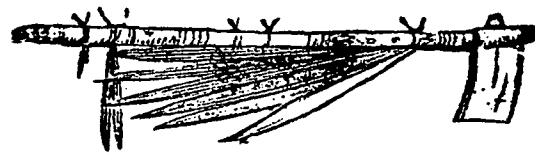


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 67.]

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

DEATH'S SNUGGERIES.

ATTENTION has been once more drawn to that fearful source of physical and moral corruption, overcrowding. Two reports recently issued of the state of the parishes of St. James and Hackney reveal the same dreary list of horrors, which caused every humane person such anxious sorrow some three or four years ago, when first brought to light by the Inspector of Nuisances in the county of Norfolk in the columns of the *Times*. We fear that little has been tried since that time, though much was then said and written, and something done. The evil is one which rests on too firm a basis easily to be shaken. That respect for the rights of the individual, at whatever cost to the happiness, the health, the lives of the general public, which is the "proudest jewel in England's crown of freedom," prevents any efficient legislation on this subject. The man who sticks a bill up on a private wall, or who builds a portico which intrudes about six inches on the public foot-path, can at once be prosecuted for committing a nuisance; but the man who maintains, for his own personal profit, dens where human beings are huddled together, as no wild beasts ever are, with a special regard to disease and indecency, is allowed to exercise his sacred right of property in perfect peace; or at the worst can only be indicted by such a tardy process that the remedy, if any be granted, cannot be applied, till many bodies and souls have been destroyed; and as for punishment, that is reserved for the children bred up in these hotbeds of fever and vice—for the boys and girls who have—we cannot say lived—who have pigged together under such conditions as totally preclude the existence of modesty or decency.

These are a few of the statistics from the report of the health officer of Hackney:—

"In one room were found a man, his wife, three daughters, aged 12, 16, and 17 years of age, besides three other children."

"In another, a man and his wife and a girl of seventeen slept in the same bed."

"A father, mother, daughter aged 20, son aged 18, and five girls under 13 slept in a room only large enough for three persons."

We have become so accustomed to these plain matter-of-fact details, that we lose sight of what they really mean. We must speak plainly on this subject, for the time has gone by for mincing the matter. Those who have read more detailed reports, those who have searched parish registers, those who have listened to the domestic tragedies of such families, know what these statistics mean. They mean atrophy, consumption, fevers, corruption of the blood—they mean a moral corruption so terrible that the hardest hearted, the most vicious must tremble to name it; they mean the destruction of—we will not say of every comfort, every happiness—for such words are mockeries when spoken of such a place; they mean the worse than destruction of every humanising influence, of every gentle thought, of every tender association, which Home can inspire; they mean the systematic creation of a race of beings for whom the words mother, wife, sister, father, husband, brother have no meaning. Can modesty or delicacy, can love exist in animals who live like this? Can we look for chastity in the women who have been robbed of it by those who should have died in its defence? Will the brother, who has destroyed the honour of his own sister, respect the honour of a stranger?

This is no exaggeration; years ago, in plainer language than ours, tales were told in the columns of the *Times*, which should surely have had a more durable effect than the shudder that passed through all who read them.

Must we, then, use a purely selfish argument before we can rouse from their monstrous torpor those who permit such things to be—those who live on the rents of such places? Let them, the owners of such property, consider if any tumult or revolution were to spring up among us, and these creatures, decrepid with disease as they may be, but with hearts hardened by vice and misery, were let loose in blind fury upon us, what respect would they show for the purity of our homes? What mercy could any of us expect to meet at their hands? Of course, this is an extravagant supposition,—such a thing is impossible in respectable, order-loving England, with its institutions and its excellent police, &c., &c.; but History, at least, might teach us the value—nay, the danger, of such blind confidence. We are approaching times of great excitement—a revolution has taken place, hitherto a peaceful one, but one of which we cannot yet know the full effect. The fire of religious animosities has been kindled; political excitement will run very high in the coming elections; and with a new Parliament will come the discussion of questions on which the two great armies of Labour and Capital will meet face to face. In such times, when those who have every reason for self-restraint are apt to lose their heads, we have need of every good influence to keep the mob from violence and outrage. To what good influence can you appeal in creatures fresh from such dens as those alluded to above? Surely it is our interest, if not our duty, to work with hand and head and heart to raise from degradation and brutality those, who will furnish ready instruments for that mischievous ambition, which they are incapable of feeling, but not incapable of serving.

But this, after all, is a weak and unworthy motive; let us hope that a higher one will move all men to aid in wiping away such a terrible disgrace on our nation as these Snuggeries of Death. Whatever difficulties be in the way cannot be insurmountable, if there be an honest and sincere determination to remove them. Everybody who owns cottages can do much to render such a state of things impossible. Let an Act be devised, which shall render such overcrowded houses impossible, by making it a misdemeanour on the part of the landlord who lets any room to a family of more persons than it can decently or healthfully accommodate; or on the part of the tenant who produces such overcrowding by wilfully taking in lodgers. A strict weekly inspection of all tenements under a certain value would do much to check the evil, while the erection of lofty buildings, somewhat of the nature of barracks, in overcrowded neighbourhoods, would provide a refuge for those families evicted on account of overcrowding. Above all, what is required is the enforcement of cleanliness among the poor, and the erection of suitable houses for their accommodation, especially in neighbourhoods where improvements have swept away the humbler kind of habitations. A moderate profit may be obtained on the expenditure, and subscriptions intended to aid in doing honour to the dead might find a much worthier channel in useful erections for this purpose, than in those monstrous works of art (!) on which they are usually wasted. Surely a good man could wish for no nobler monument than that which helps to rescue the humblest of his fellow-creatures from misery and vice.

THE INTERNATIONAL BIG GOOSEBERRY
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INCORPORATED, &c., &c.

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PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company is projected for the purpose of supplying the Metropolitan and Provincial Press with the finest green gooseberries that can possibly be grown during the months of August and September.

