

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS.

NO. 4.—SUMMING UP.

HAVING pointed out some of the principal evils which affect the condition of female servants, we will now endeavour to show how these evils may be alleviated, if not entirely remedied.

As we said before, the mischief begins in early years, in the education which girls receive in their own homes. You cannot expect the daughters of slatternly wasteful mothers to make clean and frugal women. But even in those cases where the parents give their children the best education which they can afford, the system, on which that education is conducted, is rarely one of any practical benefit to them. Most clergymen and Ladies Bountiful think it a great thing to get girls to the Sunday-school. No doubt this is better than no education at all, but it appears to us that there is one great fundamental mistake in our Sunday-school teaching, and that is, that in aiming to teach religion thoroughly, it only succeeds in teaching theology very imperfectly, and morality not at all. Much too great importance is given to Bible history, to the exclusion of the New Testament morality. We will not say more on this subject, for so great is the prejudice in minds of earnest Protestants against any limitation of Bible teaching, and so utterly confused are the minds of the mass of the laity and clergy as regards the true value and position of the Old Testament, that we should incur great danger of being misrepresented, if not of being misunderstood. We will content ourselves with expressing a belief that it is not a wise thing to put unreservedly a book so difficult for the educated to understand into the hands of those, who have had practically no education at all. Great advance has been made lately in the matter of education, but there is still much to be done before our schools for the poor, or for the rich either, can offer that training which is alone of any real use in after life,—a training which, discouraging superficial smartness and the mere varnish of accomplishments, shall instruct the young in those principles which are the foundation of all morality and of all religion; shall enforce those habits without which no character of sterling worth can be formed; and shall imbue the moral nature with that conscientious sense of duty, that noble purpose in life, which finds as full scope for employment in the very humblest as in the very highest positions which this world can offer.

Besides the education at school, there is the more important education at home. As we have pointed out, if there is danger in neglect, in suffering the children to run wild in the streets or fields, and so never learn what self-restraint means, there is the greater danger, in those better off, of bringing up their children to despise the station of their parents, and to aspire to the society of those above them in the world. This rude attempt at "equality" is as common among the higher as among the lower classes; and the persevering efforts to destroy the distinctions of rank and wealth on the part of parents result in the creation of a class of girls, whose only hope is in trading on the charms Nature or Art may have given them; for they are utterly unfit to be at the head of a family, the only thing they know about money being how to waste it. If women really wish to improve the condition of their sex, let them combine together for the purpose of destroying the dynasty of Frivolity which now holds undisputed the throne of Society. We can

imagine no movement more calculated to elevate woman in the eyes of man, than an organised opposition to the practice, now so prevalent, of allowing girls to go to some party or other every night of the week during that elastic period termed "the season." If at least two nights a week were kept sacred to the quiet routine of home pleasures and home duties—if all the daughters of a family were made to learn to manage the house expenses, and superintend the domestic arrangements generally, for a week at a time, we believe that marriage—that goal of all girls' hopes—would be far less difficult of attainment, and when attained, would be far happier than it ever can be as Society is at present constituted. If mistresses were able to manage a household, and to check the expenses properly, the extravagance and affectation of servants would be effectually checked; they would learn to respect their employers when they found that they could not cheat them.

With regard to those girls who fulfil the duties of vicarious motherhood, we have this suggestion to make. Let us give them a home where they will be taught useful labour, where their services will be rigidly exacted in return for the benefits received by them, and whence they can go forth, with a character, to fulfil the duties of wet nurses, knowing that their children will be cared for by the Institution which has sheltered them in the hour of their need, and to which, after their time of service is expired, they shall be able to return, if they cannot get any other situation, there to continue their education in some useful employment. They would, of course, bring characters from the person who had previously employed them; and so any one engaging them from this kind of Institution would be certain of not being imposed upon by false recommendations. Although there would be many difficulties at first in inducing girls to avail themselves of such an Institution, still, we believe that, when they saw how great a chance was given them of recovering their good name, and how a place of safety was assured to them whither to return from their temporary situation, instead of being, as they are now, left to their own resources or to the uncertain charity or enforced contributions of those held responsible by the Law, they would overcome their dislike to proclaim their condition before they were actually compelled to do so. We honestly entreat all, who have any desire to rescue poor girls from a life of degradation and misery, to consider this scheme so roughly sketched.

As to the temptation to which nursemaids especially, and other servant girls, are exposed in our parks or public streets, we will say a few words. The immediate greed of admiration, which characterises these ignorant and silly creatures, no doubt is held by some men to justify the attentions which they proffer. But we would put it to those who wish to be men in something more than name, whether prowling after silly, vain, and empty-headed girls, who are ready to swallow the bait, however plain the hook may show through it, is either a noble or a profitable employment?

Finally, it remains for us all, however small our influence, to do what we can to elevate the condition of those on whose services we so much depend. Something may be done by precept, more by example, most by a quiet perseverance and a watchful vigilance in seeking opportunities for holding out to all those below us the same incitements, the same helps, the same guides which we ourselves have enjoyed, and to which, in a great measure, we owe what superiority over them we may possess.

OUR ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.—These classical islands, known to the ancients indifferently as the Cassiterides, Hesperides, and Siluræ Insulæ, having been erected into a Parliamentary group and enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, the greatest possible curiosity has been felt among them as to what distinguished politician was to have the honour of first representing them in the House of Commons. The popular instinct, which in such matters rarely errs, at once designated Mr. Bernal Osborne as the fittest person to sit for the Scilly Isles; but as long as it was uncertain whether that honourable gentleman would maintain his connection with Nottingham, of course nothing could be done. As soon, however, as the report in the TOMAHAWK of last week of what had occurred at Nottingham, and the news that the lambs of that borough had definitively resolved to elect Mr. Joseph Goss and Mr. Henry Allen, reached St. Mary's and its thirty-nine sisters, a requisition was at once got up, inviting Mr. Osborne to stand. We believe that the invitation has been most cordially acceded to; but Mr. Osborne was so exceedingly energetic in his own particular line last session that he has hitherto spent most of the recess in recovering from the effects of his gigantic labours; priming himself for the next one, whenever his health will permit, by a close and fatiguing study of Joe Miller. It is understood, however, that he will soon visit the new marine constituency.

