishmen by their anonymous instructors. The *Daily News* has behaved itself as badly as any English journal since the war commenced, and as it boasts that it is a "high class" Liberal paper, let us look to it for a specimen of what "high class" Liberalism can produce. Let us take at random a clip from a recent impression. The subject of the Emperor's position after the Prussian glorious four to one victory at *Woerth* suggests to "high class" Liberalism the following:—

"Convicted by a succession of defeats of having provoked a war he could neither conduct nor sustain, of exposing the valour of his army to the derision of Europe, not so much by the results of his ignorance of the first principles, of the very alphabet, of military science as by his mock battles and his burlesque victories, so soon followed by very real reverses, the Emperor Napoleon, or rather the Government that represents him in Paris, has energy and courage enough to perpetrate a massacre of the people of Paris. The Second Empire succumbs easily enough to a foreign foe, but it dies hard and savagely at home. The Empress Regent, who proclaimed the other day that she would be found first at the post of danger, is not afraid to surround herself in the Tuileries with the troops which are wanted at the frontiers, and to order charges of Cuirassiers upon an unarmed crowd. If an invasion of Germany needs something more than the genius of a conspirator and a charlatan to be successful, a massacre in the streets of Paris of a population too eagerly calling for arms to defend their country is as easy in August, 1870, as in December, 1851."

&c., &c., &c.

Now, can anything be more contemptible than this? In short, ought insulting, inflammatory twaddle of this kind to be allowed to find its way into print? One may argue that the thing is so patently overdone that it destroys itself. The animus

is too ugly and venal. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The Englishman is a newspaper-reading animal, and he is also an unthinking, and, therefore, an easily-to-be-directed animal. Thousands, therefore, of him, take in this blazing balderdash as if it were unanswerable, and begin to spread the poison right and left. The influence of the Press is great in this fashion, and woe to the country when "high-class" writing takes such shape as this. But to conclude. It may be, as we have said above, that by the hour these lines are before the public the Emperor may have realised one alternative of his heroic reply, "dead or victorious," and that the march of events may have opened still greater surprises to the wondering world of 1870. Napoleon may have become an historical name, and nothing more, and a new order of things may have arisen amidst the splendours which grew under its spell, and must for ever remain to bear witness to its influence. Still, the cruel and cowardly paper persecutions of this country will have nothing to justify—nothing to excuse them. There is moral as well as physical murder, and one, under any circumstances, is as little capable of justification as the other. In the midst of all this hatred of the Emperor, this sneering at his wife, this crowing over his child—in the midst of all this miserable beatification, of those representatives of high treason, the French Left—in the midst of all this suppression of facts, this distortion of truth, this apotheosis of English honour and English manliness, we should like to ask, and get an answer, to one question: What French ruler has for the last five hundred years worked as hard for France, and raised her to such a pinnacle of greatness and prosperity as Louis Napoleon? If Prussia has brought ruin upon his country and his cause it is because he has shown too much consideration for the unpatriotic huxtering of his political opponents. His one great blunder has been that three years ago he was not prepared to crush the Teutonic monster which the Frankenstein of radical Europe has raised to its own destruction.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—A certain Mr. Smollett has given evidence before the Select Committee on Poor Law (Scotland), in which he says that there is not "the same amount of kindness of feeling towards the poor that prevailed in his younger days." He then adverts to the decay of that infamous system once in vogue with rich country gentlemen of keeping a number of pensioners always hanging about their backdoors, to whom doles of meat and bread were daily given. I rejoice to hear that all such foolish kindness is becoming extinct. To give without getting something in return is a mistake, a great mistake, Sir. I am thankful to say, Sir, that, now-a-days, we do understand what "charity" really means. We are beginning to comprehend the fundamental maxim of true respectability, which is that you must never get less than five per cent. for your money, whether you invest it in Shares or in Benevolence.

I am on the Board of Management of no less than ten important Charities, and I am happy to say that in no case do I get less than five per cent. for my money, either in coin or in kind.

Allow me, Sir, to express a hope that the Christian religion has not existed for some eighteen hundred years in vain. If that requisition which was addressed to a certain young man in Judæa, viz., "to go and sell all he had and to give to the poor" were addressed to any of us Christians now-a-days, I hope none of us would hesitate to answer in the affirmative with the utmost readiness, provided, of course, that five per cent. was guaranteed.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
"A JUST MAN."

Thylactery Lodge, July 20.

TIME IS MONEY AND *vice versa*.—It is intended, says a contemporary, to erect a hundred new Wesleyan Chapels in London, and with this view, a subscription will be set on foot *at once*. The Wesleyans are quite right not to lose a moment's time. Even supposing them to be the richest sect in the metropolis, their pious resolve must take half a century to perfect.

This is the next department. Its title appears at the top of a column and it is followed by a small double line

This is the next department.

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This is the start of the next department. The image of the Tomahawk signals the beginning of the department

quite catch the point, but, no doubt, the lawyers see their way to make something out of it. An "act of reverence" may or may not be a crime. What is wanted, however, is an act, not of reverence, but of Parliament to put an end to the possibility of these unbecoming squabbles taking place.

THE inventor of nitro-glycerine and dynamite, not content with having given to civilization these highly efficacious articles, has just patented another combustible, which he calls dualine. While according Mr. Noble (this is the gentleman's name) every credit for introducing this "latest novelty," we would, at the same time, point out to him that in our limited experience, we have found nitro-glycerine quite sufficiently explosive for all ordinary purposes, and we doubt if there is any need for its supersession. Mr. Noble would do well to turn his talents in a milder direction.

