

# THE TOMAHAWK:

## A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 85.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

### MR. GLADSTONE'S "HAPPY FAMILY."

MR. GLADSTONE'S first Ministry is now complete. The only feature which distinguishes it from a Russell Ministry is the exchange of Mr. Milner Gibson for Mr. Bright. No one will deny that the exchange is a very advantageous one to the Premier, and to the country. If Mr. Lowe is not to be Mr. Gladstone's puppet, (and we should think the member for London University would furnish very unpromising material for a dummy), it must certainly be confessed that the fact of the Reviler of the Working Man being placed in so prominent a position, is a guarantee against any democratic intentions on the part of Mr. Gladstone. Whether the Presidency of the Board of Trade will have the same sedative effect upon Mr. Bright as it had on Mr. Milner Gibson, it is impossible to say; but, except to abolish the rate-paying clauses, and the representation of minorities, it is not very likely that the great agitator will exert his influence very much. He may rest under the shade of his laurels, and leave to Beales, Bradlaugh, Finlen, and Co. the task of bringing about the next "bloodless revolution."

Altogether, we cannot help feeling that the New Ministry represents the transitional state in which we are. It is something to be rid of Earl Russell, but there still cling to the skirts of progress some of the genuine selfish indolent Whigs, who trade on the reputation of the name, associated as it is with one of the grandest revolutions in history, but which then belonged to a far different stamp of men than the present owners. We should have preferred to see Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Mill in the Cabinet, even if their presence necessitated the exclusion of the courtly Granville, the ponderous Hartington, the canny Argyll, or even that well-conducted genius Göschen. Why the latter gentleman has been placed at the head of the Poor-law Board, except as a guarantee that Mr. Gladstone yet retains sufficient Whiggism in his composition not to interfere with the enlightened and genial rule of red tape, we do not know. Red tape! the colour is appropriate, for it has been dyed in the blood of many victims. We see no promise of any real advance for the cause of true Reform in the composition of Mr. Gladstone's Happy Family. As a specimen of incongruous elements fused into a temporary unity, it is interesting. The idea of Mr. Bright sitting on the same bench as Mr. Lowe is very amusing; we wonder if those back numbers of the *Star* which denounced in such vigorous language the slanderer of the working classes are still extant? or has Mr. Bright bought them all up, and burnt them on the altar of friendship? Lord Clarendon and Lord Granville are strange colleagues, but stranger subordinates, of the

"People's William." Fancy the pink of elegance and aristocratic grace receiving a deputation headed, let us say, by Finlen; indeed, as Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Granville may have to confer with ticket-of-leave men. It is very refreshing to see what wonderful conversions the Treasury Bench is capable of producing. Lord Clarendon, as the associate of the Radical member for Birmingham, would be a strange sight for the ghost of Lord Palmerston, if that jaunty spectre should "revisit the glimpses of the moon" some night of this session. However, let us rejoice that men can forget their differences so easily, for their country's sake, if not for their own.

Surely England never had deeper cause to regret Lord Westbury's escapades than now, when she beholds the woolsack adorned by Lord Hatherley (late Sir William Page Wood). It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Peers and of his party, that he will prove a silent friend of the Administration. We want above all things now a Lord Chancellor who has the ability and energy to grapple with that most difficult question, Law Reform. Lord Hatherley may have a secret fund of genius and daring, like Lord Mayo, but he has scarcely as yet given us the right to suspect him of such peculiarities. The combative quality of Mr. Lowe's mind might have found a more genial province for its exercise at the War Office, than at the Exchequer. He would have snubbed the Commander-in-Chief to some purpose. Mr. Cardwell found courage to censure Governor Eyre, but we much fear he will be inclined to temporize with the Royal Horse Guards. One negative virtue the Cabinet decidedly possesses: it does not include Mr. Layard. At the Board of Works it is to be hoped that that darling of the *Morning Advertiser*, (the organ of the publicans is sure to support license,) may find some navvy who will be a match for him in strong language.

We will not criticise the *personnel* of the new Ministry any further. We will only ask them a few questions as to their intended policy, which if they do not answer satisfactorily, by their conduct as well as by their professions, they will not be worthy of the confidence of those whose Liberalism means something more than antagonism to Church Establishments, and extravagant laudation of Mr. Gladstone. Of course the Irish Church question will be settled as quickly as possible. It will not be made to stretch over seven years for the purpose of ensuring to us the blessing of the present Whig and tamed-Radical Government. But what next? Are we ever to see the Poor-law office, and all its shameful shams and abuses, swept, and garnished with humanity and brains? Are permanent officials to be allowed to thwart every attempt at Reform, every

