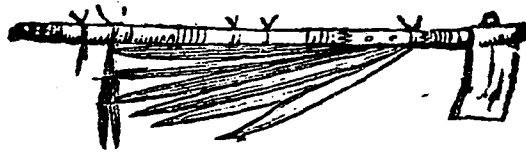


THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



“INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT.”

No. 71.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO I.—CONCERNING “THE GREATEST PLAGUE IN LIFE.”

EVERYBODY remembers with delight the humorous pictures in which John Leech satirized the affectations of “servant-galism.” Everbody who has had to employ “servant gals” remembers, with anything but delight, what sad truth lay behind that humour. It is much to be doubted whether Leech’s satire ever did anything towards abolishing abuses. One very requisite element of satire, particularly in this age of rhinoceros-hided morality, perseverance he certainly possessed. But geniality was in him so irrepressible a quality, that it threw a sunshine over the darkest pictures of human folly and wickedness which he drew; in fact, the satire was so charming, one scarcely wished to abolish the abuse that provoked it.

This by the way; but certain it is that servant girls are none the better for all John Leech’s powerful sketches of their vulgarity, insolence, and dishonesty.

This question is one of the most important social questions of the day. It is not limited to such narrow interests as the comfort of householders and heads of families—we may add, of lodgers and bachelors. It is a most serious question for those who profess to be so violently concerned for the physical, and social, welfare of women. Domestic service is the one great branch of industry which lies open, without any restrictions, to women; whether in the higher grades of house-keeper, nurse, confidential adviser of the toilet chamber, &c., or in the lowest grades of kitchen-maid, and drudge-of-all-work. Those philanthropists, whose hearts are wrung by the hideous sorrow that their eyes and ears daily encounter, know that from girls in service the ranks of the vicious and the miserable, who infest our streets, are hourly recruited. How to raise the moral status of this large class of our fellow-creatures is a very difficult problem, but one which everyone, who has any humanity, must yearn to solve.

The ordinary servant girl is not a very elevated creature. The education she possesses is just enough to enable her to read the very vilest trash, and to write as great, if not as vile, trash to her young man, or men, as the case may be. Her moral education has been worse than her intellectual, the ten commandments are summed up for her in the capacious formula—*Always tell a lie and stick to it.* To be found out and punished is the only crime she knows; to be found out and forgiven is to her no encouragement to amend, but to offend again with more cunning. The chief attributes of her character are vulgar vanity, gluttony of admiration, and a dread of ghosts.

She breaks any one of the commandments as easily as she does the china, and with as little remorse, or intention of paying for the damage; but she would not go under a ladder, or into a churchyard after dark, to save her life. If the Protestant religion simply consisted in protesting, she would be a bright light in the Reformed Church, for if you accuse her of a fault, the vigour and apparent solemnity of her protestations are only equalled by their futility and real blasphemy. The fate of Ananias and Sapphira she invokes with frantic readiness; no oath is so sacred, but she can clench a lie with it. Yet she has one redeeming point—she is very fond of dogs and babies; and she shows her fondness by cramming both with the un-

wholesomest stuff she can, her notion of kindness being to poison them.

Her great ambition is, when she goes out of a Sunday, to be mistaken for a lady; to effect which end she ought first to make herself dumb, and then invisible. No man can look at her but she immediately begins to giggle, if, indeed, she waits to be looked at, and does not take the initiative by sniggering, which she takes for an expression of modesty, whereas it is the sort of blind that modesty pulls down to show she is not at home. If she is ugly, she buys her young man, probably a worthless soldier, who trades upon the only soldier-like thing about him, his uniform; or, if she is pretty, perhaps her young man buys her with gaudy bonnets, and sham jewellery. The more ambitious are sensible enough to know the difference between real and sham millinery, and insist upon having everything just like their mistress, real lace, real kid-gloves, &c. How they obtain them with wages of twelve or fourteen pounds a-year, is best known to themselves. Few of this latter kind stay in service long; or rather, they give a month’s warning on the slightest provocation, and take a long engagement with —, the gentleman in black.

This may seem a hard and cruel picture; we wish it were not a true one. It is a fearful thing to see the sewer of vice fed from streams that should be pure as crystal. It is not enough to shake our heads at the picture, what can we do to mend it? What can all, whether heads of families or simple individuals, do to rescue the wretched silly creatures who are drifting to the dark ocean where so many of their sisters have been drowned, and, alas! drowned in vain; for though their whitened bones lie on the shore, yet no one heeds their warning.

It is at their home, when they have one in the fullest sense of the word, that the foundation of all girls’ moral characters—girls, more than boys,—must be laid. Much of this affectation and vanity is the result of the injudicious encouragement, which well meaning parents give their daughters, to despise their station in life. Go into any farmer’s house in the country; there are the old couple bright and clean, but plain and homely as their own kitchen; the father is to bed early and up early, and always working; the mother watchfully superintending everything herself—cooking the dinner, attending to the dairy, cleaning, scrubbing everywhere, never above any labour; surely such parents must have frugal, industrious children. Ask them about their children—their faces glow with honest pride; that portrait of a young man, dressed just like a gentleman, is John, “He is up in Lunnon, ay! he’s doing very well, and has a deal of learning,—and that’s Jane, that fine young lady, would you like to see Jane’s room? Oh! don’t be afraid, *she* won’t mind.” So you go and see Jane’s room. And instead of the neat unpretending cleanness of the old folks’ room, with its common cheap ornaments, not pretending to be anything but common and cheap, you find tawdry curtains, Brummagem toilet fittings, trashy pictures, false jewellery, everything pretending to be something grander and costlier than it is, aiming at magnificence, and reaching nothing further than vulgar ostentation. Poor old people! it is hard to check the honest smile of admiration that lights up their good faces; they think these trinkets so beautiful; they don’t wish to be proud themselves, God help them! but to see their child like any lady of the land—can you bear to change that smile into a blank and hopeless despair? can you bear to break those loving, honest hearts by telling them to what, in nine cases out of ten, this sort

of finery brings its votary? Let us not be misunderstood; the ambition to rise above your station, to make yourself something greater than your father and mother before you is a noble ambition; but none needs greater self-control, and sterner moral courage, to prevent it degenerating into a greedy vanity, and reckless self-indulgence. No doubt, the education which their parents are so proud of being able to give their children, in the case of the girls especially, does them more harm than good; it only teaches them to despise those of their own station, without making them fit to associate with those in a station above theirs. It may seem harsh and stingy in parents to save up their money, and deny to the children, who will ultimately inherit it, the luxuries which they will then be able to afford; but it is the wiser course to teach them first habits of frugality and self-denial, to make certain they are not idle and vicious, before you give them the means of gratifying idle and vicious tastes. A farmer's son, who has received a first-rate education, is none the less superior to his father in knowledge because he does not affect to be superior to him in his dress.