ONY ON THE BENCH.

A collection of witty and humorous sayings by a frequenter of our Police Courts. They are not devoid of comic power; but the stories fairly hold their own against them. At the end of a few days ago, Mr. Mansfield added to the names for which "their worships" are responsible, George Lock, a tobacconist, Thomas Jones, and Daniel London, a carpenter, were sitting together in London street, Paddington, betting, thereby causing an obstruction, contrary to the Statute in that behalf made. Mr. Lock seems to have been the principal offender in possession of a betting list, and prepared to give the odds to the other two—apparently in half-crowns. Nothing very out-of-the-way or amusing in this—the transactions appear to have been confined to the three persons mentioned, and not to have been in any way dishonest. But listen to Mr. Mansfield's excellent advice to the tobacconist, cab-driver, and carpenter: "If they wished to carry on their avocation as racing men they had better become respectable members of Tattersall's." Surely a more delicious piece of irony than this was rarely perpetrated on the Judicial Bench. The practical recognition of Tattersall's as a sacred haven of refuge, where the Law dare not sit its foot, is judicious, if not judicial. But the exhortation to three such men, who bet in half-crowns, or, at the most, in sovereigns, to try and obtain entrance into that select club, where thousands of pounds are risked over a race as if they were so many counters—where dukes and marquises and earls and baronets squander the fortunes amassed by long lines of ancestors—where men of low social status certainly are admitted, but not unless their vulgarity is very thickly gilded, for they are expected to lay the odds to any extent in hundreds, and to be able to pay: that three such low wretches as a cab-driver, a tobacconist, and a carpenter, who are ignorant even of such polite manoeuvres as "milking a horse," "laying against a dead 'un," &c., &c., and who probably—stupid vulgar brutes—would lay their half-crowns and expect to get a fair run for their money—for such a *vanille* to aspire to the magic ring of Tattersall's is as presumptuous as if a costermonger who played pitch and toss according to his lights were to put up his name for the Portland or the Arlington. Irony is a deadly weapon, Mr. Mansfield, but it should not be found in the armoury of Justice.

It is odd that the Prussians should be in such fine feather when their generalissimo has pitched his key for a *Molt* (*Molt-ke*)!

THE Tower of London is to be put in a state of defence. Half-a-crown will, in future, be charged for admission. This will protect it against all possible invasion.

THE Prussians ought to be well acquainted with the *tentative* field by this time. In every engagement they have fought yet, they have taken good care to have *ten-to-one*.

THE *Alhambra Company* (Limited), has just declared its half-yearly dividend to the shareholders, at the rate of 25 per cent per annum, free of Income-tax. If virtue is its own reward, vice would seem to be other peoples'.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, the Government Stores contain 10,000 sets of harness. Like Macbeth, the British soldier can, at all events, feel confident that, if called upon to fight, he will die "with harness on his back."

WE have the best reason for believing that with the extra two millions just voted in hand, the disgraceful episode at which, on a recent occasion, a battery of Horse Artillery had to borrow animals from another brigade before it could appear on parade, will not be repeated. Mr. Cardwell has given orders that in future should a battery be ordered to desport itself in heavy marching order, and find itself short of horses, they are to be forthwith procured from the nearest livery stable, at half-a-crown an hour.

ACCORDING to the *Church Times* Mr. Mackonochie is to be the subject of another prosecution. The crime laid to the reverend gentleman's charge is "an act of reverence." From an outside point of view, we may as well admit that we do not

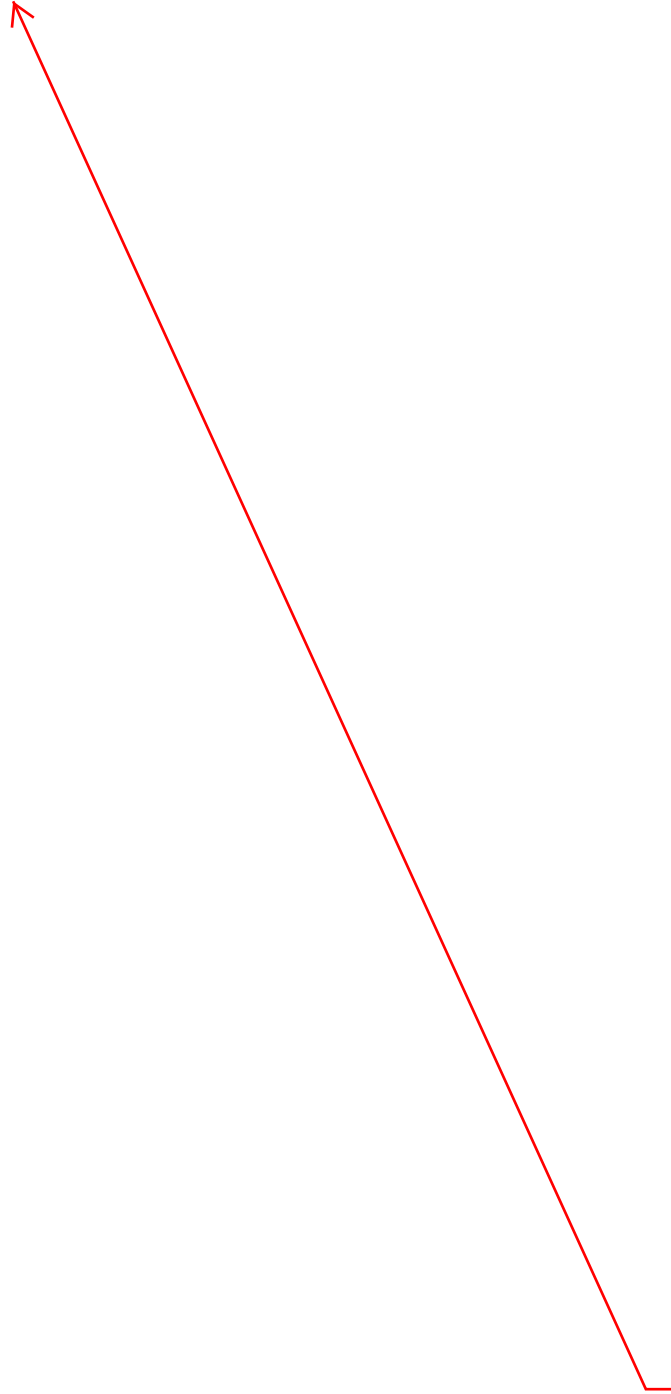
NOT BAD.—The appearance of mosquitoes at Woolwich is described by the *cognoscenti* as a freak of *gnat-ure*.