effort to benefit the deserving poor instead of the undeserving vagrant? Are the same vermin to swarm in our military and naval departments, and pursue, unchecked, their career of murderous blundering to which so many brave men have already fallen victims, under which so many noble hearts have been broken, so many lives made one long misery? Are the creatures of the Treasury still to be allowed to cheat the nation by applying the money, voted by Parliament for one work, in repairing the waste and loss incurred in some totally different work? Is the audit of the public accounts still to be in the hands of the nominees and slaves of that very department, whose expenditure they are supposed to check? Are thousands to be flung away every year in pursuing profitless experiments, while a few hundreds are grudgingly given to the support of education or of the fine arts? Are offences against property still to be punished with imprisonment, while outrages against life, and limbs, and decency, are compounded for by a fine? Are human beings still to be allowed to herd together in dens of fever and sinks of moral corruption, while our stables, our piggeries, and our slaughter-houses, are rigorously inspected? Are scoundrels to be allowed to poison the food and drink of the poor at risk of no other punishment but the payment of a small commission on their profits to the Government? Are hundreds and thousands of children still to be condemned by the brutal neglect of their parents to life-long ignorance and vice? Are our police to hunt harmless dogs to death, while garotters and housebreakers are allowed to walk freely amongst us, with their hands on our throats or in our pockets?

These are important questions, and some answer must be given to them. We have had enough of Whig palliatives; we want such abuses, as are pointed at above, rooted out of the land. The hydra self-interest must be slain. John Bull must be no longer bound hand and foot with that invention of the devil, red tape. The *laissez-aller* principle is a very pleasant one for the rich and the happy, not for the poor and wretched. We have got as much political liberty as we want, and perhaps more than is good for some of us. We want a little social liberty. We want to be released from the tyranny of custom. We all know that "the British Empire is the home of &c., &c., that Britannia rules the waves, and Britons never *will be* slaves," because they are the slaves of time-honoured abuses, to which they cling as evidences of their liberty. This is a glorious country, and a poor wretch is free to be starved to death or poisoned, and, for all some people care, he is welcome to such freedom. There is plenty of gold in the bank, and plenty of money to be made in the City, and British goods are bought and sold all over the world, and our vast commercial enterprise is our proudest boast, and our morality is purer than any other nations, we are a wonderful and prosperous people—and charitable too, look at the subscription lists. We know all this, and very gratifying it is; but we are getting rather tired of repeating all this self-laudation, and when we walk in the streets, we can't help looking at the gutters as well as at the shop-windows; unless we are very much mistaken, there are a good many people who have lately woke to the knowledge of the fact that a great deal of our national greatness is nothing but an idle boast, and that there is scarcely any civilised country in which so many disgraceful abuses are fostered, as in rich Christian England.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS EVERGREEN.—The TOMAHAWK ALMANACK.—Why?—Why? you stupid.—Because it keeps its leaves all the year round.

## MILITARY REFORM.

Months ago we pointed out that the pretended economy of the Scheme for Control in the Departments of the Army would really be only a cloak for extravagance, waste, and jobbery, that numbers of officers would be put on large pensions, that numbers more would be promoted to new and more highly-paid posts, and that numbers of new appointments would afterwards be made.

Well, the reductions have begun, and have begun, as we foresaw, with reckless extravagance, such as has not often been paralleled. The first high officer whose reduction the new arrangements have caused has been pensioned off on a pension just five times as large as he had earned by law. The Director of Stores, after 12 years' service at Pall Mall at a salary of £1,200 a-year, has been put on a pension of £1,000 a-year for life.

Now, under the Act of Parliament, which governs, or is supposed to govern, such retirements, the highest pension that Admiral Caffin (an Admiral at the War Office!) could have earned after 50 years' service is £800; the pension he is entitled to after his 12 years' service is £200; and the able arithmeticians at the Treasury seem to have found out that the only way to calculate his pension was by adding what he could have got, but didn't (£800), to what he could have got and did (£200), and so have decreed him a life pension of £1,000 a-year.

If all the reductions are carried out on this scale, we may indeed tremble at the prospect of the forthcoming retrenchments.

True it is that we have heard within the last few months of the reductions in the naval dockyards, which have "reduced" numbers of labourers and their families to penury and the workhouse. But they were *only labourers* without any "rights" to "retired allowances;" and are not the savings on their wages available towards giving "handsome" pensions to the poor officers who have to be reduced?

May we suggest to some one of "our new members" that he might signalize his commencement of parliamentary life by strictly watching and closely scrutinizing the various retirements which "our new economies" will render henceforth of daily occurrence. Let his voice be first heard in Westminster denouncing such jobbery and robbery of the hard-pressed taxpayer as is involved in such "retrenchments." Let him demand a distinct and definite statement of what reductions are to be made, of what promotions have been promised, and of what numbers are to be retained in connexion with the new scheme for Army Control. Let him moreover ascertain whether any of the appointments in the new departments have even already been given to officers who are not in the ranks of the departments to be reduced, thus entailing unnecessary pensions on the public. Let him consistently and persistently undertake the scrutiny of these fearful extravagancies, and we will promise him the gratitude of the nation,—and also plenty of work to occupy him for some time to come.

