

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 49.]

LONDON, APRIL 11, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

EDUCATION AND SOAP-HISTORY.

A meeting was held at Willis's Rooms a few days ago, to consider the condition of the agricultural labourers, when the three following questions were put, and, we presume, supposed to be answered:—

1. What are the causes of the unsatisfactory condition of the agricultural labourer?
2. What are the means best calculated to improve that condition?
3. If by the formation of a society, then upon what plan should such society be constituted, and what steps taken to form it?

The answer to Question No. 1 was somewhat vague and extensive. The cause of "the unsatisfactory condition" was said to be, *inter alia*, "low wages," "depression," "down-troddenness," "the Poor-law," "need of compulsory education," and "want of defensive and protective societies." Though, with respect to this last "cause," a Mr. Holland, of Buckingham, declared that such was the depressed condition of the labourer that he would not dare to belong to such a union. If instead of being Mr. Holland, of Buckingham, the speaker had been a Mynheer Buckingham, of Holland, a more mistaken and silly statement could not possibly have been made. The Buckinghamshire rustics are proverbially amongst the most independent, swaggering, saucy set of boors of which England has to be proud, these attributes being necessarily combined with very dense ignorance, most intolerable bigotry, and the profoundest dirt. We feel then the greatest confidence in endorsing Professor Fawcett's opinion that the condition of the agricultural labourer cannot be raised until a system of compulsory education be established; but that is not enough, we must have also, what we believe to be of equal importance, a system of *compulsory cleanliness*. The meeting, of course, wound up by earnestly requesting that all who felt an interest in the question would provide "a fund for the payment of the salaries of the organising agents and all other expenses" (*all other expenses!* there it is! When shall we see any good object started without this inevitable and indefinite "debit-sheet" rising in the distance! How many dinners, we wonder, will have to be eaten and digested, before the condition of *one* agricultural labourer be ameliorated! Which is worse? A bubble company, limited, or a Dinner Charity, unlimited?) "incurred in carrying out the object"—*i.e.*, in "forming labourer's unions"—such "unions" not to be formed with any view to aggression upon employers, but to "secure a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," in proportion to skill, ability, and "industry." And pray in this case, who is to be the judge? and how are a *fair* day's wages to be *secured without* aggression? We propose as an amendment that the word "*unions*" be struck out, and the words "*public baths and washhouses*" inserted. Everybody knows that a man who lives like a pig physically, lives like a pig morally, and no amount of mere education will raise him at the most above the standing of a "*learned pig*"—"learned," he may be—but he will be a "pig" still. Let him have "*soap*" first, and then as much "catechism" or "Conscience clause" as you like afterwards.

Soap will make him discontented with his one sleeping-room, partitioned off (in *very refined* instances) into two, by a threadbare curtain, and so made to serve for himself and wife, and ten

children, ranging possibly from the age of twenty downwards, and then his greater familiarity with water will breed contempt for that terrible element—and education will teach him, through his children, that Nova Scotia has gold mines, is only some eight days' journey off, and as to crossing the water, which he used to dread the very name of, he will rather like it than otherwise. We only beg then that the "earnestly requested fund" may be used for this amongst "the other expenses," and that the experiment may at least be tried, how far "the depressed and down-trodden labourer" might not be taught to respect himself, and so to gain the respect of others, by the judicious application of a little soap.

MORE DEATH THAN GLORY.

THE Horse Guards know what they are about. Some time ago, when it was announced that the 86th Royal County Down Regiment of Infantry was ordered off to Mauritius, in the face of the terrible fever then, as now, raging in the place, people who thought themselves capable of forming an opinion on the subject, characterized the proceeding as highly censurable. How wrong these people were, events have shown. According to the latest official records received from Mauritius, although the 86th had been upwards of three weeks at the station, only 180 officers and men were stricken down by the disease. This, too, in the absence of proper barrack accommodation, for the Regiment was not expected in the Island till after the hot season, and no preparation had been made for its arrival. The result in this instance having proved so satisfactory, we believe that it is the intention of the Horse Guards to extend the system of transferring troops from a cold climate like our own in the winter to the genial warmth of a tropical summer. The existence of a little fever or cholera here or there has not been unforeseen or ignored, as it has not been considered inexpedient that those most shamefully under-rated of professional men, the army surgeons, should be accorded occasional opportunities of exhibiting their skill and efficiency.

The following transfers stand first on the list:—

1st Life Guards.—To proceed from Windsor to Gibraltar for the summer months.

Grenadier Guards.—The 1st and 2nd Battalions are to move from London to British Guiana.

42nd Highlanders.—This Regiment, which recently returned from India, is to be transferred from Stirling, its present station, to Sierra Leone, to relieve the 1st West India Regiment, which will occupy the barracks vacated by the Life Guards at Windsor.

AN EXPLANATION.—Certain remarks having appeared in our pages, which it is thought were intended to cast reflections upon the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, we beg to state, in reference to this subject, that it is, and has been, far from our intention to say one word to cause him pain, or which might be construed affecting his position as a gentleman and a man of honour, and we regret that any observations of ours should have conveyed a contrary meaning to his mind.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT IN
ABYSSINIA.

ANTALO, April 1, 1868.

