

# THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

NO. 56.]

LONDON, MAY 30, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

## BAL-MORALIZING.

THE departure of Her Majesty for Balmoral at so opportune a time, when the presence of the Sovereign in or near her capital is particularly desirable, has excited little surprise, but a great deal of comment. We write ourselves uninfluenced by any remarks in the other journals; our opinions on this point being well known, and having been frequently expressed in clear, straightforward, and, we hope, respectful language.

Notwithstanding the encouragement given by semi-authoritative paragraphs in the leading papers last year, the hope that the Queen had at last regained sufficient strength to perform the essential duties of her position is evidently doomed once more to disappointment. Her Majesty has this season been present for a short time at one drawing-room, has held one Court, has received two or three deputations, and has appeared in public on one occasion—namely, when she laid the first stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital. Her Majesty was received on that occasion in the most hearty way by her subjects, and all rejoiced to see how well the Queen looked, and what an agreeable contrast her hearty countenance presented to the pale thin face of that gentle Princess who has so long nobly borne the fatigues, and gracefully fulfilled the duties, of a vicarious Queen. But it is too painfully evident that in this case appearances were deceptive, for Her Majesty was unable to make the slight exertion involved in reading an address of a few lines; and so overcome was she by the terrible strain of a residence for nearly four days in the capital, that, notwithstanding the fact that there was a crisis in the state of public affairs such as has rarely been witnessed—notwithstanding that either a hasty dissolution of Parliament, or the resignation of the Ministers before an angry opposition scarcely prepared itself to form a Government, appeared imminent—Her Majesty was obliged to banish herself to a remote portion of her dominions, whence even correspondence by means of the telegraph is rather a leisurely process.

That Her Majesty should have been compelled to take such a step at such a time is, we think, quite sufficient evidence of the deplorable state of health, both physical and mental, in which our unhappy Queen now is. To any one so afflicted, the cares and responsibilities of her position must be inexpressibly harassing, and instinctively, at the very first sight of impending difficulty and anxiety, the mind and body both crave for that rest and quiet so essential to their condition. We confess that it is with extreme reluctance that we have finally felt compelled to arrive at the conclusion that Her Majesty has no longer the power, however earnest be her desire or strong her determination, to endure the strain inseparable from the high office which she enjoys, and which she has in former years so ably filled. If three weeks is the longest period which the Sovereign is able to spend in the Imperial capital during each year, if all the functions which the Head of the Realm should discharge have to be vicariously discharged by the Heir Apparent and his Consort, it is evidently for the true interest and well-being of the Queen, as well as of the nation, that a regular Regency Bill should be passed as soon as possible. Six years is a long probation, and if, that probation having been passed, the energies of the Queen are still so overwhelmed by her great sorrow as to affect materially the discharge of her important duties, it is surely far more considerate towards both the Sovereign and the woman that she

should be relieved from the distressing weight which the unavoidable neglect of such duties must occasion to her sensitive and conscientious nature. At present Her Majesty cannot but feel the deepest regret that, through her own infirmities, so much inconvenience and loss of time should be inflicted on her Ministers in carrying on any communication with her during this very urgent crisis. She cannot but resent acutely the faintest hint of a suspicion that her absence is owing to any want of courage or self-denial. One who has always made it her boast that she never allowed her pleasures to interfere with her duties, must lose half the benefit of retirement and relaxation from the haunting idea that the true interests of her people are suffering owing to her enforced withdrawal from public life.

There is nothing unconstitutional, certainly nothing prejudicial to the country, in the establishment of a Regency. The Prince of Wales, whatever his faults, has ever shown himself most zealous and courteous in the performance of all the duties necessitated by his anomalous position; he has never attached himself to any political party, and is as free as any human being can be of political ambition or prejudices. He at present abstains, with a delicacy which does him credit, from courting in any marked manner the society of prominent statesmen; but there is no doubt that, with the benefit of his Royal Mother's advice, and guided by his own good sense, he would never encourage any factious opposition to the deliberately expressed wishes of the nation. He has travelled much, and has divested himself of those insular prejudices which characterise some Englishmen, while on all material points his sympathies are with all that is good in the British temperament. He is certainly not a petty German despot either by nature, or by education. His filial affection is undoubted; his promotion to the Regency could occasion no private or public jealousy; in fact, it is difficult to conceive any Prince who could be so unobjectionable a candidate for such a difficult position.

The consequences of the present abnormal life led by the Sovereign will become more serious every year. There are many urgent reforms to which the new Parliament will be sure to address itself with persistent energy; the nation will not submit to the time of Parliament being wasted as it has been during the last few sessions. The state of parties is such as promises anything but stability to whatever Government may be in power for the next year or so. The condition of trade in the West-end of London is most serious. People may laugh at the idea of West-end tradesmen having any grievances, but the extravagant increase in house rent, rates, and local taxation is such that prices are quite high enough without the additional inconvenience of a shock to general credit. West-end tradesmen are very liberal in their support of charities; they are great and steady customers of our wholesale manufacturers; they are extensive and indulgent employers of labour, and it is ridiculous to sneer at them as the mere mercenary ministers to the extravagance of Society. Allowing for other disturbing causes, there is no doubt that the funereal condition of the Court has affected trade very seriously, and it is highly desirable to put an end to the present state of things as soon as possible.

We are perfectly prepared for an outburst of affected indignation and virulent abuse from those degraded sycophants who think that loyalty consists in meaningless adulation, and who flatter the faults of Royalty till they have exaggerated them into vices—who are utterly incapable of conceiving that affection which, founded on respect, is as jealous of the honour of the

object of its devotion as of its own. We are prepared for the howl of furious execration from those who are the sole objects of their own patriotism, and whose desire it is to see the Crown reduced to the utmost insignificance and such a precedent established as may pave the way for its entire abolition. These may extravagantly laud the woman at the expense of the Sovereign. We think Victoria can appreciate their devotion for what it is worth; for our own part we are sure that the course which we advise is the happiest way of escape from a threatening cloud of unhappiness which grows larger every day.

Released from the ties of ceremonial duties, relieved of a source of continual disappointment and vexation, and purged at once from all suspicions, however ungenerous, our beloved Queen will be able to enjoy an honourable retirement, cheered by the undimmed affection of her subjects—a peace, let us trust, undisturbed by any private or public trouble. She will be able to revel in the congenial solitudes of Osborne or Balmoral without any reproach, and to devote her leisure time to any pursuits which her inclination may select, and, encouraged by her previous success, to give to her country a history of her life as Queen as well as wife, which may add one of the most valuable treasures to the store-house of History.

