

THE TOMAHAWK: A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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MARTYRS OF THE MART.

IT is a terrible misfortune—but we suppose it cannot be helped—that we never can do an act of justice to the community without doing an injustice to some individual. An abuse is allowed to exist unharmed for a long time, when suddenly the popular conscience becomes restive, and down comes the law on the hitherto privileged offenders, and strikes wildly about, often smiting the unfortunate and the foolish, as well as the wicked.

In the case of the prosecution of Overend, Gurney, and Co., the satisfaction, which we naturally feel at what may seem to promise a wholesome change in our commercial morality, is very much diminished by the consciousness that, in vindicating our national honesty we have selected for the victims of awakened justice the least guilty of all the offenders; that the sheep which we are offering up on the altar are not by any means the blackest sheep in the flock; in fact, that some of them are innocent, pure, soft, white lambs.

The papers have been especially severe on one person mixed up in this matter, poor Mr. Edward Watkin Edwards, official assignee in the Court of Bankruptcy; and with the usual hastiness, which distinguishes these vindicators of popular morality, have fallen on this harmless lamb, calling him a ravening wolf, and have torn him to pieces. We propose to try and say a few words on behalf of this much-wronged individual.

It seems to us that Mr. Edwards is simply a generous, child-like creature, who is on the watch for opportunities of helping persons in distress, and who is ready to make any sacrifices in order to rescue embarrassed concerns from ruin. Truly such a man is a specimen of pure and noble benevolence, whom we all should admire and respect, if not love. Nothing more perfectly guileless than his evidence has ever been heard in a court of justice. The simple uncalculating mind, which is a perfect blank as regards all events of four or five years ago, the unsuspecting careless nature of the man who does not know whether he filed an affidavit or not, who has a bad memory for dates, who remembers nothing definitely, who might have received five thousand pounds a-year for four years, but really cannot say positively whether he did—such a mind and such a nature savour of an arcadian simplicity which is very rare indeed in this cold matter-of-fact money-getting age. "A fig for dates!" said the little boy, when examined in chronology. And who would not gladly exchange dry and tiresome Blair's *Chronology* for a box of sweet, simple figs? To such a man as Mr. Edwards years glide on unmarked, uncounted; seasons

change, and, so long as he has his innocent pleasures and his modest comforts, he asks no further questions. If the rustic fare of milk and bread is suddenly exchanged for champagne and truffles, he exhibits no exultation, he makes no note of it, but forgets the change the next moment. If suddenly the dainties were to vanish and the old plain fare return, he would not notice it. The sweet child!

To such a delicate, gentle nature as this, the mildest term of reproach appears harsh and brutal. It is natural that all men should feel kindly towards such a child, and should go out of their way to do him kindness; give him £5,000 a-year for sometimes coming down to the office after four o'clock (think of that, ye lazy dogs in Somerset House, who idle from ten to four for magnificent salaries of £120 a-year); that a hard-headed, shrewd man of business should give him a steam yacht—we suppose it was a toy one. Who would expose this lamb to the rude tempest?

But that any one could be found brutal enough to tell this trustful innocent creature that he was the cause of the ruin of an establishment like that of Overend, Gurney, and Co.—this is cruel and unnatural. Who could have had the heart to do so?

Cruel was it, too, for anybody to have appointed this child-man to such a post as Official Assignee. What agonies must that pastoral mind, which sickened at dates, and shuddered at the bare mention of figures, have endured when attempting to wade through the accounts of some bankrupt estates. It is horrible to think of. Let some more congenial post be found for him at once! Make him chief keeper of one of the royal parks—say Richmond—with a salary of £10,000 a-year; let him wander about as he pleases, with a pretty crook and flowers in his hat, and prattle his innocent talk to stray young men and maidens as they wander through the sylvan shade. Do not tell him his own age.

Let him tell the time only from the sun! Keep far away from this living idyll all facts and details whatever. Let him wander whither he lists, and sport with the lambs and fawns among the odorous flowers. Sometimes, but not often, a stray poet or two wandering down to the Star and Garter might ask the man with no memory to a deliciously ideal dinner. Ungrateful will be the country who owns such a gem of simplicity if it does not provide for him some such happy retreat. As for his salary—the Treasury need only pretend to pay him that, for he would not remember if he received it or not.

DRAMATIC AND MILITARY.—The new gun-metal for English *pieces*. German silver. Eh! Mr. Tom. Robertson?

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of
POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

STARVING NELL.