YES, I daresay you will stare when you see from *where* I am dating this, but it's a fact! Your unhappy Correspondent has been got "to the front." Never mind *how*. Young Davidge and those fools of the 104th managed it, but as you know my objection to practical joking, you may perhaps realise, though only to a very slight degree, what my feelings are at such a piece of unpardonable tomfoolery as this! They got me to Goona-ao first, to see a church! Such a church—St. Paul's couldn't touch it—that's what they told me. You have had a picture of the place in the *Illustrated* I think, so can understand the kind of thing that passes for fun in the 104th! I was to hear some fine music "up there," and see "Mackonochie beaten into fits." Talk of Christianity in Abyssinia! Why, they have never even heard of the XXXIX Articles, while as to the Patriarch, he owes me ninepence halfpenny to this hour. But these are purely personal matters, and so by no means let them get into print. You see the worst of it is, here I am, and being here, the wisest thing I suppose is to make the best of it. Let the public then think it part of our arrangement, and I will begin again in proper style.

BEFORE ANTALO, April, 1868.

Glorious heading to this letter! Your correspondent is writing this on a drum-head within gunshot of the "enemy." Yes, we are *before* Antalo! I can't see it, but can picture the frowning battlements crowned with swarthy myriads, armed in all the barbaric pageantry of Egypt of old. The feathered arrow, the Nile rush-bow (mentioned by Herodotus), the short scimitar, and the *goii-markhish*, a sort of fish-slice with a leathern thong attached to it—the proud standard of Abyssinia! Yes, I can picture all this and more! As I write, I feel the thrill of pride run through my British blood. N.B. You know, of course, none of these things carry a hundred yards—but still one cannot help realising that one is about to grapple with the ancient might of a dynasty that has seen a thousand generations.

In great hurry to say all this is a mistake. Theodore has 15,000 well disciplined troops, armed with the very best Birmingham rifles (constructed on a new principle), 25 guns in position, and a staff of picked Europeans. The whole of his forces are at the disposal of the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who is said to be preparing for immediate action. Bracer insists that my return to Annesley Bay is impossible, and hints at serious work. He strongly advises me to provide myself with a clock-work mouse, a comic song in *Amharic*, and a receipt for gin-punch, so that in case of capture, I may have at least, a chance of life. He says the last is regarded as almost sacred in this part of the country, and that the celebrated African missionary and explorer, Dr. Sparl, not only escaped massacre, but subsequently introduced Christianity in the Upper *Koohsh* district, in consequence of having in his knapsack that small sixpenny book, you know it, called, I think, "Three hundred ways of serving up rum." By the way, couldn't you send me out a few, though of course, the crisis will have passed, in all probability, long before you get this? To come to the point, I am beginning to feel what I dare say you are feeling at home, and what I can tell you a good many are feeling out here. This Abyssinian business may turn out one of the most troublesome jobs the country has had on its hands for half a century. The *Times*, I hear, has already sounded the first note of this alarm, and it is just as well those at home should be prepared for failure. The fact is we have undervalued altogether the resources and spirit of the "enemy," to say nothing of the jealousy we have excited in other quarters, notably French. Why, there is a French fleet in the Red sea at this moment (fact)—then add to that that our horses are starving (fact again), and that the correspondent of the *New York Herald* has telegraphed to tell you that —,

A Gun—I heard it! I told you we are on the eve of a battle. Not a moment to lose—I'm off for the rear!

INVOLUNTARY CANONIZATION.—Since the recent Judgment in the Mackonochie case, the Plaintiff has been universally acknowledged to be—*S. Martin*.

MILITARY REFORM.

To follow the order of military failures in effective organization as indicated in the speech of the Secretary of State for War on moving the Army estimates, it is now necessary to consider the question of retarded promotion in the scientific branches of the service, which threatens before long to bring to a dead lock those very important corps, the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers.

The large increases in these corps, in consequence of the increased importance attached to gunnery in modern warfare, have, since the date of the Crimean war, introduced into the service such numbers of officers, all of nearly the same age, that the prospects of promotion to some three-fourths of them are literally annihilated.

To remedy, or rather to palliate, this state of things, it has been proposed, by a committee of the House of Commons, to make retirement at the age of sixty *compulsory*, and to allow retirements at lower rates of pension to all officers of twenty-two years' service and upwards.

The first proposal is *unobjectionable*, and will go far to secure a fair flow of promotion throughout the Corps, but, the second proposal is altogether fraught with the greatest danger, for it is certain that it will be, as a rule, the most active-minded, the most intelligent, and the most efficient officers who will avail themselves of retiring early from the service; men who know that, with their activity of mind and body, they can go into civil life, carrying with them their army pension to secure them from want while they are establishing themselves in lucrative employments for which their twenty years' experience and discipline in military life will so thoroughly fit them. While the drones, the indifferent, and mediocre men, will hang on, conscious that in the army they are drawing more pay than they could possibly hope for in the contests and struggles of civil life, and contented to sleep away their years in the enjoyment of the rapid promotion created by the premature flight of all the better men in the corps.

The permission to retire after twenty years' service will thus deprive the service of the best men, at their best time; at a period of their service when the benefits of experience have not begun to be diminished by any commencing drawbacks of age, and when their active handling of their duties will be the best instruction to the younger officers just entering the service. Nothing can possibly tend more to lower the *esprit* and *elan* of the corps than the loss in their prime of their prime men. It would—

"Take the good, too good with them to stay,
And leave the bad, too bad to go away."

In lieu of this dangerous proposal the *compulsory* retirement at sixty should be supplemented with permissive retirement at fifty-five, on the same or nearly the same pension, and with a further permission to retire at fifty, at three-fourths of the highest rate of pension.

Thus, no retirements on an average would be admissible under thirty years' service, and the tendency to retire would be completely changed; for the active in mind and body would be those that would go on to sixty years of age, while the inefficient would be those who would take their good pensions and go early.