Meanwhile a feeling has been growing up among the more thoughtful and intelligent portion of the electors that, though Mr. Bernal Osborne has very great claims upon their favour, still they have a right to look for a representative even more highly distinguished than himself. In accordance with this view, they tried to discover if there was any chance of inducing Mr. Buckstone, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, to canvass the constituency. Much to their gratification, that gentleman at once expressed himself highly flattered by the invitation, and accompanied the deputation on their return from the metropolis to the islands. Yesterday, he addressed the electors for the first time, and created a most favourable impression. He was dressed in the costume in which he has so often appeared, and with such immense success, before the British public—the costume worn by him in "*Lend me Five Shillings*." He was received with shouts of laughter and applause, which became perfectly deafening when he first applied his forefinger to the side of his nose, then turned his back upon the audience, lifted up his cloak, and exposed a considerable rent in his tall coat. The roars of hilarity and approbation produced by this classical piece of humour having somewhat subsided, he winked several times to the electors, and then commenced speaking. Would anybody lend him five shillings? Would this person lend it? Would that person lend it? He assured them he had spent far more on his railway fare than five shillings, and the deputation had never offered to pay it for him. Now, considering—if he was anything of a scholar—that the inhabitants of the Cassiterides ought to be remarkably well off for tin—(laughter)—he thought it was rather shabby. (Cheers and laughter.) However, he would throw a pall—(the way in which the honourable gentleman pronounced "pall" threw the entire audience into convulsions of laughter)—he would throw a pall over these horrors. But if they would not lend him five shillings, would they send him to Parliament? He should feel thoroughly at home there. In fact, it was the very stage whose boards he had long been burning to tread. Was it not the very home of comedy? Some people said of farce; but that he repudiated. Who had been its most popular leader in modern times? Who but a jaunty Viscount, the most finished light comedian of the day? No—where was a joke, however poor, so quickly and warmly appreciated as in the House of Commons. People were easily moved to laughter in church, and if anybody made a small jocular observation in court, particularly if it happened to be the judge that made it, everybody felt bound to laugh. But of all the cachinnatory assemblies in the world, commend him to the House of Commons. He would pledge himself to keep it in a continual roar. It might be objected that his engagements at the theatre would interfere with his Parliamentary duties; but it was already his habit to sup after his performances, and he could always in future sup at the House. He believed a good deal of heavy political business was done in the tea-room, and

he promised to frequent it faithfully. He should have several opportunities of again addressing them—(cheers)—and therefore, for the present, he would say nothing of his political opinions. But he could not resist at once avowing his adherence to the cause of female suffrage. (Cheers and laughter.) He hoped soon to see women members of Parliament. He should much like to have a lovely woman for his colleague—(laughter)—only the Scilly Islands had most unjustly had but one member conferred upon it. But he should be delighted to share his seat with any woman under forty, and give her a fair half of it. Wouldn't it be comfortable? (Here he punched his proposer in the ribs, and accompanied the gesture with the chuckle so well known to produce laughter. It succeeded admirably on this occasion, sending the audience off into fits of laughter.) He would say no more at present, for he intended to visit every one of the forty islands. He was told that locomotion among them was not easy. But as he was accustomed to paddle his own canoe—(laughter)—he did not expect to experience much difficulty. But would nobody lend him five shillings? (Here he once more displayed the rent of which mention has already been made, and amid shrieks of laughter and loud clapping of hands retired from the platform.)

The return of the honourable gentleman is considered certain. Mr. Bernal Osborne has been telegraphed to, to the effect that it would now be no use coming down to the Scilly Islands. Had Mr. Buckstone refused to stand, he might have had a chance; but against so formidable an opponent it would be impossible even for him to make head.

AN IMPERIAL WAG.

THE long-threatened Chinese Ambassador to this country has at length arrived, and, with his suite, is comfortably installed at the Grosvenor Hotel. We Englishmen are rather given to making a fuss over Oriental dignitaries when they visit our shores. We mobbed the Japanese mission to our heart's content, and it was only the other day that a couple of policemen had to be detached on the special duty of preventing the Abyssinian Prince, "I-have-seen-the-world," from being torn in pieces when his Highness took a walk on Ryde pier.

Curiosity may therefore be aroused by the description of our Chinese visitors. The chief ambassador is Poo-au-cheu Chin-chi-choong-jeu-tacheu, the first secretary is called Boo-choon-aw, and the second secretary's name is Dee-chang. The suite consists of associate ministers, student interpreters, and assistant secretaries in abundance. We have certainly never before received an ambassador from the East on such a large scale. Hitherto, at the most, half-a-dozen flat-nosed individuals of eccentric tastes, and of reported eccentric habits, have been deemed sufficient to constitute an Oriental mission; but surely a couple of palaces would scarcely be large enough to contain the number of great men of the celestial empire which the Emperor of China has accredited to the Court of St. James's. What a fine chance for the Crystal Palace Company! People are already asking for what day the directors have engaged the Chinese ambassadors, and whether five shillings will be charged for admission or if the date fixed will be a shilling Monday, with a display of fireworks thrown in.

We much regret to say that the British sightseer is doomed to disappointment. Evidently the Emperor of China, some day or other, either in disguise or by deputy, has visited the Gallery of Illustration in Waterloo place, for he has most shamelessly adapted a very amusing musical farce, called *Ching Chow Hi*, which had a great run under Mr. German Reed's management not very long ago. Everybody will remember what it was about. The scene is laid in China, at the Court of a native Prince, and it appears at last that all the characters—Prince, Prime Minister, hero, and heroine—are English, driven into their places by circumstances which they have been unable to control, and it is only in the last scene that they find each other out. The Emperor of China's farce is on rather a larger scale than this, for the characters in the play are more numerous. To begin with: it appears that the Ambassador himself, Poo-au-cheu Chin-chi-choong-jeu-tacheu is a Mr. Anson Burlingame, an American citizen, who has been for a short time resident in China; the first secretary, Boo-choon-aw, is an Irishman, rejoicing in the name of Mr. John M'Leary Brown,

and the second secretary, Dee-chang, is a Frenchman called Dechamps. As for the rest of the suite, with a few insignificant exceptions, they are English to a man.

The Emperor of China must have a keen sense of the ridiculous. He has certainly succeeded in "selling" the British nation. To have called the body of gentlemen who are at present staying at the Grosvenor Hotel "Agents for the Chinese Government" would have spoilt the joke; but, in sober truth, now that his Celestial Majesty has had his laugh at us, it must be admitted that they are nothing more.

A TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY.

TOLD IN A SERIES OF POETICAL EPISTLES.

EPISTLE IX.

To Erica from Florence's Mother.