The girls who go into service (from the class of which we have been speaking) would, for the most part, fill the superior places in the household; but as their masters and mistresses have great influence over them, so they have great influence over those below them; and indeed, it is from above, not from below, that the reform of our servants must begin. If a servant sees her mistress care for nothing but dress; if she sees that all the lady seems to live for is for adorning her person in the latest fashion, and that she sets much more value on her new gown than on her baby; that how she looks, not how she acts, is the great question of her life; we cannot expect the servant to make either an honest wife, or a good mother.

In the further remarks, which we propose to make on this subject, we shall consider how the condition of the humbler class of servants can be improved by their masters and mistresses, and by themselves.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE VII.

From Florence to Erica.

IT seems to me that I am always busy,
Or, Rica, I had written you ere now.
Besides, I've not been well. My head's quite dizzy
At times, and there's a constant tension on my brow.
I have to take some medicine, tart and fizzy,
Which makes me feel I cannot tell you how.
Moreover, I am almost tired to death;
And all seems Vanity, as the preacher saith.

Of course, you know, I have had lots of fun,
And all of us have been immensely gay;
Still when each bit of gaiety is done,
No pleasant souvenir of't appears to stay.
And then one's kept for ever on the run,
So that 'tis more like business than play;
And though one ever dreads it should be o'er,
Rather a want 'tis, than a wish, for more.

A quiet evening now appears so dull,
'Tis really quite a problem what to do.
Home pastimes used to be so plentiful,
But now, I own, they scarcely help one through.
And when one knows there pleasures are to cull
In the next square, one longs to be there too;
E'en though one oft has culled, and after culling,
Has really found them hardly worth the pulling.

The things I cared for most are now denied.
My poor, bright, bonnie Sunshine has gone lame;
And I confess I *did* enjoy my ride,
Though riding in the Row is rather tame.
To send him home, I hear, they now decide.
I sometimes wish, with me they'd do the same.
I scarcely think his ailments mine surpass,
We might be turned together out to grass.

But he will go, and I must linger here,
And I can't tell you how I miss my canter
I looked for when the Park was getting clear,
And the sunset's rays each moment growing slanter.
I had it ev'ry day with Willie dear,
Who then would halt to sermonize and banter—
Justly, I fear—about my wordly ways.
But there's an end now of those cherished days.

For Willie too has gone. I cannot bear,
Erica love, to think, much less to write, of it.
Oh! it has been a terrible affair,
Although I hardly know the wrong or right of it.
Against him all the family declare;
But I shall always care for him in spite of it.
He is to most as china is to delf:
He's nothing less than nobleness itself.

But nobleness, they say, is oftentimes folly;
And I am young, and they perhaps know best.
'Tis true, it makes one rather melancholy,
And with a sense of hopelessness oppressed.
So, I dare say, 'tis wiser to be jolly—
At least to seem so, when you're out and dressed.
And why be loftier than other people?
It is not ev'ry church that has a steeple.

Now I must tell you of a certain person,
Whom all the world is plaguing me to—marry.
There! it is out, after a great exertion.
I knew I could not long your questions parry,
And fencing with them is my pet aversion.
His surname's Bullion, and his christian, Harry.
Now you know all about it. Shall I do it?
And, if I don't, d'ye think that I shall rue it?
They tell me that I shall; but that's above
My comprehension. If I really thought
He with me was spontaneously in love,
I should not need by any to be taught.
But him on me, as me on him, they shove,
As though they feared lest neither should be caught.
And so a suit, I otherwise should hate,
Will, I suppose, be solved by them and Fate.

There—quite enough of that. I often long,
For all you say against the hills and streams,
To break away from the gregarious throng
Which in an unjust grip to hold me seems,
And lead, such solitary scenes among,
A life of simple days and tranquil dreams.
Oh! I would barter all my gauds and dresses,
To feel a mountain zephyr's soft caresses.

But I am as a unit in a crowd
And seem to move only by other's will,
And by their brutal strength am crushed and cowed.
Moreover, I'm less hurt by keeping still.
And e'en when hurt, their voices are so loud,
My poor weak screams appear to pierce and fill
No other ears than mine. So 'mid the riot,
I hold my breath, and suffer, and am quiet.

And now I must go driving in the park;
And later, we attend a splendid soiree
Given by the Duke of Alderney and Sark,
Where all the town, like vultures to a quarry,
Will troop in crowds, as soon as it is dark.
Adieu, Erica. Sometimes think of Florrie,
Who, though so changed in most things, loves you dearly,
And signs herself as ever yours sincerely.

P.S.—(Written the following day.)

I open this to tell you that my fate
No longer is in wearisome suspense.
I am engaged, and as they calculate,
Shall be a married woman three months' hence.
We are to have a house at Prince's Gate,
And one place in the country, to commence.
They all seem half delirious with delight;
So I suppose I must have done what's right.

A PLEASANT PLACE TO LIVE IN.

PARIS, *au Poste*, Sept. 7.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—My contribution comes late, but if you will look at the head of this letter you will observe that I address you from the police-station. Yes, it has come to this: I am simply locked up. But that is not the worst of it, for I am boiling with rage; not so much at the ignominy which waits on me in this position, but more at the shame which awaits me when I get out—I repeat, when I get out.

I will tell you all about it. The fact is, I have no less than seven duels on my hands, or, as the Parisians would say, on my arms; and, indeed, the successful issue of any one of the seven depends much on the arms, for I have not the practice with the *fleuret* which I should like to have. Seven duels!

Just this way it happened. I naturally, on arriving at Paris, felt a just desire to make the acquaintance of some of the leading French journalists, and as I had the extreme happiness to possess a letter of introduction to that well-known correspondent, Mr. Multumin Parveau, of the *Detonator*, I soon found myself, by his kindness, at the Café Niche and fully introduced to the best Government organists.

I happened to make a remark which might be called facetious, comparing the Organist party and the Orleanist, when M. Paul de Casscognac felt sure that I meant an insult, and disappeared in great anger with the intention of sending two of his friends to me. I took this pretty coolly, as I scarcely believed the man meant what he said, when, turning round rather hurriedly, to call the *garçon*, I touched M. Emile de Girruette on the coat. “A blow!” he cried, starting up, “And on the boulevard?” I explained in vain and bad French to no purpose; this was to bring duel No. 2. Parveau suggested it would be better to retire to the Grand Hotel, where we probably should meet his friends, the Prince of Castlespanish and the Duke Humphrey.

We paid for our absinthe and absented ourselves accordingly. We were joined by Cramoisie, whose little work, the *Fusée*, has been so run after. He was very satirical; but as I happened to bow to a gentleman connected with the Tuileries who was passing, Cramoisie declared I must have known, how they stood together, and after one or two words No. 3 duel stared me in the face.