### CUM GRANO.

THE set of ruffians, cut-throats, bankrupts, and savages who have assumed the *nom de plume* of the "Republic of Mexico" have not of late forced themselves much upon public notice. However, they are once more apparently beginning to show signs of life of a certain sort, for a week or two ago they were knocking at the door of the Foreign Office in the hopes of getting an acknowledgment; and only the other day they managed to monopolise a whole trans-Atlantic telegram to themselves. The despatch in question informed Europe that the Congress of the Republic of Mexico had abolished the punishment of death. Notwithstanding the fact that this is the same body that recently declared the "execution" of Maximilian "illegal," we are obliged to regard its judgments from a very unamiable point of view. A set of drunken coal-heavers passing a resolution condemnatory of beer-drinking and swearing would have greater claims upon our serious attention. In short, the announcement that "capital punishment" is extinct in Mexico reads like a good joke, and if we are forced to take it seriously, we can only do so on the supposition that a wise legislature has come to the conclusion that if the law is to claim the life of every murderer in Mexico, there will very soon be an end of the republic altogether. This sounds illiberal, but it is nothing of the kind. As some portion of Italy, and nearly the whole of Greece, may be regarded as the sink of Europe, so Mexico, in an aggravated degree, discharges the same dirty function on the American Continent. It is, in a word, the worst place for a respectable man to set up house on the face of the globe, civilised or the contrary. Such news from such a place suggests a good deal in the shape of analogy, and those who have been good enough to take it in confidently and cheerfully, had better prepare themselves for one or more of the following announcements with the least possible delay:

Archdeacon Sinclair has written something in the manly, terse, and convincing style of Swift and Johnson, every copy of which has been bought up by the working classes.

Turkish 3 per Cents. are at par.

Mr. Disraeli has refused to eat his own words, and has joined the Conservative party.

Prussia has ensured the peace of Europe by disbanding another 10,000 men. As a further guarantee for his pacific intentions, Count Bismarck has had the military chemists severely reprimanded, their specimens of solidified nitro-glycerine taken away from them, and all their apparatus put into the fire.

Park lane was safely traversed three times yesterday. A brewer's dray, four-wheeled cab, and watering cart, successively crossed from Piccadilly to the Marble arch without breaking their horses' legs.

A controversial meeting, for the glory of God and the spread of true Christianity, has been held in the north of England, at which only fifteen people received gun-shot wounds, twenty-nine serious injuries, and thirty-five were carried to the hospital. As the Riot Act was read only five times, the disturbance lasted only three days, the destruction of property was limited to only 215 Irish houses, and lastly, as only 200 special constables were sworn in, and 300 military summoned from a distance, this may be regarded as one of the most orderly and edifying things of the kind that have occurred in the locality for some time past.

A London statue has just been put up which the best critics have pronounced to be not "boisterously comic," but merely "quietly funny." It is like somebody.

The Court will not leave town till the beginning of August.

A debate has occurred in the House of Commons, the course of which was interrupted by no personal attack, oath, scuffle, stand-up fight, song, bet, charge of dishonesty, or unconstitutional manoeuvre. The matter under discussion was merely the Herring (Newfoundland) Fisheries Bill, but the occurrence is unprecedented.

The Ritual Commissioners have not all gone mad.

The hero and heroine of the new novel in *Once a Week* will not pass their honeymoon in Messrs. Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault's undiscovered island in the South Pacific.

Thanks to the precautions taken by the Government, there will not be any serious rioting in the country in the course of the present year.

### A PEOPLE'S PARADISE.

MR. LABOUCHERE, one of the Members for Middlesex, has at length raised the question in the House of Commons if cabs are to be admitted within the gates of Hyde Park. The Honourable Member, in urging his case, pointed out, amidst some fifty other excellent arguments, that London was the only city in the world where the chief promenade was exclusively devoted to the service of the upper ten thousand; and that while in Paris, all classes of society have free access to the Bois de Boulogne in any kind of *voiture* their fancy or resources may suggest, in London a large body of the tax-paying British people are, by the exclusion of their national vehicle—the four-wheeler—debarred from the enjoyment of healthful recreation in a public Park, for the maintenance of which they are called upon to provide. With so much force has Mr. Labouchere argued his cause, that already the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have felt themselves bound to take the matter into their serious consideration; and with a view to rendering Hyde Park in future an agreeable resort for all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, the following regulations have been framed, which will come into action as soon as an additional thousand constables have been added to the Metropolitan Police Force to superintend their observance.

*Regulations to be observed in the admission of vehicles into Hyde Park, and rules for rendering the Park a convenient resort for all classes of the public.*

- 1.—Cabs, either with or without occupants, may enter the Park at all the gates. Cab stands will be formed at each extremity of Rotten Row, but cabs may ply for hire in the principal thoroughfares at the option of their drivers.
- 2.—The Kensington omnibuses will henceforward enter at Queen's gate, and the Brompton line will enter at Albert gate, all omnibuses leaving the Park at Hyde Park Corner.
- 3.—Heavy waggons conveying coal, stone, or merchandise, which can only proceed at a slow pace, may pass through the Park, but must take their place in a rank which will be formed in all the drives next the railings. Light vehicles, butchers' carts, &c., will only be allowed within the gates provided they travel at a speed of not less than twelve miles an hour.



- 4.—During the season, the games of cricket, foot-ball, hockey, croquet, Aunt Sally, &c., may be played on available spots.
- 5.—Bands of music may perform in the Park between the hours of ten a.m., and midnight, at the discretion of their conductors, but no two bands may perform within twenty yards of one another. This rule does not apply to barrel organs, which may play at any time or on any spot without let or hindrance. Parties of negro melodists, performing dogs, and Punch's shows will, however, be subject to the same restriction as the bands.
- 6.—As it is contemplated that under these new arrangements, Hyde Park will be fully occupied by the public, all volunteer musters and drills are prohibited.