A GRIM JOKE.—The First great Prussian Success: Something *Woerth* fighting for!

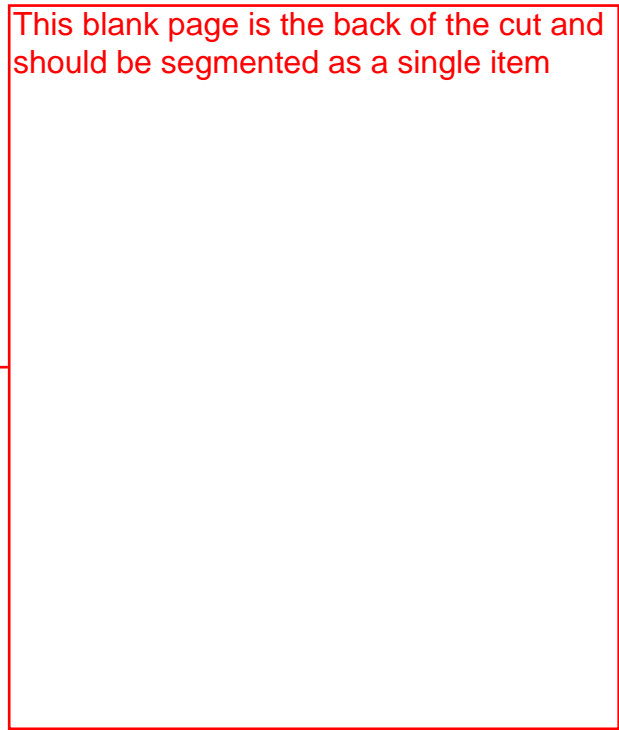
HALF SEAS OVER.—Mr. Bessemer's latest process is to cure sea-sickness. This is truly a royal invention. Even the enemies of the inventor, who have called him an old woman, admit this, and are pacified. In future they are going to allude to him as Good Queen Bessemer.

N.B.—We have submitted this to competent authority, and we are assured that—taking its title into consideration and all—it is the worst pun that has appeared in print this year.





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THE TOMAHAWK, August 30th, 1870.



SUSPENSE!  
EM PRESS — WIFE — MOTHER.



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August 20, 1870.]

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BEFORE BOULOGNE, Aug. 10, 1870.

I CAN give you very little news as even these lines have to be sent by a secret messenger. I am with the Chief's army, situated as you see. The forces opposed to us consist of a regiment of French police, and our position is very critical, though our troops are in admirable condition.

I cannot explain to-day how we got here. It is a long story. It is, however, enough to say that in consequence of the Chief insisting that our first battle should come off at the table d'hôte of the Hotel du Nord, heavy reinforcements were brought up against us, and we had to fly. We have, at all events, rallied, and have been here three days hidden in a windmill. We have had great difficulty in reconnoitring the position of the enemy; but have managed pretty well when the wind blows, for then the Chief gets into a sail, and takes a turn once or twice, reporting what he sees as he comes round on his head at the bottom. His chief feat, however, has been in the "spy" business.

Unable to get any information as to the probable course that would be pursued by the authorities at Boulogne from entering the town at dead of night in a clothes bag, Spagmore suggested that it would be a great move could we manage to secure a local newspaper. The plan was this:—The Chief was to go to the office and offer his services as editor, or failing that, as foreign correspondent in Gravesend, or failing that, as printer's devil. Being engaged in some capacity, he was to ask to be taken over the premises, and, when in the machining room, was to fling himself on to the paper feeder, and pass through the rollers, and so get an impression struck off on him back and front. This feat he actually accomplished; but, as there was some objection raised to his attempting it on the part of the officials, a fierce struggle ensued, and he had to drag the publisher in with him. The result was that the Chief, unfortunately, came out covered with advertisements, the special telegrams and police news having been wasted on the publisher's shirt front, cheek, and back hair. We had, therefore, to have recourse to some more simpler methods of getting requisite news.

Had suddenly to slip here. We are evidently going to be attacked! Rest of news may only reach you by telegram.

SPECIAL TELEGRAMS.

BEFORE BOULOGNE, Aug. 16, 1870.

The police attacked us in force at about ten o'clock this morning, demanding our passports and ten cherry tarts the Chief had removed from a shop in the Grand Rue on the previous evening. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Chief effected prodigies of valour with a garden roller. We had only seventeen troops. The police numbered three. We are all prisoners.

This is the next department

WHERE ARE OUR SOLDIERS?