Parveau, of course, undertook to find at least a dozen Counts who made it the pleasure of their lives to go out as principals or seconds to the Bois de Boulogne. Only wait till we got to the Grand Hotel.

We stopped this side to look at the photographs at Scabreux's, and an individual, who had the air of a Commander-in-Chief doing amateur detective business, was engaged in examining the photos. too. The heavy brute must needs step backwards on to my toe, and as I unwittingly made use of a forcible expression, informed me he knew quite enough English to understand my meaning, and must beg my card. I had only one left, which he was welcome to. That made the fourth. At the Grand Hotel, as I preferred pistols to swords, and was informed by the small crowd of “friends” (my adversaries' friends), that I was not the party offended, and consequently, had no choice in the matter, my apparent obstinacy on this point brought three more duels from the friends, all journalists, bless you, and ready to write columns about their own bravery after the little affairs were over.

I was going out of the Grand Hotel to choose my arms, when I had them pinioned behind me and found myself shunted into a *fiacre*. It seems that an agent of the police had heard me use the word *Lantern*. (It is true I had said to Parveau that I felt like Guido Fawkes when he was taken with the dark lantern in his hand), and as it was supposed that I was otherwise seditious, having purchased a bunch of iris-blossoms (*Fleur-de-lis*) at the Madeleine flower-market, I was to come along.

I came along and here I am with seven bloodthirsty journalists waiting for me in various parts of the Bois de Boulogne.

It has cost me a bribe of a couple of naps to get this posted.

Yours, till the seventh duel,

* * * *

P.S.—You will see all about it in the *Detonator*—probably before it happens.

THE PERSECUTED JEWESS!

WE see with surprise that the name of Madame Rachel has been omitted in a biographical dictionary of living celebrities. As admirers of real merit we beg to supply the slighting omission. MRS. LEVISON (better known as “Madame Rachel”), kept a fried fish shop in Clare market, and in the year 1852 was an intimate friend and near neighbour of a certain David Belasco, who kept a brothel at 31 Hart street, Covent garden, where an ugly “accident” occurred one Sunday morning about two o'clock, which resulted in the same Belasco being placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, on Friday, May 14th, 1852, before Mr. Baron Platt, and convicted by a jury of manslaughter, for which he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Upon that occasion Madame Rachel then, as now, Sarah Levison, was called as a witness to exculpate the accused man. At that time she described herself as the wife of a commercial traveller, in the employ of a Mr. White, of Houndsditch, and as residing at 10 Russell place, not three minutes' walk from Mr. Belasco's. She made a great deal of her respectability, which, if Mr. Huddleston will condescend to remember that he ever practised at the Central Criminal Court, he may recollect as having been utterly and entirely broken down by his cross-examination. At any rate the learned judge entertained such a strong opinion with respect to her evidence, and that of a man named Turner, who was called to corroborate her, that at the close of the case he ordered them both into custody for contempt of court, and they were consigned to a cell in Newgate for reflection. No ulterior proceedings took place beyond a severe caution being administered to them by the judge in discharging them the following morning.

For further particulars see page 72 of the 36th volume of the Central Criminal Court authorised *Minutes of Evidence*.

ALL ABOUT IT.

ALTHOUGH the immense majority of the people who know everything, insist that the Emperor's annoyance at the Queen's omission to leave a card at the Tuileries, means nothing more or less than the immediate avenging of “le Vaterloo,” it would scarcely be worth while to examine the social relationship of the European princes, and try from a few stray straws of this kind, to gather which way the evil winds are setting. The little actions of great men we know, often have terrible significance in the eyes of outsiders, and so it is as well at least to be on the look out. When Count Bismarck fell off his horse the other day, confidence in the stability of German unity was shaken, and perhaps not unreasonably through the length and breadth of Europe. However, that wily diplomatist knows even how to fall with his horse on the top of him, and consequently, beyond a good shake, suffered no inconvenience from the feat. German unity, barring of course, any little accident with France, is therefore as secure as ever. The death of a great man who represents a gigantic idea, and is himself the life and soul of the movement he has set on foot, is obviously a very different thing from the private bickerings of sovereigns. The way in which the slightest hospitality, on the contrary, on the part of crowned heads is seized on by the crowd, and straightway conjured into a matter of the gravest moment speaks volumes for the snobbery as well as the credulity of the age. If the Pope looks to the right or to the left, takes a walk, or gets caught in a shower, the press is busy at the Roman question forthwith. The Queen of Spain too is a favourite in her way. She has supplied more general leading articles, especially in the green gooseberry season, than all other European potentates together. We are as well acquainted with her private life and all its terrific political consequences, as we are with the last state of the money market or yesterday's police reports. If the Emperor is at last getting angry with this Government, it is not because the Empress kindly dispensed the Countess of Kent from the obligation of returning her call, but for a very different reason indeed. There is some unpleasant talk of an Anglo-Prusso-Russian alliance, which doubtless would suggest anything but agreeable contingencies to the Emperor of the French. To hold her Majesty responsible for a possible war, and point to her neglect at Paris as its cause, is as stupid as it is unjust. It would be as reasonable to accuse Prince Christian of daring designs upon the English crown, because he thanked the country for their “generous welcome”—over his wine—at the Academy Dinner.

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LONDON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

THE WEEK.

WE see that a Miss MINNIE HAWK, from New York, has been singing with success in America, and is engaged to appear in Europe. We are delighted to acknowledge our charming sister. If she has as great a success over here as her brother, TOMMY HAWK, she will have nothing to complain of.

A RUMOUR is "going the round of the papers" to the effect that a certain well-known *litterateur* is shortly to appear as "Falstaff." If this report proves no *canard* we may expect to find other men of talent following in the wake of so illustrious an author as the one to whom we have referred. Always anxious to provide our readers with the earliest information, we beg to give a list of "appearances" likely to come off:—

Mr. A. C. SWINBURNE as "Comus."
DEAN STANLEY as "Sir Pertinax MacSycophant."
Mr. CHARLES READE as the "Fool" (*King Lear*).
and
Mr. DION BOUCICAULT as "Jeremy Diddler."