I.

UP in a garret, deserted, alone,
With not a soul on God's earth to come near me!
Here I lie starving, a bedridden crone,
Starving, and crying for bread, none to hear me!

2.

Starving, and crying for bread—with full tide,
Luxury, ceaselessly flowing around me!
Strange that such things should go on side by side—
Strange! So they'll say when to-morrow they've found
me!

3.

Found me with Death's icy hand on my heart,
Agony stamped on my want-shrunken features!
Found me,—but why should I murmur? My part
Is with the brutes,—they're my true fellow-creatures!

4.

Yet even they are more cared for than I;
Dogs have their kennel, and horses their stable;
Charity feeds them, and leaves me to die,
Begging the crumbs that lie under her table!

5.

Should I complain? Have I never yet learned,
This is a land not of hearts, but of purses?
That want is a crime,—that bread hardest earned
Is grudged to the last—then given with curses?

6.

Still it is bread, and that's something, you know;
Means life for to-day, and hope for to-morrow;
Bread! why to swine the foul food that they throw,
Starving and dying, you'd beg, steal, or borrow!

7.

Tell me of hunger, of which poets sing,
Theme of your newspaper writers and preachers!
Fiction and fancy! The stern real thing,
Hunger's the truest, the dreadest of teachers!

8.

Could the fair lady that lolls at her ease
Petting her spaniel, too pamper'd to heed her,
Know *what* it means, she would fall on her knees,
Beg her good God to some bedside to lead her;

9.

Beg that her life might be spent in the work,
Beg that all thorns might find flow'rs to enwreath them,
Beg—for true hearts—it is not that they shirk;—
Know not the depth of the anguish beneath them.

10.

Well, it's too late if they come to me now,
Bring me the choicest of dainties to cheer me;
Here, here in London, I'm dying! and how?
Starved—with three millions of souls passing near me!

11.

Starved! what an end, when I think of my youth,
Parents,—my home, where "dear Nellie" they called me—
The Church, where I first heard the Gospel of truth—
Words about sin that sank deep and appalled me!

12.

Sermons that dwelt on the rich man in hell—
Lazarus hungered, in clothes worn and rotten!
Think then, and reason, on poor dying Nell,
Starved in the midst of you, starved—and forgotten!

OUR WEEKLY PROPHECY.

(OBTAINED AT A GREAT OUTLAY.)

February 8th.—Telegrams will arrive from Greece to say that all the fat is in the fire, and that Turkey is roasting with indignation.

Cold will increase, especially in the pit and gallery of a certain theatre.

Bands of starving creatures, with a bundle of dirty white gloves tied to a property spear, will perambulate the squares, singing—

We once were poor Adelphi guests,
But have got no work to do-oo-oo!

Mr. Webster will be so cut to the heart that he will take them all in, and find them new Berlin gloves in addition to a princely salary.

February 9th.—The Siamese Twins will arrive at the Egyptian Hall (called Egyptian from the fact of there always being at least ten plagues on exhibition within its borders). Like two Volunteer regiments we know of, they will have nothing in common between them but their band, and that is out of harmony with all creation.

A celebrated poet will publish a poem in one of the illustrated magazines. As he does so without putting his name no one will take the slightest notice of the same, and many critics will dismiss it with contempt as the work of an embryo poetaster whose friends have been injudicious in their praises. He will write to all the papers to correct them, when all the critics will give quite a different meaning to their words, and will prove the injured poet a second Shakspeare.

February 10th.—A Cabinet Minister will be altogether incapable of undertaking his duties for the rest of the week, owing to inflammation of the brain, the same having been brought on by attempting to write an original valentine, with the assistance of his private secretary, a gentleman in the War-Office, who had had the experience of several years' office-hours in similar compositions.

Temple Bar will be heard to crack by a gentleman on the knife-board of a Brompton omnibus. He will write to the *Telegraph* a letter on the danger experienced by omnibus travellers. The letter will be inserted owing to the lavish outlay of "*valuable journals*," "*inestimable works*," "*world-wide publicists*," &c., &c.

The *Daily Telegraph* will fill three columns a day for a week with correspondence regarding the "*Bar of another Period*," and Temple Bar will be let to the proprietors of the Gaiety theatre as an office for booking and advertisements.