IT must be a consolation to those Englishmen who fear for the safety of this country, to learn the satisfactory state of our defences from the Times.

Let us run over a few of them. We have—

CAMP EQUIPAGE FOR AN ARMY OF 100,000 MEN!

30,000 Sniders, or, one to every three men.

100,000 great coats.

An increase of 50 men and 109 horses in the Engineers.

10,000 sets of harness in store!

No organization.

No generals.

No reserves!

The above are facts.

In the face of this, we ask what ought to be done to that Government that does not immediately provide money enough to raise 500,000 volunteers, and officer them, and arm them properly.

It is not likely that we shall have to fight for a week or two, but if we had, every honest man knows that it would take this country three months to send 60,000 men to Belgium.

BLOOD FOR THE MILLION.

As the vast majority of Englishmen at the present moment are living in a state of pleasant excitement over the horrible tragedies hourly taking place on the Continent, and are really disappointed if their halfpenny spent in Latest Intelligence does not announce some fresh massacre, we beg to suggest the following more truthful form of a Contents Bill. Though a few of the following, spread about the pavement, would not pander to the popular craving for blood, in a fashion to satisfy ambitious Editors, they might at all events instil a little humanity into English hearts, and cause their owners to reflect what unfeeling brutes they really are:—

A CONTENTS BILL AS IT IS.

EXCITING INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR.

GREAT BATTLE

THIS AFTERNOON.

25,000 KILLED, 50,000 WOUNDED.

A VILLAGE ON FIRE.

A CONTENTS BILL AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

FRESH NEWS FOR SAVAGE AND INQUISITIVE COWARDS SAFE AND SOUND AT HOME.

HELL UPON EARTH.

CARNAGE, BLOODSHEDDING, ARM HACKING, THROAT CUTTING, FLESH TEARING, CURSING, GROANING, SUFFERING, DYING, THIS AFTERNOON.

UNSPEAKABLE AGONIES FOR 200,000 HOMES.

THE AGED, THE YOUNG, WOMEN, INFANTS, TURNED OUT SHELTERLESS INTO THE NIGHT TO PERISH IN MISERY AND DESPAIR.

This is the next department.

ADVICE GRATIS.

IN the face of the present state of the Continent, it seems to be admitted on all hands that English people who venture across the Channel are little better than maniacs. No matter what the newspapers assure that "Boulogne is tranquil," that "the season at Dieppe is unusually brilliant," and that "Brittany is in no immediate danger of becoming an European battle field," the prejudice against leaving home just now obtains in a strong degree, and seeing that Margate opens its portals, and Brighton and Ramsgate are each eager to receive any number of visitors, it cannot be wondered at. Perhaps, though, if we add our experiences of the effects of the war on English visitors to French watering places, the few foolhardy people who, in spite of their friend's advice, contemplate going abroad, will be led to pause before taking the fatal step. Here they are properly classified:—

EFFECT NO. 1.—The Custom House Officers, as a rule, now entirely omit to search the luggage of English people entering France, and are suspiciously courteous in the reception they accord them.

EFFECT NO. 2.—The French nation has entirely lost its antipathy to Englishmen, which from time immemorial to the other day has taken the form of impertinence, and stone throwing from a distance, and in the great anti-Prussian sentiment which now prevails in France, England has become quite popular.

EFFECT NO. 3.—Hotels are less crowded. Landlords are more civil, and charges are more moderate than of yore. (N.B.—This cannot be said of English watering places just now).

EFFECT NO. 4.—The war, beyond sobering the inhabitants in some degree, and sending them to Church a little oftener to pray for their friends, had no effect whatever in the West of France.

To be serious. People are extremely stupid if they throw over their autumn plans for visiting a French watering place because the armies of France and Prussia are doing battle on



This is continued from the previous item

the Rhine. People living in Belgrave Square might as well throw their valuables out of window and send post haste for engines and fire escapes because there is a fire in Whitechapel. But we suppose our English love of caution has done good service in its time. so we must not grumble.

**HOW THE NEXT PAPER WILL BE STARTED.**  
(A STORY FOUNDED UPON FACTS.)

*Commented in advance by the Proprietor.*

**Chapter I.—Why I thought of it.**

I AM a very rich man, am I?

I ain't a stuck-up chap, although I'm no end of a swell. Law bless you—you should see my turn-outs. Slap bang, "OK," stunning. My get-up, too, is simply gorgeous. Expense ain't any object to me—almost. Ah, you should see my velvet coat—best silk pile—worth seven shillings a yard, not that I gave that for it, but then you see I know where to get it cheap. It ain't to be imposed upon, as sure as my name's Moses Melchisideckioni!

That's my name—"Moses Melchisideckioni, Esq.," at your service. I don't mean writes, you know, by "service,"—I leave that to my lawyers—*now!*

I am a gentleman; and although I don't belong to many West End Clubs (I could if I liked), I can pay my twenty-five thousand shillings in the pound. Now, a gentleman can't do more than that,—can he?

Another thing: in spite of my turn-outs, I don't go much into what you call "society." It ain't my style. Look 'ere, I live to 'ave an amusing chap to smoke my cigars and drink my wine while he amuses me. That's my style; I ain't stuck up, law bless you!

I belong to a very ancient family mentioned in the Old Testament. Still I ain't stuck up—it ain't my style.

The other day, a chap I stand treat to sometimes, said to me

"I say, Mr. Melchisideckioni, why don't you go into society?"

"It ain't my style, my dear boy," I replied.

"I know it ain't, Sir," said he, "but if you *did* want to go in for it, I can tell you 'ow to do it."