It is to be hoped that the Government will look at the question on higher grounds than mere pounds, shillings, and pence; as a question for the Administrator (if there is one in the War Office) rather than for the "Actuary" to whom it has been referred; the former may admit into his calculations the rather important item of *efficiency*, while the latter may not do so; and most certainly it will be admitted by all reasonable men, that an efficient organisation of the Scientific Corps of the Army—cost what it will—will be well worth the cost; while an inefficient organisation, however cheap, will be an unalloyed waste of public money.

THE LATE BOAT RACE.

WHY was the Oxford and Cambridge Race like a Turnip?

(Answers to be sent to 30 Tavistock street. 1st prize £10,000.)

POOR HUMBUGS!

MY BROTHER—IN THE CHURCH.

Do you know I don't think Cain could have been a *very* good fellow.

I don't want to be too hard upon him, but you see he was awfully jealous of his brother Abel, and actually went so far on one occasion as to give that young gentleman (if I may be allowed an expression worthier of *Bell's Life* than this publication) "an ugly punch on the head." Now this, in my opinion, was in the worst possible taste! Of course we must make every excuse for a hasty temper and a suspicious nature, but seriously—killing one's brother is not only *always* injudicious but *sometimes* absolutely wrong! It is indeed. Only on the *greatest* provocation would I kill *my* brother! I'm not laughing—I really mean it. I know for making such an assertion I shall be regarded by most people as absurdly straight-laced. *Eh bien!* on this point I *am* straight-laced. Don't sneer at me—we all have our foibles!

Cain would have got on very well indeed with my brother I think if they had ever met one another. In fact, my dear relation could have given our antediluvian ancestor several hints on the subject of moral fratricide. I can imagine James taking hold of that part of Cain's primitive garment that, had it been made in these days, would have been known as a button-hole, and addressing him thus, "My dear Sir, my very dear Sir, pray don't be offended, but *entre nous*, you are particularly clumsy. What, kill your brother with a club! I never heard of such a thing. *Pill* him at your club if you like, but *don't* resort to violence. I can quite understand your feeling towards Abel—a sort of an antipathy, a kind of disgust at witnessing his success? Exactly—I have felt the same emotions myself. But what did I do? Did I get a great ugly stick and knock his brains out? No. Did I come before his face and boldly strike the life out of his body? No. I pursued a much safer course. I stole behind his back and sneered at him, and lied about him; robbed him here of a friend, manufactured there for him an enemy; and, last but not least, I helped the girl that should have been his wife to jilt him. Was not this better than defying the gallows? Was not this more artistic than your clumsy exercise with the murderous club? *Your* victory was gone in a moment, *mine* has lasted for years. *You* must have felt *some* remorse, but *I* (as my brother was far too strong minded to commit suicide, and much too sensible to make a fuss) can retire, and have retired every evening to rest, with hands free from blood-stains, a prayer on my lips, and a next-to-certainty of the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Pardon me for entering into these little family matters, but I have thought it best to mention them here to show you that I can write of my brother James with the most perfect impartiality, in spite of the near relationship that so happily exists between us. By-the-bye, don't whisper this to the ladies. I feel certain that Mrs. Cain must have always considered her husband an angel. Quite right of her too. I don't like using strong language, but if I was requested by a *very* influential deputation from my fellow-citizens to utter an oath, I think I should curse the betrothed who deceives her swain, and the wife who sides against her husband!

My brother James was the finest specimen of the *genus* humbug I ever met in my life. He was a toady at school. For ever running after the masters that he might curry favour with them by laughing at their mild and venerable jokes. Whenever a hamper made its welcome appearance among his comrades he was sure to be on the most affectionate terms of intimacy with its lucky owner. When the contents of said hamper had been diminished by a moiety, the feeling of affection subsided into a sentiment of sincere respect; when only the jam remained, the sincere respect gave place to friendship, cordial but capricious; when the jam-pots lost their treasures, the friendship disappeared and was replaced by a cold and dignified politeness, but a politeness which, with a little care and another hamper, might easily be ripened once more into affection and deep respect.

At the University he was a consummate "tuft hunter;" he followed in the wake of the "fast" set, and went in for "life" as a duty, not as an amusement. One term he surprised everybody by suddenly disappearing. There was a great to-do about the matter, and for more than a year we completely lost sight of him; but the prodigal returned. He went back to college,

took his degree, and presented himself before the Bishop as a candidate for Holy Orders. His Lordship was duly humbugged by my brother (who believed in about five-and-a-third of the Thirty-nine Articles), and was ordained deacon. A curacy followed, to be followed in *its* turn by a limited company, consisting of a skinny wife and a fat family living. Then my brother left a curate in the parish, with thirty pounds a year and the use of a tumble-down rectory, and wended his way to foreign parts with the remaining nine hundred and seventy pounds a year of his income. By-and-bye, however, the Bishop condemned absentees, and then, of course, my brother, true to his creed of humbug, returned to his parish to toady His Mightiness of the lawn sleeves and very fine linen.

James was very "good." He spoke with a soft voice and grinned with a holy smile. He fawned upon his spiritual lord at the Palace hard by, but he left the poor to their own devices, or rather vices. He hated "visiting," and rattled through the funeral service at express train speed. For all this he was "great" at a fashionable wedding, smiling and smirking, with his thoughts *probably* in heaven, and his feet *certainly* in the shiniest of shiny-leather boots! Greater still was he at the Bishop's dinner table, with his amiable titter at clerical "shop" when "spicey," with his fawning bow of acquiescence at clerical "shop" when dogmatic, with his sorrowful glance of condolence at clerical "shop" when querulent. And so he lived, and lied, and fawned, like a treacherous hound, grinning and capering and cringing at the least beck of his master's finger, ready to wallow in the mud, or to gambol in the sunshine, to whine or jump with joy at the sound of his master's voice—himself his only God, his banker's book his only Bible!