The British people, or even Mr. Labouchere himself, cannot fail to be satisfied with the ready admission of their rights by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. There is every reason to believe that the new regulations will effect a reform which has long been much needed. Under the present circumstances, it is continually a cause of just complaint that for a stated period of the year Hyde Park is daily blocked and rendered impassable by the carriages of the aristocracy. It may fairly be hoped that the new system will have the effect of removing to some more remote locality these obstacles to the public convenience.

### THE DRAMA AND ITS REGENERATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

DEAR SIR,—As I have got nothing particular to do now, not having more than four original novels to read and four original dramas to write, and as the public don't seem to be taking quite as much notice of me as they ought, I have determined to write a few letters to the papers about myself—a subject which the more you know, the more you must admire.

A most fearful lot of nonsense is talked about the decay of the drama, and the miserable remuneration given to dramatic authors now-a-days, and about reviving the old plays. The idea of any manager wanting to revive rubbishing old plays, when he can get a piece of mine! As I said with such capital good taste in my letter to the chairman of some public dinner the other day—I'd just as soon see my stupid old grandmother dug out of her grave, and propped up at the tea table, as see the pieces of that fellow Shakespeare and his lot revived. It's all humbug—I ought to know what humbug is, and I tell you it's nothing more than arrant humbug. The drama never was in such a flourishing condition, and dramatic authors never were so well paid as now, thanks to my exertions. Certainly, when I began to write, the British Drama was in a very bad way, but I soon picked it up, I soon infused life and vigour into that which for 300 years a pack of penny-scraping fools had been trying to debilitate and destroy.

First look at *London Assurance*; there's a comedy? Why, the other day the Prince of Wales expressed a wish to see some really fine old comedy revived and acted by a strong caste. What piece was fixed upon? After rummaging amongst the rubbish of the two last centuries from Ben Jonson down to Sheridan, they could not find anything to come up to *London Assurance*. That's the old comedy they're going to revive, and I'll bet you the receipts from one of my dramas, Sir, that if you live long enough you'll see *How She Loves Him*, which was wasted on a pack of mealy-mouthed idiots, will be revived with such success as shall pour showers of gold into the laps of my children and grandchildren. Then take the *Colleen Bawn*. Did any play of Shakespeare's ever run for 500 nights consecutively? Look at the *Octoroon*, *The Long Strike*, *Flying Scud*. If you can point out to me any author living or dead who has written such a galaxy of successful dramas as this, why I'll bring out all his works regardless of expense, and pocket all the profits. And all these dramas are original, not adaptations from the French, or old plays dressed up again in modern language. No, if there is an original author living, it is myself. True, these miserable envious reptiles who are always ready to malign and revile a successful author, have dared to insinuate that I have taken all my plots and nearly all my dialogue from other authors; but I can afford to despise such vermin. It certainly has sometimes happened that no sooner have I produced a successful drama, than some impudent fellow produces a novel founded on my play, and pretends it was written long

ago, and that I took my play from it. A fellow who took the ridiculous name of Griffin did that with *The Colleen Bawn*, or rather some enterprising publishers did it for him, and absolutely brought out some cheap novel, the characters, plot, and dialogue all stolen from my drama, and advertised it as the original of the *Colleen Bawn*. I don't suppose there is any man who has suffered so much as I have from the malignant misrepresentations of petty nibbling vermin, fellows who dish up four acts of rubbish from one of those sensational romances which adorn the vulgar cheap periodicals, and sell it to an East-end manager for a few paltry pounds. These are the creatures who degrade the British Drama, and then cry out about its decay and the hardships of dramatic authors.

I know this very well, Sir, and I give you my word for it. A successful drama is worth at least £45,000 to £70,000 to its author if he know how to manage it. I have made about a million and-a-half by my pieces; and when I have got enough to buy up all the theatres in Great Britain, Ireland, and America, I intend to do so, and to bring out nothing but my own pieces; by that means I calculate that I shall do more to educate the masses than all the schools and colleges that ever were established. I understand theatrical managers; I know that they have no education; that they act any rubbish with a good name to it, and that they won't hear of a play, however good, by a new man—or at least, won't give him anything for it if it's ever such a success. I practise on their ignorance, and on their cowardice, and that's how I make my money. As for the public, they'll swallow nearly anything with plenty of puff paste round it. If you say a goose is a swan, and stick to it long enough, the public will believe you; and they would not listen to any one, however talented, who undertook to prove that it was nothing but a goose. I am very much mistaken, if, before I die, I don't make the British public acknowledge that I am the greatest actor, poet, and dramatist that their country has ever produced.

There's no humbug, and no mean jealousy about me; I have done more than any actor or dramatic author that ever lived to raise the character of the stage as a profession. I am the cleverest and most successful man of my age, not excluding even Mr. Disraeli. I have no prejudices; and in proof thereof, if any modern author will bring me a drama, I'll put it into shape and bring it out in my name, and he shall have a fair share of the profits. Or, if the public wishes it, I don't mind undertaking to edit some of Shakespeare's, or Jonson's, or Sheridan's pieces. I think they have got something in them, but they want re-modelling—a few sensation headers, or a galvanic battery, or a live donkey introduced here or there would wake them up considerably. I shan't ask more than £25,000 for editing any piece, provided my name is put in big enough letters in the bills. I think that I have proved my generosity as well as my genius by this letter, and so I shall conclude with the assertion that this really is the Golden Age of the British Drama, and not the brazen age, as some would have us think.

You need not thank me for honouring you with this letter; you are quite welcome to it. If you like to give me another advertisement gratis, why, you shall hear from me again.

Yours, &c.,

D—N B—CIC—T.

### THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

LAST WEEK'S QUESTION.

WHO will win the Derby?

Lady Elizabeth. Because her name is never mentioned without a bet.

The correct answer will be given at Epsom on Wednesday afternoon. For further particulars apply at the TOMAHAWK Tent.

Incorrect (presumably) answers have been received from Timothy Tadpole, Billy Pattison, and The Riddler.

NEXT WEEK.

Why is Mr. Disraeli like Rotten Row?

First Prize.—A Seat in Parliament. Apply to Mr. Rearden.

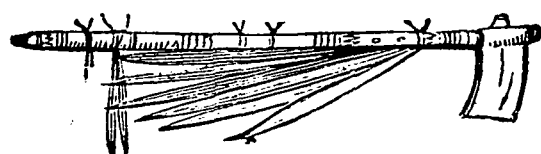
Second Prize.—4½d.