"'Ow?" I asked, "You don't mean by the bill dodge, sixty per cent. and an introduction, Eh?"

"No," he returned, "That's played out. The swells won't introduce you, whatever they may say they will do. They may pretend to put you up for their Clubs, but they will take precious good care to see that you are properly pilled."

"That's true enough," I said (law bless you, I know the ways of the swells well enough). "Then 'ow's it to be done?"

"By starting a paper—that's the trick, Sir."

"What, going in for literature! It's so doosid low, you know. Now I don't mind stamped paper, upon my honour, as a gentleman."

"I know you don't," he murmured, with a sigh.

"Yes, you know that well enough. But literature is so doosid low, it is upon my soul."

"Well, that's the way to get into society," he repeated, and my cigar being smoked, he disappeared.

When he'd gone I thought about the idea, not that I cared about "society" you know, it ain't my style, still I started the paper.

**Chapter II.—How we got up a Staff.**

You soon can gather together a lot of low literary chaps. Give 'em plenty of beer and they will stick to you like leeches. I didn't take long about finding 'em. As it would be ungentlemanly to be personal I'll call 'em Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

Brown used to take 'is rum like a fish. He was always getting beastly screwed. He said he couldn't write when he was sober.

Then there was Jones every bit as bad as Brown.

Then there was Robinson, the very worst of the three.

"Mr. Melchisideckioni, sir, before we begin to talk about this paper, I should like to know what honorarium you intend to give me?" said Brown.

"And me?" said Jones.

"And me?" said Robinson.

"I shall treat you liberally, on my honour as a gentleman."

"We know that," said the three; "but the question is, what will it be?"

"Two quid a week at the very least," I observed, after consideration.

"Two quid a week!" they shouted derisively.

"Well, say three!" said I, with a burst of generosity.

"We will say three and mean it to," they replied.

I agreed. I knew the coves I 'ad to deal with. The liter'ow, drunken set, and it would be very hard if I couldn't get 'em to do a few bills, and make 'em renew at sixty per cent.

This is the next department

**Chapter III.—How we gathered News.**

The day before we started, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and I sat in the editorial sanctum considering.

"We must have Reuter's telegrams," said Brown.

"No,—the second edition of the *Times* will do," I replied.

"We can come out after the evening papers, and prig their news."

"How shall we get intelligence from the Seat of War?" cried Jones.

"Why, any inkstand will supply that," said I, calmly. "It don't matter a bit where you write it from so long as you put lots of blood in it."

"And how about the leaders?" queried Robinson.

"Oh, blow the leaders; who cares for *them* at a time of war?" said I again. I continued, "Now, dear boys, get to work and make a fortune."

They looked at one another, grumbled, and took off their coats.

**Chapter IV.—How our Paper came out.**

We called our journal the "*Farthing Lyre*," and brought it out at two, four, five, six, six thirty, seven, seven two, eight, and eleven thirty.

It was not a pretentious sheet by any means, and relied rather upon its big type than upon its news.

The first hit we made was caused by a "Contents Bill," of Jones's composition, to this effect:—The only news we had was a "rumoured report" of a slight cavalry skirmish, which appeared in our posters as follows:—

THE FARTHING LYRE.

*The Largest Afternoon Circulation in the World.*

FOURTH EDITION.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD!

DEATH OR MURDER?

TERRIFIC BATTLE

BETWEEN

THE RUTHLESS HORSEMEN OF FRANCE

AND

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY (MOUNTED)

(*This Day*).

FULL REPORT OF THE CARNAGE.

VIVID PICTURE OF THE SCREAMS OF THE WOUNDED.

ONE FARTHING.

This Contents Bill referred to a newspaper as dull as ditch-water. We had nothing but cuttings and twaddle.

The public took the thing up warmly, and when two more editions appeared, giving further particulars, absolutely fought about it. The paper increased steadily in popularity; it became quite an authority on mendicity, and lies were always officially announced by their appearance in the columns of the *Lyre*.

I made a pot of money, but some 'ow or other, although I am well known as the proprietor of my paper, I 'aven't yet got into "Society!"

**ARNOLD & SONS IMPERCEPTIBLE TRUSS**

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE CAPS, Etc.,  
ABDOMINAL BELTS,  
CRUTCHES, ARTIFICIAL LEGS, HANDS, ARMS,  
AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SURGICAL APPLIANCE,

MANUFACTURED BY  
ARNOLD & SONS, 33 & 35 WEST SMITHFIELD, LONDON.

**DIGESTION PROMOTED BY PEPSINE.**

PREPARED by MORSON, and Recommended by the  
MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. by all Pharmaceutical Chemists, and the Manufacturers,—

THOMAS MORSON & SON,  
104 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.



**BREIDENBACH'S**  
MACASSARINE,  
KALYDOR, ODONTG,  
TOILET VINEGAR AND EAU DE COLOGNE,  
ONE SHILLING EACH.  
PERFUMER TO THE QUEEN  
20, Lombard-street, & 17 1/2, New Bond-street, London.