THE *Times* is determined to atone for the want of loyalty, of which it was accused on account of its articles on the QUEEN'S retirement. The other day our facile contemporary published a puff of that mystic obstruction, known as the Prince Consort Memorial, which might have been penned by an ecstatic Court jobber whose head had been slightly turned by an invitation to join the Royal dinner-party. The *Times* is always right; a more valuable or high-principled journal does not exist; for every day's *Times* faithfully reflects what the common people thought the day before; therefore it is gratifying to know not only that the "Prince Consort Memorial" is the most beautiful work of modern art in the world, but that the whole expense (which is pretty considerable) was defrayed from voluntary subscription, and from the QUEEN'S private savings—savings out of the income given her by the Nation to support her Royal state. Both these pieces of information are very gratifying; but we must be allowed to live in the hope of seeing, some day or other, a nobler work of modern art even than the Prince Consort Memorial, as we certainly hope we shall not see the account of certain votes, passed by the late Parliament towards the expense of that great work of art, which the Crown has generously, we doubt not, refused to accept.

TOO KEEN BY HALF.

WHO is the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., the rector of Whitby? Has anybody out of Whitby heard of him before? Possibly not. However, having addressed a political pastoral to his flock, and flung himself into notoriety by hanging as it were on to the coat-tails of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, who happens to be canvassing the borough in the Liberal interest, the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., is somebody, at all events, for half-an-hour. Of course he bursts forth in opposition to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and, like most supporters of that beneficent institution, is a little foggy. With true clerical logic he declares that in his spiritual capacity he has no wish to make his parishioners Whig or Tory, though he, at the same time, announces that complicity with the scheme of Messrs. Gladstone and Bright is "a great moral crime, a sin, and sacrilege." If this is the rector of Whitby's view of the matter, why on earth does he not abandon half-measures at once, and excommunicate his Liberal parishioners *en masse*. "Great moral crimes, sins, and sacrilege," need, if not book, bell, and candle, at least some sort of curse; and so, according to Mr. Keene's own showing, he ought to refuse something—say burial—to a Liberal elector. To dispose of the rest of this reverend gentleman's political manifesto would be a mere waste of time; but it is certainly well up to the mark in point of reason, moderation, and ability. Dr. McNeile's *Times* agitation got him a place. Will not Mr. Disraeli look kindly on this tea-cup stir at Whitby? Soberly, we, in common, doubtless with a respectable majority of mankind, know nothing of the Rev. W. Keene, M.A., but we would strongly advise him to study a certain precept of that gospel of which he is a professed minister.

MUSICAL PATCHWORK.

THE novelty for next season at the Grand Opera in Paris has just been announced. *Faust*, which has hitherto been played at the Théâtre Lyrique, is to be produced, and Gounod has undertaken to add for the occasion a new romance for Madlle. Nilsson, a song for Fame, and a ballet to be introduced into the *Walpurgis Night* scene. It cannot be expected, however, that this one "novelty" will be sufficient to carry the management on to the close of the Season, and it is therefore very probable that the following operas, carefully added to and improved upon, will be given during the winter.

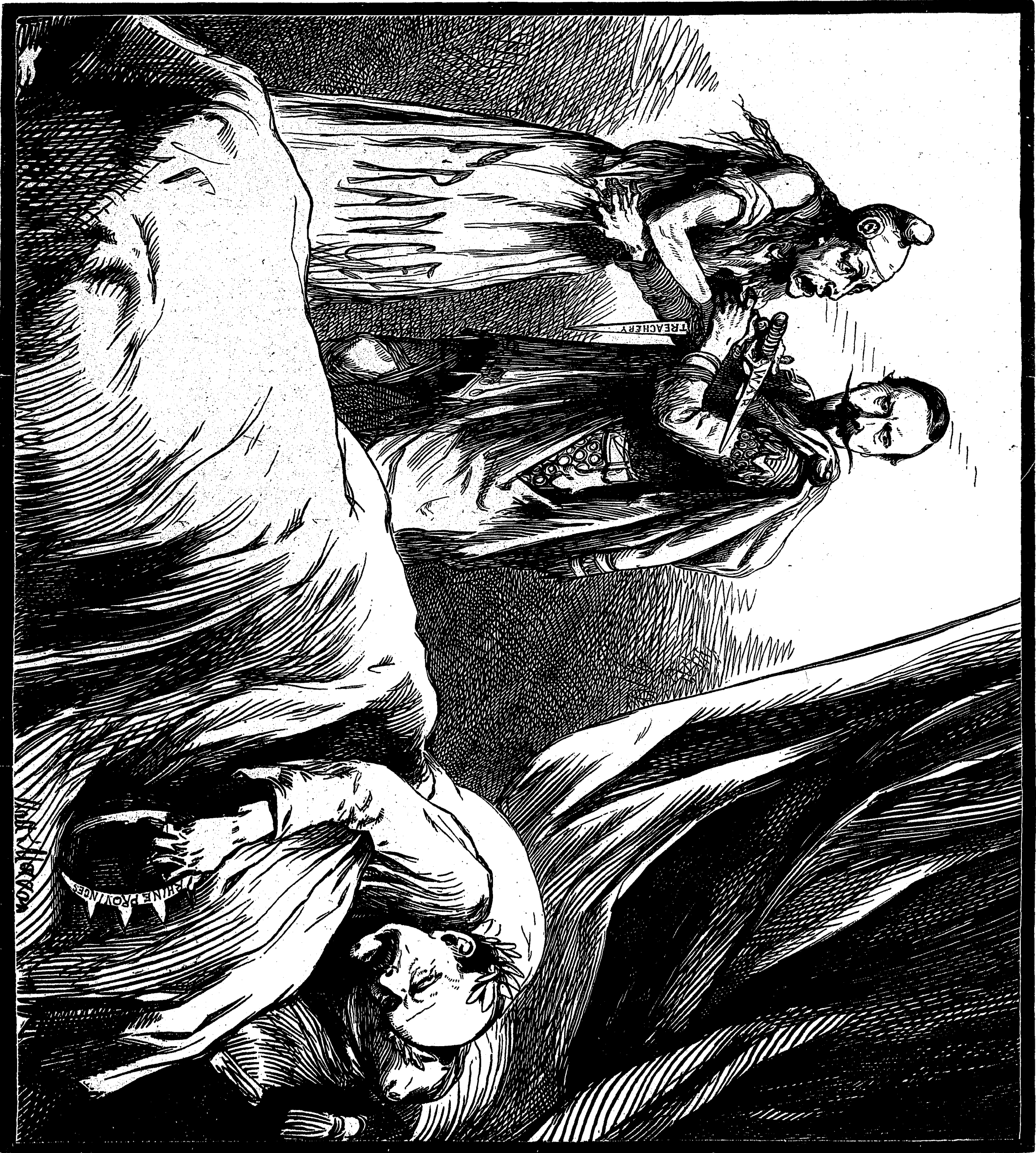
La Sonnambula.—A ballet of chamber-maids will be introduced into the bed-room scene, and half-a-dozen encore verses will be added to "Ah non giunge."

William Tell.—A storm with real rain will form the commencement of the second act, and Matilda will sing "Sombres Forêts" under an umbrella.

