

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 72.]

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO. 2.—"OUR ACTING DEPUTY MOTHERS."

THERE is one strong incitement to do all that we can to improve the condition of servant girls, which ought to make all women especially, most energetic in this good work, and that is the fact that the physical and moral health of our children are so much in the hands of their nurses. We fear that the offices of maternity are not fashionable amongst the higher classes; after the labour of producing children, the delicate natures of the mothers of the period demand a long rest, before they are again capable of the heavy responsibilities and onerous duties of a mother. Most children are reared by deputy, and they run the gauntlet of nurses, nursemaids, and governesses, till, if girls, the mystic ceremony of "coming out," or if boys, the "going to school," releases them from the thralldom of the nursery and the schoolroom. Up to this period girls see but little of their fond parents; if they are pretty children they are occasionally paraded before friends and acquaintances, or taken some stray expedition of amusement, when they won't be in the way; but mothers who watch their daughters, from the first budding of the cradle to the full blossoming of "the first ball," are few and far between in Society. This being so, and, presuming that maternal love is the strongest passion in the female breast, and one which it is not indecorous to indulge, we can only conclude that all mothers in Society must be anxious that the persons, to whose care their dear children are necessarily entrusted, should be, as far as possible, worthy of so great a trust.

To begin with the earliest stage of deputy motherhood, the office of wet nurse (an office which, by the way, is threatened by that great enemy of human nature, the bottle), who are the women who fulfil the duties of this most important vicarship? We will be very careful in touching on this delicate subject, but it behoves us not to shrink in pointing out the great evils which affect the condition of wet nurses in the present day. That a mother should, if possible, perform the duties which nature has attached to the joys of maternity, no one will deny; but supposing it impossible, to whom is she to look to supply her place? Is she to rob another child of its natural nutriment in order to feed her own? Is she to repair the robbery of death by giving the bereaved mother another's child to nestle to the aching breast? or is she to turn the error of the vicious, or of the betrayed, to a good account? The choice is difficult; no married woman can really separate herself from the ties of her home for long. The absent husband, or still more the child left to some stranger's care, always fills her thoughts; in fact, those who are mothers know well the difficulties which encompass the question. So marked is the preference for single women as wet nurses, that it is a well-known fact, at the lying-in hospitals, that poor women who are really married, but whose husbands are away, or too poor to support their wife or child, will sometimes say *they are single*, in order to obtain a situation more easily. The matrons of these excellent institutions do not, as a rule, receive the same girl twice, so as not to encourage profligacy, and they are always most kind in giving them good advice; but no one, who has not gone into this subject, can tell the amount of misery and crime that is often compressed into the small waiting-room at one of our large lying-in hospitals.

Supposing, then, that a wet nurse has been selected from

among the single women, how serious is the responsibility which her mistress has undertaken! Do ladies who employ wet nurses think sufficiently of this? Do they reflect what a golden opportunity is now opened of reclaiming the erring girl? Do they try to make her avail herself of it to the utmost, and themselves aid her in the hard task? It appears to us that, supposing the system of vicarious nursing to be spreading, there lies in it one of the most glorious chances of rescuing from a life of vice and misery the victims of others' deceit or of their own folly. But we must content ourselves with urging most earnestly on all those, who may find themselves the employers of such girls, to leave no effort untried to save them from themselves; and not, when their duties are fulfilled, cast them forth on the streets without a hand to hold them back from slipping down the hill, but give them a chance of redeeming their fault in an honest and upright life. It may be a hopeless task; the mistresses may find their patience sore tried by sullen apathy or cunning deceit; but we entreat them not to fear failure, but at least to try; and thus diminish one fruitful source whence the miseries of our streets are fed.

When we are impatient and cross at the crying of a child, it would be well to reflect that crying is the sole way in which the infant can express its suffering, or relate its wrongs. And no one, who has not studied the habits of nurses and nursemaids, can possibly imagine the amount of torture that deliberate cruelty sometimes, but far oftener ignorant stupidity or careless neglect, inflicts upon babies. No one would suppose that the nurse who before the ladies and gentlemen is all loving smiles for "dear, darling baby," was not devoted, heart and soul, to her charge. Let them watch that nurse when nobody is looking, when she is waiting near the beloved barracks, and her gallant warrior is not to be seen, not even to be grinned and sniggered at: if baby is troublesome then, woe betide him! Down he goes on the damp grass or the cold stones, and there he may sit and cry till he is tired. What does it matter if a string is cutting him, or a pin pricking him? She sits with supreme indifference, and goes on with her work, or her penny "Screamer." The foundation of much nervous suffering, and sometimes of fits, is laid in infancy by the thoughtless cruelty of nurses. Mothers wonder why dear baby is always crying; fathers say with some asperity, "Bother that child! it's never quiet." But they don't suspect that the nurse has upset the child's food, and is too lazy to get it any more; or has drunk its milk, and so the poor little thing is obliged to be content with water. Yet these things happen, and not rarely, in families where only one nursemaid is kept; where there is an upper nurse, with attendants under her, matters are generally better; but no money can secure kindness and intelligence, so let not the rich flatter themselves that with what we say they can have no concern.

We must pause here in order to add the moral to which our remarks point.

The true province of woman lies in those duties which man cannot, even if he would, perform.

The true heroine is the mother who brings up her sons and daughters so that they are the strength, the pride, the glory of their country. They need not reach the highest honours, they need not win the wealthiest prizes of the world to be all this. The real strength of a state is in the courage of her sons, her noblest pride in the virtues of her daughters, her brightest glory in their unspotted lives, in their unassuming obedience to

the calls of duty and honour. What but the ever-watchful love of a mother can hope to build up the intricate framework of such characters? But how can any mother hope to reap honour and praise in the person of her children, if she leaves them from their earliest years to the care of mercenary attendants, who have little love for their charge and less pride in their duties?

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE VIII.

To Willie from his Friend.