A gentleman will go to Drury Lane pantomime, and will only obtain admission with his stall ticket on payment of one shilling to the box-keeper for a programme, one shilling to the stall-keeper for depriving him of his coat, another shilling to an old woman who persists in retaining his hat, half-a-crown to an individual for the permission to use his own opera glasses, half-a-crown to the leader of the orchestra for the pleasure of hearing his band, a shilling for an ice which he is forced to accept, another shilling on leaving to recover his hat, ditto to obtain possession of his coat, and sixpence to the porter who calls up a cab. This will only make eleven and sixpence, besides the price of his stall and the fee for booking. The gentleman will congratulate himself that it was not discovered by the box-jailers that he wore a wig, as he feels sure he would have had to pay a shilling for its retention at the cloak-room, and perhaps half-a-crown for its recovery.

February 11th.—Extraordinary eclipse of the sun! There will be such a fog in London that no one, not even the Astronomer Royal, will be able to perceive the luminary. Mr. Hotten will, however, undertake to bring it out at a moment's notice, with illustrations by Leech, if desirable.

Mr. Thomas Hughes begins to think something ought to be attempted to keep up his extraordinary reputation. He will bring out a volume, to be entitled *Tom Brown at the Hustings*, with illustrations by C. H. Ross. The humour will be intense, the wit quite unique.

February 12th.—A respectable member of society will be arrested in Pall Mall for cutting slides on the pavement. He will produce the orange-peel, found in front of the Carlton Club, which caused his slippery conduct. The police will inform itself. From information received the respectable member of

society will be discovered to possess a title. Abject apologies will be made by the inspector and his myrmidons.

The Queen of Spain and Mr. Dion Boucicault will arrive at Brighton, and will proceed to take a series of headers (one at a time) at Brill's Baths. The ex-Queen will find it difficult to keep her head out of water.

February 13th.—Grand assembly of dramatic authors on the new pier, Brighton, without previous notice. Disappointment of each member on discovering that the idea of a sensation scene on the spot has occurred to all simultaneously.

Meeting of postmen to congratulate their body on Valentine's day falling on a Sunday, and consequent release of their annual burden. As many thousands of the idiotic missives going on Saturday as on Monday.

February 14th.—Valentine's day on a Sunday. Dead blank. A good text wanted to improve the occasion.

POUND WISE AND PENNY FOOLISH.

MR. CHILDERS, who, on assuming the reins of power at the Admiralty, obtained great popularity for the spirited manner with which he grappled with the official monsters, Red Tape and Tradition, is being spoilt by the praises of his admirers, and is consequently beginning to make himself ridiculous. The other day the Lords of the Admiralty made an official inspection of Woolwich Dockyard, and, instead of driving to the dockyard in flies and being received by a guard of honour, as is the usual custom on such occasion, the guard of honour was dispensed with, and their lordships took cabs.

All that can be said about the abolition of the guard of honour is that it may have been reasonably looked upon by my Lords as a bit of unnecessary, though inexpensive tomfoolery; but as regards the cab-taking, the case is different. Everyone knows that outside a radius of four miles from Charing Cross, the cab fare is a shilling a mile (to say nothing of extra sixpences for extra people), which is a good deal more than the local flyman charges for his vehicle. In fact, Mr. Childers's affectation of economy has probably cost the country half-a-crown!

The affectation may be pardonable enough, but as the naval correspondent of the *Times* has devoted a paragraph to the glorification of the proceeding, it deserves to be exposed.

MILITARY REFORM.

THE very rapid strides made in naval retrenchments at the Admiralty quite put into the shade the few alterations and reductions which Mr. Cardwell at the War Office has determined upon, or at any rate has allowed to transpire.

But we are content to "bide a wee," for not only do we recognise a considerable distinction between retrenchments and reforms, but also we are disposed to think that changes made very rapidly are apt to be made rather for changes' sake than from deliberate conviction.

Moreover, there is at the army offices a contending, or withstanding power face to face with the Minister, which is not known at the Admiralty, and that power is a great power and must be propitiated, or be got rid of, or be *got over*, before much progress can be made; in fact, it requires no little persistence on the part of the Minister to prevent himself from being pushed backwards instead of being able to advance, and on one point it is understood that the Commander-in-Chief is just now most earnestly pushing forward to the further destruction of the constitutional equipoise—or balance of the national forces.

Great efforts are being made by the Horse Guards to get the Militia forces put under the Commander-in-Chief for all appointments or promotions and on all points of discipline. We believe that in one particular the Royal Duke has carried his point and has persuaded the Secretary of State to abandon the recently established scheme for a Militia reserve. The present members are not to be disbanded, but they are not to be added to, and any reserve force that may be organised is to be a Horse Guards Force, and not a War Office organisation.