It being an acknowledged fact that the public will insist on having daily served up to them in a dirty condition, and on a cheap and nasty paper, at least five times the amount of intelligence that can possibly be collected in an interval of four-and-twenty hours, it has been determined, with a view to ensuring a supply of subject matter for leading articles, controversies, police reports, sensational paragraphs, &c., &c., &c.,

- 1.—To enter into negotiations with several celebrated London thieves, and arrange with them for a series of periodical burglaries to be committed as the directors shall hereafter appoint.
- 2.—Communicate with distressed husbands, lovers, and Irish politicians, and settle for the perpetration of several effective and ingenious murders.
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N.B. Rules of the competition to be sent *gratis* to chairmen of Joint Stock Companies, clergymen with large families, sporting youths, and dramatic authors.
- 4.—Get up a weekly controversy on some highly interesting subject or other, such as the "Back of the Moon," "the fundamental principles of treacle," "the average age of the undomesticated flea," and "locomotion by gunpowder."
- 5.—Explode a quart of nitro-glycerine in the midst of the Social Science Congress, or publish the speeches *in extenso*.
- 6.—Dig up an "undiscovered" poem and send copies of the original MS. to Hanwell, Colney Hatch, and Bedlam.
- 7.—Raise a cry about the immorality of the age, and send agents to Ramsgate sands and Brighton beach to gather overwhelming evidence in refutation.
- 8.—And, lastly, establish agencies all over the country for the purpose of picking up news about commercial frauds, twins three at a birth, railway accidents, religious meetings, escaped tigers, political manifestations, exploding coal mines, bad champagne, missionary enterprises, and coming divorce cases, &c., &c., &c.

Possessed by these means of an immense fund of original and exciting information, the directors confidently believe that they will be able to supply their constituents, the proprietors and editors of London and provincial papers, with intelligence affording material for some of the finest contents bills that the season has yet produced.

RESPECTABLE POISONERS.

THE *Lancet* calls our attention, by some extracts from *Memorials of London*, to the opinions of our ancestors five hundred years ago on the proper punishment of such trading brigands as might be caught adulterating food or offering putrid meat for sale. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, at a time when antibilious pills were unknown, the penny-a-liner not dreamt of, and the marvellous civilisation exhibited by modern museums not even hoped for; at a time when there was no co-operative society to invent second prices for inferior goods, no *Times* to appeal to, no *Telegraph* to lash a horrible tale, no Zoo to walk in; at that time a baker who sold light bread was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle through the streets of the City; a butcher who exposed putrid meat for sale was pilloried, while the diseased carcasses were burnt beneath him, giving him the full benefit of their odour and savoury worth; a merchant convicted of selling unsound wine was forced to drink the unwholesome concoction;—and so on. Verdict: Serve them all right, though the last punishment does seem awful. Just fancy for a moment in these enlightened

days, when Brass is King, that pink of vintners, Mr. Nod Sweetly, being, not requested, but forced to swallow all the wine which could be proved allied with any product but juice of the grape; or imagine for an instant Messrs. Ditches and Buttons standing on the pillory while Mr. Calcraft handed them bumper after bumper of strong military ditto.

Verily, our ancestors were more advanced than we are at the present day with the full light of Maynes and Pakingtons to shine over our path in life! The baker who sells a loaf half an ounce short weight, robs the poor man; the rich does not know it, and cares little if he does. The rich man is stopped in the street by a rough, and loses a pocket-book containing half-a-crown. The rough, untutored but to crime, gets six months' education, such as it is, in prison. The baker, reading and writing well, knowing enough arithmetic to count the profit on half an ounce weight saved in every loaf sold, and well enough off to have a seat in church, robs the poor pinching family of the food it pays for, and is fined a sum which may be deducted from the profit of the year without causing much uneasiness, and producing no necessity for altering the system of baking. To bring the argument still nearer home: a poor starving wretch, with nothing full but his heart, while his ears ring with calls for food from a sick wife and famine-struck children, takes the first loaf he can put his hand on from the first baker's shop he meets. This man is a robber, is roughly treated by X 99, who has just dined at somebody else's expense in the adjacent area, and after bearing in hunger the vituperations of baker, police, and public, is hustled off to prison, while the wife and family wait in vain for succour, and fall a prey to the parish. The baker returns to his spotless counter, and within five minutes sells some other starver who has got the twopence demanded, a loaf blown up with excessive water to a fair size, but lacking nearly a quarter its weight and corresponding sustenance.

If he is found out he gets a scolding from a magistrate, and a small fine is inflicted, but, bless his dear eyes! he is no robber. What! the man who takes a loaf without giving its equivalent price is a thief, while the man (in respectable circumstances, it is true; which makes a vast difference all the world over) who takes money without giving its equivalent loaf is not subject to the same obloquy nor the same punishment? Verily, as we have said above, our ancestors were nearer the truth than we are!

Few as their parish beadles may have been in comparison to the parochial boards which block up progress now-a-days—and Dogberries seem to multiply instead of disappearing—there was authority enough when the fourteenth century was in its teens, with good sense to back it, to punish the vendors of putrid meat with proper severity.

The weak-headed wretch who stole the loaf gets out of prison at last, and finds wife and last child perishing miserably beneath his eyes, without a hope of change or a knowledge of Watts's hymns. He invests his last penny in "Food for Rats," and administers a dose sufficient for his wife and child, but leaving scarcely enough to despatch himself after.

This odious ruffian, whose only sense of a future is that it obliterates the present, is a Poisoner. When he recovers from his vain agonies, he finds himself recognised as somebody with a niche in the temple of Tussaud, and a tear for his memory from Calcraft.

But Weevil and Co., who sell whole carcasses of diseased flesh that sickens the salesmen who wash it with salt and water or "Condy" to make a sale possible, who knowingly disseminate typhus in all its fearful forms of death and sickness, are only reprehensible! *Their* ears won't be nailed to their doors, as happens even among the Turks and heretics; *they* won't be even pilloried, much less called Poisoners.

This hot weather too you must sell your meat to somebody, and it is a real benefit to your race to get rid of a surplus population, without getting your head into a noose. Poisoning indeed! If they can't eat good meat a little tainted, the pampered brutes can buy fermenting fruit which will only give them cholera, a worse plague than typhus any day. Poisoners! we will bring an action for libel against the man who calls us so—and win it too.