My dear old Willie, though you gave me strict
Orders on certain topics not to write,
And though I would not wantonly inflict
Fresh pain, when pain you seek to ease by flight,
Still now I irresistibly feel pricked
To seize my pen and an account indite
To you of something that has just occurred,
Of which it is not likely you have heard.

It is not pretty news I have to tell,
Though I, for one, can't look on it as bad,
And everyone must think 'tis just as well.
At first 'twill make you desperately mad;
But, once subsided anger's natural swell,
I'm much mistaken if you won't be glad;
So glad indeed, I'm sure that I had better
At once approach the subject of my letter.

The plain truth is, that Bullion has bolted,
Not with your coz., old fellow, but without her;
His fat old governor after him has jolted,
And they are all in such a state about her.
No one knows when he started. But the dolt did—
As though he positively wished to flout her—
Not say a word to her before, though she
Would but too willingly have set him free.

But such a wretched creature is this boor,
This beast, this ass, this moneyed miscreant,
That he had no design, you may be sure,
To outrage or insult her. His whole want
Was to elude an atmosphere too pure
For him to breathe. It made his coarse lungs pant.
He felt that it would kill him. So, in fright,
This clumsy son of Dives took to flight.

What by pursuit his father thinks to gain,
I can't imagine, now the thing is ended.
Henceforth she will inflexible remain,
And that's why I rejoice he has offended.
So if you only can yourself contain,
Fate and this fool have notably befriended
You and your hopes. For she is free once more,
And will not be their plaything as before.

You must not judge her harshly for the past.
What can a poor girl do by self-assertion,
When the whole world conspires to bind her fast,
To baulk her will and baffle her assertion?
For all the choice she had from first to last,
She might as well have been a Turk or Persian.
You'd be a fool to lay the slightest stress on
What must have taught them all a right good lesson.

They do not know the worst though; and I trust
That they will never know it, but the truth
Is elsewhere freely mentioned and discussed,
Therefore in spite of your impetuous youth,
And my own sense of loathing and disgust,
I now must tell you what will whet your tooth
For vengeance on this despicable cur,
Who on fair things has cast so foul a slur.

He did not go alone, but with him went
A certain creature, very much the fashion,
With sots like him. Now give your feelings vent;
And if you long his back to lay the lash on,
I neither will dissuade you nor prevent,
But gladly aid your meritorious passion.
Speak but the word, old boy, and I'm your man;
And we will catch this caitiff if we can.

Moreover I would bet that we shall find him
A vast deal sooner than his gouty sire.
And once, I think, you fairly get behind him,
You will, inspired by fine poetic fire,
Strike some sharp notes, for ever to remind him
That grubs, though gilt, should never quit the mire.
Now you know all, my conscience is quite clear.
Good-bye, old boy. You'll always find me here.

A LITTLE IRRITATING.

WHO is Mr. Seton Karr? Telegrams from India are full of his name. It would appear that this person has been appointed Foreign Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and as the post is worth something handsome, his friends are pleased, and his enemies—i.e., other people's friends—are sorry. Beyond this little difference of opinion, which does not appear to have had the least effect on anybody, Mr. Seton Karr appears to be an ordinary and unimportant member of the Bengal Civil Service who has just managed to obtain for himself a good place. We here in England take a proper interest in everything of moment that really concerns the welfare and prosperity of our Indian empire, but we do not want to be worried by the squabbles and jealousies of the little great men of a Calcutta coterie.

When a telegram comes from a great distance, newspapers as a matter of course print it in conspicuous type, and the public as a matter of duty read it. Mr. Seton Karr appears to be aware of this, and has taken advantage of the knowledge, together with a probable control over the Calcutta telegraph clerk, to force his name into this country. He cannot really think that people in England have the slightest interest either in himself or his office.

"QUI S'EXCUSE —."

WHY is it that English people of degree when they travel in foreign lands deem it necessary to offer to the public some excuse for doing so? The Archbishop of Canterbury, like many others of his countrymen, has been spending the dull season abroad, and the papers announcing his return insist on informing us that "His Grace has received much benefit from his sojourn on the continent." It has never been stated, at least not to our knowledge, that the Archbishop was ailing. And although we must admit we have no special correspondent at Lambeth Palace, the illness of so great a functionary, if anything was seriously the matter with him, could not have been kept a secret.

We are very much inclined to believe that the little sentence above quoted is one more instance of that bad habit of excuse-making which is neither necessary nor honest,—a bad habit, too, which is now-a-days indulged in even by greater folks than archbishops. If people are ill and change of air is necessary for them, let them take it; and even, if they like, they may call on us to congratulate them when they get better; but if nothing is the matter with them beyond a desire to see the world (a very laudable and proper wish)—if they consider it necessary to speak at all, let them frankly give an honest reason for their holiday-making, and not stoop to excuse themselves to the general public, who have neither the right nor the inclination to criticise their movements.

GOING FOR THE COST OF AN OLD SONG!—So "Paris by Moonlight" was bought for £30, and yet this city by day has cost the French nation—who will say how many millions? If Napoleon changes not his policy, we may perhaps find this same metropolis once more going for the price of an old song—the price of the "*Marseillaise*!"

BLOW FOR BLOW; or, MILK AND HONEY.*(A Comic Musical Mélange, produced at the Viaduct Saloon, High Holborn.)***1ST BLOW: THE BLOW-UP!**—Enter CHARLEY SPRAGGS as "The Comic Clerk."

Song.—O! what a lark!
 I'm a comic clerk!
 My name is Charlie Spraggs!
 'Tis so, of course,
 'Cos I loves a horse;
 Which it rhymes as well with "Nags."

[Comic business with pens and ledgers *ad lib.*]

"Mr. Spraggs will appear again, gentlemen." While he is changing his costume some people get on to the stage and become more or less excited, until eventually one of them, whose appearance might lead one to suppose that he drove a Hansom cab with maritime tendencies, gives a sound caning to another gentleman, who looks like a pew-opener, after which a virtuous old gentleman is handcuffed, and removed to make room for

2ND BLOW: THE BLOW-OUT!!—Mr. C. SPRAGGS as "The Comic Speculator," in which character he will be assisted by Miss KITTY WEATHERSBY.