Martha.—Dogs, horses, and a stag will appear on the stage in the hunting scene, and the chorus, mounted on steeple-chasers, will take the five-barred gate of the beer shop on the left during the finale. M. Flotow has kindly introduced three new songs for the soprano—namely, "Scots wha hae," "Slumber my darling," and "The Death of Nelson."

Il Trovatore.—A new act will be added. It will commence with the marriage of the Count de Luna with Inez, Leonora's waiting-maid, and the only female character living at the conclusion of the opera in its present form. The wedding feast will, however, be interrupted by the arrival of Leonora, Manrico and his mother in a spectre balloon (patented), who will carry off the Count to a grand march, with an entirely new accompaniment of twenty-one aerial maroons from the Crystal Palace, and Inez will be condemned to become a "dama d'onore" in all Signor Verdi's operas for all eternity.

It is quite refreshing to get the promise of anything new at the opera either in Paris or in London, where the stock *repertoires* have of late years been completely used up. Next to something entirely new, the above works, with the proposed touches, may prove acceptable; but it would certainly be more in keeping with the dignity of a vast establishment like the Paris Grand Opera, to provide an opera so veritably new and original for its first campaign.



ON THE VERGE!

LADY MACBETH (FRANCE).

Infirm of purpose!

M. M. No 24



THE BRAND OF CAIN.

In the *Times* of August 26 we read among the Police Reports that—

At Worship street, James Cain, sausage-manufacturer, of 21 Duke street, Bethnal Green, appeared before Mr. Ellison in answer to a summons which charged him with having in his possession a quantity of putrid and unwholesome German sausages and saveloys. The summons further charged him with intending to trade on them. This is the second time within the last three weeks that the defendant has been summoned for having on his premises putrid meat for the purpose of manufacture into sausages. On the former occasion he had been convicted in a penalty and costs which amounted to 18s. Five days afterwards, the inspector "found about half a hundredweight of rotten saveloys and German sausages." The inspector showed by an experiment that the meat from these rotten sausages could be mixed with good meat and re-made into sausages which would appear good for a short time, but that in 24 hours they would become mouldy from the bad meat in them. Mr. Ellison said "it was necessary that the public should be protected from practices of this description. He convicted the defendant in a penalty and costs which amounted together to 29s. 6d. *The defendant left the Court laughing.*

Well might Cain laugh: if he had any sense of the humorous, he must have laughed at the piece of superb bathos with which the magistrate's speech ended, "The public must be protected from such practices." By imprisoning or flogging the scoundrel who had been trying to poison, he knew not or cared not, how many of his poor fellow-creatures, of course; by inflicting on him the disgrace and ruin he deserves—shame he is not likely to be able to feel, but his hide and his pocket can feel. No. There will be a fine, but a substantial one, of course; so Cain hears the terrible sentence that he is condemned in fine and costs amounting to 29s. 6d. Well might he laugh, we repeat, for such is but a very small percentage on the profits he has made by his mean villainy—he can afford to pay the Law that. The publican, the cabman, have to pay for their licenses; why should not the manufacturer of poisonous food for the poor pay for the glorious privilege?

When will the Law cease to play these hideous practical jokes in the name of Justice? When will our sense of what is right cease to be outraged by such glaring inconsistencies, as our miserable penal code daily flings in our face? When shall we be able to take up an English newspaper without finding some case, in which the bestial obstinacy, and callous ignorance, of some unpaid magistrate has condemned a child to a week's association with felons in a gaol for the crime of sleeping under a hedge, or picking up some stray fruit or corn; while on another page we find a heartless scoundrel, like this Cain, allowed to practice what is little better than wholesale murder, with no more punishment to dread than the payment of a very small portion of his gains as a penalty! If the Law is not soon reorganised on some firmer foundation of morality, if the intrinsic villainy of a crime, in its direct and practical effects, is not taken into consideration in the punishment adjudged to it, rather than the mere name or class under which it has been catalogued, all respect for the Law will become impossible; at least, on the part of those who cannot afford to reap the benefit of its blind leniency. Here are we, in the nineteenth century, when civilization boasts that it is in its very zenith, practically little wiser or juster in our system of punishing crime than the savage ancestors for whom we affect such contempt, who priced a man's limbs and his life according to his rank. Had this Cain been branded as he deserved, had he been flogged at the tail of a cart and then consigned to the common gaol, Justice and Humanity would not have been mocked by a laugh, that might well find an echo in the place where fiends do dwell.

EX OFFICIO.

It is announced that Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., is to have a testimonial for his successful efforts to gain for the members of the Civil Service the elective franchise. It is but just that this gentleman should receive some acknowledgement of the trouble to which he has put himself on behalf of the civil servants of the Crown, and we are glad to hear that a committee has been got together to collect subscriptions, the more so as it is stated that the first act of that body has been to stipulate that the amount raised shall not exceed one hundred guineas. The Civil Service electors may be divided into four classes.

- 1.—Officials who as householders have always had a vote and used it. (A small class.)
- 2.—Officials who as householders have always had a vote and have not used it. (A large class.)
- 3.—Officials who never had a vote and never wanted one. (An immense class.)
- 4.—Officials who never had a vote and did want one. (A small but not select class.)

As these last government employées, who are by no means the richest of their tribe, are the only people interested, and, therefore, the only people who can be expected to subscribe to the Monk Testimonial Fund, the wisdom shown by the promoters of the scheme in refusing to receive anything over one hundred guineas is round and farsighted. No failure is more dreary than the failure of a testimonial fund to which subscribers cannot be found. In this instance, the sum required is certainly moderate enough, but nevertheless, it is not unlikely that it will take some time and trouble to get together.

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE proceedings were resumed this morning before a crowded audience.

The Honourable Burt Lollipop was the next witness. On being summoned, he requested that he might be accommodated with a chair, and explained to the Commissioners that he did not think he was equal to the effort of standing up.