And WIN it too!!

The doctor orders a bottle of port as the only means of bringing some poor sick mother round. Half-a-dozen glasses will do it. There is, perhaps, only half-a-crown in the small till, which only replenishes itself during the health of the woman

ailing. The port must be bought. There is a small wine-merchant next door. He gives a quart bottle containing a pint and a quarter of a coloured Lie called port, for one shilling and tenpence. The bottle is charged twopence till returned. The value of the gin and water coloured with log-wood is about twopence-halfpenny to the merchant, and utterly valueless to the purchaser as a remedy or cure.

Is this a robbery or a legal fraud?

If the poor woman sent her child with false coin valuing twopence-halfpenny for cost of make, but useless to the wine-merchant as current coin, what would the punishment be for the fraud?

There is something inordinately rotten in the state of Denmark, when it is illegal to sell bread of light weight, but perfectly admissible and honest to call a pint and a quarter a quart, or dirty spirits and water, wine. But so it is in this year of grace eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

TWADDLE.

Now that everybody is out of town, the promoters of the school treats are more clamorous than ever for small sums to enable them to give the children "one day in the fresh air." It is creditable to the East-end Incumbents that these appeals have hitherto been couched in language of modesty and simplicity; and it is therefore the more to be regretted that one of their body should be the first to bring discredit on a good cause: The Rev. George Harvey, M.A., Incumbent of St. Augustine's, Haggerston, in writing to one of the papers, says:—"Through the kindly influence of your most valuable journal we were enabled last year to give the children of our Sunday and Day Schools, in number 381, an excursion to Epping Forest. Will you kindly allow me to lay the case of these our dear children before your readers, and ask for about five-and-twenty pounds? Many a hearty cheer will resound (as last year) in the forest for our benefactors, the expression of many a grateful and joyful heart."

That Mr. Harvey can really look upon these 381 of the dirtiest little urchins in London as his *dear* children is not likely, to say the least of it; and the allusion to the cheers as before savours much of what is understood by the word humbug. We object altogether to the tone of the letter. That Mr. Harvey is an active clergyman and an intelligent schoolmaster we have no reason to doubt; but that he really regards each individual of his youthful flock with so much tender affection we cannot believe. The fact is that Mr. Harvey, in the earnestness of his appeal, has drifted into cant.

TOMAHAWK has already given his countenance and support to the children's treats, and has called for sympathy and assistance in behalf of the movement; but he is the first to condemn cant wherever it shows itself. Let Mr. Harvey get his £25 by all means, but let him understand that double the sum would have flowed in more readily if the terms of his demand had been more in the spirit of honest sincerity and good taste.

CARRIAGE AND DEPARTMENT.—Young ladies on the lookout for a brougham begin by sending out their *carte*.

BIS (CUIT) DAT QUI CITO.—Sporting bakers in Hampshire have been getting up matches to see who could bake biscuits the quickest—probably with an eye to "puffs."

WANTED.—Good padding, by several daily journals. No "Rapacious Pike," "Wolves in the North of France," "Second Methusalem," "Two-headed Pony," or "Curious Habit" of the Caterpillars, need apply.

[ADVT.]—THE REVIEW IN THE GUTTER.—The *Saturday Gutter Percher* begs to inform the literary world that it has made arrangements to supply the public with any amount of refuse articles and rotten matter. N.B. Mud! Pies at a moment's notice.

WHAT A LARK (OS)!—*Alarcos*, a dreary tragedy by the great comedian of the day—need we say the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli?—has proved a ridiculous failure at Astley's. Why didn't Miss Cameron, of Transatlantic fame, play the part on horseback and in fleshings? Success would have been secured at once; whereas the American actress will now remain a *cameron obscura* under such management.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE III.

From Erica to Florence.

YOUR letter, Flo', this minute is to hand,
Sent on from London to this wretched poking
Dull little village in a foreign land.
Was ever anything half so provoking?
I think the very fates and fiends have planned
This horrid *contretemps*. But, without joking,
And against Heav'n not to be too audacious,
I really must pronounce it most vexatious.

To be away the very year that you
Are in the world to make your first appearance!
Although 'twould now have been the same, 'tis true,
To me at least, had you come out a year hence.
Papa declared he knew not what to do
For debts and duns, except to make a clearance.
It was a case of bolting or the bench;
And so, alas! we've come here to retrench.

It is those nasty Companies have ruined him.
We had to leave home at a moment's notice,
And sadly watch the shores of England blue and dim
Fade from our sight. Ugh! what a channel boat is!
And when a stretch of waters rolls twixt you and him
You love, a lump for ever in your throat is.
But that dear desp'rate dream must be forgotten.
What use in clinging to a branch that's rotten?

Enough of that. My doom is sealed; but your
Lot, pretty Flo', is to be bright and brighter;
For you have spells about you which ensure
Deep bliss, as sound sleep is ensured by nitre.
How sweet you'll look in all your new *parures*!
And, tell me, are you taller, paler, slighter?
Pray send me out at once your *carte de visite*—
Taken in town, I mean. How I shall kiss it!

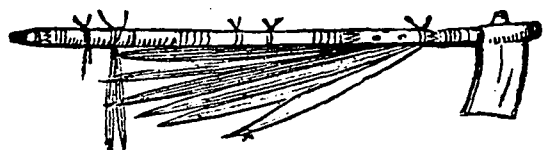
I fully comprehend your mingled feeling
In leaving home and quiet rural places,
And all that you describe as so appealing
To your young heart, for a dense crowd of faces
And flashing sights that set the senses reeling.
Still, very versatile the human race is;
And even you, divine dear thing, are mortal,
And soon will be at ease 'neath Fashion's portal.

There is no earthly help for it, that's certain.
For we are social animals, and when
From off our nature is the social spur ta'en,
We flag, and are not women and not men.
Willie may fancy he can raise the curtain
And give you sight of an ethereal Then;
But, after all, that is not earth but Heaven;
Here we must yield to our terrestrial leaven.