Third Prize.—Mr. Mill's "conscientious" persecution of Ex-Governor Eyre.

## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

As soon as the extensive alterations are completed the OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK will be removed to

199 STRAND.



LONDON, MAY 30, 1868.

## THE WEEK.

SERGEANT ARMSTRONG appears to think that he is a big gun, whereas, he is only a small bore.

It is reported that Mr. Swinburne has written a poem of considerable length for *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is to be hoped that it does not possess equal breadth.

So the Jamaica Committee have at last succeeded in getting Mr. Eyre committed for trial. We admire their perseverance, and cannot help wondering whether if it were employed against those who are directly responsible for the sufferings and death of many white wretches, called paupers, it might not meet with equal success. The great skill with which these disinterested defenders of the Jamaica negro have tried to prove that black is white, should be a guarantee for their benevolence being a less colourable pretext than it is at present.

THE *Daily News*, which justly has a high reputation as a most excellently conducted journal, though with extreme radical sympathies, contained on Monday last, an article which we may characterize as gratuitously dishonest. Considering that Her Majesty has made a practice for the last three years, of leaving for Scotland in the middle of the season, and without any regard to the state of public affairs, it is a considerable stretch of party malice to attribute to Mr. Disraeli's manoeuvres what the writer must know he was as guiltless of advising, as he was as powerless to prevent. It would be just as fair to charge the Liberal party with causing the Queen's illness, because they happened to be in office when it commenced.

THE House of Commons only gets more uproarious every day, spite of all the warnings that have been addressed to it. Honourable Members seem to vie with one another in trying to bring disgrace upon the body to which they belong. They ought to be treated like rebellious schoolboys, and have some of their holidays stopped. If they go on as they have the last week, we may expect to see the opposition and the independent supporters of the Government playing "No child of mine" with Mr. Disraeli; while Mr. Bright and Mr. John Hardy are fighting at even weights for £10 a-side and a box of cigars. Or perhaps some day the Premier will find Mr. Gladstone sitting in his place, and if he offer to regain it will be met with the polite observation "Bunk you brute, or I'll punch your head." It's a pity that some system of icing the House can not be invented which would cool the tempers of the members. Certainly, this Session will be known, *par exemple*, as the Political dog-days.

## WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

- Parliament, House of.*—A Tea-room with a debating-club attached.
- Party, Evening, Tea, or otherwise.*—Means of establishing a tariff of your neighbours' toilettes.
- Passion.*—The boiler, of which common sense is the safety-valve.
- Peacock.*—The bird to whom Juno gave a train and a chignon.
- Pearl.*—The oyster small-pox, not catching for such women as poverty may vaccinate.
- Peerage.*—The marryer's compass.
- Pertness.*—The wit of the ignorant.
- Periwig.*—The chignon's great ancestors.
- Pet.*—A testimony to Homœopathy. Once a woman is in a Pet, it takes a great deal of Petting to cure her.
- Pew.*—The pit the Pharisee falls into on the Sabbath.
- Petticoat.*—The flag of Female Suffrage.
- Philosophy.*—In woman resembles that of the Irish Lamb—the more you wish her to take one road the more she persists in going the other.
- Pimple.*—The bud of the blossom grown on a rum shrub.
- Plain.*—A woman's pretensions to beauty are plain in the eyes of a rival.
- Pleasure.*—What she gives herself any pains to procure.
- Poetry.*—Prose's holiday.
- Politics.*—What woman really understands and therefore is prevented from taking a share in.
- Pomatum.*—The oil used for woman's locks when inclined to turn rusty.
- Port.*—A wine our boys tell us is only crummy when crusty.

## THE TIP OF THE TOMAHAWK.

The Derby! the Derby! Now tell us who will win?

*The Horse who first comes in.*

But what will be the Horse's name, the rest among?

*'Twill be—on every tongue.*

Come, cease your funning—let us have a prophecy.

*A Tip from us? And why?*

Why not? we've singled out before  
The foremost on the war-path; while a score  
Of coming shadows we have pointed out  
To ware events which fate has brought about.  
So now, into the future of the week  
We peer with certainty, and thus we speak:—

They are off! no they're not! yes they are! Look alive!  
We repeat they are not! *The false starts will be FIVE!*  
At last! there they go. *Nineteen* horses together,  
All as fresh as new paint and light as a feather—  
What's that horse to the front? Can this really be true?  
Rosicrucian the running makes, Blue Gown, for you.  
Round the corner they come like bees in a swarm,  
But of six creeping up you may make out the form;  
The Lady, The Earl, with Blue Gown and Green Sleeve,  
St. Ronan and Rosycross, you will perceive:  
The pace is tremendous! St. Ronan falls back!  
The stride of The Earl is observed to grow slack!  
Here they are! well together! Jocks make their appeal  
To the whip with the hand, to the spur with the heel!  
Thunder past! It is over. The numbers you'll see  
Are BLUE GOWN, THE LADY, GREEN SLEEVE, 1, 2, 3.

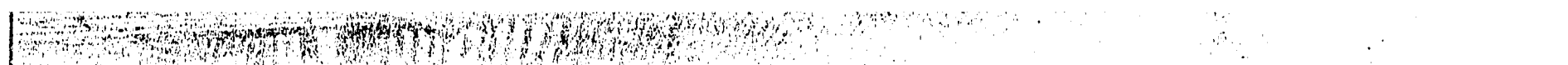
(Signed)

TOMAHAWK.

May, 1868.

THE NEW (BUT EXPLODED) POLITICAL WEAPON.—The New (Serjeant) Armstrong Gun.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE: A DAILY MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG LADIES.—The *Magasin de Modes*.







HOME FROM THE DERBY!





## PLAYING AT BRICKS.

ONE of the sensations, if we are not mistaken, of last year's "dull season" was the Barry-Pugin controversy. The two juniors contended on behalf of their respective fathers for the questionable honour of having originated that most ineffective and very rotten piece of magnificence which, by courtesy, is allowed to pass muster as the Palace of Westminster. As the two gentlemen in question, to say nothing of their friends, have quite exhausted the subject, it is unnecessary to attempt its reanimation now. Who really got the best of the argument we do not know, but we call upon the son of the architect to acknowledge one of the unpleasant responsibilities of his success, and tell us why his father did not build the nation who employed him a proper House of Commons. It is a simple fact, that notwithstanding the outlay of millions, the patching, plastering, chipping, and scraping of years, the whole thing is a dead—a disgraceful failure after all.