**BREIDENBACH'S**  
WOOD VIOLET 2/6

**THE ENGLISH RESTAURANT,**

RANT, PATENT STREET, HAYMARKET.  
MOST THINGS ARE PROCURABLE FOR MONEY  
even a good dinner; but strange to say, no matter  
what one pays it is most difficult to get really good  
food well dressed away from home. Numerous as are  
our restaurants at the West end how many of the  
proprietors understand the art of catering well for the  
hungry public. Very few. The discovery then of a  
place where even connoisseurs and gourmands may  
satisfy themselves is worth noting. That discovery  
we have made by finding the English Restaurant, Pat-  
ent street, Haymarket, conducted by Messrs. Welch  
Brothers, whose catering for the London Scottish  
Volunteers last year at Wimbledon, gained them a  
much credit. Yes! The English Restaurant is the  
place to dine. Without attempting to excel Bucking-  
ham Palace in size Messrs. Welch have equalled,  
not surpassed in completeness the Queen's kitchen.  
The stove is capable of anything the culinary art  
may require, and the appointments of the kitchen  
neat and cleanly in the extreme. Indeed, everythin  
is so excellently arranged, that upon the shortest  
notice, Messrs. Welch can put upon the table in  
private or public room, a perfect dinner of any number  
of courses, while they also supply from a delicious  
cool cellar, wines of the finest quality. Even the  
celebrated Count Rumford could hardly have fitted up  
a kitchen more completely. But not only is excellent  
studied, economy is also secured, and while Messrs  
Welch can vie with any rival house for excellence  
they surpass all in cheapness. A visit would repay  
any person, as would also an inspection of the cul-  
inary regions.—VIDE PRESS.

**THREE PRIZE MEDALS,**

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.  
**PURE PICKLES,  
SAUCES, JAMS & TABLE DELICACIES,**  
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY.

MANUFACTURED BY  
**CROSSE & BLACKWELL,**  
PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN,  
PROPRIETORS OF CAPTAIN WHITE'S ORIENTAL  
PICKLE, CURRY PASTE,  
AND OTHER CONDIMENTS.  
Are sold Retail in all parts of the World, and Whole  
sale at the Manufactory,  
**SOHO SQUARE LONDON.**

**NO ICE.**

**THE INDIAN REFRIGERATOR.**  
COLD WITHOUT ICE,  
ALWAYS COLD DURING  
SUMMER-HEAT.  
BUTTER, WINE, VIANDS,  
BUTTER COOLERS.  
2s. 10d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d.  
WINE COOLERS  
5s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d.  
PROVISION COOLERS  
6s. 9d., 7s. 9d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.  
"A provokingly simple, but really valuable adapta-  
tion of an immutable natural law."—SCIENTIFIC

**GLENFIELD STARCH,**

IS THE ONLY KIND USED IN HER  
MAJESTY'S LAUNDRY.

Those ladies who have not yet used the Glenfield  
Starch, are respectfully solicited to give it a trial,  
and carefully follow out the directions printed on  
every package. It is rather more difficult to make  
than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they  
will say like the Queen's Laundress, that it is the  
best Starch they ever used.

**PURE AERATED  
WATERS.**

Ellis's Rubia Soda Water.  
Ellis's Rubia Peppas Water.  
Ellis's Rubia Seltzer Water.  
Ellis's Rubia Lemonade.  
Ellis's Rubia Water.  
Ellis's Rubia & Peppas Water.

**FOR GOUT**—The last-named is a splendid remedy.



EVERY CORK is BRANDED "R. ELLIS and  
SON, RUTHIN;" and every Label bears their Trade  
Mark, without which none is genuine. Sold by Chem-  
ists, Hotel-keepers, Confectioners, and Wholesale  
only from R. ELLIS and SONS, Ruthin, Nth. Wales.  
—London Agents—W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta  
street, Cavendish square.

**TO DYSPEPTICS.**

BY reason of the great benefit  
derived from the use of TWINBERROW'S  
DANDELION, CAMOMILE, and RIBUBARE  
PILLS, the MOST DIFFIDENT have testified to their  
great value, and Medical Men of the highest standing  
recommend their use in cases of Indigestion and  
Liver Complaints. Sold by all Chemists, in boxes at  
1s. 1/4d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s. Prepared  
only by TWINBERROW & CO.,  
Queen, 80 Wigmore street, London, W.

**SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS.—SAUCE.**

THE WORCESTERSHIRE  
Pronounced by Connoisseurs,  
THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE  
Its use improves appetite and digestion  
Unrivalled for Piquancy and  
Flavour.



Beware of Imitations,  
To avoid which, see the Names,  
LEA & PERRINS, on all bottles and  
labels.  
Ask for "LEA & PERRINS"  
Sauce.

Agents:—CROSSE & BLACKWELL,  
London, and sold by all Dealers in  
London, and the Provinces.

**FINE CIGARS.**

**L. A. HART,**  
CIGAR MERCHANT,  
24 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.;  
and at 66 HIGH STREET, GRAVESEND.

**COOL AND REFRESHING**

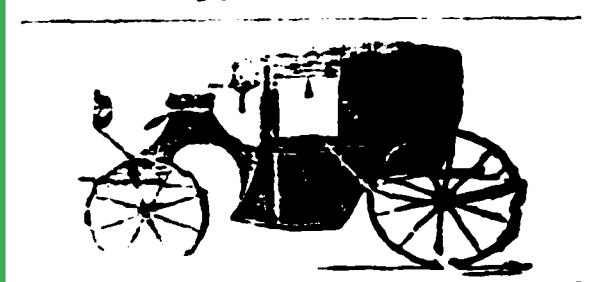
RESTORATIVE AND  
BEAUTIFIER OF HAIR.



OLDRIDGE'S  
BALM OF COLUMBIA.  
WARRANTED not to injure  
health or skin. It prevents baldness and  
the hair from turning grey, cleanses from dandrif  
restores when falling off, strengthens weak hair,  
causes eyebrows, whiskers, and moustachios to grow.  
Ladies will not only find it invaluable for themselves,  
but efficacious in the growth of children's hair.