## MISS MUTTON.

WHAT we confess we should think a great compliment to ourselves if we had written a novel has been paid to Mrs. Henry Wood, of the 'Argosy,' by M. Nus last week at the Vaudeville Theatre in Paris. What we should consider an equal injustice has been done at the same time in not recognising that lady as originator of the plot which M. Nus has used for his drama entitled *Miss Mutton*.

Mrs. Henry Wood wrote a novel called *East Lynne*. M. Nus has brought out a most successful piece taken from this novel.

An outcry has been raised at the cool appropriation of the same, and we are not altogether astonished at it, but what we cannot understand is that Mr. Charles Reade has not opened his mouth on the subject. Perhaps he has already paid a sum of five pounds to the French pirate for the absolute use of his drama, so that before long we may be gratified, and Mrs. Wood charmed at the same time, to see *East Lynne* on the stage as an entirely original comedy, by the Authors of *White Lies*, or *Le Château de Grantier*; *Art or Mistress Siddons*; *A Village Tale* or *Claudie*, and other equally happy emanations from the same brain.

## A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.

"A PENNY for your thoughts," said TOMAHAWK, as he suddenly appeared in the midst of the first Cabinet Council of the New Ministers.

"Come, this is Christmas Time, let's have some fun. Write down on slips of paper what you are thinking of, and give them to me."

"Agreed," says Clarendon, always genial and ready for "a game."

The slips of paper were handed in. TOMAHAWK read them, one by one, to himself, of course.

MR. GLADSTONE.—How on earth am I to manage this lot? Let me see, there are three ways; by coaxing—that's not in my line; by trickery—that's more in Dizzy's line; by bullying—well, I must see what Bright says. I hope Lowe has turned his wooden horse out to grass for the winter. I shall quote Homer if he begins with his Virgil. I don't believe he understands Greek.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—Is it a dream? No, it is not. I am on the woolsack. I wonder whether the debating societies of some future age will discuss the difficult question, "Why was Sir W. Page Wood made Lord Chancellor?" For the same reason, I suppose, as that for which Eve accepted Adam. There was no one else.

LORD CLARENDON.—Here we are again! Jolly is not it? I am so glad they've moved Layard to the Board of Works—he'll be at home there—lots of mud. Bright is not such a bad fellow after all—I shall offer him a cigar (which he did).

LORD GRANVILLE.—I must be polite to everybody! I lead the House of Lords, thank goodness. Lucky for them it is not Russell. It might have been worse if Gladstone had made Beales a minister. Ah, *canaille*! I must not forget to bow to Bright.

DUKE OF ARGYLL.—Well, I'm all right. I've got something to do. I kept in with Gladstone all along. I was right. Fancy Granville leading the House! Why, I don't believe he has ever read the "Reign of Law." I shall send him a copy.

MR. CARDWELL.—War to the knife—with the War-office estimates.

MR. LOWE.—So this is what my Philippics of 1866 have brought me to! Chancellor of Exchequer under Gladstone! I wish they'd let me pay the bishops; would not I stop their salaries for non-attendance to their duties. I shall have my portrait taken as Laocoon.

"Laocoon ardens summâ decurrit ab arce," &c., &c.

MR. CHILDERS.—

"Oh, my ship it is ready, and the wind blows fair,  
And I'm off to the Admiralty, Mary Anne."

Yes, and won't I stir those old admirals up, that's all. Why, it will be better fun than a Kangaroo hunt.

MR. BRIGHT.—What an ass I shall look in silk stockings! Never mind, I'll bring in a bill to abolish primogeniture, court dress, entails, and all tomfoolery. I should like to have a good set-to with Bob Lowe for £10,000 a-side and a new Reform Bill. Never mind, perhaps he'll play billiards with me. I can beat him at that.

MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE.—I wonder whether Ireland will be safe when this Irish Church business is going on. If they send Lord Halifax out, I am sure the "pisantry" will make shillelaghs out of him. Ha! Ha! Ha!

MR. GOSCHEN.—I am going to count how many paupers there are in England; that is my idea of Poor-law Reform. I suppose they put me here because I am very good at figures. It's about all I am good for, but it is hard on the poor. I ought to have had Lowe's place.

"Read! Read!" they cried, as TOMAHAWK laughed at one after another of the *naïve* confessions.

"Oh, no, that would never do; you won't get on very well as it is. I must take these little slips with me, slips of thought;

take care, my dear boys, that you don't make any such slips of the tongue, or my friend, Dizzy, will be down on you pretty sharp. Good bye, I hope this time next year we may all meet again, and in the same place. Meantime, 'A Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year' to you all."

With this very original remark, TOMAHAWK took his departure.

## NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM.

RULE *Britannia*,  
*Britannia* rules the waves,  
And mans her noble fleet  
From TOMAHAWK'S young braves!