You know how fond I really am of Willie,
And think him in his way a splendid fellow;
But when removed from meadow, stream, and hill, he
Is, if not green, at least uncommor. yellow.
And when he talks of life, he's simply silly,
And shows a judgment anything but mellow.
In fact, he cannot deal with real things.
By rights, he ought to have been born with wings.

But neither he nor any of us is,
And so we must be satisfied with crawling;
And in the latter's favour there is this,
We cannot hurt ourselves so much in falling.
I know, if anybody does, what 'tis
To fly too high, and then to be left sprawling.
Willie will some day have a precious tumble,
And then, perhaps, will be a bit more humble.

(To be continued.)



* * 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. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, AUGUST 15, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S original drama, by M. Dennery, "*Les Oiseaux de Proie*," was brought out on Saturday with Mr Wilkie Collins's title "After Dark."

HER MAJESTY, travelling *incognito* into Switzerland, had the good sense to forbid any recognition of her state by salutes at Cherbourg. Why, then, do the authorities at Chatham go shrieking the name of Prince Arthur to the winds with salutes of all kinds? Such cringing must be much against His Royal Mother's wishes.

M. ODYSSE-BAROT, in his duel with M. Jecker, the banker, was shot in the stomach; but, fortunately, a button turned the die and the bullet at the same time, lodging itself eventually in his waistcoat pocket. The ball was not meant for the vest, but the waistcoat proved a good *in-vest-ment*. M. Barot pockets the affront with honour.

HENRI ROCHEFORT has got FOUR MONTHS' imprisonment and a fine of 200 francs (£8) for stupidly losing his temper and striking a printer who refused to give up the name of a libelling scoundrel who had attacked M. Rochefort in his nearest and dearest ties. If the Government wishes to stop the *Lantern*, why does it not extinguish it at once? But at present it is merely making itself contemptible in taking such petty means to revenge itself upon its enemy. If the striker had been a devoted toady and decorated as such, what a different verdict would have resulted from the evidence!

BY THE SEA.

[See CARTOON.]

By the sea. Idling, dreaming, playing, are they—these careless, happy children of the hour? Yes, here they are; labour, thought, ambition, struggle—all left behind! Here they are, out for their holiday; freed at last from the din, the whirl, and the stifling heat of work, leaving their schemes behind them in the smoke of the black city far away, and drinking in the pure salt sea air, like the careless, happy innocents they are! Come, let us take a turn and look at them. Pretty this to begin with—those two boys and their ship. See how the little fellows are struggling for the craft! Indeed they might be a couple of statesmen fighting for some prize, save that statesmen never fight for—toys. Ah! what is this? A dance, and one worth

looking at. See how the poor honest fellow is stepping out before that delighted audience. And look, too—he keeps well to his dancing board, and never changes his measure. One might almost liken him to a Bishop dancing an Irish jig of exultation over an ill-fated Establishment. Carry out the idea a little further, and listen to the strains of that Israelite with the hurdy-gurdy. Ten to one he is playing the good old "No Popery" gallop, and sets the imaginary Bishop wild with the tingling melody. Very pretty, is it not? Quite a peaceful sweet holiday picture. Then the audience—how much they resemble a parcel of old women! But let us pass on. Dear me, who have we here? A band of niggers—and their chief, begging halfpence of a fat gentleman. Ah! everything reminds me of the real business of life. How like the fat gentleman is to John Bull, and how strongly the nigger leader and his band resemble a celebrated ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer and his peculiar friends! There is a flaw in the analogy, you say? Quite right. Who ever would dream of a great statesman playing the fool for halfpence? Mr. Gladstone trying to see what he can get out of John Bull? Bah!—the thing is preposterous!

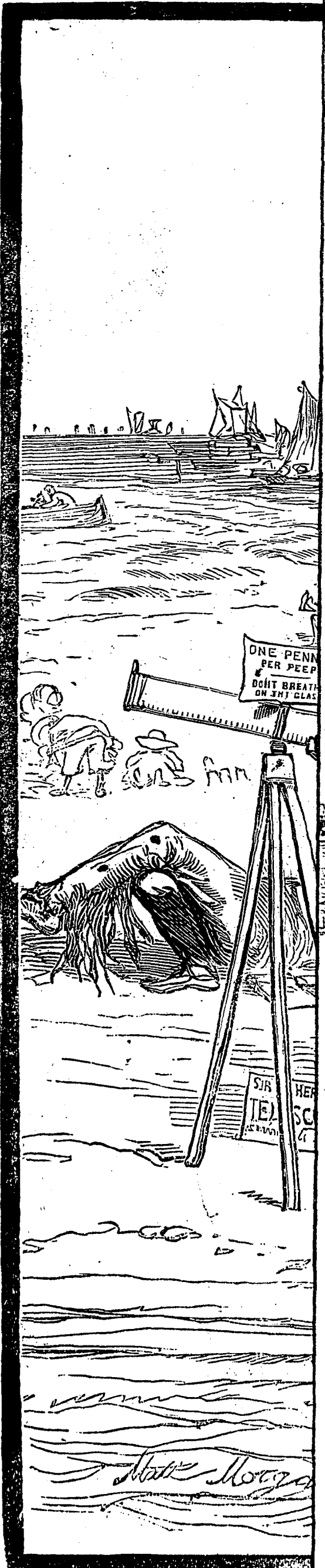
But let us walk this way. Ah, now this is *really* pretty. Love-making in its purest form. That beautiful girl is listening to the soft nothings of that highly respectable and religious-looking gentleman with the umbrella. Close to them, too, is another gentleman (he looks so savage he must surely know the young lady very well) reading the paper. He evidently does not like the flirtation. Well, he need not distress himself very much if he only knew the truth. Soft *nothings* are really the staple commodity of that respectable lover's address, and the young lady knows it. You have not a chance in *that* direction, my fine gentleman with the umbrella. Better give it up. But see, there is plenty to amuse. Peep shows—royal ones, too, where a live Prince may be seen for a halfpenny—and performing dogs, and what not.