The decision of the committee appointed to enquire into the capabilities of the stifling morocco-leather Noah's Ark in which the third estate is at present crammed, is known. A new house has been unanimously decided upon. At last then we suppose something will be constructed, where every member can have a seat, and where every speech, not that this is an overwhelming recommendation, can be heard. The country will be merely mulcted five or six hundred thousand pounds, and the matter will be, it is to be hoped, settled. That is the Utopian view of the matter.

Another, not quite so cheerful, suggests itself to those who measure the future by the experience of the past, and that pictures another failure. The great despicable English love of a job will be too much for the occasion. Somebody will want to fill his own or somebody else's pockets out of the nation's money, and the wrong man will be set to work—that is the melancholy though very common-sense view of the matter. Of course the bull-headed prejudice of Honourable Members will insist on a repetition of the worst form of debating room, the oblong, and reject the only reasonable shape, the semicircular, because it is "continental nonsense, Sir." That is a safe prediction. Some scope there will be for ingenuity as regards detail, and it is more especially with this that we are at present concerned, inasmuch as several plans are already said to be on the *tapis*. The following have reached us from a most reliable source, and we therefore publish them without comment, at the same time strongly advising the lucky gentleman in *posse* who secures this prospective job to take a quiet hint where he can. Let him but do this and England may yet boast of a house to hold her Commons that looks unlike a triumph in ginger-bread, and absolutely answers its purpose into the bargain :—

DESIGN 231.—MOTTO, *Tempora mutantur nos et, &c.*

An Ecclesiastical Gothic chamber, with chair for Prime Minister (fixture). To hold about 269 Members. Terrace outside for the amusement of an Opposition. Conjuring apparatus fitted to Ministerial benches, to enable them to change sides suddenly in a crisis. Decorations various. A stock to be kept on hand to suit the prevailing taste for the time being.

By MR. DISRAELI.

DESIGN 1,004.—MOTTO, *Knox et præterea nihil.*

Capacious room, with ring (permanent) in centre. Galleries for lookers on. Rules of the P. R. to be emblazoned in modern English on the panels. Prevailing colour, orange and mud.

By COL. KNOX.

DESIGN 0001.—MOTTO, *Pax vobiscum.*

A magnificent Protestant Gothic hall (like Exeter Hall, in the Strand), capable of containing—anything but itself. Decorations, four immense historical frescoes, representing—

- (1.) *The actual blowing up of the House of Commons by Guy Fawkes in 1605, showing the slaughter that occurred one minute after the match was lighted.*
- (2.) *A Popish priest stealing a halfpenny when no one is looking.*
- (3.) *Mr. Mackonochie, dressed as the Pope, trying to set fire to an Evangelical, whom he had asked to dinner.*

- (4.) *The Angel of Truth, in her robe of true blue, blowing her own trumpet, and scattering scented copies of "The Confessional Unmasked" broadcast to the unsuspecting youths and maidens of England.*

By MR. WHALLEY, M.P.

DESIGN 168.—MOTTO, *You're another.*

An elegantly-arranged bear garden.

By A MEMBER WHO TOOK AN ACTIVE PART IN A RECENT DEBATE.

DESIGN 6 and 7.—MOTTO, *Sua si bona nōrint!*

A gigantic circular-shaped building in the form of a well, constructed of philosopher's stones. Various cells and retired nooks affording retreats for the meditation and reflection of thinking Members. Decoration, papering of unsold pamphlets.

By MR. MILL.

But we need not continue the list at present. The above will serve to show what an opportunity the architect has before him, if he be only equal to it. But soberly let us advise the gentleman, whoever he may be, to see that *his* house is large enough for the Members.

Absentees have had their day, and it is more than probable that the new constituencies will express their convictions on that point with tolerable force.

## UNSEEN ILLUMINATIONS.

THE illuminations on last Saturday night in honour of Her Majesty's birthday were as brilliant and general as they always have been. The great bulk of the most attractive designs have already been described and chronicled in the columns of our daily contemporaries, but, strange to say, the lists that have appeared in the newspapers have been, in many marked instances, most incomplete. As several of the most important designs and transparencies have been allowed to pass without a word of notice, we hasten to supply the omissions :—

*Buckingham Palace.*—The words "To Let" surmounted by a crown and branches of laurels.

*11 Carlton Terrace.*—(The residence of Mr. Gladstone.) The motto "Divide et Impera."

*The War Office, Pall Mall.*—The Crown and other marks of army rank, with the motto "For Purchase."

*1 Grosvenor Gate.*—(The residence of Mr. Disraeli.) The Star of the Order of the Garter over the letters "Sir Benjamin, K.G."

*Baron Rothschild's Mansion in Piccadilly.*—A lamp in the hall and a flame surmounting a wax candle in a room on the third floor.

*St. James's Hall.*—A magnificent jewelled transparency with the motto "Every Evening at Eight." This was one of the most brilliant illuminations in the metropolis.

## THE FUN OF THE DERBY.

EGGS have risen in price : flour is at a premium. The "fast young man" of the present day whose mind and brain usually yield themselves on this day to the eloquence of slang and the delight of practical joking, is, we suppose, just now engaged in taxing his ingenuity in the art and practice of hitting his neighbour's eye with an egg, or besmothering his face with flour. Blackguardism in light coats and green hat-bands, occupying seats on four-in-hands and omnibuses, is a prominent feature at the Derby—as prominent as the favourite on the course or the favourite (of the *demi-monde*) off the course. We hope, if common sense do not check the vulgar exuberance commonly known as "the fun of the Derby," that the police with its staves will knock in a few of the empty heads which usually run mad on this occasion. Posterity will doubtless regard these young men who go to the Derby as the "Flour of England."

TO THE RACE OF MAN.—"The Ups and Downs of Epsom" is the title of a tale of harrowing sensation, which will not be published to the world on the day after the Derby. Thousands of copies, however, will be printed for private circulation only.