On the much greater point of the control of the Militia, we earnestly trust that Mr. Cardwell will never give way to the demands of the Horse Guards. To make the Militia a part of

the standing army of the country, removing from it its local character, and taking the appointments out of the hands of the several lords lieutenants of counties to be centralised in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, and his patronage secretary at the Horse Guards, will be a step wholly in the wrong direction, and will be fraught with collateral issues and consequences affecting the constitution of the country far beyond what appears on the surface of the matter, and cannot but be viewed with the greatest apprehension by all those who have watched with any attention the recent too successful attempts to centralise military power and control in irresponsible hands.

Any change in the position of affairs ought to be in precisely the opposite direction. Instead of taking the Militia from the War Office and giving it to the Duke, let Ministers take the Duke from the Horse Guards and give him his proper place at the War Office, and then he will have full supervision over the appointments and promotions of both the Army and the Militia under the direction and orders of a responsible Minister of the Crown.

THE SONG OF AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

(TO BE SUNG ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE MOUTH.)

So the world's grown so wise that the Ballot they tries?

But I don't like the look of this 'ere—

Whatever 'll come next? But I sticks to my text,

"Would you rob a poor man of his Beer?"

Indignant chorus—For I likes, &c., &c.

Now to scratch out a name on the sly is the game,

So ashamed-like: it looks very queer;

But give me the old plan to speak out like a man,

For the cove as comes down with the Beer!

Chorus as before.

I don't make no bother 'twixt the one side or t'other,—

That I've stuck to this many a year—

CHURCH and STATE'S all my eye a cove thinks when he's dry

If the Liberals stands him his Beer!

Chorus as before.

Was it yaller or blue? Well, I'm blest if I knew:

'Bout opinions I'm not very clear:—

The Law gave me a vote, but God made me a throat,

So I looked to the agents for Beer!

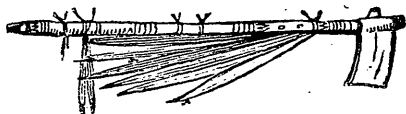
Chorus as before.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER!

THE *Hampshire Independent* has incurred a heavy responsibility in publishing the following paragraph, which appeared in its columns last week:—

Her Majesty yesterday paid a visit to the nunnery or convent which is established near Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. The Queen was attended by Lady Churchill, and Her Majesty inspected every part of the building.

To what alarming rumours will not this little item of Court news give rise! The *Record* will certainly make up its mind that the Queen's visit to the Isle of Wight Convent is only a preparatory step to her taking up her permanent abode within its walls; while the *Church Times* will surely be in a position shortly to announce Her Majesty's forthcoming recognition of the Pope's supremacy, and the immediate re-establishment of Roman Catholicism in this country. The idea that the Queen visited Carisbrooke Nunnery in a spirit of Christian kindness will never occur to our highly-religious contemporaries, although some benighted Churchmen may give Her Majesty the credit of possessing the virtues of good will and toleration. In the interests of the whole community, let us hope that the Editors of the *Record* and *Church Times* are not "constant readers" of the *Hampshire Independent*, and that the unlucky paragraph in question will escape their holy notice.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

THE WEEK.

A CURIOUS rumour prevails in the city that Mr. E. W. Edwards, of Overend and Gurney fame, is the original of that whimsical character in Offenbach's *Orphée*, John Styx, the being who drowned his care in draughts of Lethe. The regal salary which Mr. Edwards received for doing comparatively nothing seems to give an air of credibility to the rumour.

THE beautiful spectacle has been lately witnessed of that enlightened and gentle Christian Dean Close in a fury. The cause of his pious wrath is the protest published by the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie against the judgment of the Privy Council. The Dean of Temperance says that it is "a criminal document," couched in language of intolerable arrogance and indecency—there are in it words "which every good man must blush to read." Good men's cheeks would burn away if they were to blush at all the shameful things which the clergy speak and write. Even Saint Close once said that he would rather "have his right hand burnt off in the fire" than hold it out to his fellow Christians of the Roman and Greek Church. Let the Apostle of Teetotalism attend to his duties—there are plenty of wicked laymen about who have nothing better to do than abuse one another. It is unnecessary to call in the priest for such a task.