On this request being complied with, he said: He was a member of good society. He thought he knew everybody. He went out a good deal. He could not say why. Supposed it was because it was the correct thing. Yes, he could say how he spent his day. His fellow called him at one. (The witness here protested that the examination "bored" him extremely, and wanted to know how long it was going to last. Being, however, rebuked by the Chairman, and pressed upon the point, he said :) He took his breakfast attired in a dressing-gown and smoking-cap. Had the *Post* and *Times* to read, but was not in the habit of looking at them. They bored him very much, especially the telegrams. He dressed before three, and then strolled into the club. This was the worst part of the day, and sometimes it bored him dreadfully. When it was very insupportable he went into Truefitt's and had his hair brushed. Later he did the park. He flattered himself his turn-out was correct. Driving it bored him awfully too. Drove it because it was the thing. Dined somewhere or other at eight. Yes, he often dined at the Club. Dinner cost him about £1 15s. Thought it was dear, but supposed it was the thing. After that, dressed for the evening. Went to several houses where he had invites. Did not know why he went. Hated girls awfully. Thought evening parties the worst bores he knew of. Liked Lady Yamflash's "at-homes" best. They were so crammed that he never was bored by having to go up stairs. Stood on the first flight for five-and-twenty minutes, and then left. Went to Lady Yamflash's because it was the thing. Did about five hours each night in this way. Was free at about half-past two. Looked in at the Blackington and played a little. Once lost £1,280 at *humbug*. That bored him slightly. No, it did not bore him so much, because the Champseys always had their claret too cold, and asked one at seven o'clock. His usual hour of going to bed was four. Considered that his day was well spent. Would like to know how the Commissioners proposed to improve upon it. He had no ambition. Believed he was intended to take the family seat some day. Confessed he did not see it. Thought the House of Commons a vulgar place. Had no predilection for any profession. If he had to choose he could not fix upon anything. He thought he would rather drive a Hansom. Chose that because there seemed less bore about it than about anything else. One would not have to get down, and if one wanted to talk, one had only to open the holt. The witness here refused to proceed with his evidence, and retired apparently much exhausted.

IMPERIAL VULGARITY.—It is rumoured in official circles that the Emperor Napolcon recently observed, *apropos* of "*La Lanterne*," "This is a pitiful affair—there is nothing *miley* about it. No, *this* Rochefort is *not* the cheese!"

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

I NEVER dine with that old millionaire, Nummus, but he tells me what he has saved on his fish bill during the week. This looks like robbing the shrine of Neptune to gild the statue of Vanity.

* *

The question to aeronauts, "Can you guide an air-ship?" never meets with a positive affirmative. That is probably why the proprietors of the *Ballon Captif* can only give a partial ascent.

* *

A medical man at a dinner party never acts up to his prescriptions, and yet he shakes his head most solemnly if he meets the Reverend Michael Macsmallbones driving out on a Sunday.

* *

Did you ever see subalterns at an officer's funeral? You imagine, very likely, they are absorbed in the *Book of Common Prayer*. Not at all: they have got their eye on the next edition of the Army List.

* *

Poor Jack! how readily he falls into the hands of the crimps! The jolly British Tar, whose *terra firma* is the deck of his own ship! Indeed, Jack is only at sea when he is on shore.

* *

How like that lithe plant, the *wistaria*, is to woman! Basking in the sun, creeping round its support with close tendrils, gushing into cascades of blossom, and even showing a second bloom like the later beauty which comes to some, and is hoped for by all between thirty and forty, in spring and summer. Then, you can train it how you will—no! I'm hanged if the simile will go as far as that!

* *

A foreigner of distinction, who wished to see the commandant at Shoeburyness, was discovered attempting to break one of the missiles lying about the ground. He had been told that he must crack the shell to get at the colonel.

* *

I was brought up patriotic. So my bosom swells when I return from abroad and see the white cliffs at Dover. But the sea's bosom does the same, and that does not always agree with my way of bringing up.

* *

A man who objects to wine is not in the habit of continually pouring vinegar into his friends' glasses; yet an atheist is always broaching his blasphemies in public without asking with or by your leave.

* *

Miss Becker looks with hope to the time when fathers will be blessed with the pains as well as the cares of maternity.

* *

The eagerness to father the sources of a success is only to be equalled by the reluctance to husband your resources in a failure.

MOSES IN THE RANKS.

WE are sorry to observe that the mischievous purchase system, which all enlightened military reformers are working so persistently to abolish in the regular army, is on the point of being introduced into the Volunteers. At least from the following advertisement which appears in the *Daily Telegraph*, a modified form of selling out is already in vogue.

"To be disposed of. A Bargain. A Private Uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, consisting of two tunics, two undress jackets, five pairs of trowsers, one great coat, one bearskin, sword and belts, and two undress caps. Apply, &c. &c."

It is difficult to decide if this advertisement augurs well or ill for the prosperity of the volunteer movement. It is certainly satisfactory to observe that an humble member of the ranks should be possessed of such an exuberant wardrobe as detailed above; but, on the other hand, it must be allowed that it looks

bad that the owner should appear in such urgent need of ready money, as it does not at all follow that the aspiring volunteers who will doubtless tender for so dashing an outfit will be of the same stature as the ex-private, whose length and breadth are not stated in the advertisement. Perhaps on the whole it would have been better for all parties, including the Honourable Artillery Company, if the sale had been conducted by private contract.

A NOTE BY THE WAY.

THE publication of new music by an unknown composer at this time of the year is not usually considered to be a promising speculation, but from the following advertisement it would appear that the country possesses one musical genius at least, sufficiently strong of heart to set the counsels of discretion at defiance. We quote from the columns of a contemporary:—

"*The Abyssinian March*.—Dedicated to Lord Napier of Magdala. By Robert Sloman, Mus. Doc. Oxon. Single copies post free for thirteen stamps. This particular march has received complimentary notice from Lord and Lady Napier, and by their special request ten copies have been forwarded to them."

As we have never heard the composition, we are not going to criticise it; but we notice the advertisement, as we are at a loss to guess the meaning and objects of the last sentence. Is it to be understood that the hero of Magdala was so struck with the beauty of Dr. Sloman's march, that being unfortunately unable to afford to buy it in the usual manner, his lordship resorted to the desperate device of begging for ten copies as a gift. Or is it that his lordship's name having been dragged into the title-page, the good-natured hero thought he could not do less than order half a sovereign's worth in acknowledgment of the compliment.

However, whether the work relies for success on Lord Napier's approbation of its musical beauties, or on the happy thought of Dr. Sloman, matters very little, for such clap-trap advertising can have but one effect—to deter the musical public from investing even thirteen postage stamps in a composition which has, on the bare-faced admission of its own author, nothing beyond a popular name to recommend it.

A FORTUNE FOR THE ASKING.

THE military profession is at last becoming quite remunerative. The Bar, the Church, and Medicine have long had their prizes to bestow; but until lately a soldier has had nothing to look forward to but an insufficient income for the best years of his life, with the remote though possible contingency of a regimental colonelcy (worth a thousand a-year) in his extreme old age. Now, however, this is all to be changed. The Duke of Cambridge has announced, in a special general order, that the post of Instructor in Military History, at Sandhurst, having become vacant, officers commanding regiments and corps may send in the names of any officers under their command who may think themselves qualified for the appointment, the salary of which will be £400 a-year, inclusive of all military pay and allowances.

