

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 62.]

LONDON, JULY 11, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.

BRISTOL DIAMONDS.

THE Report of the Bristol Election Committee contains serious matters for thought, at least for those persons who ever do think seriously. Of course we know that the proper thing to do, when bribery is discussed, is either to utter some stale sentiment which means nothing, or to treat the matter as rather a good joke. Nothing is more nauseating than the flimsy hypocrisy with which the House of Commons always treats the subject of bribery. One really would think that it was hardly worth while to repeat those stale pretences which nobody accepts as realities; to try and screen the offenders behind that old curtain of shams, which is so worn out with constant use that the heaviest eyes can see through it. It is all very well to say that large constituencies will make bribery impossible; we should like to know how. If those who are to be admitted to the franchise have been accustomed to see others turning a pretty penny by their votes, setting the glorious privilege of a British citizen down among their assets, and calculating their incomes as so many shillings a week and a vote laid by for a rainy day; if they have seen these honest folk very rarely brought to task for this lucrative traffic, still more rarely detected, and so rarely punished, that the odds against that calamity are about the same as against another universal deluge; and when they see that neither the people who give bribes or those who receive them are ever considered, even if found out, to have done anything disgraceful, but, on the contrary, are treated as clever amusing dogs who know what's what; if this is their experience as non-electors, they must indeed be paragons of virtue if, when they become electors, they let such a lucrative property as a vote lie idle, and do not even try and turn it to any account. Does any one pretend to say that one man in a thousand, who will receive a vote under the new Reform Bill, looks upon the privilege as anything else but a fancy piece of goods, which can be converted into money, or its equivalent, when required? Talk about “the inalienable heritage of a free citizen,” the “sacred birthright of a man,” and all such nonsense on the hustings, if you like; it sounds well, and does not interfere with your generosity in putting a thousand pounds or so into your agent's hands, and asking no questions; besides, the citizens who have been getting drunk at your expense are sure to cheer such noble sentiments. But now we are not on the hustings; let us, for heaven's sake, try and tell the truth. Why should these men look upon the right of voting as a solemn duty, to be exercised with the most scrupulous uprightness and honesty? Who ever, by example, taught them so? How were most elections that they have seen, either political or municipal, carried on? If John Smith voted for Thompson instead of Johnson, and Johnson used to employ him, how long after the election did he wait to discharge him? Who paid Robinson's bill at the grocer's and the baker's, and that little account with the doctor, or the arrears of rent that year when he voted with the Yellows? In short, what is the moral of all he has seen? Is it not that, if he votes for a candidate, he will generally gain some advantage direct or indirect, if it is possible for him to confer any; if he votes against a candidate, he will suffer for it some loss direct or indirect, if it is in that candidate's power to inflict any loss on him? Does it require a very powerful mind to come to the conclusion that it is best to vote for the man who can do you most good and least

harm? And if, looking up to those above them in the world for guidance, they find men morally convicted of bribery and corruption received with every honour by Society; if they find a man, who has bribed for one place, and been found out, quietly allowed to go and bribe another constituency, without being found out, received among the pure and honest representatives of the people, and permitted to sit in judgment on others accused of bribery, with whom, of course, he can have no sympathy; if they find that a serious proposal to punish the briber and the bribed is received with laughter, and that the only Bill, that has ever even pretended to deal effectively with the question, is supported, except by a very few, with a very half-hearted earnestness, and opposed by most with every sort of ingenious procrastination and cunning objection; if this be the spirit in which our great legislative assembly, in which are the richest and best educated gentlemen, whose position cannot be dissociated from a sense of responsibility, treat the subject of bribery, what can we expect from the poor and the ignorant, who scarcely know what responsibility means?

The revelations of the Bristol election prove, if we wanted proof, that it is not only the small shopkeepers who are corrupt; workmen whose wages are uncertain, and whose employment depends upon a fluctuating demand which may be created at the will of the employers, who have no little capital to fall back upon, are much more exposed to temptation, and it is not surprising that they should yield to it; if these men get behind in their rent, if illness not only prevents them from earning anything but adds cruelly to their expenses, how can they expect to free themselves from the burden of debt? If a kind gentleman offers to pay all on the condition of their going at a certain hour next morning to the poll booth, and giving their votes for him, they must have very alert and incorruptible consciences if the wrong they can see in such an action were to blind them to the benefit they receive by it.

It has been said that large constituencies will check bribery because it will cost so much to bribe, but we cannot see the force of the argument. It may perhaps be so in time, when the newly enfranchised persons have learnt the value of a vote, and are able to watch the market of corruption with that patience and skill, to which some professors of the art of being bribed have attained; but till they have reached this stage of enlightenment, it is more probable that a pound will go as far as five did before, and that the price of votes, like that of every other commodity, will only be lowered by the increased supply. And as to the Ballot being a remedy for corruption, we never could see it. Intimidation it may check, but as long as there are persons willing and able to bribe, or ready to be bribed, and they can follow their inclinations with very little fear of detection, much less punishment, before their eyes, so long will bribery flourish. The Ballot may render detection more difficult, and punishment impossible, but what else it can do, or ever has done, towards purifying elections, we cannot discover.

We do not wonder that the House of Commons, as a whole, should resent the loss of their privilege of constituting the tribunal before which corruption is arraigned. They are right to be jealous of the power of shielding the offenders, considering how numerous they are. It does them credit to a certain extent, since it shows they have some sense of shame; for, though the difference between wilfully shutting your eyes and ears while your agents bribe, and bribing yourself, may be rather a fine one, still there is a difference; and this ingenuous mode of

whitewashing the accused is a fine example of the ingenuity of the Honourable House of Commons. When we read once more the almost invariable sentence in the report of the Committee, we cannot help being reminded of the story of the old lady who went about naked with a Bible under her arm, and when remonstrated with by the police, declared that she was invisible. It is fortunate that the police in this case were not as credulous as Election Committees of the House of Commons.