In bottles at 3s. 6d., 5s., and 11s.  
WELLSINGTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.

Only the Patentee, at the Stella Lamp Depot,  
**11 OXFORD STREET,**  
Near The Oxford.



**BROUGHAMS LET ON  
HIRE FOR THREE YEARS,** at Forty  
Guineas per annum, after which it becomes the property  
of the hirer. Carriages of every description Let  
on Hire with option of purchase, the hire being  
deducted as part payment.  
THE DENMARK PHANTON—as built for  
H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.—Price  
25 Guineas. This Phantom is unsurpassed for its ease  
and elegant appearance, contains four persons comfort-  
ably, and can be made to suit any sized cab or party.  
Particulars and Drawings on applying to  
WHEELER & WOOD, Lower Regent Street, W.C.



**THORLEY'S DELICIOUS  
COMPOUND OF SUGAR & SPICE**  
FOR  
**THORLEY'S HORSE  
AND CATTLE SPICE.** In Penny Packets  
only, or all Corn-chandlers in London, and of all  
Grocers, Druggists, and Corn-dealers in the country.

**SLACK'S SILVER ELECTRO-PLATE**

IS A STRONG COATING OF PURE SILVER OVER NICKEL, EQUAL FOR WEAR TO STERLING SILVER.

Manufactured solely by RICHARD and JOHN SLACK.

Every Article for the Table as in Silver.—Old Goods Replated equal to New.

SLACK'S CATALOGUE, with 350 Drawings and Prices, gratis,  
or post free.

ORDER CARRIAGE FREE PER RAIL

**SLACK'S**

Messrs. SLACK have been celebrated 50 years for  
the superior manufacture of their Cutlery.  
"GREAT TABLE KNIVES, 16s., 20s., 22s. DRESSING,  
11s., 14s., 15s. 6d. PER DOZEN.

	Electro-Plated Fiddle Pattern	Strong Plated Fiddle Pattern	Thread Pattern:	King's and Thread with Shell.
12 Table Forks or Spoons	£1 10 0	£1 15 0	£3 4 0	£3 10 0
12 Dessert Forks or Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 12 0	1 15 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 2 0	1 5 0

**SLACK'S TABLE CUTLERY.**

**RICHARD & JOHN SLACK, 336 Strand, opposite Somerset House.**



BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE TOMAHAWK.

[August 20, 1870.]

IN THE JULY NUMBER WAS COMMENCED

# A NEW NOVEL,

By LADY DIANA BEAUCLEARK.

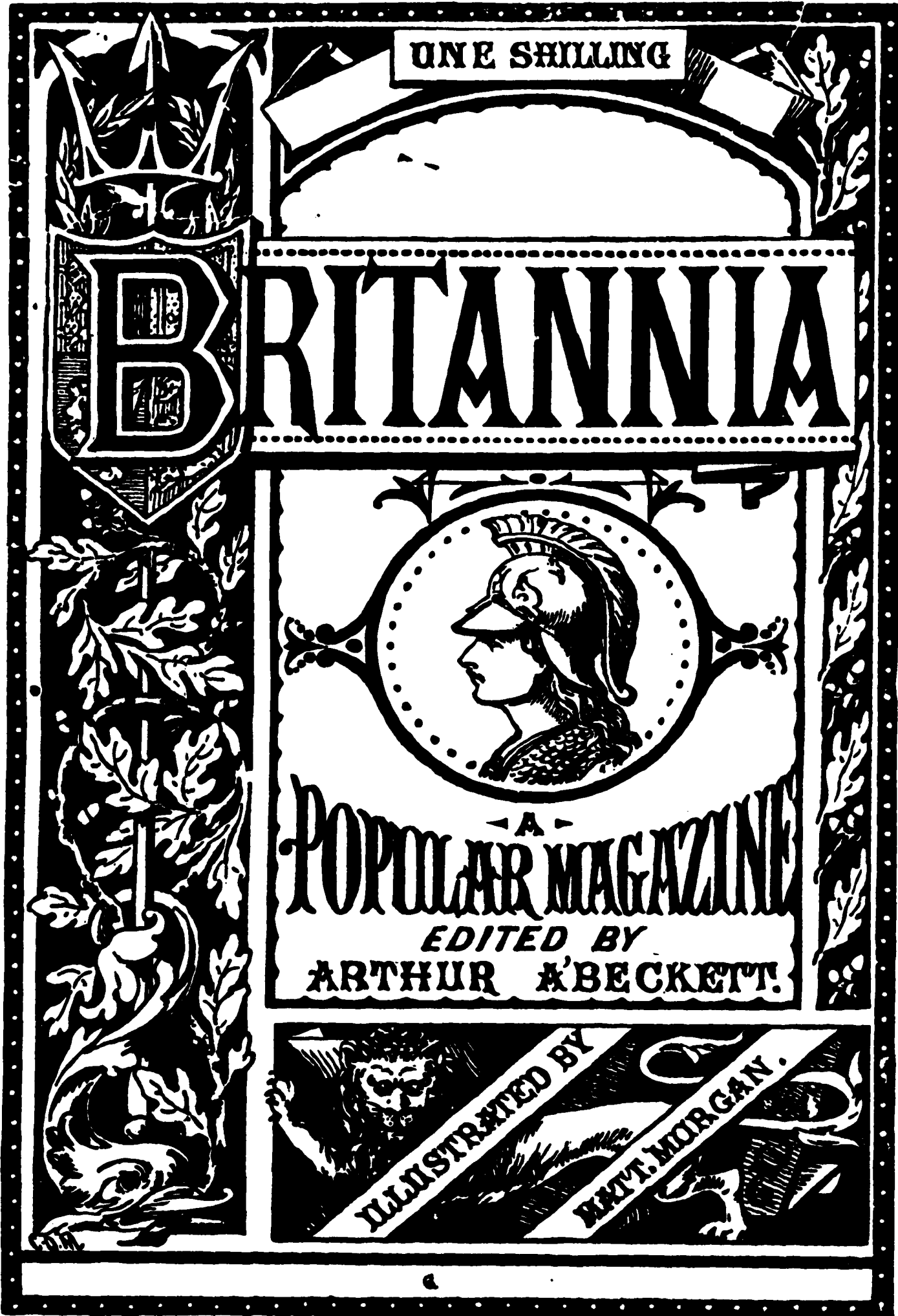
This is a full page advertisement on the the back wrapper of the Tomahawk. Its should be segmented as a single item