POLICE VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

YESTERDAY the examination into the charge preferred against the several prisoners now in custody for having conspired together to attack, rob, &c., &c., &c., was concluded before a crowded court. The greatest excitement prevailed during the interval that preceded the delivery of the judgment.

THE MAGISTRATE, addressing the defendants, said:—John Knobbs, Thomas Filcher, Jem Spriggins, and Bill Hulks, having heard the evidence, do you wish to say anything in answer to the charge?

MR. JOHN KNOBBS then rising, and speaking with considerable and really very painful emotion, said:—Your worship, it's just this. Me and my pals here didn't mean no harm, and as a parcel of English gentlemen without a stain on our characters—that's to say, afore this—I thinks we are in a trying position. Howemsoever, I leaves my honour in the hands of my country, and looks to a British jury, as is becoming in one who is as mild as a lamb, and as innocent, bless you, as the babe unborn. (*Some cheers.*)

MR. THOMAS FILCHER, who spoke with no hesitation whatever, said:—I have a few words to say, and it's these. If I have cracked a crib or two, and emptied a pocket—well, what's the 'arm? What's the use of lugging about the facts of the case? I'm as honest a man as your worship himself, and feels I've no stain on my character. There, put that into your worship's pipe, if you've got one, and smoke it. (*Suppressed cheers.*)

MR. JEM SPRIGGINS then rose. He said:—My lord—I means your vurship. (the prisoner here burst into dignified tears). I didn't do it, and I'm a gentleman. You ask them as knows me. It ain't my fault it's blown. And that's my defence, your vurship. (*Great applause.*)

MR. BILL HULKS, who appeared very energetic and excited

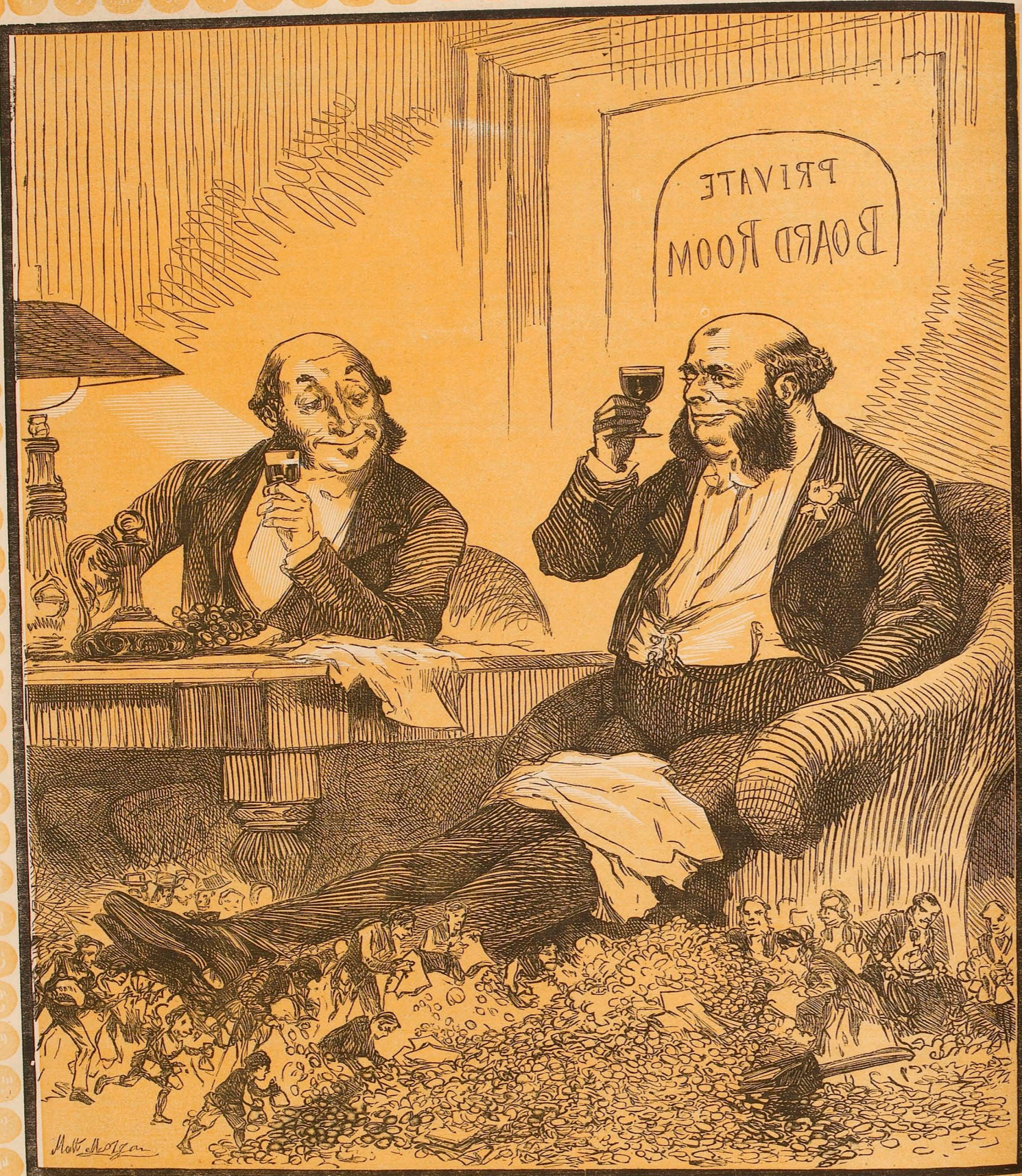
then addressed the bench. He said:—You're a pretty cove, *you* are, to bring up a smash of regular tip top London swells, like me, and my friends here, to explain business like a parcel of infants! What do mean by it, you old vagabond? I'd like to chump your head off. Likewise the head of that old bloke with the white hair, as has been a badgering of us. I trusts to the honour of my country, and— (The prisoner here flung a brickbat, which he had hitherto concealed, at the head of the worthy magistrate). There, that's one for you. (*Immense cheering.*)