The abolition of bribery, like that of all long-cherished evils, must be effected by a severe and determined effort of Public Opinion. The men who bribe and are bribed would probably not pick a pocket, because picking pockets is considered low, and is punished by the treadmill. Let every one convicted of bribery be imprisoned for not less than three months, and deprived of all rights of citizenship for a term varying from five to thirty years; let the man convicted of receiving a bribe be deprived of the right of voting for the rest of his life, and we shall soon see corruption take its proper place among other criminal offences. It will not be then, like smoking, a bad habit encouraged by custom; persons who have any character or position will be honest, because it will be disgraceful to be dishonest. Above all, let those who are in earnest on this question use every means they can to elevate the poorer classes to a noble sense of independence by encouraging habits of economy, and facilitating, in every way, the formation of funds which may make them independent of misfortune to a certain extent. This is real charity; for there is nothing which makes people so careless or dishonest with regard to money as the practice of living from hand to mouth—spending all their pay as soon as they get it. When money represents to a man habits of consistent and noble self-denial, he will be loth to degrade it by making it the price of his independence.

ON TRIAL.—THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Commissioners recently appointed to inquire into "the utility and general working capacity of the House of Lords, with a view, &c., &c." held their first sitting yesterday. The portion of the room assigned to the public was densely crowded.

The first witness examined was the Earl of Milkwater. He said: He was twenty-three years of age. Had been inside the House of Peers twice; thinks once was for a bet. Had been educated. Had gone to Eton, and then to Oxford. When there was at Christ's Church. Did not take a degree, but instead wore a velvet cap with a gold tassel, and kept horses. Wore also a ribbed silk gown. On high days wore a rich figured silk, covered with large gold patches, and dined at a high table with "Dons." Yes, on these occasions he took precedence of venerable men of world-wide fame and exalted position in the Church. He was nineteen; they must have been over sixty. No, that style of thing was not thought snobbish at the University. Everybody cringed to him. At Eton he had got well kicked once; thinks it did him good. Oxford, however, made up for that. Yes, had been set upon by toadies and snobs. Thought the University encouraged that style of thing. Liked it. Spent £5,000 at Oxford, and left when he was twenty-one. Yes, he had lots of ancestors. The founder of his race was not a grocer who bought the title of James I. for £350. Dates back much further than that. His family came over with the Conqueror. Name, De Spoon. See all about it in *Burke*. Roger de Spoon may have been a boot-cleaner who could not pick up an honest living in Normandy, and so worked his passage across as steward on William's ship. Yes, that was what he meant by coming over with the Conqueror. Thought that an excellent reason why he should have a seat in the House of Lords. Considered it "great fun" to be an hereditary legislator. Did not care what was disestablished as long as it was not Tattersall's. No, did not know there had been a row in the Commons about the Irish Church. Should vote against the Suspensory Bill, because young what's-his-name wants a berth over there in the clerical line. Has no prejudices on the question. Would give the Commissioners long odds on the result. Supposes the House of Lords is a "grand institution." Saw something about "thanking God there was a House of Lords" in last week's *Bell's Life*, and thought it great fun. Shall send his vote up by proxy. Does not care what comes of the question. Imagines it will not interfere with grouse shooting, the Derby Day, or Rotten Row.

Knows some good fellows in the Commons. Thinks they talk too much. Yes, has heard of "Oliver Cromwell." He ran fifth for the Chester Cup in '61. Yes, that was all he had got to say. Did not know much about the British Constitution, but supposed, as the papers made such a fuss about it, it must be something radical and low. Yes, his position and influence were two of the blessings of the British Constitution. Thought himself an average specimen of a young peer. Would give odds to the Commissioners on the event, if they liked. Thought the *Times* snobbish, and the British public a set of asses. Hoped the Commissioners would excuse him, as he was down for some pigeon-shooting at three.

The witness then stood down. His evidence, which was given in a *nonchalant* manner, elicited several loud murmurs of surprise and indignation. At its conclusion (the examination), Lord Crawlingford, the next witness, was about to commence as our packet left.

COURT-SUITED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

A "BREAKFAST" in a garden at "half-past four" in the afternoon, at which gentlemen are expected to appear in "morning trousers and evening coats," is certainly a bold and original idea. Hence the recent great meeting at Buckingham Palace has called forth a good deal of comment on all hands. Any one who has seen Mossoo stopped at the pit entrance of the opera, because, "*Mon Dieu*, he would come in ze full dress, one taillecoat and blue-breeche," can perhaps appreciate the sort of appearance the motley assembly to which we refer must have presented on the festive occasion in question. It is true that to be presented at St. James's necessitates a rig out which places one on the level of a fashionable flunkey; and so we suppose "morning trousers and evening coats" must be regarded as an advance on the road of refinement and civilisation. Yet, as it is safe to assume, that were a Crystal Palace waiter, or King of Greece, to lead anybody to the altar, he would, to a dead certainty, wear "morning trousers and an evening coat," perhaps we may still hope for some happier development of taste in time to come. A state dinner, for instance, at 4 a.m., at which everybody was requested to wear cricket-boots, cocked hats, and respirators, would not read badly, while a good deal might be got out of a luncheon in the middle of the night in slippers, shirt fronts, and wrap rascals. The worst of the present *mode* is that it does not, by very reason of its details, look imposing in point. In fact, it almost degrades a man to be handled as follows:—

Let us take a case—say Mr. Disraeli: *Coat*.—Evening dress. *Waistcoat*.—Chameleon colour. *Trousers*.—Orange. *Buttons*.—Brass. Or Mr. Whalley: *Coat*.—Evening dress. *Waistcoat*.—*Rouge des Papes*. *Trousers*.—Hanwell mixture. *Hat*.—Cardinal's.