## THE TURF.—A SATIRE.

## PART I.

TIME was when Gambling was by law allowed,  
To White's and Brookes' flocked the noble crowd ;  
When patriots and ministers of state,  
Fresh from the party strife and fierce debate,  
In Faro's wild excitement slaked their fire,  
Or o'er the dice's turn forgot their ire ;  
When all the wits and heroes of the age  
Scorned not at cards their talents to engage,  
And as they dropped their thousands on the board,  
Were no less liberal of their mind's bright hoard.  
Bon-mots and guineas sparkled side by side,  
Winners and losers in good humour vied :  
Chance reigned supreme, unchecked by crafty skill ;  
They won, they lost, but kept their honour still.

But now, thank Heaven ! Gambling is put down—  
Of gold and silver hells we've purged the town ;  
Crockford's survives only in old men's tales—  
E'en lotteries have given way to sales.  
The Thimble-rigger dares not show his head,  
And, save in Politics, his art is dead.  
This virtuous age abhors the name of Play,  
In honest work consumes the busy day ;  
Its pious ears the mere word Gambling shocks ;  
For now we only *speculate* in Stocks.

'Tis true the Arlington and Rag exist,  
But, then, the game is scientific whist—  
Nothing like whist to fill the vacant mind  
(And empty pockets too, you'll sometimes find).  
'But, Tattersall's ?' Oh, that's an honest club,  
Where the patricians 'gainst plebians rub ;  
Where every prejudice of race or caste  
Is thrown amongst the lumber of the past ;  
Where dukes can grasp the hand that's brown'd—with toil,  
Nor fear their fingers or their gloves to soil  
(It might be rather difficult, 'tis true,  
To say which hand's the cleaner of the two).  
'They gamble there !'

"Oh, nothing of the sort.  
"They bet, I grant, but that's all manly sport—  
"We must, you know, improve our horses' breed,  
"Sustain the British name for pluck and speed ;  
"Shall the Law lay its sacrilegious hand  
"On sacred institutions of the Land ?  
"The Turf is one of England's proudest boasts,  
"Its home has ever been on our free coasts,  
"Whence far and wide It missionaries sends  
"To preach Its gospel to our foreign friends ;  
"Where'er an Englishman has set his foot  
"Racing (and gin) have firmly taken root,  
"An English jockey's honoured near and far,  
"It is our sports have made us what we are !"

Doubtless 'tis true—the Turf's a noble thing,  
Fast wed to Honour by a golden Ring ;  
'Tis a brave deed with unimpassioned face  
To lose your thousands on a single Race ;  
What nobler use for money can we find,  
Than to enrich these men of subtle mind,  
Whom their own industry has served to raise  
From out the gutter (surely no mean praise),  
And made them friends and equals e'en of peers ?  
Why heed the disappointed loser's jeers,  
That betting men are only licensed thieves,  
(Really such malice honest natures grieves),  
What if sometimes to cunning they resort,  
To 'plants' and 'dodges,'—all is fair in sport :  
The *gentlemen* can deem it no disgrace  
Who follow them, but at a slower pace,  
Who patient study every *clever* trick,  
And teach their consciences at nought to stick ;  
Who practice, to ensure their noble end,

Some fancy fraud upon their bosom friend ;  
Lie till they e'en forget to feign a blush  
And only Wine their manly cheek can flush ;  
Advise their brother to back Chanticleer,  
Although they've paid the groom to make him queer ;  
Slander some favourite down to outside price,  
Then clap the money on him in a trice ;  
Corrupt with bribes those wretched puny boys  
Snatched from their nurse to make the Devil toys ;  
Who not content to cheat their own vile race  
E'en honest brutes try vainly to disgrace,  
And so at last to full perfection grown,  
With biggest blackguards more than hold their own !

Let other tongues the paltry cant repeat,  
That on the Turf Honour holds firm her seat !  
A few there are, we gladly own, who still  
Hold honest folly 'bove dishonest skill ;  
Who, though the world would gladly pass it by,  
Still scorn to tolerate the whitest lie :  
Their hearts ne'er knew deception's slightest taint,  
They worship Truth as Man's best patron Saint.  
Their bright example naught, alas ! prevails,  
Approved by Fortune's smile, Fraud still prevails.  
E'en if the owner be an honest man,  
The trusted trainer aids the scoundrel's plan ;  
Or, if the trainer's true, some stable lad,  
Familiar from a babe with all that's bad,  
Flushed with champagne and generously fee'd,  
The courage finds to do the dirty deed.

What chance remains for Honesty ?—

"But stay,  
"They're rogues ; yet own that when they lose they pay."

Pay ? Yes, but how ? With money meanly gained,  
What care they how the needful sum's attained ?  
The honest tradesman begs from day to day  
His due ;—they'll see him damned before they pay ?  
"What, leave my debts of honour, just to fill  
"This cheating tailor's all-devouring till ?  
"A man who sticks on cent. per cent. at least  
"On every article, the greedy beast !"  
The Ring are right no credit e'er to give ;  
How could they trust each other, and still live ?  
No ! better steal their wives' and children's bread ;  
Better the living cheat, and rob the dead ;  
Ay ! better far Honour's last rag to sell  
Strip bare the home those dear ones loved so well ;  
Better e'en forge a doting father's name—  
Than as defaulter know the rogue's sole shame !

## THE WILL AND THE WAY.

THE following is an instance of the ingenious way in which, whilst the commands of royalty are obeyed, the claims of *propriety* are not sacrificed. A contemporary states that

It is said that at one of the recent Drawing Rooms Her Majesty desired the Lord Chamberlain to inform one of the ladies present that she was requested not to appear again in so low a dress.

This must have been a terrible order to the fair and modest delinquent. With what rage and disappointment must she have consulted with her dressmaker how the cruel and ridiculous "request" could be evaded. But there was little need for dismay. A delightful *arrière pensée* suggests itself. What is taken away in one part, must be given in another. There is an easy way of getting out of the difficulty—you shall not be decent, my dear Madame against your wish, you walk backwards from Her Majesty—*Eh bien*—you shall be content with your new dress. And so the same paragraph tells us

It seems the fashion with French dressmakers now to scoop out the back of low dresses in a most unseemly manner.

Perhaps, though this may not come to Her Majesty's eyes, it may to her ears, and if so, may lead to a compulsory reform in the present crab-like movements at the Drawing Rooms.

## PLUTO'S HOLIDAY.

[See CARTOON.]

"CHECK," said Pluto, moving a bishop on the diabolical board.

"Oh, hang it all," replied Faust with a yawn; "why on earth do you make so many moves with your bishops?"

"Because they are my *protégés*. They look so innocent, and yet can be delightfully mischievous. But come—move—I called check."