I remember well, one Sunday afternoon I was sitting in a church listening to his preaching. Assembled around him was a very fashionable congregation, who received his words with due reverence and submission. James was terribly severe upon the wicked, as became so holy a man—he thundered out denunciation upon denunciation (my brother could be very savage in the pulpit) upon the devoted heads of all those who had committed the smallest sin. He was quite red in the face after his exertions, when in the very middle of his discourse a tattered beggar-woman staggered into the church and made for the pulpit. My brother turned quite white, and stopped short in his fiery excommunication of the wicked, and the angry words of hard-hearted justice died upon his lips. He stood still, I say, with his hand raised pointing at the advancing figure,—his lips apart,—his eyes starting from his head,—his frame in an agony of terror!

The figure fell to the ground. There was a rush to her assistance—a call for the clergyman, for the woman was dying! My brother came tremblingly towards her, urged forward by the sound of a score of whispering voices. "Who is she?"

"Who am I!" said the sinking woman. "I am a beggar—starved and dying! I am," and she laid hold of my brother's cassock, "this man's wife!"

The woman died; James remarried his wife, and went out as a missionary. When last I heard from him he was realising a large fortune by selling glass beads to the natives of Boshy-boo, and entertained rather "advanced" views (for a clergyman of the Church of England) on the subject of polygamy!

ON A PAR WITH MARS.

THE long-standing complaint that the Knightsbridge barracks are a disgrace to the neighbourhood—that they are foul and filthy, an eyesore, and a moral pestilence—has brought the usual official result: they are, of course, to be made permanent, and the War Office is requested to spend a large sum of money with this object. The reason is obvious: the officers' quarters are pleasant, and look upon the park—as for the accommodation of the privates, that is nobody's business. The decision of the War Office is highly characteristic and worthy of imitation. Let us vote big sums for the general rehabilitation of dirt and discomfort. Let us have large supplies of water laid on for the benefit of the Essex Marshes; let us have Oxford street destroyed, and St. Giles's reconstructed; let us have Smithfield restored, and a charter granted to the Haymarket. What does it matter if common people stifle in pestiferous wards and ordure cumbers the street paths, so long as our officers have nicely-furnished rooms, with windows that look on the park?



LONDON, APRIL 11, 1868.

THE WEEK.

FRANCE now numbers 1,350,000 soldiers, most of them recruited on compulsion. Are French journalists now satisfied with the freedom of the Press?

THERE was after all something apposite in Lord Townshend's late act of heroism. The noble Marquis had often been derided by the gallery—he naturally sought to avenge himself on the Pitt.

MANY people seem to have expected that Mr. Gladstone would have moved his resolutions at once on the commencement of the great debate, but Lord Stanley's irresolution took precedence.

SUCCESES have generally sequels. The Zoetrope was a success, yet the London Stereoscopic Company have unaccountably neglected to patent a Wheel of Death. Perhaps the prison in Coldbath Fields may supply them with a hint.

AFTER the Home Secretary's home thrusts and hardy blows on Tuesday evening, the Prime Minister was heard singing softly to himself—

“Oh, who will pluck this gay-thorn from my side?”

THE candlemakers will, at all events, rejoice at the decision in the St. Alban's case. Altar lights are to be henceforth deemed lawful. Doubtless the Ritualists will endeavour, with redoubled assiduity, to make religious ceremony a pearl of great Price.

“*The London Charivari*” is decidedly improving. Its last number had one page full of the most perfect fun. We never saw so many good things together. We allude to the full page advertisement of Du Barry's Delicious Revalenta Arabica Food. If the food is as rich as the testimonials, no wonder the consumers of it get fat.

THE advocates for the abolition of capital punishment had better look to our prison rules, as we seem in danger of substituting death by slow starvation in lieu of speedy strangulation. If we want to wear our felons to skeletons by giving them hard work, and insufficient food, had we not better call them paupers at once? The thing will then seem more natural.

WE are happy to be able to announce that Mr. Fleming, the upright, manly, and humane Secretary of the Poor-law Board, has announced his intention of residing (unofficially) for a week in each of the principal counties' workhouses, in *forma pauperis* of course. We feel sure that no one will grudge this hard-worked public servant such a relaxation. Luxury is the reward of honest toil.

MR. MACKONOCHE, having kept the religious world in the greatest state of excitement and terror for many months, and having at length been completely worsted, retires again into

obscurity with a feeling of the “deepest thankfulness” at his own condemnation. The Irishman who set his house on fire, that he might subsequently have the pleasure of thanking heaven “the pumps were in order,” runs St. Alban's close in logic.