## OVER THE SEE.

THE discussion concerning the residence of the Primate of England is still on the *tapis*; but although everyone seems to agree that some alteration in the existing arrangement should be made, no two people are of the same mind what it is to be. As the greater ventilation a subject of such moment receives the better, we do not hesitate to publish some of the schemes which have been submitted to us for our consideration. Of course we have made it a point, in the first instance, to consult those persons who are most nearly interested in the several proposals, and we append the objections which have been pointed out to us; but for our own part we frankly confess that we shrink from the responsibility of giving a decision on a question of such intense importance.

*Scheme No. 1.*—The Archbishop to be provided with a magnificent suite of apartments in all the Royal Palaces, and to accompany the Court to whatever residence the Queen may be pleased to occupy.

*Objected to by her Majesty.*

*Scheme No. 2.*—The Tower of London to be handed over to the Archbishop for a town house, and immediate arrangements to be made for placing Hampton Court Palace at his Grace's disposal as a country residence.

*Beefeaters dissatisfied, and determined opposition from the present occupants of apartments at Hampton Court.*

*Scheme No. 3.*—The "Official residence in Downing street" to be occupied permanently by the Archbishop.

*Objected to by somebody at the Treasury.*

*Scheme No. 4.*—The Archbishop to build a palace at Canterbury (at his own expense), and to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Objected to by his Grace.*

*Scheme No. 5.*—The Archbishop to have no permanent residence, but to take up his abode for the period of one month with each of the Bishops of the Established Church in succession.

*General consternation amongst their Lordships. Threat of the Bishop of Oxford to apostatise.*

*Scheme No. 6.*—The freehold of the Canterbury Hall to be acquired, and the establishment to be entirely redecored for his Grace's reception.

*No particular objection of anybody.*

*Scheme No. 7.*—The Archbishop to be provided with a palace at Rome, and not to be interfered with.

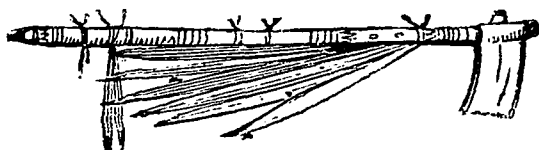
*Objected to by 40 per cent. of the members of the Established Church.*

As for the Dr. Tait's own views on the subject, should anyone consider them worth asking for, we believe we are correct in stating that he would wish to retain his present residence in St. James's square, to use the palace at Fulham as a summer retreat, to occupy Lambeth Palace if it suits him, not to go near Addington Park unless it does, and, above all, to run down to his little house near Margate, which is his own personal property, whenever he has a moment to himself.

KCANAMLA KWAHAMOT

ecnepeerhT ecirP

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK,  
SECOND ISSUE IS NOW READY.  
Price Threepence.



\* \* 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, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

### THE WEEK.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE has not yet *resigned*!!!

WE understand that the Royal Tradesmen have assumed for their motto, "Ex Nile oh! Nihil fit!"

MR. GLADSTONE'S seriousness of purpose is fully shown in his refusal to make a place in the ministry for that arch jester, Bernal Osborne. Surely he has better wit and better sense, too, than Ayrton.

NOT even the robes of the Sovereign were present at the opening of Parliament. Perhaps Her Majesty is so pleased with the people's Representatives that she does not wish to bring their debates to a *clothes*.\*

A WELL-KNOWN and generous Irishman has refused the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police (offered to him in anticipation of Sir Richard's resignation) because he declared that he "would rather be any *thing* than *Mayne*!"

### WILD BOAR-GIA!

A NOT very imperial organ on the other side of the Channel has, thanks to the recent accident to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, found out a new meaning in Compiègne. Those much-prized invitations, for which many a Parisian lady would part even with her false hair, are not, after all, the beautiful compliments the world would have us imagine. The paper is white enough, but death works in the ink. Napoleon, like the Borgia, wishes to get rid of his "friends" in a friendly way, and so, poison being out of fashion, owing to the prevailing taste for *post-mortem* examination, he hits on the no less happy expedient of giving them a day's sport. Savage and trained stags, and the wildest of boars, are kept ready at all deserted spots in the forest, and woe to the *chasseur* who is led into the snare.

\* Surely "CLOSE" is not meant by the writer.—[ED. TOMAHAWK.]

According, then, to JULES, the recent escape of the Prince was quite providential, he having been inveigled into the "ont" solely that his life might avenge the hitch, say in the reciprocity treaty.

JULES has, on the strength of this, favoured us with the following, which is, of course, absolutely authentic.

SCENE—*The Palace at Compiègne.*

*Enter the* EMPEROR, *the* KING of PRUSSIA, *the* CZAR, *the* QUEEN of SPAIN, *and* PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

The EMPEROR.—Good morning, gentlemen and woman.

The CZAR.—Good morning, you Sar!

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—O yes! Ros bif! I am Angliche! dam. O yes!

The KING of PRUSSIA.—No, Sir, you are one Schlesviger. Clean my boot.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—O yes! I am Angliche Duke! 'Oorah! Long lives the Queen!

The QUEEN of SPAIN.—'Oorah! 'Oorah!! 'Oorah!!!