HERE we are back again at home, you see,
After no end of grief, expense, and trouble.
Of course my husband lays the blame on me,
Now that our joint designs have proved a bubble.
'Tis rather hard now, is it not? For he
Finds comfort in the coveys 'mongst the stubble,
Whilst I can but the destiny bemoan
Which all our good intentions has o'erthrown.

Florence might just as well be miles away.
I scarcely ever see her save at meals.
She seems to me to grow worse day by day.
If anybody calls, away she steals,
And nothing upon earth will make her stay,
And look on a strange face; as though she feels
They must have come to see and tell their neighbours
How she does bear the load 'neath which she labours.

Indeed sometimes her strange behaviour frightens
My heart into unutterable fears.
For now her colour goes, and now it heightens,
And then she frowns, just as you look for tears.
Nothing distracts her sadness, nothing lightens.
Sense seems to have quite left her eyes and ears,
And back into her inmost breast retreated,
Where grief and she in loneliness are seated.

I thought, at first, the matter might have been
Put right, or at the least all scandal hushed.
But soon, despite my best attempts to screen
The thing from view, my last fond hope was crushed.
The whole world knows it. Then, to make a scene,
As soon as Willie heard of it, he rushed
After the jilt, and coming on his track,
Broke, so they say, his cane across his back.

Then all the papers pounced upon the news,
And some declared it shameful, others silly.
A penny daily, given to comic views,
Turned all of us to ridicule, save Willie.
Him it did neither laugh at nor abuse;
But only said that, though chivalric, still he
In days like these must be uncommon lucky,
If law-courts let him off for being so plucky.

But there's no fear of that; and Willie now
Seems to stand well in each one's estimation.
Even his uncle does his worth allow,
And says his conduct's the sole compensation
For all the hubbub, bother, shame, and row.
In fact, there's little doubt the close relation
That Willie long has yearned to have with Florence,
He would no longer look on with abhorrence.

Really the boy has splendidly behaved.
As soon as he got back to England, he
An audience with his cousin of us craved.
I and his uncle granted it; but she,
As if from woe unwilling to be saved,
Refused to see him most persistently;
And swore she rather ten times death would face,
Than such an overpowering disgrace.

Which is absurd. For no one can deny
She never liked that other wretched creature;
Whilst any one can see, with half an eye,
Her love for Willie beaming in ev'ry feature.
However, I am patient, and rely
For her conversion upon Time the teacher.
I'm sure I've all along done what seemed best,
And will do still; and Heav'n must do the rest.

But just to think of all the lovely *trousseau*,
Dresses and things, and piles of finest linen
Prepared in vain, and for no earthly use! Oh!
I sometimes feel as though there was a sin in
Putting it by. Yet had I not better do so?
Florence is young, and Willie very winning.
And now that both of us have no objection,
She surely will be wiser, on reflection.

But 'tis no use to press the point at present,
For she is almost melancholy mad,
And it would only make things more unpleasant.
But *all* these dresses! Is it not really sad?
The worst too is, that when her grief is lessened,
And she to marry will again be glad,
Long gored skirts may no longer be the fashion,
And big poke bonnets once more all the passion.

I want to get poor Florence to the sea,
But 'tis impossible to make her stir.
Sea-bathing always did, you know, agree
(Although it never does with me) with her.
But you might just as well address a tree.
Now pray don't writing back to me defer.
Good-bye, dear 'Rica. Love and warm caresses.
P.S.

Please tell me what you'd do about the dresses.

MILITARY METHODISM.

THE General who has the command of the garrison at Dover, whose name lies hidden in the intricacies of the monthly Army List, in which obscurity let it rest, has taken the initiative in putting a stop to the unseemly desecration of the Sabbath which has hitherto been recognised as a military necessity at all stations where large bodies of soldiers are massed together. The General directs that from this day "no bands, drums, nor music of any kind are to play the troops either to or from the place of worship, nor is any band or music (*sic*) allowed to play on Sunday, the regular beats and church calls excepted."

We fear that the Commandant at Dover has allowed his pious enthusiasm to get the better of his discretion. When an officer, entrusted with authority, takes advantage of his position to force his silly whims and lower-minded absurdities down people's throats, it is usual for the Horse Guards to take some notice of such behaviour, especially when that august power has, as in the present instance, been entirely ignored and over-ridden by a fanatical Jack in office. It has always been a custom recognised and approved by the Commander-in-Chief for military bands to play to and from church, and on all the usual Sunday relief and parade duties; and for an officer holding an inferior command to take upon himself to rule otherwise, is not only a bit of personal impertinence to the Duke of Cambridge, but a breach of military discipline which cannot be overlooked.

As for the public, they have little interest in the matter. We have long since agreed to accept the taunts of foreigners that the manner of observance of Sunday in England is not only a pandering to maudling bigotry, but an insult to common sense; and therefore we have not to consult the prejudices of other nations. But if Frenchmen, arriving on our shores on a Sunday, have hitherto declared Dover to be a sad and dreary place on the Sabbath, what will their first impressions be now, when even the fife and drum are suppressed in a town full of soldiers?

IMPORTANT!—What is the difference between a Chelsea Bun and one of the Chelsea Candidates? One's only an odger, while the other is a St. Odger (Stodger).

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LONDON, OCTOBER 3, 1868.

THE WEEK.

THEATRES are being built all over London. Our architect tells us this necessitates a new order of architecture, to be called the Stage Dooric.

MR. CAVE has brought out *The Scamps of London* at the Victoria. We wonder Mr. Boucicault does not bring an action against him for robbery.

MADAME RACHEL has gained celebrity by creating new skins for waning beauties. Justice thinks she would do more good if she made a clean breast of it.

THE modern fashions have always afforded great encouragement to women to shrug their shoulders; but the latest mode, which places two elegant humps on each side of the waist, makes them look as if they were shrugging their hips.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY, the author of *Mountain Dhu* and other tragedies, has added new incidents (so his announcement states) to the *Fortunes of Nigel*, which is now performing at Drury Lane. This looks like making scot-free with Sir Walter.