The court was then cleared, and the prisoners removed to Newgate, bail being refused, as the required sureties were not forthcoming.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before I fell into a doze,
Some book about old Fashions—curious tales
Of bygone fancies—kirtles, and trunk-hose—
Of hoops, and fardingales—
Of mediæval milliners, whose taste
Preluded our vile fashions of to-day—
Of how they moulded the ancestral waist
With steel-bound taffeta—
Of powdered heroes of the later days—
Of Hamlets strutting in their full court suits—
Slouch-hatted villains of transpontine plays,
All belt and bucket-boots.
So shape chased shape (as swiftly as, when knocks
Of angry tradesmen bluster at the door,
Turgid with envelopes my letter box
Boils over on the floor),
Till Fancy, running riot in my brain,
Elbowed the PAST from out the PRESENT'S way;
And opened in my dream, distinct and plain,
A vision of to-day.
Methought that I was on what's called "a spree,"
Yet sadly pensive in the motley throng,
Where thrills through clouds of smoke the melody
Of idiotic song;
Where Youth with tipsy rapture drowns in beer
All Common Sense, votes Decency a bore,
But, to the shapely limbs and sensuous leer,
Yells out a loud "encore."
Then flashed before me in the gas-lights' glare
A form, to make the boldest hold his breath,
She, who by reckless leapings in mid air,
Plays pitch and toss with Death.
Shame on the gaping crowds who only know
Sensation in the chance of broken necks!
Shame on the manliness that cries "Bravo"
To such a scorn of sex!
I saw that now, since License holds such sway,
The comic muse her false position feels,
And, that her sister may not gain the day,
Has taken to her heels.
And then methought I stood in fairy bowers,
Where Dulness hides behind the mask of Fun,
Where tin-foil and Dutch-metal do for flowers,
And lime-light is the sun;
Where Art groans under an unseemly ban,
And airy nothings pass for full attire,
The Stage appeals but to the baser man,
And th' only blush Red Fire!
Then starting I awoke from my nightmare.
A nightmare? No! the truth came clear to me.
I'd dreamed the truth,—bare facts (O much too bare!)
And stern reality.





WHAT THEY WERE.] GOLD

A LEGEND THE CITY.



IRON! [WHAT THEY WILL BE.



"DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—Not taken from *Britannia*.)

The Prologue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE SKELETON DOES NOT GO DOWN TO DINNER.

Oh, my bones !
Oh, my bones !!
Oh, my bones !!!

Christy Minstrels (*original*).

"HERE we are again!" No, I mean,—we are in another place now.

In Rizzio Hall, a grand house.

Out with your tub! on with your sneer! borrow one of Diogenes' fleas for the nonce! steal Dives' solid leather *port-monnaie*, that does duty for a heart!

"Why?" do you ask?

You are going to be introduced to Ferdinand Cavendish Fitzgibbon Desborough.