Here is a chance for the twenty thousand or so young men who hold commissions in Her Majesty's army. It is not yet stated what the qualifications for the Professorship of Military History at Sandhurst may be; but whatever they are, we should think that the applications will be pretty numerous. If the army does not become popular as a lucrative profession when an appointment worth £400 a-year is given away without purchase, we can only deplore that we live in an unreasonable age. Unfortunately, there are people who think that the chance of a place worth £400 a-year (the chance, by-the-way, being about 15,000 to 1 against getting it) is an insufficient inducement to warrant them putting their children into a profession which is generally voted as dull as it is expensive, and as prejudicial to morality as it is hopelessly uninteresting. However, we must do the Horse Guards the justice to admit that they have made the most of the little plum which they have been able to rescue from the vortex of patronage.

NEWS FROM THE WEST.—Very like a Wale(s). Coroner Pierce's ability!

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH.

By
JULES CANARD.

[A RECENT article in the *Patrie*, commenting on "The Splashing Houses of London," contains the following startling description:—

"These curious establishments are provided with muds of different counties, but principally of those counties where the hunting is best. They are moreover furnished by way of ornament with a wooden horse and a mirror. The sale of the mud is conducted in the most serious manner imaginable. On the exquisite presenting himself the groom inquires: 'From what county, sir, do you wish it to be supposed you have just returned—from Staffordshire, from Derbyshire?' 'No, from the county of Kent.' 'All right. Take your seat.'

"On this, the pretended sportsman bestrides a wooden automaton pony, which begins to raise his front and hind legs, to trot, to prance, throwing the mud over his rider with the same irregularity as a real horse would do across country. After having been well splashed, the man of fashion pays the account, casts an eye of approbation towards the mirror, and then, with a whip in his hand, goes and exhibits his bespattered costume in Bond street, Piccadilly, or Pall mall, in order that it may be supposed that he has just returned from a grand hunt."

Convinced by the above extract that the French Correspondents in the Great Metropolis are more industrious in picking up facts than the writers of "London Letters" to the Provincial Press, we have secured the services of an eminent Parisian author to contribute a *fac simile* of the article he weekly despatches to the Editor of his own paper—*Le Gamin de Paris*, for our own publication. Without further preface, we allow the new addition to our talented Staff of contributors to introduce himself to the millions who are good enough to peruse these pages.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

To the Editor of the "*Gamin de Paris*."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester Square.
Saturday, 5th Sept., 1868.

MY MUCH-RESPECTED AND WELL-BELOVED REDACTEUR,
See, here I have arrived. Albion the Perfidious, the White-cliffed, has taken me to her bosom, and I rest *au cinquieme* in the hotel of a compatriot. Oh, my friend, what have I not undergone for thy sake! I will not speak of the ill of the sea, of the brutal "*stewar*" with his cry of "*Tic-etes*," of the savage "*captan*" and his "*bol-mutton*." No, I will draw the curtain over my misery—my despair! I will only tell you what befel me at "Folk-es-tone."

The steam-boat arrived, and I walked up the ladder. "Have you anything to declare?" shouted a *douanier*. "Have you cigars, rum, rosbif, wives!"

"Wives!" I exclaimed. "Oh yes; wives to sell in Smithfield. Have you of them? You must pay the duty. Now appear you sharp witted?"

I declared I had no wives for sale (oh, the barbarians!), and was allowed to pass. I then found confronting me a crowd carrying knives and torches, and screaming for my blood.

"See," cried a young "*mees*," with very large teeth, and two long blonde curls. "See! let us attack him—he has poor feet—he cannot defend himself!"

Some "*riflemans*" stepped forward and made a way for me. "Leave him alone," they said; "he is a foreigner, he must see the custom—he must be crossed with a line."*

Upon this the blonde "*mees*" laughed and permitted me to pass. "Ah!" she cried, "his mother knows not that he is abroad, let us murder him!"

I walked along between two rows of rabble, who brandished their swords and torches, and screamed for my blood. "He's pale," they said. "He is a puppy of a '*boule dogue*,' let him be be 'muzzled' to death!" Still the "*Riflemans*" cried out, with brutal laughter, "He is stranger. We go to show him the 'customs'—to cross him with a line!" And then the crowd howled with horrid merriment, and followed me.

After five minutes I came upon a long building without windows. The roof was surmounted with several flagstaves, upon which had been spiked the heads of Fenians, "*pic-pockets*," and Directors of railway trains.

"See there the 'Custom'—it is the Hotel of the 'Beadle' of Folk-es-tone! Enter you, and appear sharp-witted. We must cross you with a line. Come now;" and I was hustled in.

* Evidently the "*riflemans*" were alluding to that curious custom known by sailors passing the Equator as "Crossing the Line."—[ED. TOM.]

It was very dark—this "Custom." Sombre as destiny—gloomy as the grave. A long vault appeared before me as I entered. I was hungry, and could see nothing. I felt with my hand for the wall, and touched something which seemed like wood.

I cried out "What is this?—oh, tell me! I faint with terror! I am stranger!"

A fiendish laugh echoed through the vault, and then a gruff voice replied, "You have touched the head of a compatriot who died from fright at being crossed with a line! Now it is your turn! Ha, ha, Frenchman, we will now avenge the victory you won at Waterloo!"

I then felt myself bound hand and foot, and saw a light approaching at the other end of the passage. Soon the light grew stronger, and then a procession entered in the following order:

"Polis-mans" "Polis-mans"
to to
Clear the way. Clear the way.

Eight "Beef-eaters" (two and two)
devouring

A LIVE BULLOCK!

The Chaplain of the "Maire of Folk-es-tone"
drinking Rum.

Eight Cock-fighters (two and two)
drawing a cart of

"PLUM PUDDING."

English "Noblemans"
Singing "O-dam!"

Sixteen "Riflemans" (two and two)
dancing the

"I-LAN FLING."

"THE MAIRE OF FOLK-ES-TONE"
(dressed as Neptune.)

Eight Prize-fighters (two and two)
fighting for

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE "LIGHT-SCULL."

Eight "Doctors of Divinity" (for the wounded.)

Two Hearses (for the dead.)

Eight "Beef-eaters" (two and two)
devouring

ANOTHER LIVE BULLOCK!

"Polis-mans" "Polis-mans"
to to
Clear the way. Clear the way.

When this procession had arrived within ten paces of the spot upon which I was standing, the "Maire of Folk-es-tone," dressed as Neptune, cried out "Stop! Bring forward the stranger, we must cross him with a line!"

Two "*polis-mans*" rushed forward and seized me. I protested, but resistance was useless, and I soon found myself facing the terrible Maire in his marine costume.

"Stranger," said the municipal Neptune, "you have never been in Albion before?"

"Never. I am stranger. I am Frenchman."

"Very well, then. I must cross you with the line. It is an old custom of the 'Magna Carta.' You must submit!"