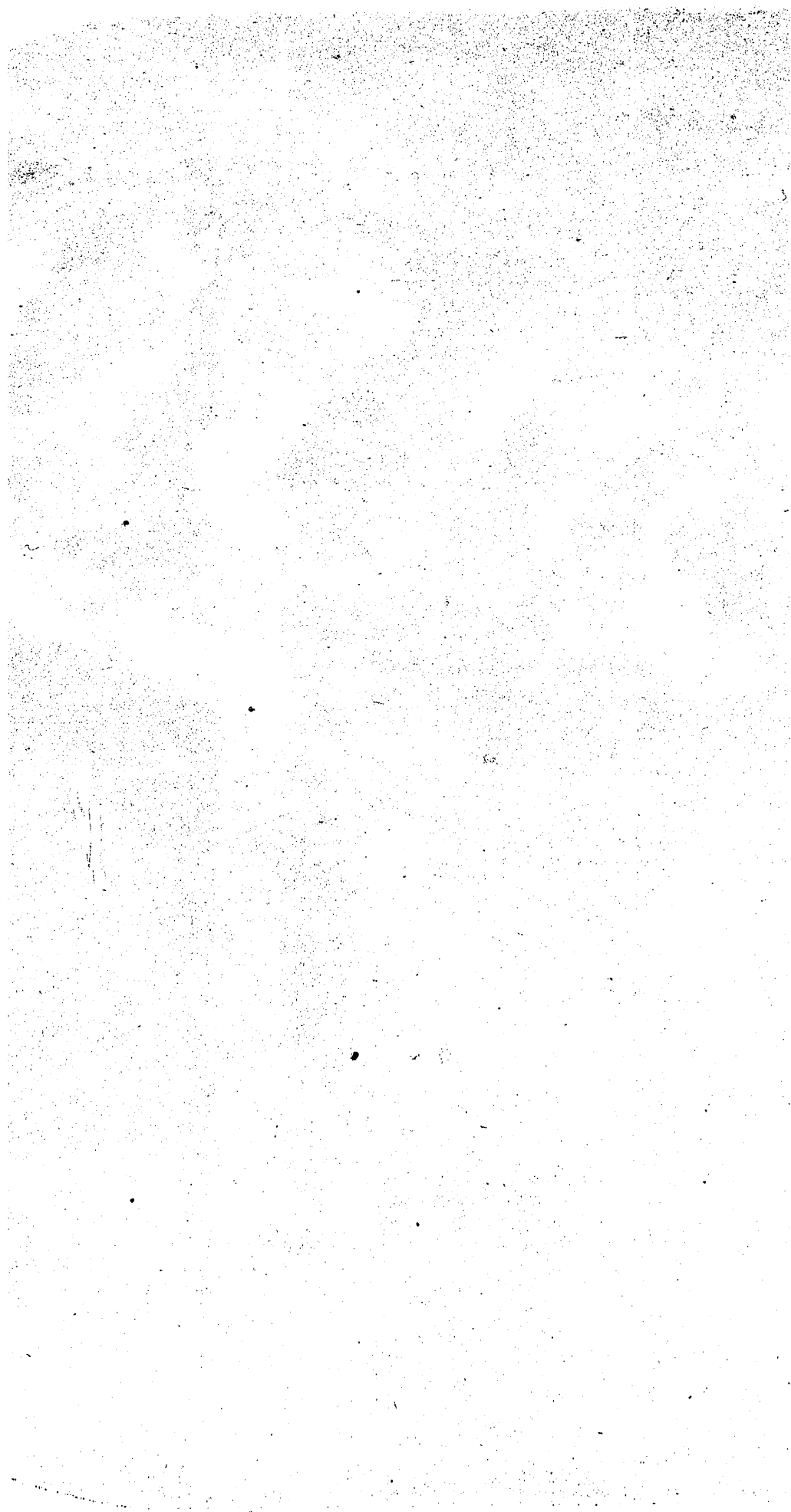
TRUST me, Townshend, Lord, my Lord,
You have too many games in hand;
Are there no vagrants in the street,
Nor any breakdowns in the land?
Go, teach the Arab lads to work,
The gods to jeer at *Ivanhoe*;
Enclothe those feeble legs in tights,
And let the foolish slaveys go.

THE Lord Chamberlain has forbidden the representation of *Oliver Twist* at the New Queen's, because some parochial authorities or other thought the scene in the thieves' kitchen likely to encourage boys in stealing. Cannot the matter be compromised by the introducing a scene representing the meeting of a Board of Guardians, with the interior of a workhouse? Surely, this grand moral spectacle must prove superior to all the allurements of thieves' kitchens, and all the spectators, young or old, would imbibe wisdom, virtue, and true benevolence through the pores, or rather through the Poor-law.