That poodle in the cocked hat—quite a military-looking dog—seems up to a repetition of *his* performances a dozen times over. Well, the public encourage his antics, and so, poor poodle, he can hardly help himself. Then there is the bull's-eye man, a useful member of society, very; and the man with the telescope; and—but can we believe our eyes? Yes, four dear little children in one perambulator, and their charming Mamma. Delighted to see her looking so well. And Papa, where is he? We hope he is not very far off. And, lastly, who is that? Why, surely that is TOMAHAWK himself taking his change with the rest. Well, he is the wisest of them all, for he has come there for repose and not for bustle. Bustle! you repeat. You do not like the word. This is holiday time, you say, and ask why should not the workers enjoy themselves upon the shore? Why not? Well, people have a strange way of picking up their recreation when every step they take leaves a footprint on the sands—of time.

AN UNREASONABLE JENKINS.

THE reports of Mdle. Patti's marriage to the Marquis de Caux which have appeared in every civilised journal in Europe have been more or less graphic and elaborated; but of all the impertinences of which the newspapers have been guilty in prying into the details of Mdle. Patti's personal affairs, the English "leading journal" has come out first in bad taste and stupidity. The *Times* report concludes its description of the ceremony with the remark that "Oddly enough, and to the disappointment of every one present, not a note of music or song was heard throughout the entire service."

Does the *Times* really consider that Mdle. Patti was bound to offer a musical entertainment to the churchful of uninvited guests that hampered the proceedings of the bridal party on the happy occasion; and is the *Times* unaware that in a "low mass," to which service the report refers in a tone of intimate acquaintance, there is no music? It is really almost too wantonly silly for an intelligent English journal to pass a kind of censure on a young lady who would not consent to be married to the sound of drums and trumpets (a proceeding which it is doubtful if the ecclesiastical authorities would tolerate), simply because she happens to be the bright particular star of the operatic stage, and the *Times* reporter happens to be too intellectually dense to disassociate Mdle. Patti on the boards of Covent Garden from the young lady who was married the other day in the little Catholic Church at Clapham.