The EMPEROR.—O yes! Let us 'ont. (*To the CZAR.*) You shall go and find one little stag that not bite, tied by his 'orn to a strong tree. I give you this gun. (*Gives it.*) It carry nine-mile, and kill ten stag each time. Go and stick it on the eye of that little stag, I tell you of, and fire. Ha! ha! you kill him dead; it is the 'ont. *Vive le sport*, gentlemen and woman!

The CZAR.—Thank you, Sa'ar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to the* KING of PRUSSIA).—You shall follow him, and hold the stag when he is dead, or cut off his leg, when he not look. (*Gives knife.*) It is great sport. I do it myself—(*aside*)—at the dinner! Ha! ha!

The KING of PRUSSIA.—I will stick this in to the Czar. (*Laughs.*) That is only my one little joke, you know. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to the* QUEEN of SPAIN).—You would like *le sport*. There is a little pig with blue ribbon on his face; so tame! You will 'ont him? (*Gives spear.*)

The QUEEN of SPAIN.—O yes! (*Aside.*) I shall 'ont you. [*Exit.*]

The EMPEROR (*to* PRINCE CHRISTIAN).—You not worth the 'ont, eh?

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—That is one lie. They do make *le sport* of me in my country. I am Angliche Duke. 'Oorah! [*Exit.*]

### THE LAST CUR OF THE SEASON.

WHEN Sir Richard Mayne issued his obnoxious manifesto against the dogs in the early part of the summer, not the least irritating point of its introduction was the aggressive manner in which every available brick wall was placarded with the "Notice." When the other day the Chief Commissioner was pleased to repeal his edict it was but natural to expect that the same publicity would be given to the retraction of the order as was accorded to its imposition; this, however, has not been the case, for the public have been left to find out for themselves from *quasi*-authoritative newspaper paragraphs, that their dogs had been restored to liberty. Unwilling, however, as Sir Richard Mayne may have been to rush into print just at present, the order of last June could only be cancelled by a further proclamation. The following document was evidently not intended for publication to the world, but as one of Sir Richard's confidential subordinates has done us the favour to forward a copy to us we cannot, in acknowledgment of the attention, do less than to give it a place in our columns:—

#### COMMAND.

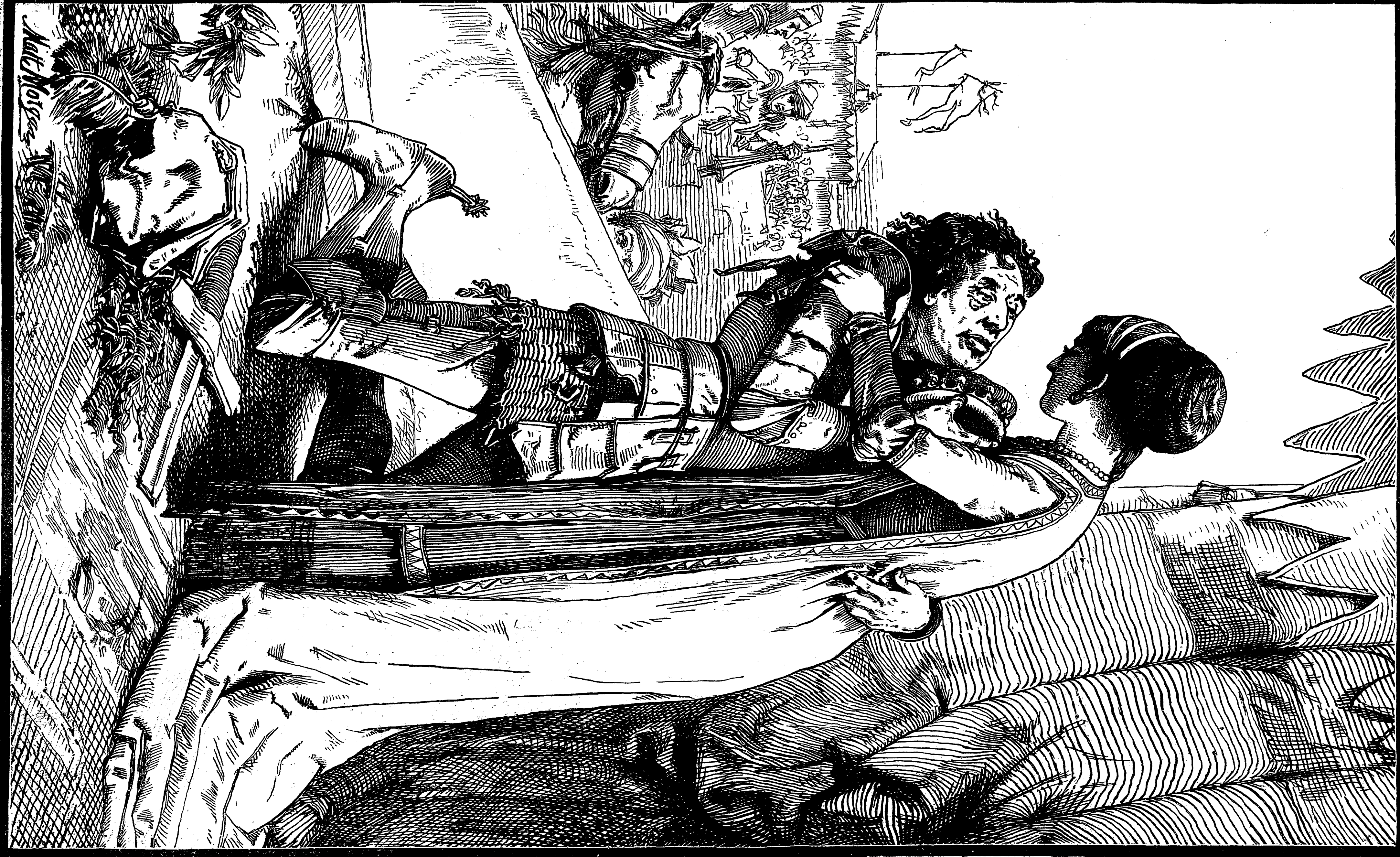
WHEREAS for the past three months certain common persons, styling themselves the public, have dared to approach me and to declare to me that the order for the removal by the Police of stray and unmuzzled dogs was no longer necessary, I have considered it due to myself, and the office I do the country the honour to hold, to refuse to entertain such impertinent representations. Now, however, that Parliament is about to assemble, it is my WILL and PLEASURE that the order above referred to shall be in abeyance till in my wisdom I CHOOSE to renew it.