Song.—O, I loves a cup of good tea!
 When it comes from the strong Bohea,
 With lots of bread and butter!
 I've a lottery-ticket bought,
 Which to turn a prize certainly ought,
 And raise me sky high from the gutter.

[Comic business *ad lib.* with teacups, &c., finishing with a breakdown.]

That extremely sympathetic young actress, Miss Lydia Foote, appeared on the stage for a few moments, but was obliged to withdraw, for "Mr. Spraggs will oblige you with another song."

3RD BLOW: THE BLOATER.—Sir CHARLES SPRAGGS as "The Comic Foxhunter," dressed in the costume of Corinthian Tom. Scene: A drawing-room. Sir C. S. keeps his hat on his head all through the song.

Song.—O! I've been on the turf all my days;
 But I ain't a bit up to its ways.
 I'm all in the mud
 As to what is a stud;
 All I know is that ignorance pays.

[Comic business *ad lib.* with whip, sits down on his spurs, &c.] *[Exit to change for next turn.]*

An interesting case of identity was witnessed unintentionally by the public at this juncture, but there was no time to understand it, as "Mr. Spraggs will respond once more, ladies and gentlemen."

4TH BLOW: BLOW FOR JOE.—Enter SPRAGGS as "The Comic Flute-player."

Song.—O! reduced by a swindling brute
 To resort to the Germin'g flute,—
 It's a h'instrument I despise!
 The cornet is nobler far!
 The harp or the light guitar!—
 I'll blow it no more. Blow my eyes!

[Comic business with a comic serving-maid, who is attached to a beer-jug and door-key. The scene takes place in the middle of George street, Westminster, but owing to the cab strike they are allowed to run on without being run over.]

5TH BLOW: HEADS B'LO-O-O-OW.—Mr. SPRAGGS is much flattered by the recall, and will reappear as soon as he has changed. In the meanwhile Miss LYDIA FOOTE and Miss RIGNOLD give a great deal of unexpected pleasure to a fatigued audience. Miss FOOTE is in danger of a sudden attack of JOHN DRUMMOND, when her convict PAPA, who has been listening outside in Botany Bay, returns, and by way of meriting a ticket-of-leave commits deliberate homicide, by pitching Mr. JOHN

DRUMMOND over the balcony of a three-pair back on to the pavement.

[Enter CHARLIE SPRAGGS as the Comic Aider and Abettor Man.]

Song.—O! ain't this here a Christian treat?
 We've pitched a chap over into the street,
 Where he lies with his collar-bone broke.
 To make it more pleasant,
 Two Peelers are present,
 Who regard the whole thing as a joke.

[Comic business *ad lib.* over the balcony. Dance by the characters.]

CURTAIN.

We had an idea there might have been some good acting by Doctor Parselle, who had stepped out of Savile row; Mr. J. Cowper, whose *Task* was by no means easy; and Miss Foote, who is every inch charming; but the comic entertainment given by Mr. Honey (written expressly for him by H. J. Byron, Esq.) precluded all possibility of criticism.

THE BRILLIANT COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

THE late reception of the Prince and Princess Girgenti at Paris, is said to be due to *pique* at the neglect of Prince Humbert and his bride in not paying a visit to the French Court, while they honoured several German princes with their company. We certainly are surprised at Prince Humbert's turning his back on Paris, for when there before, as a bachelor, even after his visit to our splendid Court, the brilliancy and heartiness of his reception stood the comparison very favourably. But we are more surprised, considering the great sympathy that has always been shown by England for the Italian cause, that the son of Victor Emmanuel did not bring his bride to receive the hospitality of the Court of St. James's. Perhaps some reminiscences of his former visit yet survived in his mind. It will scarcely be believed that, when this prince came to England after the Italian campaign, he was "put up" at his ambassador's, that he was never once entertained at Court, that when he went to see Windsor Castle he was shown over the place like any common visitor, that he was obliged to go to the inn to get any refreshment—in fact, that he was made to feel in every way that he was in the land of the free, where princes were not honoured more than any other men. It is such delicate courtesies as these, on the part of our Court, that make the name of England so deeply respected and beloved throughout the Continent.

A BOARD OF OGRES.

THE London General Omnibus Company pays its shareholders a wretched little dividend of 2½ per cent. per annum, and its directors a salary of £3,000 a-year all told. When the company was formed a few years ago something was said about the salaries of the directors being reducible by 50 per cent., should the profits of the concern at any time sink below an annual shilling in the pound on the paid-up capital; but at the half-yearly meeting the other day, although the shareholders appear to have been dissatisfied, nothing came of their growls and grumbles. How true must be the maxim that a demand always commands a supply! If such were not the case, the London General Omnibus Company would think seriously of winding itself up. True it is that our public conveyances are the worst of any capital city in Europe. But, *faut de mieux*, such as they are, we cannot do without them, and the directors of the Omnibus Company appear to be aware of the fact. Does it require ten millions of money and an Act of Parliament to start a new line, or is it that the spirit of opposition has died of exhaustion? At any rate, under the present monopoly, both the public and the shareholders are in an equally sorry plight.

A GRAVE JOKE!—Undertakers are proverbially jolly. So are all box-keepers who are not prohibited accepting fees.

Now Ready, Price 8s.,
VOL. II. of the "TOMAHAWK,"
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled Boards.
Order of any Bookseller.



* * 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, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868.

THE WEEK.

MADAME ALEXANDRINE BRIS passed her examination as Bachelor of Science at the Faculty of Sciences of Paris a few days ago. Ah! if all ladies who usurp the Rights of Man would only remain "bachelors," we would not grudge them their dignity! It is only when she marries that the Rights of Woman become wrong!