A clever family were the Desboroughs. Papa Desborough was a baronet; he invented a bread-and-butter machine, which ate all the butter and left the bread.

Captain Fitzgibbon Desborough, of the Pioneers, invented a cannon-ball which was warranted to kill nobody under a Commander-in-Chief.

And Ferdinand, what did he do? He was a great author; he invented the celebrated riddle, "Why is a door like a door?"

Ah! he was clever, he was; he could get his money by his brains. Calves' brains are very nice on toast. I'd pay a good deal for them. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Come, no laughing: Ferdy is at his toilet.

How does he make his toilet? Ah! now all the hairdressers and dressing-case makers think I am going to advertise them, but I won't.*

Pray follow me, reader, if you can.

Up the oak staircase, two steps at a time; past the great family portraits, and the umbrella stand; on by the marble passage, past her ladyship's chamber. (Fie, naughty reader! Don't peep through the key-hole, or Madame Jezabel will never forgive you.) Past the chamber where girls are giggling—no woman can laugh till she is of age—past the baronet's dressing-room,—and here you are outside Ferdy's sanctum.

In you go. On the table before him is a bone—from Evans's—not a grilled bone—no, reader, no.

But we must get to the Skeleton; so let us dismiss Ferdy. Suffice it to say, he got his morality from Greece and his tobacco from Turkey (!) The latter was the better of the two.

In the drawing-room two girls—one dark and haughty, Eliza Rizzio; the other, light and affable, Flossy; the Baronet, and his Lady.

Sir Rupert was in a deuced bad temper.

"Don't!" said her Ladyship.

"Don't what?"

"Bite your lips. At your age you can't afford to lose blood."

"I'm not dead yet."

"No; Craper Mute will stick it on for your funeral, though you did pay that bill for the—"

"Female!" roared the Baronet.

"Sir Rupert! call me *female* before the girls! I repeat—that little bill for the creature who—"

"Aunt, you are disagreeable." Eliza says this with her flashing eyes.

"Eliza!"

The door opens, and enter—the Skeleton? No! Ferdy.

Down to dinner,—but not the Skeleton. No! reader, no! Skeletons only come down to dessert.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BILLY DOO.

Do you wish to send a letter
To the girl whom you adore?
Don't you send it by the postman,
Else you'll hear of it no more!*

Songs by a Commissionaire.

SIR RUPERT and Ferdy are drinking poison.

Yes, reader, poison. Alcohol is a poison. Wine contains alcohol. Wine is a poison.

Logical, eh, Mr. Scholar?

Logic is a great thing, a wonderful invention. Every man is a syllogism, and every woman is his Major Premise.†

And what is life but a series of fallacies? In Dario? Perhaps: perhaps not. Who knows? I don't.

The door opens, and in walks—

No, not the Skeleton. Leopold Leopard.

"My dear boy, bless you!" says the Baronet. "Have some of this South African port or some of this Greek wine (8s. a dozen, bottles returned). You will not long survive it."

"Snob!" says Ferdy to himself, not of himself. He never spoke the truth. He could not buy that at his tailor's.

Saturated with the juice of the South African vine they mount to the drawing room.

Flossy leans fondly over a banjo.

"Play us a tune, oh do!" says Leopold.

She does, and sings a kind of duet thus—

1st Verse:—

FLOSSY.—I'm going down to de old Bandanna.

LEOPOLD.—Oh! you dear!

FLOSSY.—I'm going down with ole Susanna.

LEOPOLD.—Angel mine!

FLOSSY.—I've hired a coach and a grand pianner.

LEOPOLD.—I adore you!

FLOSSY.—Golly, Golly! Yah!

2nd Verse:—

FLOSSY.—I've got two yellow gals in de dickey.

LEOPOLD.—Will you be mine?

FLOSSY.—One's Jemima, and toder's Vicky.

LEOPOLD.—You madden me!

FLOSSY.—They both are pitching into the licky.

LEOPOLD.—I'll die for you!

FLOSSY.—Golly, Golly! Yah!

They both dance a breakdown. Ferdy (who is clever) imitates the bones with a paper-knife and a pen-tray.

Oh! what it is to be young and clever, and to sing sweet songs of negro head—I mean negro land—with the girl of your heart!

No, don't say I'm cynical, reader, I swear to you I am in earnest, cruel earnest.

Oh! what it is to have a heart, and know that it's not all right—for Love has got his stethoscope up, and Father Time listens at the other end and hears nothing, because he is deaf; and Love—lying, light, larking Love—tells you the throbs will last for ever.