"Well, then, there—what do you say to that?" said Faust, taking His Imperial Majesty's bishop with another piece.

"What do I say? Why, I say it's cheating! What am I to do now—without the Irish Church? Oh, I shan't play any more." And Pluto kicked the board over and frowned terribly.

"That's right," said Faust jeeringly, "lose your temper. However, you don't hurt me: in this sultry weather chess is a little too much even in Hades."

"It's the only game we allow down here. But to return, Doctor, I wish you would prescribe for me—I feel terribly seedy."

"Well, my dear fellow—you know what I've always said. You never were so well as when you were on earth—there you used to sing all over the place—why don't you go back again? Get out your portmanteau, have that copper-plate of yours, with 'Signor Mephistophiles' engraved on it, sent to the printer's, fill your card-case, have your hair cut, and order Charon's boat to be ready by ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I say though, won't I look strange in this moustache and imperial?"

"Not a bit of it. You have set the fashion at the Tuileries—the Emperor Napoleon wears just such a moustache and just such an imperial."

"Hang that man!" said Pluto angrily; "he copies me in every particular!"

"The sincerest flattery, my dear boy."

"Yes, it's all very well to say that, but until that fellow ascended the French throne wickedness used to be my *spécialité*."

"Poor Dev——!" said Faust sympathisingly.

"Stop that: we don't allow the luxury of using bad language down here. Not only that," continued Pluto querulously, "Earth has grown too sharp for me—I infinitely prefer Hades."

"From the way you talk one would think that you find no difference between this miserable spot and Elysium!"

"That's all you know about it; there is the greatest possible difference."

"Well, then, what is the difference?" asked Faust.

"Why, you stupid fellow, don't you know that there are no marriages in heaven?"

"Ah! to be sure. There's something in that."

"That reminds me," said Pluto, "that if I leave this place I don't know to whom I ought to entrust its temporary government."

"Proserpine," hinted Faust.

"The Fates forbid!" exclaimed Pluto, horror-stricken. "Hades governed by a woman! I don't pretend to be over-scrupulous—and you know how I hate mankind—but, on my word, that would be a little too hard upon humanity!"

"Well, then, what do you say to a Divine? There's——"

"Stop," interrupted the King. "I say, Doctor, why shouldn't you take my place? You have been here a long time, and know all my ways. Come, now, what do you say to wearing my crown for a couple of days?"

"Very kind of you, I'm sure, to think of me, but really I scarcely know what to do, and——"

"Oh, nonsense—no excuses, Doctor. Now, look here. If any one arrives while I am away, you know what to do with them. Traitors can help to roll Ixion's wheel. Slanderers may take a bath with Tantalus. Regicides may be set to read the works of Martin Farquhar Tupper—not too much though, or you will kill the wretched creatures."

"How about parricides?"

"Oh, treat *them* with much greater severity—the greatest possible severity!"

"What shall I do with them?"

Pluto pondered a minute, and then said slowly—

"Parricides deserve no pity. Appoint them to junior clerkships in the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office!"

Faust turned pale and shuddered; he was about to intercede, when Pluto stopped him sternly,—

"Slave," roared the King, "obey my commands! I repeat, parricides deserve no pity, and shall receive no pity! Mind, the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, and nothing else! Disobey my injunction at your peril!"

Faust sank to the ground in an agony of grief. Pluto threw the crown to him, and walked away.

An hour later and His Majesty (dressed in the highest fashion) was steaming o'er the Styx in Charon's craft, *en route* for the Modern Babylon.

\* \* \* \* \*

"How are you, Charon?"

"Not werry well, yer Majesty. I've been a-bothered a good bit in my mind lately—terribly a-bothered."

"About what?"

"Well, about that ere Co-operative Movement. 'Ow is a poor man to live when the gentry sets up an opposition to him? That's what I should like to know!"

"But how does the Co-operative Movement affect you?"

"Why, yer Majesty, in the olden times a gentleman used quietly to pop off the 'ooks in bed, but now-a-days the gentry 'ave made Muscular Christianity their Co-operative Movement. They breaks 'emselfes to pieces out a-steeplechasing, blows 'emselfes to pieces out a-shooting, and dashes 'emselfes to pieces out a-h'Alpine climbing. I give you my word, I've scarcely 'ad any work to do these last three years. 'Owsomever, its an ill wind that blows nobody no good, and my old friend Bones, the deaf and dumb gentleman with the scythe and the hour glass, 'im as brings my passengers to me, 'e's 'ad enough to do! But when 'e *does* bring 'em to me there ain't nothing left of 'em to ferry over! But 'ere you are, yer Majesty—'ere's the shore: when will yer want to return?"

"After the Derby!"

"Ah!" said Charon, watching the retreating figure of his master as he pocketed the *obolus* that Pluto had given him before walking away. "The Derby wouldn't be much without you, my friend!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Derby day!

Such a gathering! Pluto (now calling himself Mephistopheles) stood still and grinned at the groups as they passed him. First came a carriage and pair; it carried a powdered coachman and flunkey, and a couple of passengers. The first passenger's bonnet contained a skull, into which had been let some false teeth, and upon which had been placed some corpse's hair. This skull grinned and jabbered at the skull under the green veil-wreathed hat belonging to the other passenger. The second skull exhibited the seeds of decay and death, for all that it grinned famously and was extremely attentive to the female skull. A host of other skulls passed by gibbering and snapping their jaws together in a most amusing manner, and Pluto laughed as he thought—"I wonder what these people would say if they could only see their skulls as I see them—without the flesh!" And the carriages passed by in a cloud of dust and the murmurs of merry voices, crushing sand, and silvery laughter.

Getting bored of watching the skulls (they were so *very* like one another), Pluto moved away and approached a group of men consisting of a thimble-rigger and a crowd of greenhorns. Pluto went up to the thimble-rigger and was about to offer him some advice in an undertone, when the fellow stopped him roughly with—"Teach your grandmother to suck eggs; I can get on very well without you."

So Pluto, thoroughly snubbed and shamefaced, slunk away to another part of the Downs. He soon heard some very discordant sounds—sounds which had they not been called a hymn would certainly have passed for a comic song. A great vulgar man, in a dirty white necktie, was shouting out the words of the melody at the top of his voice. Pluto caught the man's eye, and beckoned him to come to him. Thus summoned, the reverend gentleman closed the hymn abruptly, and approached the spot upon which Pluto had taken his stand, with a very obsequious bow.