BRAVO Tom Brown! The world—that is, so much of it as is cramped up in Belgravia and Mayfair—has tried hard to spoil you, but there's some of the old manly tone left in you yet. We forget the maundering socialisms and drivelling sentiments of "Tom Brown at Oxford," when we see "Tom Hughes of Lambeth" boldly, manfully, refusing to countenance the bill-sticking mode of canvassing, or to patronise the public-house parlours as committee-rooms. *Macte virtute puer* we say, to remind you of your wholesome school-days; may you be returned at the head of the poll! and the new Parliament will contain at least one member, who is manly enough to tell the precious "working man," to whom nearly every Liberal candidate is playing the mean toady, the truth, be it never so unpalatable; and honest enough to scorn every subterfuge, however plausible, by which those, who would bribe directly, if they could be sure of not being found out, are trying to reap the benefit of corruption without any of the penalties attaching thereto. Once more we say, Bravo Tom Brown!

WHAT is there in the air of Avignon which robs philosophers even of their reason? Must we alter the old proverb, *Quem*

Deus vult perdere prius mittit ad—Avignon? Has Mr. Mill been employing his lucid intervals in devising experiments to try how low a man, supposed to be of great intellect and probity, can go, before he forfeits for ever the respect of all those whose respect is worth having, and ceases to excite any other feeling than a sorrowful amazement? To give £10 towards returning a blasphemous demagogue like Bradlaugh was bad enough; and to follow it up by sending a letter to "dear Odger," enclosing £25 towards that seditious spouter's return for Chelsea, is scarcely better. No wonder that these blow-flies of the State fancy themselves lions when such men as the author of the "Essay on Liberty" fawn upon them. Mr. Mill says in one of his essays that "a greater contempt for conventionalities" is required on the part of individuals. Followers always exaggerate the peculiarities of their leaders, but what is left for Mr. Mill's disciples to do, when their teacher shows contempt of decency?

CHOPS (TO FOLLOW).

THIS is certainly not the Golden Age. Mr. Tupper will acknowledge that fact. Nor is it the Silver Age, for everything is more or less plated. It more nearly resembles the Iron Age, for no understanding seems to be got at between nations without an appeal to cold iron in one form or another; and yet the Iron Age is a thing of the past. This must be the Age of Tinsel; and after that, the only thing worse will be the Female Suffrage.

The amelioration of horses is certainly not the prevailing motive among the patrons of the Turf; yet a noble Earl's speech to his constituents the other day sounded like a mealy oration, though not, perhaps, of horses.

A friend sends me a hamper of partridges while I am out of town: the state of the gift when I return makes me think of the Ritualistic game, which is getting so High now the Archbishops are abroad that it breeds maggots in the brains of the Puseyite parsons.

Who's afraid? Only brave men.

Accidents will happen on the best regulated railways. Just now, accidents seem to be the regulation.

Intramural burying-grounds have been denounced as the hotbeds of miasma; yet ladies are now going for fresh hair to the cemeteries.

VOICI LES SABRES.

It is said that anything or everything may be bought in London, and the following advertisement, which appeared last week in the columns of the *Times*, goes far to warrant the assertion:

THREE Thousand Two Hundred and Fifty CAVALRY SWORDS for immediate DISPOSAL, not being required for the purpose for which they were manufactured. No reasonable offer will be refused. They are of a superior make. To shippers or others who have a market for such goods, there is a margin for a large profit. Samples may be seen at ———.

If the arms were revolvers, or even double-barrelled rifles, they might be snatched up as a bargain by the National Reform League, or some such highly respectable society for electioneering purposes; but as it is, we much fear that unless some clever individual can devise a mode of converting a cavalry sword into some article of domestic use, the lot will remain for some time a drug in the market. The owner of the sabres does not publish their history, but from his assertion that they are not required for the purpose for which they were manufactured, it looks rather as if there had been one more War Office bungle. Has Sir John Pakington anything to say on the subject?





"THE EMPIRE IS WAR!"
OR,
THE MODERN CURTIUS.

Mr. Smith 26

1. The first part of the report is a general description of the project and its objectives. It also includes a brief history of the project and a list of the people involved in it.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the project's progress. It includes a list of the tasks that have been completed and a list of the tasks that are still pending.

3. The third part of the report is a discussion of the project's results. It includes a list of the findings that have been obtained and a list of the conclusions that have been drawn from them.

4. The fourth part of the report is a list of the references that have been used in the project. It includes a list of the books, articles, and other sources that have been consulted.

5. The fifth part of the report is a list of the appendices that have been included in the project. It includes a list of the tables, figures, and other materials that have been used to support the project's findings.

FRENCH PICTURES FOR THE ENGLISH:

By
JULES CANARD.

LETTER IV.—*Emptiness of London.—The Habits of the Aristocracy.—The Papers of London: their use.—A New Office for the "Standard."—Canard's Map of London. Its value to foreigners. Particulars.—A few of the Monuments of London.*

To the Editor of the "Gamin de Paris."

Hotel of the Two Worlds and St. Cloud, Leicester square,
Sept. 26, 1868.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED AND VERY MUCH RESPECTED REDACTEUR,—

This is what they call the "dead season" of the year in London. Walk in the fashionable promenade of New Oxford street and you will scarcely meet a "*suzl-mob*" ("petit crevé"), or even a "*costère mongère*." Only half the omnibuses run this month, as nearly all the aristocracy have gone to Margéte, the Biarritz of England. I was talking the other day to an "omnibus-cádd" about the population of London, and he assured me, on his honour, that not more than half-a-dozen dukes had sat upon the "knif-bor" (the fashionable part of the vehicle) of his omnibus during the whole of the last six weeks! I suggested that perhaps the expense of the journey (they charge "tupens," or four sous, for the shortest distances!) might have had something to do with this falling off, and he allowed that perhaps it might. Be this as it may, London is very empty, so, as I have no news, I will give you a few facts.

The newspapers of Great Britain are most powerful. As very little is known about them in France, I send you a description of some of the principal. *En masse*, they are called "*The Fourth Estate of the Realm*," because it is well known that nothing is shown up in a penny paper without obtaining immediate reform. When a man says that he will write to the "*Times*," you may know that the abuse (the subject of his letter) is about to become at once a thing of the past. No one ever addresses a paper without doing an *immense* amount of good. But here is my list:—

"*The Times*."—The most consistent paper in the world. It was established by William the Conqueror, and since its foundation has never once changed its politics or opinions.

"*The Saturday Review*."—I was told by an Englishman that this paper was "a journal written by old women for young women to read."

"*The Tomahawk*."—A paper in the pay of the Emperor of the French.

"*The Daily Telegraph*."—A paper which conscientiously and consistently opposes the Emperor of the French whenever an opportunity offers.

"*The Record*."—The best and funniest comic paper in London. It was founded by a well-known divine—the Rev. Joe Miller.