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE APRIL, MAY, AND JUNE NUMBERS CONTAIN

# "GOOD SOCIETY!"

BY  
THE EARL OF DESART.



£. S. D. BY F. A. MARSHALL.

ALSO,

MANY OTHER AMUSING TALES,

AND

ARTICLES OF GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE

IN THE FEBRUARY NO. APPEARED THE FIRST PART OF

# A NEW NOVEL

OF GREAT INTEREST, ENTITLED

# "THROUGH THE FIRE!"

By ARTHUR A'BECKETT and SYDNEY DARYL.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.—PRICE LIST.

CLASS.	Zouave Suits. Height 4ft.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 6in.	Zouave Suits. Height 4ft.
A	16s.	17s.	18s.	19s.
B	20s.	21s.	22s.	23s.
C	24s.	25s. 6d.	27s.	28s. 6d.
D	28s.	29s. 6d.	31s.	32s. 6d.
E	31s.	33s.	35s.	37s.
F	34s.	37s.	40s.	43s.
G	38s.	41s.	44s.	47s.

BOYS' CLOTHING.—NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

EVERY succeeding Year the advantages of ordering Clothing from London Houses has become more impressed upon the Provincial community. Hitherto there has been a difficulty in sending prices with the Patterns requested for BOY'S CLOTHING, in consequence of the ages being quoted instead of the sizes. The age of the boy is no guide to his height. Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have been induced to make the following arrangements, which will allow parents or guardians to receive patterns, and, after making their selection, at once to ascertain the price for suit, according to the height of the boy. Each description of suit is made in seven Classes representing seven qualities of cloth. On each pattern is marked the Class to which it belongs.

ZOUAVE SUITS, with Knickerbockers or Trousers, NEGLIGEE SUITS, and OVERCOATS, from the A to the G Class, are kept in stock for immediate use, or made to measure, and are illustrated in all the fashionable styles in the new Book of Fashions, containing 45 Figures, 27 of which are adorned with the portraits of princes, poets, and painters. Post-free for six stamps, selected from a purchase. Patterns sent free.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT.—PRICE LIST.

CLASS.	Zouave Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in.	High Necked Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in.	Negligee Suits. Hgt. 4ft. 4in.	Boys' Overcoats. Height 4ft.
A	20s.	24s.	26s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
B	24s.	28s.	29s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
C	30s.	33s. 6d.	35s. 9d.	20s.
D	34s.	38s. 6d.	40s. 9d.	24s.
E	39s.	43s.	46s.	28s.
F	46s.	50s.	54s. 6d.	33s.
G	50s.	57s.	61s. 6d.	38s.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, 50 LUDGATE HILL, E.C., LONDON.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S CELEBRATED HAIR-CUTTING ESTABLISHMENT, 47 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

Hair-Cutting ..... 6d. Annual Subscription ..... £1 1s.  
Shampooing ..... 6d. And without any restriction  
Hair Singeing ..... 6d. as to Number of Times... £2 2s.  
Gentlemen's Real Head of Hair, or Invisible Peruke from 30s.

PROFESSOR BROWNE

Has the Largest Stock of Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON.

THOMAS ELLIOTT'S CITY HAIR-CUTTING CHAMBERS, 51 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

Hair-Cutting..... 6d. Annual Subscription ..... £1 1s.  
Shampooing ..... 6d. And without any restriction  
Hair Singeing ..... 6d. as to Number of Times... £2 2s.

ELLIOTT'S Golden Melana has restored the Hair upon Bald Heads.  
ELLIOTT'S Tonic Lotion has produced Whiskers, Moustache, and Eyebrows. 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d. and 21s.  
ELLIOTT'S Pilo Chromatic has restored the Hair to its Natural Colour. Forwarded on receipt of stamps, 5s., 7s. 6d., 15s.

51 FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON.

779 NEWSPAPERS RECOMMEND THEM.

For their names, see EDINBURGH REVIEW, July 1870.

"They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."



"Let those write now who never wrote before, And those who always wrote now write the more."

STANDARD says:—"The WAVERLEY will prove a treasure in the hands of rapid writers."  
EXAMINER says:—"The OWL—we can vouch personally for the excellence of this invention."  
ENGINEER says:—"The PICKWICK embodies an improvement of great value."  
SUN says:—"The PHAETON PEN must be termed a marvel. They create both wonder and delight."  
Sold Everywhere. 6d. and 1s. per Box; by Post, 2s. 1d.

MACNIVEN AND CAMERON, PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS, 23 BLAIR STREET, EDINBURGH.

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