"I am prisoner. I am a minority. What would you with me?"

"You must be washed!" screamed the Maire savagely, and the crowd roared with delight.

The blood rushed to my face, and I felt as if some one had struck me, so great was the affront!

"Coward! you insult me!" I cried. "Know then that a Frenchman dies, but never washes!"

"Aha! we shall see—we shall see," howled the Maire. "Here, *polismans*, bring the soap."

"What is this 'soap'?" I asked.

They brought a lump of a sort of yellow tallow and thrust in my face. I had never seen it before.

"Now then for the tub!" and they actually produced a huge bath. It was when I saw the bath that the tears began to run down my cheeks. I thought "I am a minority. I will appeal to the better feeling of these savages. My sobs will move them."

"I am prisoner," I said, with a voice broken with emotion, "be magnanimous and do not insult me!"

"It is the custom of 'Magna Carta,'" replied the Maire.

"I have no power. The 'Habe-as Corp-ūs' would behead me if you were allowed to depart unwashed."

"Washing is not the habit of my country," I urged.

"Enough!" cried the Maire. "Polismans, do your duties!"

In a moment I was seized and hurried to the horrid "tub." I saw the "soap" before my eyes. I offered up a prayer, when a loud, commanding voice exclaimed "Stay!"

The next minute and Maire, Cock-fighters, Beef-eaters, Polismans, Prize-fighters, and Chaplain, were all on their bended knees, bowing down to an officer clothed in a magnificent uniform.

It was the Beadle of Folk-es-tone!

The rest of my adventures shall be sent next week.

Receive, my Dear Redacteur,

My most distinguished considerations,

JULES CANARD.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT!

WITH this number of the TOMAHAWK ceases the "Maniac's Column." Next week we shall commence a series of Acrostics, contributed by a gentleman who, for many years, has given his undivided attention to the "Merry Science." He assures us that they will be "difficult without flippancy, patriotic without sentimentality, joyous without mistakes in grammar." When our readers learn that our talented contributor is well-known in Hanwell as the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green," they will readily anticipate a great and genuine intellectual treat.

THE MANIAC'S COLUMN;

Or,

PUZZLES FOR LUNATICS!

1.

My first's a disjunctive, my second a place
Where high and low trees in dense masses you trace,
My whole is a town of which every knower
Likes the one that is neither the Upper or Lower.

2.

My first to evince their applause people do,
My second in cookshops you frequently view,
My whole is a town, with a common close by,
Where the houses and rents are both equally high.

3.

My first's an affair on which anything's hung,
My second a depth down which buckets are slung,
My third is a word for an inlet of sea
Where ships often rest out of danger to be,
My whole is the name of a place on our coast
Which of shrimps in perfection makes annual boast.

4.

My first is a diphthong; my second a word
That tells to whom marvels like these have occurred—
A draught of rank poison, a trip to the moon,
A skate upon ice-ponds in middle of June,
A dinner off crocodile, breakfast off snake,
Hippopotamus cutlets in lieu of beefsteak,
A leap from the summit of Westminster Hall,
And a bound at one spring to the top of St. Paul,
A swim to America, leap to Japan,—
In short, all that cannot be done, by this can;
My whole is a wife whose affectionate arms
Were left by her spouse for superior charms.

5.

The work of senates—female's name
(A queen of England bore it),
Will make a town in Switzerland,
With Alpine heights before it.

6.

Without my first the miller's trade were nought,
My second is what brigands are when caught,
My whole is that which mariners at sea
Are often doomed but never wish to be.

7.

My first is a beast that is very nice eating,
My second a place where the horse wets his feet in,
My whole is a town where our learned folk meet in.

8.

My first's a vermin oft crushed by our feet,
Nasty to look at, nastier still to eat;
Yet of it once a diet was ordained,
Of which great men partook and ne'er complained;
So well indeed they relished the repast,
For many days they strove to make it last.

9.

A blessing of Nature to man and to beast,
Though oft is the want of it felt in the east;
Its might is tremendous and oft 'tis the grave
Of the infant and adult, the timid and brave;
Yet for the most part it is gentle and calm,
And the sick have found in it a medical balm;
'Tis the foe of the pestilence, life of the might
That gives railway cars and steam-vessels their flight.

10.

My first precedes an army, and my second
In towns besieged a useful thing is reckoned;
My whole's expressive of a painter's name,
Than whom are few of more distinguished fame.

11.

Nought heavier the earth can bear,
Nothing so light floats through the air,
Paler than death itself to view,
No swan can boast its stainless hue,
Many have perished in its arms,
Yet it less terrifies than charms,
Guilt has been often by it traced,
And rocks and rivulets displaced;
'Tis colourless, yet has been known
To make the gazer blind as stone;
The summer kills it, and a day
Will sometimes drive it all away;
It has its seasons and its times,
But is eternal in some climes;
'Tis Nature's gift, but not its best,—
And now my riddle may be guessed.

12.

My first is a root that we often devour,
My second a letter without any power,
My third helps to form many nice things we buy,
And my whole is a name which in music stands high.

13.

My first is the name of a street,
My second is never cold,
My third as the world is old,
My whole is a name soon told,
And that of a well-known isle
That's distant many a mile.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Imperial. 2. Shuttlecock. 3. Gunpowder. 4. Palace. 5. Orange. 6. Portrait. 7. Cambridge.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Washperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Samuel E. Thomas, A Staunch Jacobite, W. McD., Three Stray Buzwings, Annie (Tooting), Gulnare and Orpheus, Mabel May, Our Charlie, Slodger and Tiney, Skin and Bone-Hag, Granniepilgrimage, Greenover, Flouncy and Turco, The Savage, Molly, The Wendover Wonders, Missing Letter, W. B. W. and W. W., Arthur's Pet, Four Hastings Scalps, Derfla Relluf, Real Annie (Tooting), Edenkyle, Annie of Tooting's Lover (W.I.C.R.), The Glorious Company of Lunatics (Limited), Little Daddy's "Eva" by Yank out of Mischiefe, Old John, Choque, Sauerkraut, A True Conservative, Kate A. Thomas and J. Franklin, Mad Whilk, Walter Logan, Typholus, Kleinigkeit, Brandon, Dublin, Burley, Number Nip, Theonesidedheelwearer, G. M. S., John Moore, Ulmus, E. W. B. S. (Bayswater), An Escaped Partridge, A. L. D'A. C., Old Brum, Hugo von Bomsen, Palmetto, Two Black Diamonds, Sweet Lad, John S. F., E. L. Orton, A Party Called Johnson, Chum, The Prince's Dock and the Painted Ball, Awful Duffer, Renyarf, I. A. T. (Eastbourne), One Black Diamond (Guy's), North, Samoht Llatse,