These are the principal "*broad-sheets*" of England: the *Standard*, the "largest paper in the world," is far too big to be circulated in so small a spot as London, and this journal, therefore, will shortly be published, I hear, in a place called "Whalley's Head," which being quite empty and constructed of the hardest wood will afford a capital and roomy office. So much for the present for the Press of London: perchance I may return to the subject at some distant date.

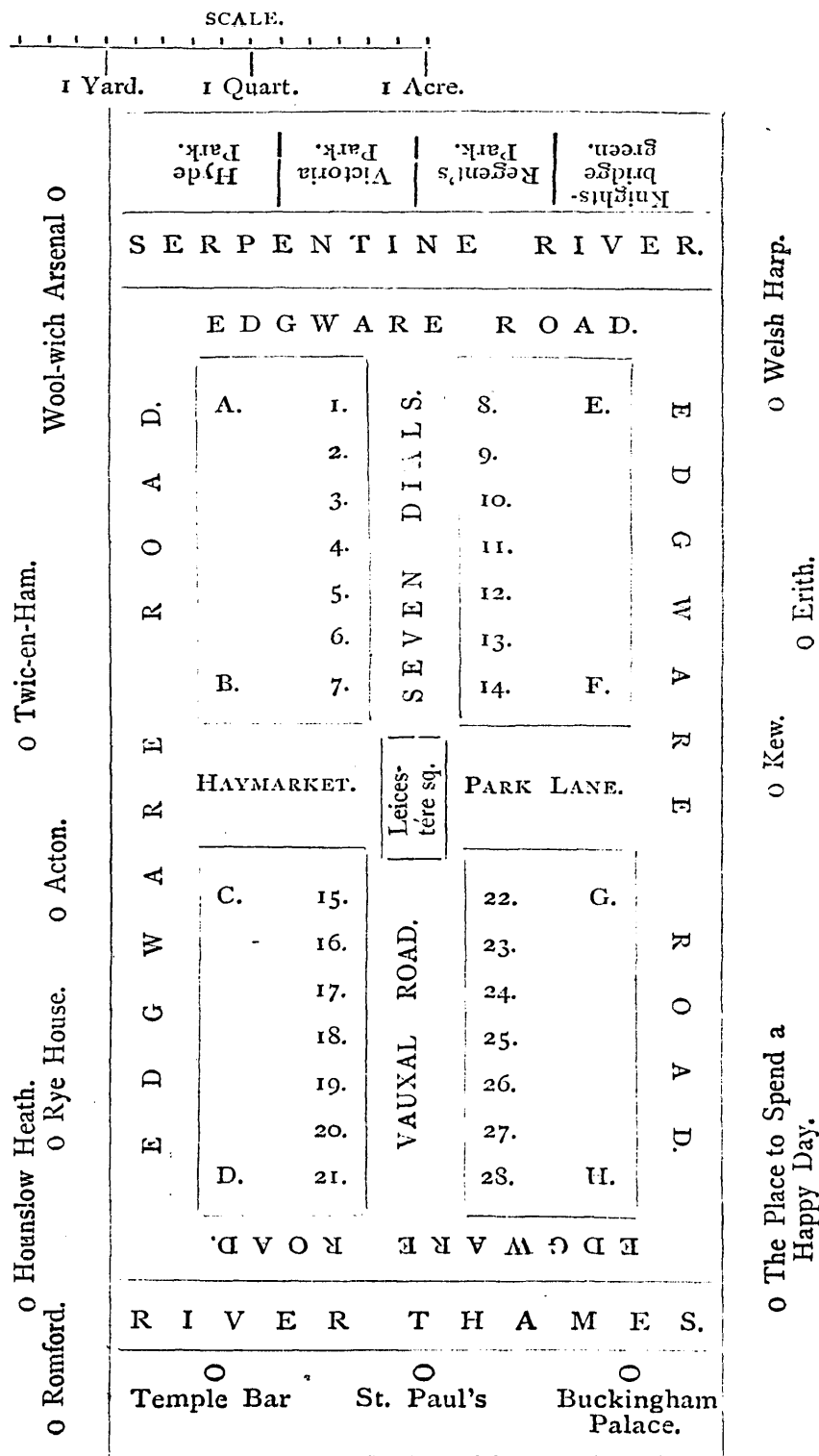
I find by a foot-note which appeared last week in your highly instructive pages that you have been unable to publish my "Map of London." Now as this chart gave me a great deal of trouble, and was drawn up for the convenience of French travellers, I do trust that in your next impression you will supply the omission. I can assure you that I have been particularly careful to be correct in my facts, and can conscientiously declare that my map is as reliable as my information. Without further preface, I submit it once more for your consideration, trusting that this time you will appreciate it at its proper value. You will find all places of interest marked in it, together with all the streets, squares, &c., for which London has such wide-spread fame. I need scarcely say it gives me infinite satisfaction to be in a position to present my countrymen with such a gift. After they have carefully mastered

the details of the following map, it will no longer be in the power of the dreadful "cabbé" to overcharge them, or the fierce "omnibus-cádd" to presume on their ignorance.

Map of London.

(For the use of Foreigners.)

BY
JULES CANARD.



MONUMENTS OF LONDON.

1. British Museum.
2. Thames Tunnel.
3. Mansion House.
4. Cremorne.
5. Westminster Abbey.
6. Chelse a Bun-ouse.
7. Weston's Music Hall.
8. Penny ice-shop.
9. Hyde Park Corner.
10. Old Bailey.
11. Madame Tussaud's.
12. Underground Rail-way.
13. Blue Lion Tavern.
14. "Alamode Beef."
15. St. Martin's Baths.
16. Polytechnic.
17. Kensal Green.
18. "I.e Baron Nichol-son."
19. Times Office.
20. Clare Market.
21. Evans's.
22. Marylebone Theatre.
23. White's Club.
24. The Shades.
25. Lambeth Palace.
26. Cyder Cellars.
27. The Tower.
28. South Kensington Museum.

THE QUARTIERS OF LONDON.

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| A. Belgravia. | E. "Smithfeld." |
| B. Hackney. | F. Highbury-barn. |
| C. Queen's Elm. | G. Soho. |
| D. May-fair. | H. Putney. |

Before relating any more of my adventures I wish to give my compatriots a few particulars about some of the principal monuments of London, so that this letter may form a complete guide to what these barbarians call the "Great Metropolis."