However, it must be seen that some small play could be given to individual tastes, and in this lies the only advantage, as far as we can gather, that can arise from the new fashion. Judging it from no high standard, say the pit of the Victoria Theatre, we might call it slightly vulgar; yet really some allowance ought to be made for the untoward appearance of people who get their first mouthful of food at 5 o'clock p.m.

GLORIOUS NEWS!

ON account of the partial success that has attended the Horse Racing at the People's Palace, Muswell Hill, we understand that the following improvements are about to be made at the places specified beneath:—

BRITISH MUSEUM.—A new department containing Billiard Rooms will immediately be added. The play will be under the general superintendence of the Librarian, who will be assisted by an efficient staff of markers. £100 a game to be the limit for the present. Outside bets to be paid before leaving the building.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Blind Hookey from ten to ten daily, under the management of Mr. H. Cole, C.B. No I. O. U. for more than £2,000 allowed.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Bull fights and Mr. Coward on the great organ daily. Admission, one shilling.

CAVE CANES!

A MONSTER indignation meeting of the Dogs of the Metropolis was held last night at Barking, in order to take into consideration the recent order of Sir Richard Mayne for the muzzling of all dogs not led with a string.

Lord NEWFOUNDLAND presided.

After an ample collation of bones and oatmeal gruel had been discussed, the pails of water having been set upon the green board, the CHAIRMAN opened the proceedings with a deep bark. Silence having been thus proclaimed, the noble Lord said,—

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I need scarcely tell you why we have met together this night, and why we have been compelled to choose this somewhat out-of-the-way spot, because it happens to be out of the jurisdiction of the infamous tyrant who has directed against us those sordid instruments of oppression, the police. (*Loud growls.*) I need not tell you the name of the miserable despot whom we have met here to defy. (*Bow-wow.*) I will venture to say that there is no dog, however poor, however thin, however unused to high society, however ignorant, who will not greet the name of Sir Richard Mayne with howls of execration. (*The speaker here was obliged to pause for a few minutes, while the chorus of indignation swelled louder and louder and gradually died away into low growls.*) He owes it only to the generous and patient forbearance which is ingrained so deeply in our natures, that the word revenge does not exist in our language; I say, he owes it to the fact that we are dogs and not human beings, that he is not torn to pieces, limb from limb, by the noble creatures whom he has so long tortured and oppressed. (*Loud expressions of approval.*) But we owe it to ourselves not to endure such outrages for ever, if we do not wish to see our noble race entirely destroyed, and with it all that is good, and true, and faithful, and gentle, swept from the face of the earth; we owe it to ourselves, I say, that such tyranny as this monster has dared to inflict on us should not go unpunished. (*Loud barks.*) The Human Race is under our protection. It is our task by example, less than by precept, to save Man from his own evil nature. (*Murmurs of applause.*) This recent edict for the muzzling of all dogs in the streets of London is but the climax of a course of legislation, which has had for its only object the torture, and murder, of our unoffending race. And the impudent pretence, upon which this last order is based, adds, if possible, to its brutality. We are to be muzzled because, forsooth, some of us have gone mad, and have bitten some very few bipeds in the course of the last two or three years. The wonder is to me that we have not all gone mad under the infamous treatment we have received. How many men owe their death to us? Perhaps ten in the last five years. How many men owe their lives to us? (*Loud approbation.*) I fear they are not so easily counted. I will not speak of myself, though I have saved a child from drowning before this. (*Loud barks.*) We must not recount the benefits we have conferred on man, for time presses. What I would ask Sir Richard Mayne is this: If dogs are dangerous, what are men? are there no two-legged wretches who prowl about the streets, who live by robbery, violence, and murder, who knock down helpless women and children, and steal behind the strong man with the stealthy tread of the assassin, and strike him bleeding to the ground? (*Immense excitement.*) Let Sir Richard Mayne muzzle them, or rather let them walk the streets in handcuffs, if he wishes to protect the lives of his fellow-creatures. Why let the pestilent agitator, the blasphemous mob-orator, the foul-mouthed gin-drinker go unmuzzled, while we poor dogs have our mouths strapped round so as we cannot breathe or lap up what little water the heat has left us? (*Loud barks.*) Gin palaces and beer-houses are built in every street for man, there are even no drinking fountains for us, and we are forbidden to refresh our parched tongues with what drink Nature gives us. (*Loud growls.*) My friends, I cannot say more. They call these the dog-days; let us give the term a new significance; let us show by determined resistance that we will not submit to such wanton cruelty, and if justice is denied us let us emigrate at once, and leave this brutal country to Man and the cats. (*Tremendous approbation.*)

Several other excellent speeches were made which we have not space to report. Among others—

MR. JOHN BULL-DOG said that he would fly at Sir

Richard Mayne's throat for an old marrow-bone, and at the throats of all the rest of the police for that matter. If he had his way, the only rattle they should sound for the future would be the death-rattle.

The HONOURABLE TOY TERRIER remarked that the last speaker was coarse and violent in his language. He was happy to say that he thought a studied attention to the calves of policemen would be quite sufficient. The Bobbies were very nervous creatures; that's why they were so fond of female society (*great wagging of tails*). He (the Hon. T. T.) was glad to say that his friends in the Upper House had rejected the Suspensory Bill by a large majority, as he understood that the object of that Bill was to hang all dogs at once, whether they liked it or not. (*Loud barks.*)

The following resolutions were ultimately passed:—

- (1.) That this meeting declines to be muzzled.
- (2.) That, should Sir Richard Mayne not withdraw the obnoxious edict within three days, all dogs at once leave London and the other chief towns of England, and congregate in the country, with a view to getting at the sheep [the words "and the cows" were added by Mr. J. Bull-dog].
- (3.) That in the interim no dog hold any communication with any policeman. [The words "except through his calves" were added by the Hon. Toy Terrier.]