MR. LEIGH PEMBERTON has reduced the argument of *tu quoque* to a system of moral philosophy. He sees no harm in issuing a spurious address signed with another man's name, because, he says, "The Liberals have done many dirty things before at elections in Kent." A study of the Parliamentary contests since 1832 will not show much to choose between the two parties. But this argument, that one dirty trick justifies another, is unlimited in its scope; and Mr. Leigh Pemberton's gentlemanly and refined "squib" may furnish the justification of some Liberal forgery on a future occasion. Mr. Leigh Pemberton has yet to learn that most essential of all Conservative principles—to conserve his honour.

THE correspondent of the *Pall Mall* in Paris is responsible for the following anecdote:—Among the excuses put forward lately by the Imperialist writers for the massacres of December, during the *coup d'état*, one is that "it was all a mistake." General St. Arnaud had a very bad cold at the time, and when the aide-de-camp dashed up to him for instructions, "the Boulevards were up;" St. Arnaud, who could not speak for coughing, exclaimed, "Ma sacrée toux!" which the aide-de-camp interpreted, "Massacrez tous." Hence the blood which stains the Imperial purple. This is rather too much. We knew that the sycophants of the present dynasty always made light of those terrible massacres, but we did not know that there were men brutes enough to make a vulgar jest on them.

So we are to have another cable laid down between Europe and America. This is most gratifying intelligence. Two have already been constructed between Great Britain and the United States—we beg pardon, *three*. We must not forget the third, that living cable between the two countries, Mr. Charles

Dickens. We had to pay for the first two,—the Yankees had to "stump up" (to quote from their refined vocabulary) for the remaining one. Our readers will remember that the farewell dinner of Charles Dickens was worthy of finding a record in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. The English author provided a sumptuous repast of "butter" for his admirers, while they watched him gleefully as he proceeded to *eat his own words*! We trust Charles Dickens found his dish of humble pie agreeable to his palate—the pill he swallowed was *gilded*!

"THE MIGHTY VOICE?"

THE smell now localised in all warm weather between the Alexandra Hotel, Knightsbridge, and Park Lane, is as decided as ever. It has, however, been a popular abuse for seasons.

The Serpentine is a beautiful but putrid green. It has been frequently cursed without avail.

Four-wheel cabs are still a necessary abomination. Where is the new company?

Park lane is still a good joke!

The "Palace of Justice" has been handed about from site to site. Who will bet that it is not at this hour about to be commenced on the *wrong* one?

The only *really* useful thing now near completion in the metropolis is the Albert Memorial! And yet people say that the voice of Public Opinion is not a mighty one! Mighty? It *barls* splendidly in penny newspapers, but it *does*—next to nothing!

NOT A DOUBT OF IT!

POSSIBLY the dull season, but more likely the everlasting tittle-tattle of scandal-mongers, may be responsible for the fact; but fact it is, that we have been treated to a tremendous amount of political small talk of late. Under such circumstances it would be unreasonable to suppose that Her Majesty's passage through Paris, on her way home from Switzerland, could escape comment. French papers have already warned us of the tremendous significance to be attached to such usually harmless and ordinary events as a drive through Lucerne, a tour round its lake, or an ascent of the Rigi. Our senses, therefore, have been pretty well sharpened; and if hidden meanings escape us, we must be very dull indeed. A sort of reconciliation, so it is said, was to have taken place between the French Emperor and the Queen of England. More,—exchanges of the most friendly compliments were to have been followed by acts of the most startling generosity. The Isles of *Yer-see* and *Gurn-c-see* were to have been given up to France, together with two dozen of the dirtiest patriots, picked by the French police where they liked, out of Leicester square. Waterloo bridge was to have changed its name to "*Le Pont Prince Impérial*," and Nelson was to have been quietly removed from his column at Charing cross to make way for an allegorical statue of "*L'Alliance*," standing on one leg, and holding a bottle of *Palale* in one hand, and a case of sardines in the other. France was not on her part to have been backward in substantial concessions. A new Boulevard was to have been named after *Mees Bull*, and a site selected in the new *quartier* near the *Invalides* to be known hereafter as "*O-yes-dam-Squarr*." The French army was to have been fed on *rosbif-tripe*, and India was to have been left in our hands for six months longer, at least. Indeed, the *entente cordiale* was to have been perfect.

Unfortunately for the peace party through Europe, nothing in this programme was settled after all, for we now know what good reason we have to feel disappointed with the result of the promised meeting, and how terribly the funds have gone down in consequence. As we had occasion to observe some weeks ago—if a trip taken by the "Countess of Kent" means all this, what pregnant results must there not spring from the movements of a *real* Prince! Let the world look out, for we see that our most well-beloved and trusty Christian has just come over in the Dover packet!





RACING THE TIDE !

Mr. Jm. Jno 25

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER II.—*The Secret Society—The Familé Dinnare—The Departure for London—The Deserted Train—A View in "holland"—A Frugal Feast—A Custom of the Country.*

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

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
12th Sept., 1868.

MY HONOURED AND WELL-BELOVED REDACTEUR,

You may possibly remember that when I last wrote to you I furnished you with an account of my adventures from the moment of my arriving on English ground to the second in which I found a rescuer from the persecutions of the Maire and Corporation of "Folk-es-tone" in the person of the Beadle. I beg to make a continuation.

"Release the prisoner," cried my friend to the Beef-eaters, who had been forcing me towards the hateful "tub" with the intention of washing me—of making me undergo the custom of "Crossing the Line." "Release him!"

The Maire and Corporation of "Folk-es-tone" looked undecided. They had been awed on the appearance of the Beadle by his magnificent uniform, but by this time they had become accustomed to his cocked-hat and richly-laced frock-coat. So (as I have observed before) they looked undecided.

"Slaves!" roared the Beadle, "Disobey my orders, and you shall have the Income Tax!"

At this dreadful threat the Maire and Corporation rushed away, shrieking wildly, to the Vestry Hall, and I was left alone with my protector. I fell upon one knee, and tried to kiss his hand.