St. Paul's.—Open every day but Sunday. An exhibition of ugly monuments. On the payment of a fee you can be taken up to a place called the "visperin-gallery." St. Paul's is large, but meaningless. I am told that when it first was built it was intended to serve as a church, but soon afterwards was converted into its present use.

Madame Tussaud's.—A spot which proves the truth of Napoleon's saying that the "English are a nation of shopkeepers." For centuries it has been the custom of the Sovereigns of Great Britain to sell their old clothes to Madame Tussaud for exhibition to the vulgar. On payment of an extra sixpence you can see the "National Portrait Gallery," of which so much has been said and written. And here is another instance of the innate brutality of these barbarous islanders—all the worthies they have selected for the honour of being produced in effigy have been executed for murder!

The Theatres.—At these places of "amusement" you can see all the pieces produced in Paris: to a Frenchman staying in London this arrangement is indeed a boon. The English are fond of taking their pleasures dismally, and when they visit their theatres to see anything written by their compatriots expect to witness a wretched sort of tragedy called technically "a burlesque." From what I can make out these "burlesques" must have been the "mysteries" originally played by the monks, of which all of us have read in our childhood. Certainly they are a little out of place in a theatre—they would be much more effective in a churchyard. On my arrival in London I went to see a piece of this class written by a certain Sir Halliday (*née* Duff, I think, or Duffer), and it made me weep bitterly—I never felt so miserable in my life.

There, I think you have had enough. I shall tell you more about the monuments of London next week.

Pray receive, my dear Rédacteur,

The most distinguished consideration of

JULES CANARD.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

At a season when nothing appears to be moving in town, and when public interest, turned momentarily away by some fearful convulsion of nature, is only excited by the coming elections, most journals seem to think it necessary to feed the female craving for gossip with incidents of foreign travel or personal adventure bearing on individuals of eminence in one or other circle of society. Miss Becker will tell us that men are just as bad gossipers and scandal-mongers as women. We will try and make her observation just, and here offer our modicum of seasonable chit-chat to any of the sexes who may honour us with their attention.

The Archbishop of York was observed last week enjoying himself immensely at the lovely baths of Splashdashen-Ruinheim. His Grace was engaged, when we saw him, in extracting the soothing qualities which are essential to prelates out of a Trabucos and the last number of *Bell's Life*. We hasten to inform our readers that *Bell's Life* was the only English print which was taken in at the Kursaal.

The stubble is at present covered with sportsmen; and a friend of ours informs us that it is a treat to the select circle now staying at the Marquis of Bute's to watch the devastation which Mr. Spurgeon's breech-loader creates among the coveys. With that delicate refinement which distinguishes the Low-church Star, two brace of partridges and a hare have been forwarded with Mr. Spurgeon's compliments to Dean Stanley, who is much gratified by the little game.

Nothing can be more gratifying to a nation than the traces of

Royal steps in its tourist-beaten paths. Her Majesty has left at Lucerne emotions which will not easily be effaced from the minds of the Swiss. The *ranz des Vaches* has been discarded for the *pibroch*, and the national head-dress worn by the merry Swiss girls has been deposed in honour of the Glengarry, which adds a piquant expression to the well-known beauties of Switzerland.

The camp at Châlons has just broken up. Before dismissing it entirely from the memory of our friends it would be not amiss at this time of the year to recall the anecdote of the Emperor Napoleon, when visiting the camp at St. Maur. His Majesty had reviewed the troops, and was going round the Zouaves' quarter, leaving a kind word here or a stern glance there, and generally interesting himself in the proceedings of his army, when a soldier, who was doing duty as cook for the day, passed with a steaming boiler of soup and vegetables. The old soldier stood at attention and saluted, when Louis Napoleon, looking at him, remarked, "I'll have one of your potatoes." His Majesty appeared to enjoy his impromptu repast almost as much as the bystanders did the Imperial quickness of repartee.

Lounging about the quays in Paris, where many a good old volume has been picked up, we were not astonished to meet our two compatriots, Messrs. Dion Reade and Charles Boucicault, who were purchasing there the copyright of original dramas.

Mdlle. Nilsson was, a few days back, practising one of her various siren-spells in her own salon at Baden. Imagining that she was listened to, she left her piano and opened the door of the apartment. On the floor outside she found the valet of Lord Dottango on his knees and in tears. The honest footman's words on seeing the lovely *prima donna* were "Hancor, Hancor." Mdlle. Nilsson graciously complied with the request.

We are credibly informed that Monsieur Gustave Doré has gone with Mr. Edmund Yates to China for the purpose of illustrating the works of Confucius, which have attracted the imagination of that gentleman's inventive pencil. Mr. Yates is an accomplished Chinese scholar, and has volunteered his services as a translator.

A banquet was given by the representatives of the English Press to the Parisian Journalists at Brébant's on Friday. No less than fifteen duels resulted from the amicable meeting, all of which were fought the next morning without any accident occurring to throw a gloom over the festive reminiscences of the feast.

There are one or two journals in London who can do this kind of thing by the yard, and with the gravest face possible. It certainly does not take much time, and very little wit.

TO AN OUTSIDER.

BEST let betting alone; lay no odds. Don't you see
You haven't the pluck—for the swells you're no match?
For they treat you as friends, though betwixt you and me,
They're always in hopes you'll come up to the *scratch*.

1792 AND 1868.

STIRRING signs of the times abound. A "Freedom and Peace" Congress, whatever that may mean, has been sitting at Berne, and a public meeting has been held near Fitzroy square to commemorate the glories of the great French revolution and affirm the principles of 1792. There is not much to be said about the Swiss manifesto. Its character can very readily be imagined without the slightest reference to what actually took place, and for this reason:—Experience has always shown that when enthusiasts in the cause of "freedom and peace" get together for the purpose of discussion, they generally talk a good deal of nonsense, or blasphemy, or both, and vindicate their opinions by coercing everybody who does not agree with them, and appealing at once to the knife. The Geneva business

is still in the memories of men, and there is very little doubt but that "freedom and peace" in 1868 have been quite up to the mark they scored in 1867. If nothing worse has happened at Berne than a few broken heads, a street row or two, and a slight addition to the cases of "drunk and incapable," the inhabitants of that mild but charming place are to be really congratulated. To scout, therefore, as utterly monstrous and frivolous meetings of this class, where a set of unwashed nobodies spout idiotic nonsense about matters of which they know absolutely nothing, would be almost a waste of words. The thing is evident. But turning from the blessings of freedom and peace, as understood on the banks of the Aar, to the ambitious programme set before the world in the vicinity of Charlotte street, it is impossible not to acknowledge that the latter has a sort of purpose about it. These gentlemen, it is to be presumed, know what they want, while the free and peaceful devotees most certainly do not. A return to the principles of 1792, that is what Leicester square craves for, and hopes, too, to bring about by a little occasional savage spouting and a good deal of indifferent French.