WOMAN'S WORD-BOOK.

FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

(Continued.)

Tune.—Music's argument.

Twaddle.—Your writing and mine—especially yours.

Tyrant.—Sometimes Papa, sometimes Mamma, sometimes Baby—but very much Mamma.

Understanding.—What is beneath woman's sole to discuss.

Undertaker.—Black Stick in waiting—for all of us.

Union.—Is strength—strength of mind.

Upholstery.—The latest creed.

Variations, mus.—Assault and battery on a favourite air.

Vice.—What women of the epoch assume, though they have it not.

Victory.—The happy possessor of a car woman is always wanting to drive.

Vine.—Wine in the wood.

Virtue.—A vice when made too prominent.

Voice.—What makes a nightingale of Mrs. Jay in her J.'s ears, and *voice versa*.

Volunteer.—A tear dropped by Lord Ranelagh over the British defences.

ON THE LINE.

THE authorities at the Horse Guards seem determined on making the uniform of Line officers as "simple" as possible. Each new regulation curtails some one of the trifling adornments which have hitherto saved the uniform from being absolutely hideous. It is now some years since the great redeeming point, the epaulettes, were abolished; since then, from time to time, gold lace has been narrowed, trowsers have been shorn of their scarlet stripes, and the shako has been transformed into a meagre imitation of the head-dress of the Shoeblack Brigade. But reform has not stopped even here—the very buttons have not been permitted to rest in peace—an order has just appeared curtailing their number on the tunic by ten. Where is this fever for a "sensible uniform" to end? The dress of the English officer has long been celebrated as the ugliest, as well as the most expensive, in Europe. We wonder if all these alterations make any difference in its cost? The Horse Guards' authorities should look to this—if the uniform must be nasty, for goodness sake let it be cheap.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

The OFFICE of THE TOMAHAWK has been removed to
199 STRAND.



LONDON, JULY 11, 1868.

THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE having constituted himself the Bashi of London has given orders that his army shall henceforth be known as Muzzlemen.

WHEREAS *Cave canem* has been hitherto considered a good classical quotation, This is to give notice that any person wishing to caution his fellows with "Beware of the Dog," shall henceforth use the Latin words *Cave Maynem*—Beware of the Bob!

ANOTHER statue to the Prince Consort! We think Mr. Oppenheim might have found some better object for his generosity. When we consider the number of poor persons who are obliged to live in fever dens because there are no decent houses built for them; when we consider the number of hospitals which are compelled to beg for funds, it does make us wrathful to see a large sum of money wasted on an expensive caricature in marble of a man whose memory certainly will never decay for want of similar honours, and who if he could come out from the grave would be the first to protest against the persistent sycophancy that cannot even let the dead rest.

SOWING TARES!

[See CARTOON.]

SOWING tares!

Tares that will spring up apace and bear most evil fruit.
Tares that falling upon good ground will destroy the real seed!
Tares that falling upon bad ground will blossom in blood!

Sowing tares!

Tares thrown recklessly in the land of his enemy—sown broadcast o'er the face of the earth. Tares carrying with them sad memories of a dreadful past! A past of gutted houses and burning chapels, of a raging mob and a frightened people! A past of rapine and slaughter, of victims and murderers, of convicts and executioners!

Sowing tares!

Among the lowly and uneducated, among those who will not see and revel in their blindness, among families and friends! Turning the father against the son, the wife against her husband! Teaching neighbours a lesson of hate, and relations the full meaning of the word "intolerance!" Bringing back the old time with all its traditions, with its tortures and faggots, its fire and slaughter! The old time of violence and oppression!

Sowing tares!

To serve an end! And what an end! To secure the faint chance of standing at the helm of the State for a month, or at most six weeks! To secure this faint chance the Great States-

man of the Age, the lucky "Gentleman" of the Press, would raise in England a very whirlwind of excitement! Would teach once more the dreadful meaning of the cry "No Popery!" Would help the people to degenerate into a band of savage rioters! Would revive the passions that ended, in Lord George Gordon's days in London becoming a city of flame and blood! This is what Disraeli the Statesman, Disraeli the Patriot, Disraeli the Man of Genius would do!

Fie for shame—sowing tares!

SIX AND HALF-A-DOZEN.

THE startling revelations recently made by several literary jurymen as to their various methods of arriving at a "unanimous" verdict, especially where the dinner hour presses, afford matter for a little passing reflection. After reading a few of the letters that have appeared on the subject one experiences a sort of inexpressible gratitude that one has never been at the mercy of that great palladium of liberty and justice, a British jury. And for this reason: Brought up from our earliest years to regard twelve tradesmen, locked up in a room until they can agree, very much in the light of so many angels of truth, who would rather the court should rot around them than that they should be unfaithful to their sacred obligations, a sudden shock naturally is experienced when we come face to face with the naked truth. It is a rude upsetting of all one's innocent and beautiful dreams of justice to learn that "the unanimous verdict of twelve of your own countrymen" is a simple myth, and that really the foreman brings into court a species of guilty-innocent hasty pudding, produced by taking a lot of opposite verdicts and dividing them by twelve. What unsatisfactory and ridiculous results may arise from the dog-headedness of one determined jurymen, when opposed to eleven hungry and less obstinate brethren, have been kindly suggested for our inspection; and with these fresh in our memory, it becomes literally an awful thing to contemplate what some Shylock might effect if he happened to be bent on getting his pound of flesh when eleven ravenous Portias were waiting a six o'clock dinner.