"Nay brother, do not that," said he gently, raising me up from the ground. "I saw that you belonged to a Secret Society."

"How?"

"Did you not give me the sign, showing me that you were a Patriot—a Son of Freedom?"

"What sign?"

"What sign! why the sign of all Foreign lovers of liberty and their countries' good—the noble scorn of water, the honest hate of soap! When I saw you refuse to wash, I knew you were one of us. Am I not right?"

"Yes," said I, unwilling to lose his protection. "Yes, you are right."

"Come, then, my friend," cried out the Beadle heartily, "you must dine with me."

We left the "Custom," and walked through the streets of Folk-es-tone until we came to a magnificent church with three spires and two domes. The Beadle took out an immense key from his pocket, and opened the door. We entered the holy building, and passed by some places looking like the waiting-rooms of a French Railway Station.

"What are these?" I asked.

"They are 'pews,'" replied the Beadle. "You see they contain cushioned seats—the seats are for the congregation to sleep upon when the sermon of the curate commences."

"What, they sleep at the sermon! Ah! these people are not such barbarians, after all," I thought; and from that moment felt a greater respect for the English.

We now entered a small building attached to the church, called the Vestry, which proved to be the beadle's house. Waiting in a magnificent hall, made of marble, were several retainers, clothed in black, wearing long coats, and with black silk scarves wound round their hats.

"Fetch up the banquet," said the beadle to these men (who, I afterwards heard, were called "Mutes"), and, bowing me to a seat, my friend removed his cocked hat and prepared for the dinner.

As I have promised to give your readers a faithful account of England as I found it in the year of grace 1868, I can scarcely do better than furnish you with the *menu* of our meal. Millions in England eat the same food day after day, and year after year. It was what is called "The Familé Dinnare."

After waiting for about five minutes we heard a great beating on the gong, and loud noises from the "Mutes." Evidently a

frightful combat was going on. At length the uproar ceased, and a "Mute," pale and panting, threw open the door and cried:

"Milor! milor!"

"Speak, slave," bellowed the Beadle. "What would you with me?"

"We have served the Familé Dinnare."

And here is the *menu* :—

MENU OF THE FAMILÉ DINNARE.

(For Two Persons.)

1ST COURSE.

Portar-bierre.

Plum-pudding (hot).
Shrimps.
Crumpets (souche).
Pea-soup.
Marmalade.

Gin.

2ND COURSE.

Ginger-bierre.

Plum-pudding (cold).
Roast-beef.
Pork-chop.
"Cat-is-meat."
"Peppermintdrops."
Le Mince Pie.

Ginger-bierre.

DESERT.

Tea.

"Gingerbreadnuts."
"Toffee."
"Turkis-sherbert."
Eggs.
"Little glass" of "Stout."

Cocoa.

And this is the dinner that millions of Englishmen eat every day of their lives!

After dinner the Beadle escorted me to the Railway Station, and I took my ticket (third-class—it is the most aristocratic) for London. As I did not leave Folk-es-tone until half-past eleven o'clock on Saturday night, I was very fatigued, and wished to go to sleep. Fortunately for me, there was no one in my carriage, so I lay at full length on the seat and slumbered.

I dreamed of the happiness of beautiful Paris, of the stability of the throne of my gallant Emperor, of the bravery of his noble cousin Prince Napoleon; I dreamed of the enormous circulation of the "*Gamin*," and the money I knew would reward my exertions on the behalf of its proprietors. At last I woke with a start, and found the things that I had been thinking about were indeed a dream!

The train had stopped, and the daylight was streaming through some brown holland covering the windows. I shook myself together, and pulled out my watch—half-past eight. By the Railway Guide I should have reached London hours before. I opened the window, but couldn't see through the brown holland. I shouted, but all was as silent as the grave.

Getting alarmed, I opened my pen-knife and cut a hole through the covering, and put my head out. What a sight met my view!

As far as I could see there was nothing but brown holland! The trees were encased in this material, and all the hedges were covered over. The cows were standing in attitudes under glass cases, and the birds were confined in small cages. All the flowers were clothed in cotton wool, and the grass itself was strewn with strips of old floor-cloth. The train I had been travelling in had stopped on the slant of an incline, and engine, tender, vans, and carriages were one and all swathed in brown holland cases!

I shouted, but no one came near me. I couldn't get out of the carriage because the doors were locked, and I found that there were bars to the window.

I sat down and thought until I gradually dropped asleep. When I woke, I found that it was five in the afternoon, and that I was very hungry. I bellowed once again, but with no better success. There were the trees, and the animals, and the grass in covers as before—the place was still as silent as the grave.

I grew hungrier, and hungrier, and hungrier, and at last

thought of eating the seat of the carriage. I found it made of deal, and not unpalatable—something like a cake I had once tasted in Scotland. Then I grew thirsty, and again rushed to the window and shouted. I bellowed and screamed like a mad bull.

At last my efforts were crowned with success. An old man in tattered clothes reeled up to the carriage window. I looked out in my English dictionary for the words I wanted, and then asked—

"Who are you?"

"Who'm I?" he replied thickly, and swaying from side to side, "I'm farm lab'rer."

"Can you tell me, please, why all the trees are in brown holland covers, why the birds are in cages, and the oxen under glass cases?"

"Course I can—'cos it's Sunday!"

"And you won't feel offended if I put to you another question?"

"Can't 'fend me, master, as long as yer gives me the price of a pint o' beer."

I threw him out half a franc, and then, looking him steadily in the face, said, "Why, friend, why are you drunk?"

"'Cos it's Sunday!" replied the fellow picking up the money. "In England drinking's the only pleasure the rich allow the poor on a Sunday, and a werry nice pleasure it is!"

I was about to reply when I heard a loud whistle; I looked up the line, and to my fright found an engine on our rails approaching us at a fearful speed! I—but you shall hear more from me next week.

Receive, my dear Rédacteur,

The distinguished consideration of

JULES CANARD.