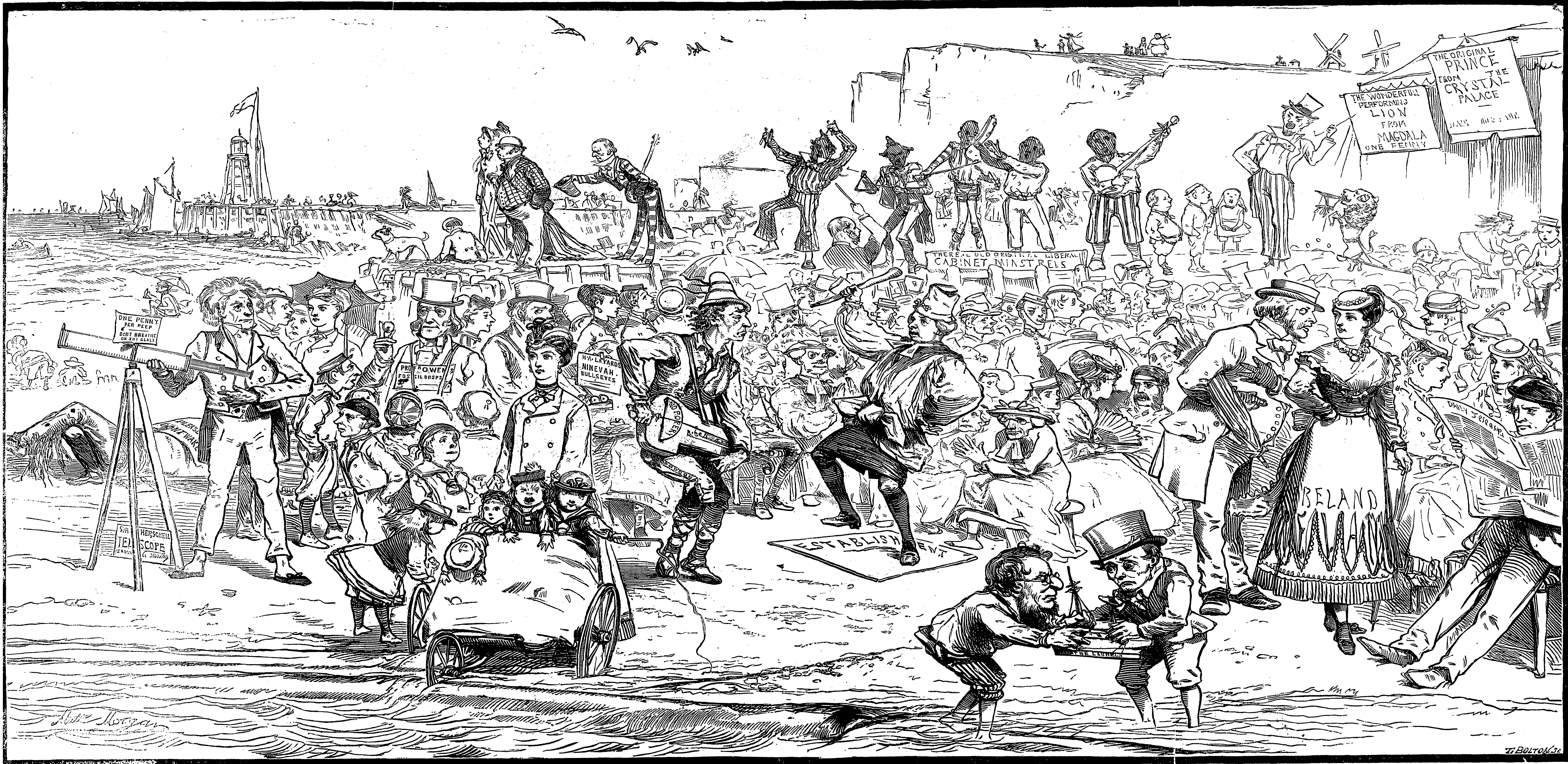


ONE PENN
PER PEEP
DOHT BREATH
ON THY GLAS

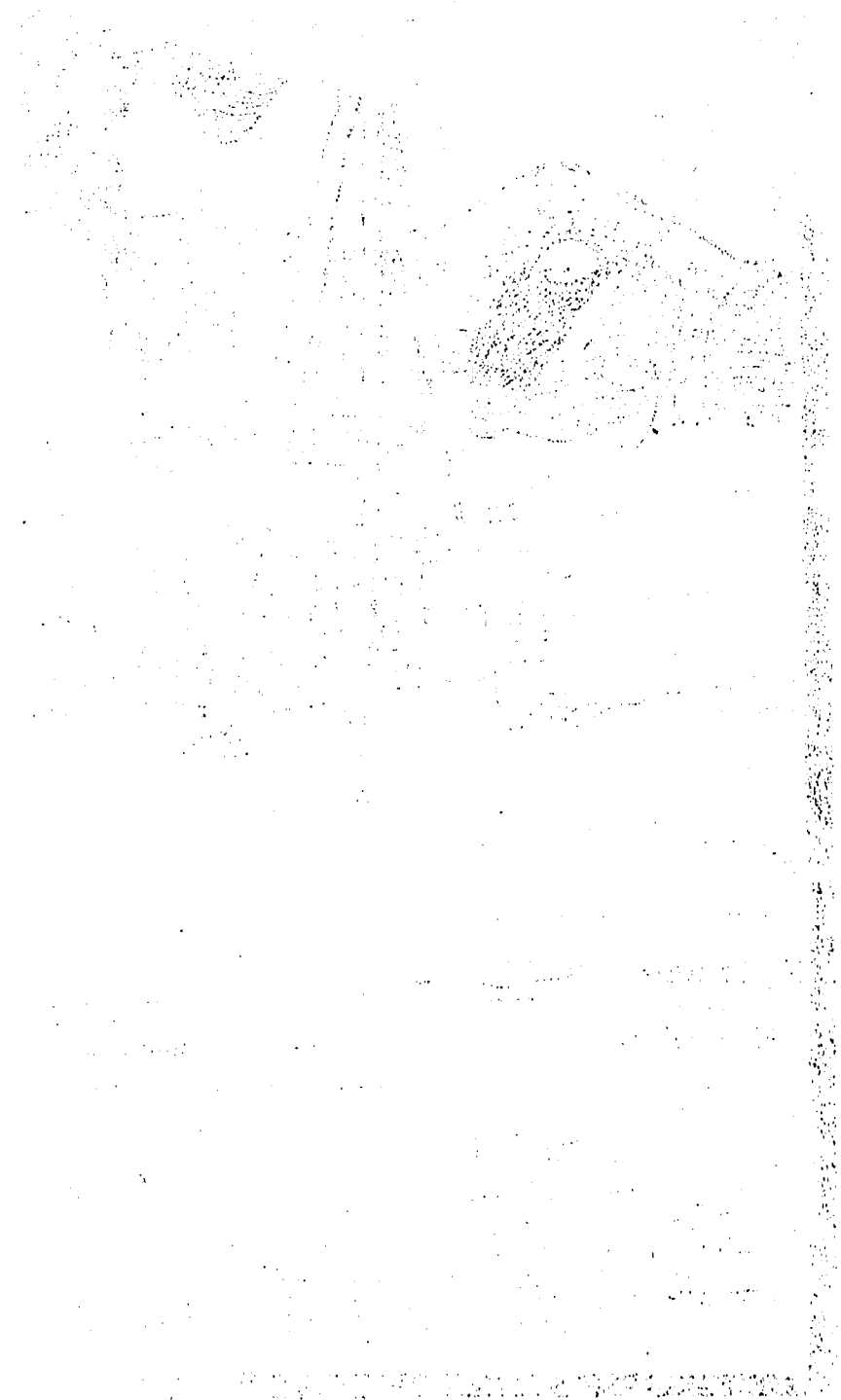
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SIR
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Matt Morgan



BY THE SEA!



"THE BURNHAM SCRUBS R.V.C."

THE amiable and gentle reader (for whose sake I am taking all this trouble, and in whose cause I am putting myself to all this inconvenience—as I write I have the most magnificent landscape before me : I am staying in Brittany at—but hush, as I have not paid *as yet* for my lieutenant's uniform it is just as well not to be too definite about my hiding—I mean, my resting place)—the amiable and gentle reader, I repeat, will remember that a couple of chapters ago I was on the point of introducing him to the host of the "Princess Royal." In this chapter I will complete the ceremony. Now then. Quite ready?

A very red face fringed round with shaggy piebald whiskers, small eyes and bushy eyebrows, a scowl and a great many pimples, grey hair and wrinkles "at discretion." Short, podgy, white-aproned, dirty shirt-sleeved, and disagreeable. Amiable reader, I present to you the host of the "Princess Royal."

(Ten minutes for refreshments.)

PART 2 OF THE CEREMONY.

Host of the "Princess Royal," I beg to present to you a gentleman (or lady) of the nicest honour, of the most brilliant abilities. A gentleman (or lady) as beautiful as the morning star, as lovely as smiling Italy or merry Peru. A gentleman (or lady) as picturesque as Dinan, as sedate as Putney, as commercial as Constantinople, as conscientious as Clapham, and as critical as Corfu. A gentleman (or lady) rivalling Shakspeare in Poetry, Gustave Doré in Drawing, Auber in Music, and Mr. H. Cole, C.B., in the use of the globes. In a word, host of the "Princess Royal," I have the pleasure to present to you my friend—my firm, valued, and distinguished friend, the amiable and gentle reader!

And now you know one another.

"Wot are yer talking about?" exclaimed mine host, in answer to Cockloft's question about the supper. He continued thickly, "it's my b'lief you're all 'toxicated—beastly 'toxicated."