However, if the division principle holds good in one case, why not apply it in every other? Let us apply it, for instance, to a trial for murder. Three jurymen are for hanging, two for acquittal, one for acquittal with indemnity, two for penal servitude for life, two for a verdict of not guilty with a strong expression of sympathy, one for a flogging at the cart's tail, and one for a fine of five pounds. The judge, of course invested with due powers to meet the exigencies of the case, would immediately pass sentence in this wise:—

"You will be taken from this place, &c., &c., and from thence, &c., &c., where you will be hung by the neck till you are half dead, cut down, receive a cheque for fifty pounds, and thereupon undergo four days' penal servitude, from which you will be released, with a box on the ear, an expression of sincere sympathy, and a stainless character."

It is obvious from the above that a good deal of ingenuity might be exercised by the judge in giving effect to the scruples of the jury, could such a system ever gain favour in our Criminal Courts. We have not yet been behind the scenes in one of these, and so can only guess at the manner in which time and the hour affect their graver issues. If, however, in civil matters one obstinate man can bore eleven others into such a state of mind that they will cheerfully relinquish the penalty of £1,000 that they have fixed at 3, and consider £3 10s. a perfectly just equivalent at 6 o'clock, what limit is there to conjecture? It has long been conceded that a British jury may sometimes be stupid. It is more humiliating to allow that they are too often "hungry."

REQUISITES FOR THE SEASIDE.

NOW that the Season at the Seaside is about to commence, young ladies should at once provide themselves with the following requisites:—

A powerful *lorgnette* to be turned towards the monsters of the deep.

Manners transplanted from Cremorne.

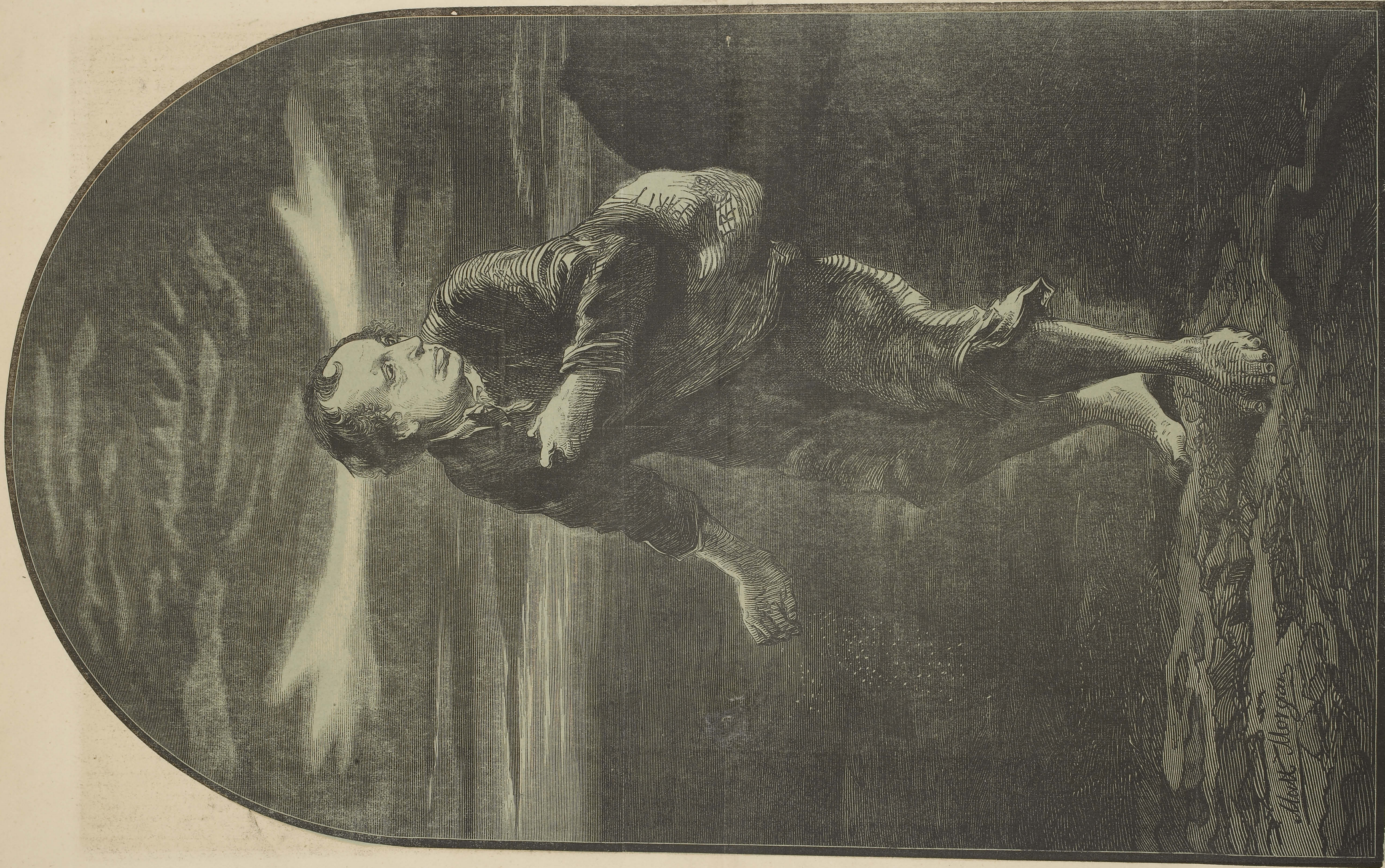
Habits that are as unbecoming as their scanty attire.

Language that has gone to the bad.

Finally, Novels that are no better.