ON TRIAL.—GOOD SOCIETY.

THE Commissioners appointed to inquire into the condition of this important institution concluded their labours this morning. The room was densely crowded.

The last witness summoned was Miss Beatrice Playfire. She said she had met the last witness, Mr. Lollipop, on several occasions. She considered him a fool, and never would allow her mamma to ask him. Yes, her objection to him was a rational one. He had only £450 a year, and no expectations. If the Commissioners liked they might regard her as a "girl of the period," but she considered the term stupid, and the subject used up. As to her evening dress, she did not see what business it was of theirs. It was entirely her own affair, and she might as well say at once that if it were the fashion to dress like an Indian nautch girl, she certainly should follow the fashion. Modesty was not innate. She considered it sometimes an accomplishment, sometimes the reverse. Marriage—that is to say, at least £3,000 a-year—was the great end of girlhood, and if maidenly reserve led to that, no one would be mad enough to object to it. The worst of marrying for £3,000 a-year was that it obliged the recipient to take the husband into the bargain. (*The witness here gave a great deal of her evidence in the most flippant and objectionable tone. On being called to order by the Chairman she proceeded.*) Yes, she did know somebody she rather liked. He was an officer in a line regiment, whom she met at Lady Trickjaw's croquet parties. She supposed he was what the world would call "honourable, good, and true," and she believed he was desperately in love with her. Very foolish of him of course, for he had nothing but his pay and two hundred pounds a year to add to it. She was obliged, therefore, to cut him for young Lord Turfington. Yes, he drank, and was certainly very ugly, and people told dreadful things about him, but her mamma said that one must not mind a few scratches on a coronet, for it looked just as well at a distance. They would meet young Turfington at Dieppe, for he was there with his yacht. Dieppe was an expensive place—rather too expensive for her mamma; but everybody went there, so it could not be helped. Their apartments there would be £46 a week. She had seventeen new costumes ready, and one sweet one now making. Its chief beauties consisted of the hat and petticoat to be worn with it. The former was three-cornered, with a bunch of different coloured feathers at each angle, and the latter was of a bright

yellow satin, and showed the leg nearly to the knee. Yes, she thought the whole a "charming quiet dress for a young English maiden." Did not quite see what the Commissioners were driving at, but begged to inform them that last year *Madame Fanfoterre* and *La Misette*, both of the Grand Opera, wore the same. Her mamma pointed them out to her. Surely the Commissioners did not expect her to be less conspicuous than the celebrities of the *demi-monde*!

The witness was here sternly requested to stand down, and the Chairman declared the proceedings at an end.

"WHEN A BODY MEET A BODY."

A GREAT deal has been said lately about the growing spirit of extravagance amongst the younger members of English society. Time was when drags, yachts, moors, and such like luxuries were only indulged in by persons of ample means and matured experience, but now-a-days any ensign and lieutenant in the Guards or younger son with a £500 allowance considers himself morally justified in setting up a team, ordering a brand new schooner, or leasing a tract of country for one-and-twenty years, just as whim or fancy may suggest. Any of the above imbecilities may be condemned as ruinous and unsatisfactory enough, but none of them can vie with the last new extravagance, indulged in principally, but not always, by young men of Scottish extraction, of setting up a clan in the Highlands.

In the account of the Braemar gathering, which was held a short time ago (of course in the pelting rain), there was a graphic description of the arrival of the various clans officered by Lord This or Mr. That, of somewhere-or-other, and the whole tone of the report was calculated to make us believe that the fine old system of the young laird surrounded by his trusty retainers was just as green and vigorous as in the days of the Wallace or the Bruce. People who know anything of Scotland, or even those who do not, but take the trouble to think the matter over, may see at once that at the very most the clansman stands in the same position towards his chief as a tenant to his landlord, and that if the small farmers and their ploughboys are content to don the kilt, it is not at their own expense, and that they would not be likely to give their services at Highland gatherings for nothing. The fact is that, at the present day, the clan is usually a body of men clothed at the cost and paid from the purse of their officer, who, as a rule, is more at home in St. James's street than on his native heather, and the secret of whose exuberant nationality most often lies in the possession of a presentable pair of legs.

If young men with Scottish blood in their veins want to muster their clans around them and play the chieftain, it need not be so expensive an amusement as it is at present. A monopoly is always a mistake, and moreover it is not fair that the natives of the north country should have the whole clan business to themselves. Let us advise the lairds who want to take their men to the next Braemar gathering to enter into an arrangement with some transpontine theatrical manager, who would be happy to contract for the supply of any number of faithful adherents willing to recognise the rightful, or on liberal terms the wrongful, heir—for a moderate weekly salary for the dead months of the London season, and moreover would bring their own dresses. A return ticket by sea to Edinburgh costs next to nothing, and as the clansmen, from their previous training, would be well up to their duties, the gatherings would go off with greater *éclat*, and cost much less than it does at present.

A GLEAM OF CONSCIENCE.

WHEN Murphy, "the defender of the Irish Church," as his supporters style him, was released on bail the other day, the newspapers stated that his sureties were an Irish clergyman, named Burke, and a Manchester gentleman, who declined to let the reporters know his name, much to the disgust of those myrmidons of the Press. Let us be just. The public are wrong in implying any censure either on Murphy or his friend for the latter's desire to veil his name in obscurity. Both persons have a good deal to answer for, and if the "Manchester gentleman" who has lent a hand in once more letting Mr. Murphy loose on society is ashamed of his share in the transaction, so much the better. It is a point in his favour rather than otherwise.

LIBERALISM RUN MAD!