Fortunately for the peace of the world, there is no chance of their being very successful at present. France, according to their views, may not be the pleasantest place to live in: for things are very dear, society generally is bent on being quiet, and gentlemen who are enthusiastic about the guillotine are not much in favour with the Government. It is a matter for congratulation that such is the case. Alphonse, Jules, and Hypolyte are far better off in *le Great-Vindmill-street* and thereabouts than they would be if figuring away in a fresh "Convention" and repeating the atrocities of Barère and the Mountain.

Le Leicester squarr, however, ought to be reminded of one fact. It is very ungrateful. It is allowed to conspire, sell gloves, mark at billiards, and do a hundred and one other little things inseparably associated with *Mossoo*, and all this, too, on good British soil. As it happens, then, the principles of 1792 were rather of an unfriendly character to this country. "War to the death against every English soldier," cried Barère to the National Convention. "Humanity consists in exterminating our enemies. No mercy to the execrable English. Such are the sentiments of the true Frenchman. Soldiers of liberty, when victory places Englishmen at your mercy strike! None of them must return to the servile soil of Great Britain; none must pollute the free soil of France!" With *this* principle before us, what wonder that we congratulate ourselves on the fact that patriotism is obliged to relinquish its more arduous duties and take to selling chocolate drops, small *café*-keeping, and other humble but not un lucrative pursuits. Joking apart, if this is the meaning of 1792, it really almost "pollutes the free soil" of Fitzroy square.

THE ABUSE OF CRITICISM.

To pretend a belief in the impartiality or efficiency of the critics of the present day would be a stretch of faith, of which we are not likely to be guilty. We have too often pointed out the sort of pothouse cliqueism which is the first, if not the only, requisite of the literary and dramatic critics attached to many of our contemporaries. We know what Brown's opinion of Smith's play or Jones's novel will be before he writes it; in fact, the wonder is that some bright intellect among these literary stars has not contrived to hit on some simple lithograph form, which could be filled up according to the nature of the work to be criticised, and so save the critics a great deal of unnecessary manual labour. Of course it is very difficult for a writer in the *Saturday Review* to criticise one of Mr. Beresford Hope's speeches or one of Mr. Palgrave's delicious nursery rhymes, with the same impartial and acute judgment as he would doubtless bring to bear on any outsider's work. But partiality is one thing, gross misrepresentation, whether laudatory or condemnatory, is another. At the risk of alluding once more to the Prize Holywell street Novel of the year, we will draw attention to a criticism of "Sweet Anne Page" in a certain periodical, which once was happy enough to number among its chief contributors the Horace of the nineteenth century. Here is the opening paragraph:—

"On taking up 'Sweet Anne Page' we were delighted to find

that it was the work, not of Wilkie Collins, the dull, the prosaic, but of Mortimer Collins, the brilliant, the poetical."

This is pretty good to start with; but all that we will now remark is, that if Mr. Wilkie Collins has as much right to the title of dull as Mr. Mortimer Collins has to that of brilliant, he must be one of the most interesting writers that we possess.

The critic further on defines a good novel, somewhat in opposition to Rousseau's definition which he has quoted:—

"A good novel is, as it seems to us, a novel which has the effect of stimulating the intellectual faculties of the reader." Here it seems, in applying this definition to "Sweet Anne Page," the writer has confused the intellects with the senses. "It may leave him disposed to perform good actions, bad actions, or no actions at all. The essential thing is that it should awaken attention, excite emotion, engender thought." That "Sweet Anne Page" fully comes up to this standard of perfection we admit. It certainly does "awaken attention" most unpleasantly to the fact that such a novel exists as "Sweet Anne Page," and that such an Act exists as Lord Campbell's Act, and that the latter is unfortunately not brought to bear on the former. It "excites emotion" most decidedly, and very strong emotion too, in which two of the elements of passion, fire and water, are mingled, the first result of which emotion is a wish to fling the filthy book into the fire, and the next to fling any amount of cold water on the efforts of its author to force it into notoriety. It "engenders thought," too, of a profound if not of an agreeable kind: it makes us think who the people are that of their own free will read such detestable trash as this book.

We do not wish, bit by bit, to wade through this criticism (!). It is impossible that any man can have read the book, and have honestly written such an opinion of it, unless he is utterly destitute of a sense of purity and truth. Imagine any sane and decent person writing of "Sweet Anne Page" that "for those who can appreciate poetry, every literary form, and every literary grace, there is the entire work, which is interesting, engaging, and, above all, inspiring, from beginning to end." Inspiring! To a healthy-minded man, what can be more depressing than to see a combination of pruriency and ribald blasphemy put forward by a respectable publisher in such a form that it is likely, with its deceitful title, to fall into the hands of the young and the thoughtless, who at any rate ought to be protected from the danger of imbibing such poison under the guise of an "interesting" and "engaging" novel? We have only heard as yet of two journals which have had the bad taste to admit a laudatory notice of this work into their columns; we cannot see without deep sorrow the office of critic so debased, even in such unimportant instances; we cannot allow such a fraud upon the public to be uttered by any print, without raising our voice in protest against a system which allows the mutual toadyism of vulgar boon companions to intrude itself on however small a portion of the reading world, under the guise of criticism. If Mr. Mortimer Collins's friends must review his novels, they would prove their friendship much better by telling the truth, however coarsely, than by encouraging him in such outrages on decency and morality as "Sweet Anne Page."

ON CHINESE AMBASSADORS.

ANYBODY interested in the respective prices of paper lanterns, tea or chop-sticks, must be glad to hear of the advent of *Chin-chi-choong-jen-facheu*. The Chinese Ambassador has, we are glad to say, arrived, and for what we know to the contrary may at this moment be lodging in company with many other worthy and distinguished foreigners at that world-renowned establishment, *l'Hôtel Impérial de Cranbourne et du Louvre*, Princes street, Leicester square.