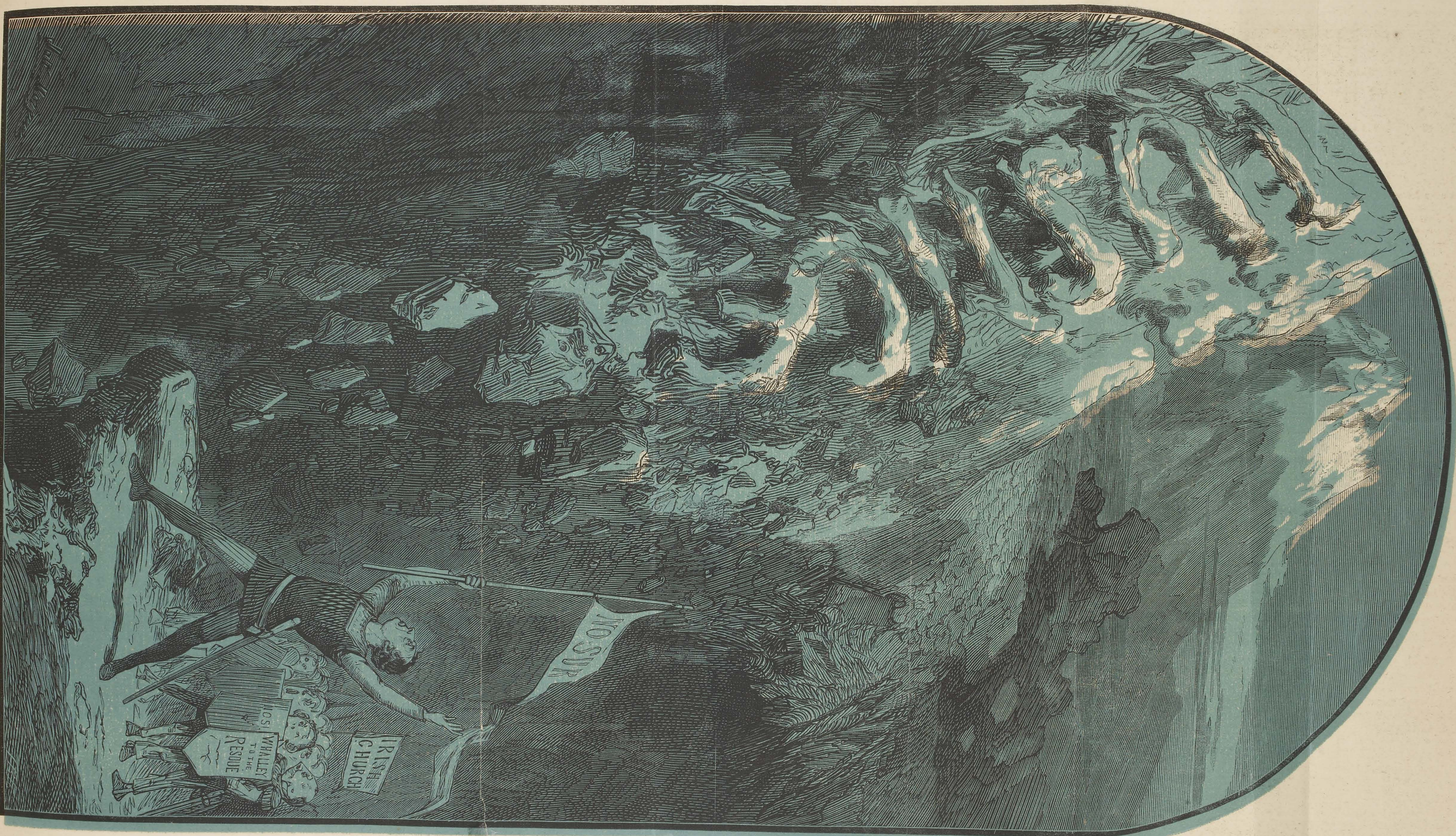
THE poor idiot nurse who scalded a child to death in the Wigan Workhouse was tried and acquitted the other day. The Judge said, in the course of his summing up, that if the Guardians had stood in her place, they would have found it difficult to defend their conduct. We hope they would, and still more difficult to get anybody else to do it. Perhaps, when politicians have done passing reforms for their own party purposes, they will find time to pass a few for the real benefit of the people. We ourselves should like to see a few of the Poor-law officials arraigned for murder before capital punishment is quite done away with.

WE should like to know what the cost was of Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli's Entertainment at the New Foreign Office. We have heard a good deal lately about “Crowning the Edifice,” we think the Premier might have waited till the building was finished. Are the worshippers at the shrine of the Asian Enigma so many that no rooms could be found to hold them? Was it necessary to interrupt the works of the new building at a considerable cost? Perhaps some disagreeable M.P. (who was not invited), will ask a question on the subject. It is an ill omen that the first public entertainment given by the Prime Minister should have been in an unfinished house.

TALK about a “Mackonochie Defence Fund” indeed! If these gentlemen had just taken the trouble to have got up a fund for a few lessons in fencing, we should have been saved from all this ecclesiastical sparring. The whole thing is a question of *Deportment*. One party grumbles because the other “*Sprawls with his arms on the Table*,” the other brings an action because the former “*puts his alms on a stool*!” It is absurd to have troubled Sir R. Phillimore with these matters. The proper judge would have been some disciple of the school of *Turveydrop*—say, “Mr. Bland and daughters,”—they would very soon have made these Reverend bunglers quite at home in a point which Amateurs always find troublesome at first—viz., What to do with their *arms*.



THE TOMAHAWK, APRIL 11, 1868.



DEFYING THE AVALANCHE!
OR,
ISRAELI VERSUS JUSTICE.



WHICH IS WHICH, AND WHAT IS WHAT?

BY A POOR OLD PUZZLE-HEAD.