Signed,

RICHARD MAYNE.

Scotland Yard, 30th November, 1868.





*"FINIS CORONAT OPUS!"*

(DEDICATED TO VISCOUNTESS BEACONSFIELD AND THE EX-PREMIER OF ENGLAND.)

Ph. Ph. No 24

## THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

FIRST STUDY—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE THE AMATEUR AUTHOR.

*Cawley's Rooms, the Guests, the "Dinnaw," Table-talk.*

I WENT to "dinnaw" at Cawley's rooms to keep my promise. The rooms strongly reminded me of their tenant—they were vaguely grand and superficially comfortable. I found that our friend had many tastes—on an easel was a picture, which would have been *very* good if it had only been well painted. On the piano was some musical MS., which would have been *extremely* clever if only it hadn't been the waltz out of *Faust*, completely spoilt, and turned into a polka. The glass over the mantel-piece, with the picture of Cawley's mother, and its crowd of title-bearing cards, showed where, in its owner's character, the gentleman ended and the snob began.

There were four guests, all more or less shirt-front and stephanotis. One (Townshend), because he belonged to one of the Government Offices attached to the Houses of Parliament, was supposed to be a great authority upon political subjects. Another (Parker) having a brother unpaid *attaché* to the British Legation at Timbuctoo, was believed to be in the secret counsel of all the Crowned Heads of Europe. The remaining guests, Bloomfield and Rice, were of the stamp of the "Young Man of the Period," weak, silly, and vicious.

These clever young gentlemen stared at me when I entered the room, and seemed to put my dress clothes on trial. My waistcoat (being cut six inches higher than the mode) at once proved the case against me, and my clothes were found guilty, and sentenced to be snubbed for the remainder of the evening.

About this time Cawley entered the room, got up in shirt-front and black velvet; I was introduced to my judges, and we all went down to "dinnaw."

The "dinnaw" was decidedly good.

Cawley had the reputation of an epicure, and certainly on this occasion did his best to maintain it. We did not speak very much during the meal, and what follows is a fair sample of our conversation.

CAWLEY.—Haw, just take this bottle to Mistaw Rice (*servant obeys*). I say, old fellow, just taste that, and tell me what you think of it.

RICE (*pours out a glass of wine and devours a crumb of bread*).—Fine bouquet! (*He stares at the glass hard, holds it fiercely to the light and stares at it hard again, he then brings it under his nose and smells it, keeping his eyes fiercely fixed on vacancy. This done, he takes a sip large enough to fill his mouth, keeps his mouth full for five-and-twenty seconds while he ruminates, and then gulps the wine down. Turning his eyes towards Cawley he gravely bows in approval.*)

CAWLEY.—Yars, it is drinkable. (*A dish is brought in, guests refer to their cards, and take a languid interest in the movements of the waiter.*)

PARKER.—Yars, I know Wales has gone to the Nile to see the Viceroy of Egypt without giving offence to the Sultan. Sultan's awfully jealous. You all of you know story about *La Grande Duchesse*.

EVERYBODY BUT I (*smiling languidly at the faint recollection of some good story*).—Yars, gra'fun.

PARKER.—Very much so. I know I'm right, got the tip from St. Petersburg.

TOWNSHEND.—Think you're wrong. Hear its economy. Say so at the House.

BLOOMFIELD (*calling attention to sudden emotion of Cawley, who now looks like a fashionable demon*).—Why, my dear fellow, what's the mattaw?