NOTHING illustrates better the constitutional dishonesty of some politicians, than the arguments brought forward against the "Representation of Minorities." Mr. Bright is hopeless; misrepresentation has ever been his only argument against schemes which did not suit his fancy, or come within the scope of his comprehension. Nothing can be falser than to say, because Birmingham is to have three members—one of whom may be returned by the minority, if they can number a third of the votes—that, therefore, Birmingham is reduced to the level of a town with one vote. Mr. Bright has an innate partiality for bellicose illustrations: supposing he were a general commanding an army, if one division of that army were employed to hold in check, and so neutralise the power of a division of the enemy's army, would he consider that division of his army as of no use, or not existing at all? If representation means anything but the unlimited tyranny of the party which happens to number most votes, surely nothing can be more just than that all shades of opinion should be represented as much as possible. A Parliament would be a curious body which consisted solely of one party. It is bad enough when there are two recognised parties, but Heaven help the Government in a House of Commons consisting solely of members of its own party! Mr. Bright will of course say that it is unfair that "three-cornered constituencies" should be limited to a few of the great towns; but this limitation was a concession made to the opponents of the bill; and it is highly desirable, in the interests of justice, that the system of the representation of minorities should be extended throughout counties and boroughs alike. As for the address of the four members for the City of London, it proceeds on the assumption that there are only four men fit to represent that constituency. With regard to the present *square* of great men, on whom that honour has devolved, we may quote the words of Hamlet slightly altered:—

"A *square* which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
'And ever three parts'—not wisdom."

The calm, self-satisfied tone of the united address is so beautiful as to induce us to believe that, for this time at least, it was Mr. Goschen's turn to speak.

THE BATTLE OF THE VESTRIES.

HO guardians! sound the cornet,
Ho beadle! clear the way,
The parish pride to-day hath hied
To see the mud-pumps play.
The legates of the Vestries
Have gained the river boat.
The legates of the Vestries
Are all in state afloat.
The legates of the Vestries
Defying aqueous ills,
Have reached the land by Stratford's strand,
Where stand the Abbey Mills.

Fair are the bowers of Stratford,
Its coppices and clumps,
And fair the Pumping Station
Which Tamesian sewage pumps,
And fairer yet by long chalks
That cold collation is,
Which Vestrymen have brought in train,
Of ham and beef and fowl amain,
And ale and stout and cheap champagne:
The Vestries term it "fiz."

They saw the Abbey Mill Pumps
Work grandly up and down,
Which save the mud and garbage
Infecting London town;
And when they had inspected,
With noses satisfied,
Down sat they to a banquet sprent
O'er a white table in the tent
Pitched over Stratford side.

But ere they sat to dine there
On fowl and beef and tongue,
They, on the steamboat fore and aft,
The wine and bitter beer had quaffed,
Till, in the language of their craft,
Each Vestryman was "sprung."

Now dinner barely over,
With more drink doled to each,
Higgins the noble shopkeeper,
Arose to make a speech—
Higgins who all the noblemen
Of Clerkenwell supplies;
And near him sat brave Podger, who
The letter H defies,
But Higgins when in liquor
Of speech is somewhat thick,
Yet dealeth he in chaff which is
Extremely apt to stick.
At Higgin's blurred periods
Stout Podger hurled a sneer,
And Higgins answered with an oath
Meet for a Vestry's ear.

Now by the crest of Mary,
Mary surnamed Le Bone,
The ire of Podger swiftly rose
To hear the scoffer's tone.
An empty bottle wielding
He aimed it at his crown,
And with unerring fleetness
Tumbled his foeman down.
Then flamed the wrath of Vestries,
And blows and curses sped,
And fowl-bones flew and H's dropped,
But still undaunted Podger whopped,
With champagne bottles that had popped,
Prone Higgin's bare head.

The battle now grew general:
Boggle at Hunks let fly;
Hunks aimed a blow at Boggle
That caught him in the eye;
While Grigg and Globb and Blenkinsop
Around dealt broken pates;
Still Podger's stick smote many a blow,
Till mastered by the numerous foe
That hurled him far and laid him low
Among the knives and plates.

The Ilford beaks look sternly
Upon a Guardian's fault;
The Ilford beaks fined Podger
Five pounds for each assault,
Still let us sing in triumph
With all a minstrel's power,
How Vestrymen behave themselves
In the brave days of ours.

LAW AND LAW.

A CONTEMPORARY, in commenting on a case recently disposed of by the presiding magistrate at the Southwark Police Court, has called attention to the very shameful shortcomings of English law, in its method of dealing with and punishing a certain class of offences. *Exempli gratia*, in the case in question a secretary of a poor man's provident society, who had embezzled about £87 from the funds under his control, was simply required to refund the amount, pay a fine of £20, and defray the lawyer's costs of twenty shillings. Were a common thief to take £87 out of a gentleman's pocket-book, and not out of a charitable society's drawer, there would be no doubt about *his* fate. The offence against a society is therefore a civil, that against an individual is a criminal, one. The injustice of this distinction is obviously monstrous. It, however, boasts an excellent parentage, and as long as England is, as indeed it is, and that *par excellence*, a rich man's country, there is not the remotest probability that it will disappear.

A state of things which admits of the gigantic swindling daily at work in our midst, is not likely to be too hard on a borrowing secretary. Were the thieving of thousands sterling to be as bad a business in the eye of the law as the thieving of halfpence, there would be a sudden halt in the commercial world, and a flight of some of the finest-feathered birds in the City. Good honest old John Bull, precious old humbug that he is, is a bit of a Spartan as well as a bit of a snob. He says to everyone: "Rig as you like, job as you like, beg, borrow, steal, swindle—to any extent; but by Jove, sir, do it handsomely—and take care you are never found out." To this encouraging language we owe railways, debentures without dividends, and other tolerably expensive wonders.

Gentlemen manage these things *en masse*. It is the poor man who had better look out what he is about in honest old England!

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

BRITANIA rules the waves! Could she not manage them to keep down the British swell on the continent, who is always throwing the remark into the faces of foreigners until they are sea-sick of it?

Who was Saint Leger? and why does he patronise races? Surely, there must be a mistake in the calendar of saints and racing! He should be the patron of the tribes of young ladies who are met with along the French coast at watering places.