I CONFESS I am not very bright. I am behind the age, in fact. I am an old puzzle-head. I read the newspapers, and I try to understand them; I study the questions of the day, and I try to find answers to them; but I never get any further than a state of hopeless incertitude, which seems to me worse than my original state of ignorance. I am full of admiration and respect, and worship, but cannot make up my mind on whom to bestow them. I don't like the Tories. I dislike the Whigs. I never could understand what Liberal meant, except at a contested election. Conservatives always suggest to me preserved meats in a tin case, hermetically sealed and not worth the unsealing. As for the Radicals, at the mention of their names I generally feel first as if I rather liked them, they seem to suggest innocent vegetables, but my next impression is that they are predatory animals; and I feel my pockets to see if they have not divided my substance among themselves. Really all this is very humiliating to one's self-respect; it shows great weakness in my character. I know very well that there are plenty of upright, spotless statesmen and politicians; wise, witty, eloquent and, above all, thoroughly sincere and honest. But hardly do I think that I have found one before whom I can fall down and worship, then whisk! round he turns, and I see that the angel's wings served only to hide the devil's horns. After all, this is the result of my reading the papers. I wish I *could* make up my mind about somebody or something. There is Mr. Disraeli, for instance. He seems made to be worshipped, he is so successful. I thought last year he had done so much good; he had carried with great patience and perseverance a wonderful measure of Reform, much more liberal than that proposed by the Liberals; he had done this in the face of abuse and frequent humiliations. A great source of agitation was at length dried up, and there seemed some hope that what the people (as I was told) had been asking for, had been given them at last, with simple if not compound interest. But I find I was quite mistaken; I find that Mr. Disraeli has been guilty of every crime that a minister and a man can commit; I find that this was nothing but trickery and treachery, and fraud, and self-seeking, and greed of place; that he has been false to himself, false to his colleagues, false to his country; that he is a charlatan, a mountebank, a trickster, a —, a —, and several other actionable terms. Good-bye Mr. Disraeli, I must not worship you: you have changed your opinions, and sacrificed your principles. Away with you! Then I fixed on Mr. Gladstone. I was delighted to find that he was everything that was good and beautiful, and noble and true. He was honest—if anybody ever was—sincerity itself; the most large-hearted statesman of the age. Very well; I got my cushion ready, and fitted up the shrine: to Mr. Gladstone, said I, will I proffer my unemployed stores of respect and devotion. But first let me study the history of such a miracle of virtue and honour. So I read up the history of Gladstone, and I found that the men who now loaded him with praise had, not many years ago, covered him with obloquy. I found that he had been going through a process of conviction all his life, and that though he might be convicted, he never seemed convinced. I found that he had once been, and that not lightly—or in the unsettled ardour of youth—the sworn supporter of everything which he now sought to destroy. I found that by a curious coincidence he had only begun to advocate the reforms which he had helped to carry, when those reforms were supported by a majority either in, or about to be in, office. I found that he had always been in the van of every movement exactly at the time when success was about to crown the efforts of others who had long been looking and hoping for it. I found, in fact, that though every change of opinion no doubt had caused him much reflection, it had cost him nothing else. This was the result of my study of the history of Mr. Gladstone. I took up the cushion and closed the shrine. I tried Lord John R—I beg his pardon—Earl Russell, but he always seemed to me like a hero seen through the wrong end of a telescope; as a misanthropical washerwoman with a talent for writing letters, he would have been perfect; but as a demi-god, he was more of the demi than the god. Then there was John Bright. Well, I did really believe he was an honest man till I read some confounded articles about him in the newspapers, which told me what a

mischievous agitator he was, and how he went about the country trying to inflame the people against those who were better off than them. I found that a man who made £20,000 a-year by a cotton mill, or a carpet manufactory, was an angel, whilst a man who made £5,000 a-year out of land was a fiend. Then Lord Cranbourne, again. When he came into office, all the Liberal press declared he was a shallow, captious, self-sufficient talker; now he is a deep, severe, but just censor of the villainies of the colleagues whom he has abandoned. It is always the same tale: I have no sooner learnt to admire, than I am forced to despise; I have no sooner been taught to hate, than I am entreated to love.

I should like a simple guide to the principles of truth, honour, and integrity, in Statesmen and other public characters, my mind is not capable of making itself up, when it has to unmake itself so soon. At present, I am turning my head from one side to the other with a smile or a frown as the voice of the Press whispers in my ear. It is very wearying, but it seems likely to go on for ever.

STAGE AND STATE.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES is to be invested with the order of St. Patrick. This is all very well, but too much importance must not be attached to the event. Just now, perhaps, it might be wise to take a hint from theatrical managers, and bear in mind that the mere issuing of *orders* is no sign of success.

PLEASING!

HERE is a fact, complete in itself, requiring neither explanation, comment, nor deduction. A certain number of women, the wives of soldiers, have been allowed to accompany their husbands to Abyssinia. A few married women are always useful and necessary to a regiment proceeding on foreign service, and the regulations grant them an allowance and rations while so attached. A return has recently been called for of all casualties that have occurred in the Abyssinian regiments with the sole view of ascertaining if any of the soldiers, whose wives are with them, are dead, in order that the allowances and rations of the women may, according to the regulations, be withdrawn from the dates of death of their respective husbands. The fact, pure and simple, speaks for itself—and for the War Office.

A CASE FOR THE LASH.

IN the name of all that is Christian, what ought to be done to the set of British gentlemen who are responsible for the scandalously cruel line of conduct that has been pursued towards our troops in the Mauritius? Indignation can scarcely keep itself within courteous limits when one reads the wretched stereotyped "explanation" given to the House of Commons by Mr. Adderley on the off-day last week. To recapitulate the details here would be superfluous, for lengthy reports in every English newspaper have by this time pretty well awakened the country to the nature of the outrage that has been perpetrated on the helpless sufferers at Port St. Louis. "Everything had been done that could be done in such a case" morally whines out the Government representative. "Nonsense," Mr. Adderley—and something much worse than nonsense—that is the proper reply to such a miserable "*mea culpa*" as is yours.

Talk of schemes for recruiting, suggest methods of increasing the effective strength of our army? Why this business at Mauritius will undo the work of twenty commissions, and a good thing too. In private life, if a woman beats a child, more—if she neglects it, or places it in circumstances calculated to endanger its safety or its life, forthwith the law is down upon her, and she meets the charge as a criminal. In public questions all this is reversed. Here a body of helpless men are literally thrust into the very jaws of death, deliberately too and wittingly, and when popular indignation is aroused, the matter is met by the usual official shuffle, that considers it the first imperial duty to smother a scandal, and holds to the creed, that routine "can do no wrong." We insist that Mr. Adderley's

explanation was unsatisfactory to the last degree, and it is on this account we call earnest attention to the whole matter. Perhaps a sample of his "defence" will suffice to convey our meaning. The country is told that "quinine, and other drugs," which "are most useful in meeting attacks" of the epidemic in question, did not arrive till too late—that is after the first onset of the plague in all its fury. We ask what business had the authorities to despatch a large body of men to a recognised fever breeding climate without the necessary specifics? What excuse have they for such conduct as this, which would only have its parallel in private life in acts of the most scandalous and culpable cruelty. Are British authorities such fools—or are they so utterly unequal to the posts into which they have been comfortably slipped, that the ordinary A. B. C. of their responsibilities is to them—so much Egyptian hieroglyphic!