CAWLEY (*trying to control his rage*).—I knew she would! I have told her ovaw and ovaw again, and yet she does it! On my soul, it's too bad!

RICE (*tasting contents of last dish*).—Mean too much bread crumbs?

CAWLEY (*in a heart-broken voice*).—Yars!

GUESTS.—Confoundedly provoking. Bear up, old fellow. (*Said to console Cawley.*) Rather like bread crum m'self.

CAWLEY (*smiling sorrowfully at their well-meant attempts at consolation*).—Had presentiment this morning that something this sort would happen!

(Appearance of a fresh dish.)

And so on. I gradually and unconsciously adopted the manners of the other guests, and by dessert time was tasting and nodding like the rest of them. Yes, to my shame let it so be written.

And now came the business of the evening.

But pray pardon me, I am tired. Wait till next week.

## A BARGAIN FOR BEAUCLERKS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, for the want of something better to discuss, has been moralizing over the agony column of the *Times*, and in an article which the leading journal reproduced in its own columns, has been quoting a batch of curious advertisements which are always to be found in that region of mystery, imagination, and humour. It is a pity that the following escaped the eagle glance of our ever vigilant contemporary, for it certainly serves as a text for a sermon at least half a column long:—

FOR SALE, the BUST of Admiral Lord AMELIUS BEAUCLERK, G.C.B., G.C.H., under a glass shade, standing on a pedestal, picked out white and gold, with the trophies. Price £10, worth considerably more. Apply at ———

Surely the advertisement must have a hidden meaning. To begin with, who is his lordship, and why should he suddenly be forced before the world as a public character? Again; why should it be considered expedient to protect him with a glass shade? Then what are his trophies, and why will the advertiser take £10 for the lot, when the trophies alone are evidently worth all the money? There is something more than natural in the announcement, if philosophy, or, better still, Inspector Clarke, of the Detective Police, could but find it out. Failing such solution of the enigma, however, let us hazard a guess at its meaning. May it not be that a bust of Lord Amelius Beauclerk has fallen into the hands of somebody or other who, finding it an unsaleable article, has resorted to the agony column of the *Times* to bring forward some relative of the noble admiral who would be willing to pay a ten-pound note to buy up the advertisement, or is his lordship a sort of Lord Nelson, who wants a little pushing?

## DIVES IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is something about the charity of Mr. Peabody, which, seeing we do not live in the first age of Christianity but in the nineteenth, may well afford matter for more than a mere passing comment. Not that we have the time or taste to devote to a sort of moral essay on the highest duty but one that a man can discharge. On the contrary, we wish merely to direct attention, in a casual way, to a question that it seems to us to ask with great point and force. Are the rich of this country doing their duty, or anything like it? Here is Mr. Peabody, enormously wealthy it is true, giving handsomely to the poor. Possibly, and we hazard the suggestion, we trust, without any detraction or offence, the great sums he has already handed over for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of his fellow-men, have not in the remotest degree affected the course of his daily life or the amount of his personal expenditure. Still, after all, and especially in these days, when real charity is scarcely understood, it must be admitted that Mr. Peabody is far in advance of all other benefactors of mankind, and that the way of his giving is royal, thorough and substantial, and we may safely say thus much. If men of something like equal wealth would only follow his lead in the same spirit, what blessings might not be scattered broadcast on that most degraded, most miserable herd in Europe, the poor of England! Take, for instance, a man like the Marquis of Westminster; he gives, it is true, to various charities here and there, but to what extent? To one then, that when his enormous revenues are taken into consideration, is not to be named in the same breath with real charity. He is down, say, on some fund for £500, and Robinson, the government clerk, is also down for twenty shillings. Robinson then gives proportionately just double what the Marquis does, for he has his £400 a-year, and of that gives  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., while we suppose no one will venture to assert that the income of the Marquis of Westminster amounts only to £200,000 a-year. But this is not even the proper

aspect of the thing, for without in the least touching upon socialism, there is a much more striking one, when the subject is regarded from another point of view. Robinson, to refer to him again, has no doubt the greatest difficulty in sparing that pound and the other four that he makes a point of devoting every year to charity, in as much as his attempt to support his family decently on £400 a-year is attended with great difficulty and anxiety. Now it is to be presumed that any Englishman living, be he Archbishop, Duke, or cotton-spinner, could live like a prince on £100,000 a-year, or, to descend in the scale, like a less luxurious, but still comfortable, individual on £50,000, or even like a plain Christian gentleman, without any killing economy, on £20,000! Our really rich man, then, could give, not his 1½ per cent., like poor Robinson who feels it, but his 300 or 600 per cent. or more, and, as far as the comforts and blessings of this life are concerned, never feel it at all. Of course he never will do this, for he will quiet his conscience with all sorts of sophistries to the end of the chapter. All thanks, then, to Mr. Peabody for the new light he throws upon this vital question. His gift is a fine satire on the comparatively paltry alms-giving of our wealthier classes. That the satire will have the least effect, who, who knows the selfish and lying twaddle with which those who have all excuse their luxuries to those who have nothing, can for a moment hope? It is a gloomy subject, perhaps, and one that many of our readers would gladly dismiss, but it is, nevertheless, or soon will be, one of the great questions of the day. As we leave it we will make one apposite remark. It is rather the fashion among the rich to look on Dives as a thoroughly bad man. This is a mistake. He was simply very worldly.