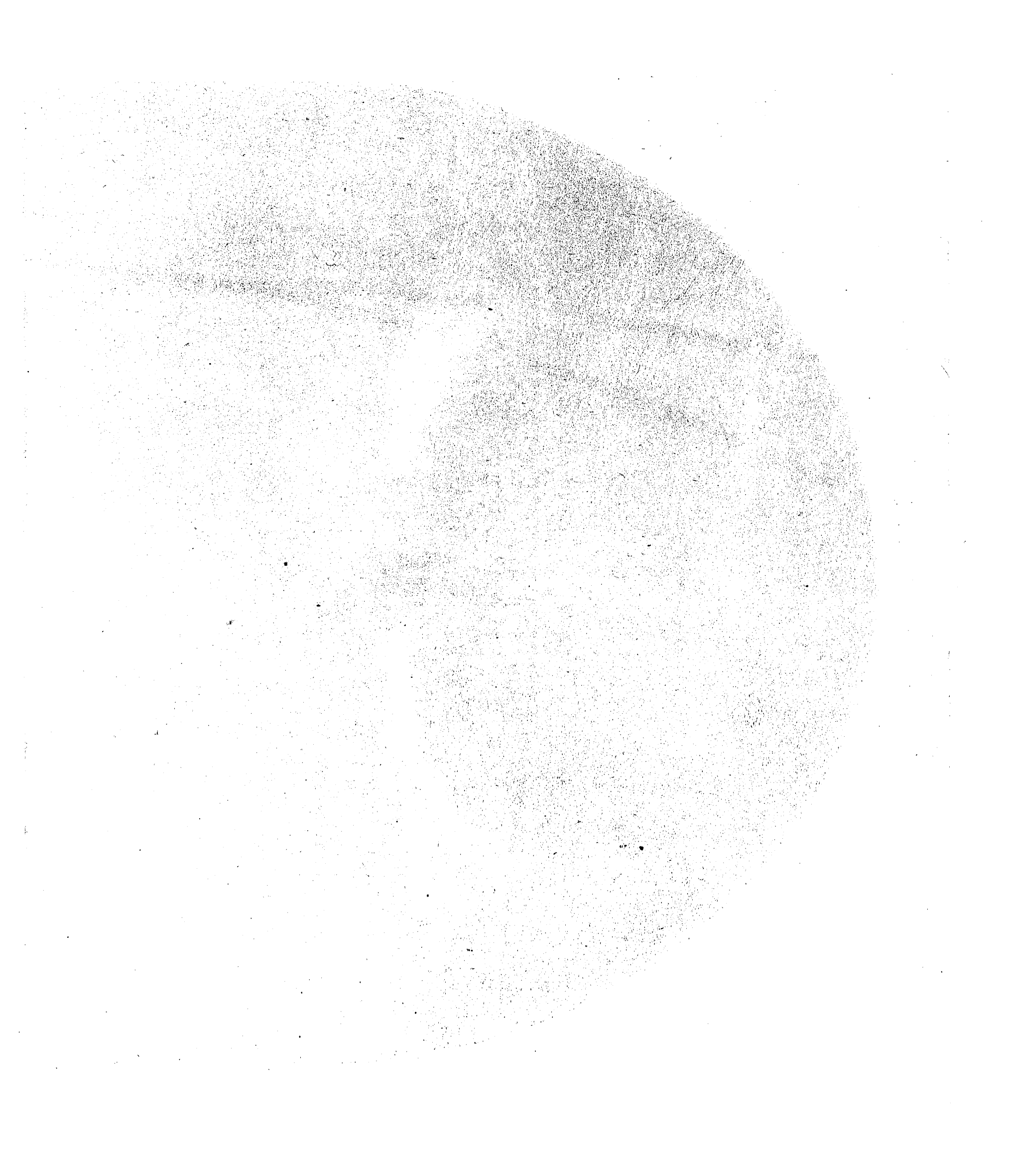
THE TOMAHAWK, July 11, 1868.





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IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Present.

H.R.H. F—D M—L THE D— OF C—BR—E.
GENERAL SIR R—T N—R, G.C.B., K.S.I.

THE D— OF C—E.—Well, General, my boy, I'm glad to see you back again, especially after giving so good an account of those cussed niggers.

SIR R—T (*bowing*).—I'm sure your Royal Highness's praise is most flattering. I shall preserve it in my bosom as the most cherished heirloom of my family!

THE D— OF C—E.—Nonsense, General! Remember, you ain't answering a deputation *this* time! You're only having a little bit of a chat with poor old Cammy—tough old Cammy, General, as tough and as simple an old Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief as ever you'd meet on a long summer's day. So no gammon with *me*, General, about family, heirlooms, and the rest of it!

SIR R—T.—Well, your Royal—

THE D— OF C—E (*interrupting*).—Call me Cammy, General.

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Well,—Cammy if your Royal (*a frown from the D—*)—if Cammy insists upon it—I trust the Royal Family are "happy and glorious" (to quote the National Anthem). Of Her Majesty, I myself can speak; when I had the honour of an audience with her she was looking in the best of health.

THE D— OF C—E.—Oh yes, my cousin's uncommonly well. She's been quite gay this year. Gave an evening breakfast at Buckingham Palace, consisting chiefly of light trousers, tail coats, indigestible comestibles, and pleasure boats. Alexandra is getting quite strong again, and is awfully popular: so she should be, for she's a kind-hearted, lively, and high-principled girl. Albert Edward is as fond of his cigar as ever. Take him all in all he's far from a bad sort of fellow. Alfred is all right again—of course you heard of the dastardly attempt upon the poor lad's life? And as for Arthur, he's becoming such a swell in engineering that if you don't take precious good care he will, one of these days, cut even *you* out, Master General.