Faithful love or fast friendship in this world to meet,
A difficult thing, man allows is,
Yet in the church-yard you may find at your feet
By hundreds, real friends and true spouses!

A poor starving woman told me she had heard "a stitch in time saves nine." She was never behindhand when she got work to do, but all her eight children were dead. Proverbs are proverbially false.

Astronomers will go any distance to find spots in the sun—so will their wives to find spots in a neighbour's daughters.

A mad world, indeed! So would you be, if you had been whirled round and round for the last six thousand years.

BETRAYED BY THE LUNATIC!

A TALE OF HORROR.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT will be remembered that last week we promised our readers a "rich intellectual treat"—a treat such as to tempt even the "Ghost of a Ruby," to say nothing of the "Love of a Flute." We informed the millions who greedily devour the acrostics we are good enough to set before them, that we had secured the services of a literary man well known in the shady walks of "Hanwell the Intellectual" as the "Lively Lunatic of Camberwell Green" to cater for their amusement. We made this announcement with a sigh, for we felt that we had work to do far nobler than the mere stringing together of doggerel lines—a purpose with a greater end than the entertainment of the thoughtless and the lazy. However, having made the concession, we deemed ourselves pledged to our word. "The Lively Lunatic" was secured at some little expense, and we trusted this week to be in a position to supply our readers with several first-rate acrostics. Unhappily, our wish has not been realised, owing to the scandalous (we repeat the word—scandalous) behaviour of the "Lunatic" himself, who has treated us in a manner that, were it not for the prejudices of the nineteenth century, could only be "forgotten" IN BLOOD! But here we will our plain unvarnished tale unfold, and allow the public to judge between us.

Wishing to show courtesy to the new acquisition (?) to our staff, we invited the "Lively Lunatic" to our house. The first day passed off very well, if we omit the little incident of the "Lunatic" insisting upon playing cricket in the drawing-room, with the soup-tureen and the footman—very well indeed. We regret we cannot give as favourable an account of the succeeding day. When he came down to breakfast, the "Lunatic" declared his intention of "sitting down to work." He insisted upon our sending all our children to school, locking up our wife in the coal-cellar, and muzzling the cat. These measures, he said, "would keep the place quiet." He then asked that a ream of foolscap, a quart of ink, and a bushel of pens should be carried into the library, together with three dozen of champagne, a couple of bottles of brandy, some ice, a tumbler, and a cork-screw. Having complied also with this request, he thanked us, went into the library, and locked the door after him.

Extracts from the Editor's Diary.

11 A.M.

I have been to his door. Quite quiet, evidently hard at work. I ask him "how he is getting on?" He says "splendidly, but he hasn't quite done yet." I hear a pop, which sounds like the opening of a bottle.

11.30 A.M.

Again ask how "he is getting on." Reply in thick voice, "Gettin-on—wonderfoolishly. Written conundrum." Ask him to let me see it. Reply, "By'an'bye. All-rightsh." Pop! Pop! Pop! Surely he's opening champagne.

12 NOON.

Third visit. "Can I come in?" "No, I can'tsh. Res'pec'ble lit'ry-man. Neverearsuchathing! Disgraceful! Schandalous! Shamed'o'shelf!" and some *very* bad language! I break open the door and find the "Lively Lunatic" with a blank sheet before him. He has a tumbler in one hand and a champagne bottle in the other. His state is easier imagined than described. I rate him soundly, and he declares that he has made a capital riddle. He asks

"WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?"

"Why, miserable mountebank," I scream, "every idiot knows that the answer to that riddle is

"WHEN IT'S A JAR!"

"NO!" shouts the "Lively Lunatic," absolutely yelling for joy, "YOU ARE WRONG!"

"WRONG!" I exclaim, "then what is the answer?"

"What," observes the Literary Man, with a bitter smile, "you must find out for yourself."

And now, indulgent Public, we throw ourselves upon your kindness. The "Lively Lunatic" positively declines writing an acrostic until his pupils have mastered what he calls "the elementary part of the subject." So as you love us, answer this question by next week:—

"WHEN IS A DOOR NOT A DOOR?"

Remembering that the reply, "When it's a jar," is incorrect.

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1. Norwood. 2. Clapham. 3. Pegwell Bay. 4. Aenone. 5. Lausanne. 6. Windbound. 7. Oxford. 8. Worms. 9. Water. 10. Vandyke. 11. Snow. 12. Beethoven. 13. New Zealand.

ANSWERS have been received from Jack Solved It, Linda Princess, Wushperle and Her Lunatic Husband, Gelnare (Ramsgate), Walter Logan, Tempesttossedcompassandrudderless, Whissendine, Frederick Douglas, Chie, Liebst du Leberwurst, E. M. B. S. (Bayswater), Skin and Bone-Hag, Granniepilgrimlardidida, Winterbourneskinnerclarke, Treblig, Tomfool, S. E. V. H. E. V. J. L. B., Two Black Diamonds, Real Annie (Tooting), J. A. T. (Eastbourne), Four Hastings Scalps, Adontote N.G.E., Mr. Blood or Dan A Horse, Samuel E. Thomas, W. B. W. and W. W., Forest Hill Owl, The Major, Recubans sub tegmine fagi, Elsie Un, The Glorious Company of Lunatics (Limited), Towhit, Annie (Tooting), The Wendover Wonders, Two Enterprising Earwigs, F. North, Greenover, Stick in the Mud, Old John, D.C., Queen Wasp of the Moon, Camden Town Tadpole, C. Jones, Flying Scud, Tommy and Joey, G. G. (Croydon), Frances, Two Brums, B. L., Florence, The Welsh Nightingale, J. M. (Woolwich), The Terror of Wandsworth, A. B. (Chatham), Adam Bede, J. B. (Bristol), A Staunch Supporter of Mr. Gladstone, The Dublin Boy, Fair Ellen, Twopenny, An Aboriginal Australian, Two Malvernites, Honest Jehu, Clara Bell, Marion (Cheltenham), Fairplay, F. C., and S. Sansom.