### THE BOOK OF THE YEAR (THAT IS TO BE).

THE following specimen of a work, which will no doubt be the literary sensation of next season, has been forwarded to us.

CALAIS.—Arrived here all right. The sea was rather rough, but I have seen it rougher. When the sea is rough some people don't like it. I don't mind it. I can smoke. Alexandra is pretty well considering.

[I forgot to say that I intend to write a book about my tour. Alfred has had a book done; and my mother is quite a celebrated authoress. I don't see why I should not do something. I shan't get Knollys or Keppel to do any of mine. Not I.]

How jolly it is to think we have got away from London for four months. I am sorry for the people, if they miss me; I daresay Arthur Lloyd will be awfully cut up—and it's very hard on the Strand Theatre, but I can't help it. I could not let Alexandra go through another season. So as the mother *won't* come out, I had to bolt.

I suppose Christian will take my place. What a joke! We're off to Paris. *Vive l'Empereur, Vive Schneider!* Hurrah!

I must not be quite so familiar in my style. I must manage to get in something serious too—some information about the countries. I shall get Alexandra to write me an essay on the costume of the Egyptians. I suppose I shall manage to kill a crocodile. I should think if Alfred could kill an elephant, it will be deuced hard lines if I can't kill a crocodile—in fact, ever such a lot of crocodiles—and the sacred Ibex—no—Ibis.

But I forgot, here we are in Paris. I suppose I need not say much about Paris. It's the chief town of France, "and all tha-at thort of thing." Alexandra does not appreciate my imitations of Dundreary, but she laughs, bless her dear face!

As I was saying—Paris is a very large town. They manufacture lots of things there—chocolate, hats, fichus, chignons, bad cigars, good dinners, Emperors, and Schneiders. I am getting funny! I shall read this to little Victor, and see if he laughs—then I shall try it on Knollys. If he don't laugh—ah! he better had—that's all. This is an awfully jolly place. They don't stare at one. Alexandra and I walk about quite comfortable—nobody bothers us. Let's see, what shall we do to-night? Oh! we'll go and see Schneider.

It does one a great deal of good to see a French play, it's very good practice to see if you can follow what they say. Alexandra don't admire Schneider. I am sorry for that. I don't think she has got much sense of humour. She don't admire Arthur

Lloyd—and she never will laugh at "The Chickaleary Cove," though I sing it first-rate. Ask Carrington—he says we ought to get up a burlesque, private of course, at Sandringham. But I am wandering from my subject.

I am now going to relate a circumstance which befell me in the Forest of Compiègne. The Forest of Compiègne is so called because— By Jove! the Empress must have been a beautiful woman; she is now a splendid creature. I like Nap, too, he is a plucky fellow, but he looks awfully seedy. I should not like to be him—too much trouble. These French take a deal of ruling.

Well, I was going to relate a circumstance that happened to me at Compiègne. But there, you know all about it. The papers kicked up ever such a fuss. It was only a scratch.

We're off again to Paris. Let's see, what shall we do to-night? Oh, suppose we go and see Schneider. Yes, we will—

(The MS. breaks off here.)

### ACROSTIC.

SOMETHING that everyone should have,  
And no one be without—  
The first is excellent alone,  
But when unto the second joined,  
It's really out and out.

1.

The greatest actor that the world e'er saw—  
At least you should declare so when in France;  
Of course in England it would be barbaric  
To say that anyone could equal Garrick.

2.

The silliest, most pretentious paper  
That e'er was touched by fingers taper.

3.

A type of creature not, alas! extinct,  
Of many vices he's the sum succinct.

4.

A name which does belie its derivation,  
Of many men no gentle termination.

5.

A useful creature, which if you can't name  
As Shakespeare says, "By cock you are to blame."

6.

The first of letters which old Cadmus hit on;  
Which many fools since then have tried their wit on.

7.

Cut off a king's head, then cut off the tail  
Of him who made so many; you'll not fail  
To find what otherwise would labour much entail.

8.

A name that's very oft with lucre's joined,  
But not with filthy lucre, or purloined.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—One's Own Self.

INCORRECT answers have been received from Burley, Digby, Ruby's Ghost, Samuel E. Thomas, Rataplan, Lizzie Gray, C. Armstrong, Charles Rhales, Henry James, Captain de Boots, 'Andy Clark, L. L. M. O. N., Louisa Crawshaw, Hurston Point, Thomas Nobbs, Charles Livesay, and A Cockney Hippophagists.