Private Dubbs put in a word here. "Mr. Potts, I'm sure, sir, the gent means no manner of 'arm. 'E says to me 'as 'e comes along, 'I've got confidence in Mr. Potts I 'ave, and I know 'e's a man of 'is word, and when 'e says there *shall* be a regimental supper I knows 'as 'ow there *will* be a regimental supper. I knows Dubbs,' 'e continners, 'that there will be a h'cean of beer, a 'eap of tripe, likewise a good many h'onions. There will be,' he continners, 'liver and bacon, and Dubbs,' he continners, 'I should not be surprised if there should be a few pigs' trotters and a mug of gin to top up with.'" And our Private having exhausted his list of dainties was silent.

"I am surprised, landlord," said Cockloft with dignity, "that you haven't attended to the orders of your superior—I mean to *my* orders."

"Now look 'ere," bawled Potts (who, not to put too fine a point upon it, was very 'toxicated), "I ain't agoing to stand 'ere to be bullied by the like of you. With yer swords and yer shackos and yer figures. Oh, I've 'eard all about you—law bless yer, I knows yer! Why, I never seed anything so ridicklus! Why, ye're a couple o' jacanapes. That's wot *you* are."

"Potts," said I, good naturedly, because I really was getting very hungry, and there seemed little chance of our obtaining any supper unless we effected a reconciliation with our host; "Potts, you're a sensible man—a public man, or, rather, a public house man (a far prouder title)—and I'm sure you would not wish to be unloyal to Her Majesty the Queen, or unjust to your own pocket. I tell you frankly that we are volunteers—defenders of your native place—and are willing, nay, anxious to pay well for the food you set before us. As a true-born Briton and an inheritor of the flag that for a thousand years has braved the bottle and the breeze, as an honest publican, as a man *and* a brother, I tell you that you must not refuse the salt of joviality to the valiant protector of your hearths *and* your homes!"

Potts was evidently softened. "You talk sense; but as for 'im," and he pointed with supreme contempt to Cockloft, "why, 'e's quite ridicklus!" With this he led the way into the tavern.

When we got inside it appeared that supper had been prepared after all. The cause of our host's incivility was to be traced to Cockloft's uniform, the wearing of which seemed to give great offence to Mr. Potts.

"Yes," said the enraged publican, "I knows werry well what 'e means by it. Oh, you can't blind *me*! But I says not another word. Let 'im give me any more of his sauce and I ups to the

table and I silently takes away the meat." With this dreadful threat he disappeared.

Cockloft, Dubbs, and I sat down to the table (it was four deal boards supported on trestles) and prepared to make merry. And here perhaps it will not be out of place to give the bill of fare:—

A PLATE OF THE BEST WHEATEN BREAD.

A CRUET OF THE STRONGEST VINEGAR.

Salt.

Salt.

SOME RIBS OF ROAST BEEF (more bone than meat).

Salt.

Salt.

A CRUET OF THE GREASIEST OIL.

"Something," which the Landlord called "Lobster Salad"
(fortunately eaten early in the evening by Dubbs).

"And now," said Cockloft, taking the head of the table, "are we all here?"

"Not quite, sir," said Dubbs. "Sergeant Gunn, late of the Royal Artillery, is below in the bar, and 'e wants to join the mess."

Cockloft's face fell; he murmured to me, "Gunn's our drill sergeant. Capital man when *not* drunk, but when he's taken too much, I do believe he would commit a murder. I am afraid I saw him drinking with the landlord as we came in. However, it can't be helped. Here, Dubbs, show him up."

We waited impatiently and tremblingly to see whether our fears about Gunn's sobriety would be realised. After two minutes' pause we heard a heavy step on the stairs and the door was thrown open.

"Sergeant Gunn," said Dubbs, with a broad grin.

(To be continued.)

"EN VOYAGE."

THE excursion fever has taken a firm hold of the London public. Ten years ago an organised trip to Paris under the superintendence of a conductor was looked upon as a curiosity of society. Now, however, not only does Mr. Cook flourish in an extended business, but a dozen imitators have sprung up with even more enlarged notions than the original inventor of the system. Now-a-days, by taking a ticket at an excursion office, you may be booked through to Greenwich by train with a coupon available to bring you home by the river; or you may make a circular tour of the Isle of Thanet, with the opportunity of visiting every object of interest between Margate and Ramsgate; or, if you have more time and more money, you can go on to the continent, call at Paris, spin round Switzerland and over the Alps, look in at Milan, pass a Sunday at Venice, and come home by Vienna and the Rhine without forethought, trouble, or responsibility, for a fixed sum payable in advance. Such conveniences as these are not extended to Europe alone. This year a party has been made up to "do" the Holy Land, while some enterprising individual has chartered a steamer for a trip to Iceland and back at £100 a head.

If we have arrived at this already, it is not unreasonable to expect that the caterers for public locomotion should soon provide some tours less hackneyed for those people who have been everywhere and seen everything, in the cockneyfied acceptation of the terms. If it is easy to convoy large parties through civilised Europe without inconvenience or confusion by means of a little judicious pre-arrangement, it is to be hoped that the excursion agents will now turn their talents to a more useful object.

There are numbers of persons for whom a tour through Switzerland and Italy in an excursionist band would have no attraction, and there are others who would be contented with photographs of Palestine, or would consider £100 too much for the pleasure of a week or so in Iceland, even in this weather. The great majority of Englishmen, however, like travelling, and although independent enough in their ideas when they can do without assistance, they would be glad to avail themselves of Mr. Cook's or of anybody else's travelling experience, if they felt it would prove a convenience. Any one can travel over the beaten routes in Europe without much trouble, forethought, or knowledge of foreign languages; but if Mr. Cook would organise some such tour as the following for next year, he would really be rendering a good service to numbers of people

who are anxious to see the world. Let us suggest, therefore, that an excursion might leave London at Midsummer in a steamer chartered for the purpose.

JUNE.—Arrive at the Azores, where a week might be advantageously passed.

JULY.—Visit the Canary Islands, spend a day or two on the line, say from Saturday to Monday, and proceed thence to Cape Coast Castle, from which place an excursion might be made to Timbuctoo and the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. From the Gold Coast by the steamer to St. Paul de Loando, where the party might halt for a few days' sea bathing.