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—And the young ladies?

THE D— OF C—E.—Loo, an awful swell in sculpture (got a bust of her brother into the Academy this year); Beatrice going on nicely with her French; Helena happy, and Alice growing more like her mother every day. Vicky is a great favourite in Berlin, and Mary, you know, has married that very gentlemanly young fellow Teck. Of course you know that Christian has turned out a very mad wag—

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Oh, yes; I read his speech at the Royal Academy Dinner. And the theatres?

THE D— OF C—E.—Nothing worth seeing, except Schneider (oh, she is *so* good!) and Clayton; the last appears in an awfully stupid piece, and is wretchedly supported. Oh, the Strand burlesque is rather funny.

SIR R—T.—Anything worth reading anywhere?

THE D— OF C—E.—A little work called *What Should we Drink* is merely an advertisement of the Greek wines. *John Sprouts* is simply "Mrs. Brown" without even *her* fun—so you may imagine how dull the affair is. *Boating Life at Oxford* is the essence of silliness. The magazines are nothing very great. *Belgravia* awfully stupid—especially an article upon the "Beefsteak Club," which is simply nauseous. The author serves up for the reader's amusement (?) half-a-dozen of the dreariest and most venerable of Joe Millerisms. These witticisms (?) are given as a specimen of the brilliancy of the club! The present members of the "B.S." should prosecute the author for libel. *London Society* worse than bad—especially some crude lines by a man signing himself "Blanc Bec." It's something about the "Zoo," and is simply one of the "Dissolving View" series (written by Arthur a'Beckett, I think) out of the *Leader*, spoilt and turned into halting rhyme. The *Broadway* is better than usual—an article by Meason far from bad. *St. Paul's* has a funny article upon private theatricals, and *Tinsley* is up to its average. And now I think I've told you all the news. Answer me one question: How is it that you lost so few men in Abyssinia?

SIR R—T (*smiling*).—Why, we had only one thing to fear.

THE D— OF C—E.—Theodore?

SIR R—T.—No, that the troops would die of laughing at the jokes of the TOMAHAWK!

THE D— OF C—E.—Oh, ain't it good. I should like to write for it myself. I always answer the acrostics in the "Maniac's Column," under the title of— (*whispers to SIR R—T.*)

SIR R—T.—Not really?

THE D— OF C—E.—Yes, I do, but come, as you have been very good I will stand you a seat to see SCHNEIDER.

(*Exeunt to the Pit of the St. James's to see "La Grand Duchesse."*)

MUSIC HATH CHARMS?

THERE has been a good deal of grumbling on the part of musical enthusiasts, not to say of the public at large, at the very meagre support vouchsafed by Royalty to the late Handel Festival. Although a state-box was prepared, regardless of expense, large enough not only to contain the whole of our Royal family, but all the Royal families of Europe in a body, only on one occasion, and then only during the second part of one of the concerts, was it tenanted. The Princess Louis of Hesse on the last day honoured the Crystal Palace with her presence, but the visit was evidently one of duty rather than of pleasure, and with this exception no "Royalty" came near the place. The grumblers grumble, too, all the more because it cannot honestly be urged as an extenuating circumstance that our Princes and Princesses are unmusical in their tastes, for on the occasion of Madame Schneider's *début* at the St. James's every august personage within hail of London was present at the performance. Moreover, for two consecutive Saturdays the Prince of Wales, with a large party, has attended the ordinary opera concert at the Crystal Palace; true, on both occasions the entertainment concluded with a display of fireworks, but Patti and Mario were listened to none the less attentively on that account.

Is it that a triennial Handel Festival is a little too much? We fear there is no doubt about it. Handel has been voted a bore, and Offenbach has cut him out.

THIMBLE-RIG.

IN private life when a man takes to cajoling his friends, insulting his enemies, and boasting about his own moral recklessness, Society is quickly down on him. He is cut. Let him, however, as a public man, do things a good deal worse than these, and a very different fate awaits him. He becomes the hero of millions, and his unscrupulousness at most excites but a laugh. He may sow the seeds of dissolution of a great empire, court a civil war, and plunge his country to the very neck in blood, but people will tolerate him all the same. Let him be only caustic and funny, call great things by little names, and *vice versa*, and he may set the world on fire before he will grow unpopular. This, at all events, is the way of things in England, and it is not very complimentary to British dignity, sense, or honour.

By a natural and easy transition from such reflections one finds oneself asking the question, Why is Mr. Disraeli called "Old Dizzy?" Possibly those who have made that remarkable statesman's career their study can answer it entirely to their own satisfaction. For the moment we have nothing to say. As, however, "the man of the day" has gone to the very extent of his own rope in the matter of self-congratulation, and has damned his opponents about as roundly as is consistent with his position as Premier, we have merely to call attention to the *status quo*.

An empire riven from end to end on the deadliest of all issues—a religious one. An Upper House in collision with the representatives of the people, and that by an ominously large majority. An act of simple justice dangled before the eyes of five millions of men ripe for revolution—dangled, and then withheld. It is of course a great satisfaction to know that, as a set off against this condition of things, a Tory Government have had ample opportunity of filling their own pockets and those of their friends; and to those who relish the joke, it is something perhaps to be able to chuckle heartily over the fact that "Old Dizzy has been at it again."

Those, however, who look at politics not as a comic game of ducks and drakes, but as serious, sober things, involving, may be, the very existence of the empire, cannot echo the cry.

Reckless assumption, flippancy, and a total disregard of obvious issues have kept Mr. Disraeli in office hitherto. What this priceless boon may yet cost the country may be augured from the consoling and pacific programme before it.

“SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.”