"How do, Mr. Leatherlegs," said His Majesty carelessly.

"By-the-bye, I've got a bone to pick with you!"

"Indeed, sire! I'm sure I've been most zealous in your service."

"Precisely what I complain of," said Pluto; "you've been far *too* zealous. You know my accommodation is small: then

why do you send me such heaps of people? My wife Proserpine doesn't know what to do with them."

"Dear, dear," replied the street preacher regretfully, "I'm very sorry to hear this. Why, I've got a whole congregation on the way to Charon's boat. How shall I stop them?"

"By giving up ribaldry and blasphemy," said Pluto, turning upon his heel.

Leaving the crestfallen street preacher to ponder over his parting words, His Majesty made his way among the carriages. As he walked along the flash of a diamond necklace attracted his attention.

"Ah," said Pluto to himself, "I am certain I've seen that necklace somewhere or other—years ago. By Jove! Why, I gave it to my friend the Doctor's young woman. Yes, those are the Faust diamonds!"

Pluto was right—seated in the carriage before him was Marguerite!

He took off his hat politely, and approached her. Gretchen stared at him through a double eyeglass, and at last exclaimed—

"I know your face very well, but upon my word I can't recollect your name for the moment."

"My name is Mephistopheles, Madam, at your service."

"Oh yes, to be sure, a great friend of a man I knew in my first season:—wasn't it a Doctor Somebody?"

"Doctor Faust."

"Faust! yes, that was the name. I behaved rather badly to him, didn't I?—but you know one can't marry Doctors, you know."

"On the contrary, Ma'am, you had reason to complain of him!"

"Oh, did he jilt me? Ah, I dare say. I've had so many *affaires de cœur* in my time, that it's simply impossible to remember details!"

"Quite so," said Pluto; "but pardon me,—I thought you intended taking up an aerial abode?"

"Oh, you're alluding to that absurd voyage made in the arms of some strange creatures in tinsel and wings—creatures called angels, or ballet girls, or something of that sort?"

Pluto made a bow.

"Ah," continued Marguerite, fanning herself, "it was the most absurd mistake in the world! I had an old admirer of the name of Goethe, who had an exaggerated idea of my goodness. This absurd fellow absolutely gave orders that I should be carried up to the sky! However, when I felt it getting cold, and that the stupid things in wings and tinsel had forgotten my jewels, I soon ordered them to carry me down again! So they had their trouble for nothing."

Pluto laughed long and heartily, and when he had recovered himself said: "My dear Madam, you know we are *very* old friends. Is it impertinent to ask you how you have managed to keep your splendid beauty unimpaired for so many centuries?"

"That's my secret," replied Marguerite, with a smile. "However, I may tell you that I never think, and that a magician called Gounod has endowed me with a fresh lease of youth and loveliness!"

"You've never been to Madame Rachel?"

"To be made 'beautiful for ever?' No, you would have seen me at your place long ere this had I been guilty of such terrible folly!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun is setting on the Derby day, and Pluto is dressed in masquerade. Now that his children are insensible, is it not their father who should take them into safe custody?

So the King of Hades had doffed his morning clothes, that he might appear in the livery of his children. It is *his* time to serve now; it will be *their* time to serve hereafter! As he assumed the clothes, he felt a cold and nipping air. He turned round, and beheld one of his trustiest servants already in the world's livery.

"Ah," said Pluto, "I shall want your aid presently—jump up—however crowded the coach may be there will be plenty of room for *you*!"

And so the strange carriage started—with Mephistopheles on the box, with Death in the rumble!

The seats were soon occupied. On the back cushion leaned a youth, whose life might have been one series of glories, one grand effort in the cause of his country's good, but who had lost all in losing honour and self-respect. Beside him sat a greedy Jew, with a face that bore a strong family likeness to

the weird driver on the box, picking his patron's pocket of his ill-earned gains. Opposite him, a vulgar upstart, dressed as a gentleman, with the manner of a coalheaver, the sensuous lips of a negro, and the heart of a cur! Next to him, a poor woman, with eyes closed and thoughts far away, weary of her life, and unconscious of her dreadful destination!

And there sat these four—types of the class from which they sprang. Youth in his cap and bells, with folly stamped on his forehead and vice written in his heart, reckless and mad with drink, throwing away life, and hope, and honour, as if they were worthless baubles, useless toys! Then the accursed usurer, his hand grasping the gold which would drag him down to perdition! Then the beast-man in his gaudy clothes and untamed brutality, in his coarse wickedness and vulgar vice! Lastly, the woman with her tear-soiled cheeks and sad memories—long lost to the path of virtue, and fast drifting to the shores of Hell!

And thus they go rattling along the road, with Mephistopheles for a guide, and Death, cold, solemn, and silent as their only comforter!

Home from the Derby! Read the legend on the sign post—home!

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A medley of women and horses and men,  
Of black legs and white hands, of paupers and peers,  
Of fools from their palaces, rogues from their den,  
Of blessings and curses, of groans and of cheers,  
Of wild exultation and wilder despair,—  
A Babel of cries, a Sahara of dust,  
The Vagabond's mansion, the Devil's pet fair—  
A thing which you mayn't want to see, but you must.  
In my first some experience you're certain to gain,  
In my second you mayn't get so much for your pain;  
But in both, just for once, you had better invest,  
You'll but win at the worst, or lose at the best.

1.

On every shape and shade of this,  
Here at my ease my eyes I feast;  
Men strive of it to make the most,  
While women strive to make the least.

2.

If Man's ideas of this in drink  
Are thus unlimited, I trow  
That some who now have lost their heads  
Will find them broken in a row.

3.

The pride of this I thought was dead,  
In horses now I see remain;  
They of all noble creatures here  
Surely need least the whip and rein.

4.

An echo of this pleasant voice  
Falls quite refreshing on my ear;  
These strangers from the Emerald Isle  
Are in their native country here.

5.

Hush! here they come—yes, there's the bell;  
Come, clear the course—what is that yell?  
Some welsher studying Lynch law;  
No, 'tis the—what a loud guffaw!

NURSERIES OF LEARNING.—Probably so called, because the first thing University men do is to lay in a stock of *cribs*.

\* \* 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."