To come to the point, this matter will not be allowed to drop into oblivion after a mere question and answer in the House. The loss may prove, let us hope it will, to be less than was originally calculated, but the principle at stake is of an importance that can scarcely be estimated. Those who serve the country must be protected from the effects of shameless blundering such as this, especially those who serve it, as do soldiers, under a code of laws that turns them into slaves, to do, to suffer, or to die, at the bidding of their immediate superiors. It is therefore of the highest importance that every individual connected with the destruction at Port St. Louis should be summarily dragged into the light of public scrutiny and be acquitted, or disgraced without any further delay.

FOLLYGRAPHIC INTELLIGENCE.

[REUTER'S FOLLYGRAMS.]

1ST OF APRIL.

THE following dispatches arrived this morning at our office in rapid succession. We have lost no time (only a week) in making them public:—

"The Prime Minister has hastened to Dublin to take the Fenian oath. Ireland perfectly happy and tranquil."

"Her Majesty has consented to be present at the investiture of the order of St. Patrick."

"No accident whatever occurred to-day on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway."

"Last night an original three act drama was brought out at one of the metropolitan theatres."

"All the London statues are about to be replaced by works of art."

"The prolific lady who writes under the name of 'Claribel,' has given up writing songs for the million."

"The *Daily Telegraph* has resigned its position as leader of the comic periodicals of the day."

"A spark of wit has been discovered wandering in the pages of the *Owl*."

"The *Times* has favoured the world with a dramatic criticism, which is what it pretends to be."

"The Ball at the Tuileries is put off, owing to the indisposition of 'Our Special Correspondent.' The asparagus and strawberries have been taken out of ice."

"No new magazine has appeared to-day."

"Ladies have taken to wearing their own hair."

"The *Saturday Review* has apologised to the Girl of the Period for its libel."

"A dinner took place in London, at which neither saddle of mutton nor boiled fowls were noticed in the *menu*."

"The Poet Laureate has publicly confessed that his last poems, published in certain periodicals, were written for him by Mr. Martin Tupper."

This last was too much for us. Tupper never wrote anything as bad as that, whatever his faults may be—and they are proverbially numerous.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—The recent decision in the Court of Arches has satisfied nobody. The High Church party grumble at a judgment so entirely adverse to themselves, while their opponents insist that, as far as they are concerned, the *s-candle* remains.

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(continued.)

Economy.—Spending five shillings to save sixpence.

Eden.—A garden where bonnets were unknown and scandal un-invented. Woman soon gave notice to quit.

Employment.—Something that must be found for the poor.

Engaged.—Occupied for a time in making a fool of a man.

Enough.—Obsolete.

Ensign.—At first blush, a boy; but on closer inspection, a uniform.

Envelope.—A companion of the Bath (post) which hides a multitude of faults.

Envy.—The echo of the first serpent's his.

Equal.—In woman's algebra, a term always signifying more or less.

Eve.—The only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother.

Extravagance.—Measuring your husband's purse by the length of your richer neighbour's.

Eye.—A telegraph office whose superintendent has a pupil always ready to take your message or flash back a reply.

Face.—A sketch given us by Nature to be filled up in colours.

False.—A stern reality now-a-days—*e. g.*, chignons.

Family.—Laurels, or olive branches, as the case may be.

Fan.—An article without which no lady's dress is complete or decent.

Fascination.—The art of nailing an admirer to his seat. Part of the Old Serpent's legacy.

Fashion.—The modern Juggernaut, always asking for new victims.

Father.—The only author who does not *expect* his works to pay.

Favour.—A ticket-of-leave to see your friend transported for life.

Feather.—The only thing she wants to be the lightest of creatures.

Female.—As much an insult to a woman as "black man" is to a nigger.

Fickleness.—A quality which never changes its false quantity.

Fiction.—Tales of constancy.

Fig-Leaf.—Crimoline before the fall. Eve's first dress with a trimming.

Figure.—Generally a representation of something supposed to exist.

Flattery.—A refreshment she can never have too much of, with or without butter.

Flirtation.—Trotting out the favourites for the Maiden Stakes.

Fortune.—Mammon's Madonna.

Frown.—A promise to pay at sight.

Future.—Past thinking about for the present.

"SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!"

A CRUEL instance of wife-bruising comes from Old Swinford, near Birmingham. The Rev. C. H. Craufurd chose, in the course of an angry sermon, to gibbet his helpmate in the pulpit, and expose her to the derision of his congregation and the world at large. Meaning to defend her, the reverend blunderer contrived to let mankind know that she was low-born, underbred, and spoke bad grammar—though her language at the worst of times could hardly be so bad as her husband's. How shall we ever convince our French friends that we do not habitually sell our partners in Smithfield, when our own journals proclaim that an English clergyman has exposed his wife in Billingsgate.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.—Church Reform. No correct answers this time. At last we have puzzled even Ruby.

A WORD WITH THE MANIACS.—A beautiful Acrostic in our next. No room this week.

** Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. Letters, on purely business matters, should be addressed to the Publisher to insure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Acrostics should be marked "Acrostic."