OUR genial, amusing, and well-edited contemporary, *The Court Journal*, sometimes becomes just a *little* too enthusiastic when it has to deal with amateur actors. In the number of the week before last, in criticising (?) some theatricals in the Regent's Park, it says, *à propos* of the company engaged in the performances, “We doubt if any theatre in London could have procured such combined talent.” Now, with all respect for our really esteemed contemporary, we must reply (in most excellent French), “*Gammong! c'est tout-à-fait bosh!*” We are sure that amateur actors are the very last people in the world to wish to be compared with “professionals”—they do not pretend for a moment to compete with their paid “brothers of the buskin” (*Daily Telegraph* for “salaried actors”). We all know that mock turtle can never quite equal the green fat soup so dear to the Alderman's stom—hem! bosom, and that a Ritualistic Service is never quite up to the mark of High Mass. Knowing this, it is a little absurd to compare amateurs (who are obliged to give up the greater part of their time to much more important matters than mere acting) to hard-worked “professionals,” who make their homes in theatres, rehearsing all day what they play all night. Of one young gentleman our contemporary observes, “Low comedy we took to be his line, and have been accustomed to look upon him as Robson, jun.; but the way in which he played *Anatole* not only surprised and pleased us, but proved him capable of rising to any emergency.” Again we are forced (in the cause of justice) to repeat (using excellent French once more), “*Gammong! c'est tout-à-fait bosh.*” Critics who have seen amateur actors know perfectly well that the “Robson, jun.s” of private life seldom have sufficient histrionic ability to fill more important parts on the boards of a genuine London theatre than the table-bearing “Charles—a servant” of Comedy or the gloomily silent “Third Officer” of Tragedy. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; but in spite of the amateur's “grand humour” (to quote the *Court Journal* once more), we have heard nothing (and every one hears everything in London) to make us believe that the young gentleman in question *is* an exception. We can imagine how exceedingly annoying and embarrassing such unsought-for flattery must be to the amateurs themselves; and it is in their cause we speak out so lengthily upon a matter of such little importance to the public in general as private theatricals. However, it is really not right or just to dub well-meaning young gentlemen “Robson, jun.s.” to their cruel confusion; and several degrees too bad to furnish the friends of said well-meaning young gentlemen with unlimited materials for “chaff” by describing their little drolleries and mild waggeries, their incipient “quips” and budding “cranks,” as “grand humour.”

MAKING AND MARRING.

THE appointment of Prince Arthur to the junior lieutenancy in the corps of Royal Engineers gave genuine satisfaction to His Royal Highness's well-wishers. Numerous precedents exist under which the Prince might easily have commenced his military career as a Colonel of Guards, or a General of Artillery, but it has evidently been the wish and intention of Her Majesty that the godson of the Duke should be a real soldier, and should learn his trade in the only way any trade can ever be thoroughly mastered, by beginning at the beginning.

It is, therefore, very much to be regretted that the Queen's sensible resolution should be foiled at the very outset. Prince Arthur joined his corps at Chatham a few days ago, but instead of being permitted to make his way quietly to the quarters prepared for him, a guard of honour numbering one hundred men of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, with the divisional band and colours, was drawn up in the station-yard to receive him. His arrival was announced by the firing of a Royal salute

of twenty-one guns from Fort Amherst, the Royal standard being hoisted at the various Government buildings. The Prince then entered an open carriage and four, and was driven to the headquarters of the Royal Engineers at Brompton Barracks, where the whole of the officers and men under the command of Colonel Fitzroy Somerset were drawn up to receive him. After this His Royal Highness retired for a few minutes to put on his uniform as an officer of Engineers, and re-entering his carriage and four was driven off to Government House to report himself to General Murray, who gave a banquet in honour of the occasion.

What a pity it is that the authorities at Chatham should have been permitted to indulge in so much unnecessary tomfoolery! Prince Arthur may be, and no doubt is, a promising young officer anxious to learn his duty and to discharge it conscientiously; but what youth of sixteen, prince or peasant, can fail to be spoiled by so much servile adulation? The Staff at Chatham no doubt numbers many highly accomplished soldiers, but it also contains a select circle of mischievous flunkies.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;
or,
PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.
My first is a part of the human frame,
My second a favourite winter's game,
My whole an offence in such a deed
As breaking a vow or forsaking a creed.

2.
Suppose you were wishing to speak of a man
By the personal pronoun, what word would you choose,
When 'tis found, take two-fifths of the letters in tribe,
And then join to the pronoun you're going to use;
'Twill give you the name of a goddess whom Juno
Was jealous of—wherefore I wonder if you know:
For Jupiter, though they have called him divine,
Was by no means repugnant to women and wine.

3.
A human limb and trumpet synonym,
The port and city of a southern clime
Together make: of course it's by the sea:
Now find the name—the task will easy be.

4.
What a company sometimes is called,
And a native of Media too.
What sort of an actor would be
Adduced if you mingled the two?

5.
An instrument making less music than din,
An adjective meaning the ditto of thin,
Together will give, though not spelt the same way
By Shakespeare, the name of a beautiful play.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Garden. 2. Streamlet. 3. Cabbage. 4. Parable. 5. Market. 6. Carpentry.

ANSWERS have been received from T. W. H., Jack Solved It, James Lee, Devonia, Poppy, Two Brummagem Ones, W. M., J. B. S. and C. K. S., Jollynose, Annie (Tooting), Old Bogey, Bran and Crib, Peruvian Nicanor, Swallyhollykinnynickknocks, Your Grandmother, The Savage, Towhit, B. T. Howard, Signor Sam, Samuel E. Thomas, Nodger, Linda Princess, Baker's Bills, The Binfield-road Wonders, H. C. and L. C. D., Ruby's Ghost, Manatic, How Poor, Penfold, Orpheus (Bedlam), Two Clapham Contortionists.

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