AUGUST.—Leave St. Paul for the interior, by carriages previously sent out from England. The route chosen should give the tourist the opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the various tribes, and animals, inhabiting Central Africa. A portable hotel might be taken with the excursion for this part of the trip, as it is not improbable that for some portions of the journey across the continent the existing hotel accommodation might prove insufficient for a large party.

SEPTEMBER.—Arrive on the east coast of Africa, and proceed by the steamer to the Comoro Islands; thence to Madagascar, where carriage excursions might be made to the north and south points of the island. At the end of the month leave for Borneo.

OCTOBER.—Might be passed in visiting the principal islands in the Chinese seas, after which the steamer should proceed south, calling at the Sandwich and Society Islands.

NOVEMBER.—Arrive at Cape Horn, where the portable hotel might be erected, and a fortnight pleasantly passed. Leave about the middle of the month, and proceed by road through the countries of the South American continent.

DECEMBER.—Arrive at Panama, where the steamer should be waiting. Sail at once for the Arctic Seas, which it is probable would be reached in about three weeks; thence by sledges to the North Pole, which might be reached by Christmas Day, and where the portable hotel should be re-erected.

JANUARY.—Visit to the objects of interest in the neighbourhood, and by the North-West Passage home to England.

An excursion such as this would be a *bonâ fide* convenience to that class of people who consider themselves capable of looking after themselves in the beaten tracks of the continent. We offer the programme to the excursion agents, in the confident belief that if the charge for the trip is reasonably cheap numbers would avail themselves of the opportunity. There might be, it is true, some few difficulties in organising the tour, but none surely which Mr. Cook and his *confrères* could not, in the way of business, overcome. If these persons really possess the extraordinary administrative abilities they pretend to, they should turn their talents to useful and practical purposes.

MERELY PLAYERS.

EVERYBODY has heard it. Mr. Disraeli, the successful author of so many screaming farces, has crossed over Westminster bridge and produced an entirely "new and original tragedy" at Astley's. Need it be added that this is a purely political move, and intended to serve the same ends as a Greengrocers' Company after-dinner speech, or some firework harangue let off before a parcel of gaping farmers in the neighbourhood of Hughenden? The idea is not a bad one. Indeed, when it is remembered how often the stage has subserved the State, it must be admitted that no common measure of praise is due to Mr. Disraeli's genius. *William Tell*, even when lowered to the level of half-a-hundred fiddles, has often been regarded on the Continent as so much gunpowder. Why, then, should not Mr. Disraeli try the effect of a little nitro-glycerine at home? But he must not be astonished to hear that he has already a dozen rivals in the field. Yes, the platform is, for a season at least, to give way to the foot-lights, with what promise the following dramatic gossip may in some measure declare:—

"It is said that a great many novelties are in preparation with a view to the forthcoming season. Subjoined is a list of the various entertainments already advertised at some of the principal metropolitan and provincial theatres."

HER MAJESTY'S.—*The Queen's Oath; or, the Peer who knows all about it.* By Lord Redesdale.

THE NATIONAL STANDARD!—*The Bishop-fiend; or, the Blue-blood, the Ballot, and the Blasting Powder.* By Mr. Horsman.

THEATRE ROYAL, TOWER HAMLETS.—*Who Cut his Head Off? or, the King and the Commoner.* New farce by Mr. Beales, M.A.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.—A new but not original comedy, by W. E. Gladstone, entitled *Place*. To be followed by *Beggar my Neighbour*, a farce in one act by J. Stuart Mill. The whole to conclude with a piece of wild extravagance called *Orange Blossoms*, adapted from the Irish by Colonel Knox.

IMPERIAL TEA GARDENS, PETERBOROUGH.—Grand Melodramatic Entertainment every evening. Great success of the *Confessional Unmasked*, with new dresses, scenery, appointments, &c., &c. At nine, the new piece entitled *The Cowl, the Curse, and the Conscience-monger; or, The Jesuit's Return Ticket and the Pope Volunteer*. Rinaldo Mackonochie (his original character), Mr. Whalley, M.P. At eleven precisely, Dr. McNeill on his new instrument, the "Curseandswearophone."

BISHOP'S IMPERIAL OXFORD CIRCUS.—Great success of the new comedy, by Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., entitled *Soap*, followed every evening at nine by the gorgeous fairy spectacle of the *See of Gold; or, the Enchanted Lawn Palace and the Home of the Five Thousand Shining Sovereigns*. To conclude with the screaming farce of *Who Killed the "Poor" Curate?*

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

CREATION'S noblest work, and then
A cover for his head;
The word that speaks of nasty work,
By which some gain their bread;
My whole's a place that will be found
In Jonathan's united ground.

2.

What a bad cold makes people do,
And doctors claim who are asked to cure it
(Though some, averse to medicine,
Without the doctor's aid endure it),
Describe the drink of many a nation
As morn's or evening's potation.

3.

My first's the half of Cato's name,
My second is a British sailor,
My third what stage performers do
When dressed by their dramatic tailor,
My whole is one of Nature's forces,
Resistless wheresoever its course is.

4.

Without my first no preference would be,
Alter or change my second would express,
My third's a beast you almost daily see,
My fourth a drama known to stage and press,
My whole to hear instead of truth is trying,
And though not that is quite as bad as lying.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Beetroot. 2. Freedom. 3. Maryland. 4. Carnation. 5. Peppermint Drops. 6. Peregrine Pickle.

ANSWERS have been received from Darlingadnil, Four Hastings Scalps, Reasonable Plea, Samuel E. Thomas, Three Black Diamonds, H. T. Taverner, Jack Solved It, W. McD., Annie (Tooting), Young Man called Guppy, Generalderbesengarde, J. F. Dexter, Ruby's Ghost, Linda Princess, Mynheer von Gubchick, The Binfield Road Wonders, Bill Brick's Old Slipper, Ag. "Cavlan" Largs (N.B.), Moses Benson, Ein Verrückter Kerl, A Nautical Lunatic, Tofta, Slodger and Tiney, and 100 W. T.