Where his Excellency will eventually put up, or what will be the nature of his ultimate duties, it might be perhaps at this moment indelicate to hint. But still, bearing in mind the former efforts of a diplomatic character from the Court of Peking, we cannot help indulging in the gloomiest—of course purely from a political point of view—forebodings as to the future awaiting *Chin-chi-choong-jen-facheu*. Doubtless he has come with the most exalted intentions, and has in his portfolio some dozen treaties only awaiting the signature of her Majesty; but who can fathom the destinies of a Chinese Ambassador in England? How long will it be before he appears precisely at a quarter to ten every evening at the Alhambra in the cele-

brated razor and soup-plate feat, as performed at the Imperial Palace of Peking, and before his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and the President of the United States? Who, indeed, will not expect to see him next season at Cremorne, probably helping out real birds'-nest soup at Mr. E. T. Smith's celebrated dinner at six, and swallowing the new regulation, gun, bayonet, and all, at half-past nine?

Such reflections may be aptly, we think, termed gloomy—from a political point of view. But to come to the pith of it. What *has* brought this unfortunate Chinaman here? We have had so many odd "diplomatic" missions of this sort direct from Peking in times past, that we naturally get a little suspicious. For instance, who does not remember the pagoda at St. George's, Knightsbridge, and the two Chinese noble youths who came to England "to finish their education?" They were first announced as "envoys extraordinary," but they gradually toned down into "noble youths finishing their education;" and this they did quite in a peculiar manner. The pagoda doors were thrown open from ten to six, and the youths went hourly through a short entertainment, consisting of a little Chinese comic singing, a little Chinese praying, a little gymnastic exercise, and a little selling of their signatures at sixpence each to a select audience. The admission, too, was only a shilling. What became of the youths we do not know; but it is to be presumed somebody made a good thing of their education, as they were speedily followed by a real mandarin in a real junk. He, too, came with a treaty; but soon neglected diplomatic for social obligations. True to the nautical instincts that induced him to round the Cape in that unseaworthy craft, he became a fixture quietly moored off Hungerford Market, where he underbid the noble youths who preceded him by selling *his* signature *with his portrait included* to anybody for fourpence-halfpenny. Then, we regret to say, spite these friendly relations, came a Chinese war, and for a season diplomatic intercourse was at a complete stand-still. Peace, however, brought its blessings; and one of the most prominent personages at the opening of the Exhibition of all Nations in Hyde Park in 1851 was *par excellence* the "Chinese Ambassador." He is to be seen to this day making a profound obeisance to her Majesty in the very front of that celebrated engraving with which we are all familiar. However, a sketch of him further on in the season would have been less imposing. On the 1st of May he was hustling Ministers of State. On the 1st of August he was taking tea with his family in public in a gimcrack house at Knightsbridge, and playing indifferent solos on the one-stringed *Tanga-ming-tong-chin* to a sixpenny audience. Then came a war or two, when peace again culminated in the arrival of the giant *Chang*. His efforts as a statesman are too recent and too well known to need any comment here: suffice it to say that he was very energetic at his work of conciliation, and "did" the provinces like a true diplomatist.

With such a history of the Chinese Embassy before us, it is, we repeat, excusable at least to ask what has brought *Chin-chi-choong-jeu-facheu* amongst us. If our only acquaintance with the Turkish Ambassador's finesse as a statesman had been made through a dervish's dance and an afternoon with the *tang-jang*, or were the representative of France, for instance, invariably to burst out into a *matinée musicale*, enlivened by the *can-can*, we might look to new appointments in these directions with much interest. As it is, their diplomacy is of the ordinary type. However, not to be too hard on *Chin-chi-choong-jeu-facheu*, whether he means business or—business, we shall be equally delighted. A fresh treaty or a "terrific flight in fireworks on a Chinese dragon" will be both grateful things in their way. And what is more, one will be quite as likely as the other to cement our firm friendship with China.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

It has been announced that the statue of the Duke of Cumberland, which has for so many years dragged out a weary existence within the enclosure of Cavendish square, is to be taken down, moulded, and recast. As his Highness has long been in a sorry plight, no one would have supposed that any objection could have arisen to the proposal, but no sooner was the polishing up process talked about, than a whole army of dissentients arose, and they are now insisting that the effigy of the

hero of Culloden should be removed altogether. Really people might find some more worthy subject to disagree over. No one denies that Culloden Cumberland was not the most shocking of bad characters, but this is no reason that a hundred years after his funeral a dead set should be made at his statue. It may not certainly be a work of art, or even an embellishment to the metropolis, but it certainly is inoffensive, and does no harm in Cavendish square. Those people who are now clamouring for its removal should realise the fearful responsibility they are incurring, for if the statue is not to remain where it is, it is for them to suggest what on earth is to be done with it,—a question of no easy solution.

CHARADE-PUZZLE.

By "THE LIVELY LUNATIC OF CAMBERWELL GREEN."

God Neptune in his wrathful hour,
My *second*, in each wave he sways,
My *whole* is of my *second's* class;
When ruff'd by the wind's high pow'r
Abounds unseen, till Sol's warm rays
Of dingy red, not unlike glass,

In battle with his wave,
Absorb it on my *first*,
And to the taste the same;
Upon my *first* his fury spends
Then in a hole perchance I lie,
'Tis in appearance like my *first*,

With awful roar, which echo sends
In virgin garments, snug and dry,
Though mariners know which is worst
Down to his sea-girt cave.
To make ye mortals thirst.
Whene'er they hear my name.

LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

We have been gratified to receive the following "pleasing" answers to our "Hieroglyphic" of last week. They only show what a little patience will do. We didn't know a bit what we meant when we printed the following:—

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Still the accompanying answers have been sent to us!

Lines never to be repeated.—Slodger and Tiney.
Our glorious star-spangled banner, Stars and Stripes.—Yankee.
Twelve asterisks and three lines.—Isabella S.
A flock of star lin's (starlings); or, Twinkle twinkle little star(s),
How I wonder what you are.—Jersey Cabbagstalk.
The voice of the stars on the line. Three asterisks (asstricks) under the line. Asterisks (hysteries) on a parallel. Three stars under the line.—Tower Demon Smithfield.
Starlings (star lines).—Maniac-Millie-Crazy-Rita-Insane-Evie-and-Lunatic-Lena.

1.
Three asses-tricks (asterisks) well underlined
Are meant to typify
The plans of three who have a mind
For Parliament to try.

2.
Three-asses tricks well over-ruled
Show how these donkeys arc,
For multifarious reasons, fool'd
By voters near and far.

3.
The self-same marks the lines between,
If viewed with care and thought,
Will have to be viewed with care again,
And then again with thought.
The Rantamtoozalum of the Desert.