But they won't.

Leopold went away singing, "Golly, Golly! Yah!" like a fool. He thought he was singing it like Flossy.

But it is not every man that can afford to send his daughter to a West-end music-hall to have singing lessons.

"The letter, where is it? It's gone, and I forgot to deliver it."

"I have missed my vocation; I should have been the post-man."

"Or a telegraph clerk. Alas!" And he went home.

But look with me, reader, over that man's shoulder there, under the lime light.

It's not right to read other people's letters. But what can you do? *Il faut vivre.*‡

This was the billy-doo:—

"My own chucksy-wucksy—(I am not changed, you see,)

"I'll be with you at 11.15 sharp, in your room. I'll come up

* This is, of course, ironical. Tradesmen can be honourably referred to by communicating with Major Blake. (Commission moderate.)

† I import it direct, myself, for a few friends. I expect a large chest next week. Address, with P. O. O. not less than £5, to Major Blake.

* My corps of Commissionaires can be trusted. Rate of pay, 2d. a mile. (Major Blake.)

† No relation to me. I hate logic. (Major Blake.)

‡ Ah! IL FAUT, indeed; but how, in a sordid age, when nobody will lend you £1,000 on the best personal security?—MAJOR BLAKE.

the spout, through the window. Have some hot water and spirits, and a devilled bone. This is to give you time. Plenty of pepper.

"Yours ever,
"THE SKELETON."

As the man reads the billy-doo the clock strikes eleven. Clocks will do it. They are cold, unfeeling things. They strike the hour, but the patient hour never strikes them again. What it is to live in a Christian age!

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT NEXT?

B. Brief.

Lawyer's Alpha bet.

"WHAT next?" asks the thrilled reader.

And I answer, "What next?" I give you my solemn word of honour I don't know.*

Who knows in this life the sequel to the last chapter?

You ask the palpitating oracle—your heart—"What next?" as your young man snatches the first kiss which was ever plucked from your virgin lips.

What next?

Another and yet another, and so on to the

END OF THE CHAPTER.

GIVING ROPE TO THE LINE.

MR. CARDWELL'S promised reduction of the Army Estimates by three millions of money on last year's expenditure was only to be accomplished by an uncompromising application of the pruning knife. The abolition of ensigns was one of the first steps towards retrenchment decided upon; but we regret to state that at the last moment an overlooked difficulty has presented itself, which threatens, for some time to come at any rate, to frustrate Mr. Cardwell's economical efforts, so far at least as this item of saving is concerned. A few weeks back it was decided that no new ensigns should be appointed; but although this decision will no doubt shortly be carried out, and in course of time bring about the contemplated reduction, yet, unless something is done to get rid of the ensigns now in the army, it stands to reason that the process must be a long and weary one.

It has been stated by people conversant with the manners and customs of Line regiments that when battalions are stationed in large towns, where the junior officers are exposed to the temptation of exceeding their incomes by ball-going and generally cutting a dash, in two years' time about eighty per cent. of the subalterns will have been compelled by their "financial relations" to leave the service. It is not likely, however, that, to suit the convenience of Mr. Cardwell, all the ensigns will at once proceed to ruin themselves, nor, as a matter of fact, is it the wish of the intelligent War Minister that the prospects of a large body of promising young officers should in the smallest degree be affected by the contemplated reductions. That there may be no doubt on this point, and as an earnest of his hearty feeling of good will towards the subalterns of the army, Mr. Cardwell has already listened to the complaints which during his short tenure of office have reached him from the hard-worked and ill-appreciated Line regiments, and he has determined to place them as far as possible on a par with the highly favoured battalions of Foot Guards. With this view Mr. Cardwell has addressed the following letter to the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, which will have the effect of entirely removing any doubt (if ever doubt existed) of bad faith on the part of the Secretary of State towards the young officers of the army:—

"War Office,
"30th January, 1869.

"Sir,—As some difficulty is now arising with regard to the reduction of ensigns in regiments of the Line, and as I under-

stand that an uneasy feeling exists among those officers with reference to some imaginary injustice they seem to consider is about to be done them, I have to request that in order that these gentlemen may be satisfied of my solicitude on their behalf, your Royal Highness will cause to be carried out without delay the suggestions contained in the following articles, in the expediency of which I doubt not your Royal Highness will fully concur:—

- 1.—The five battalions of the Foot Guards now stationed in the metropolis to be sent to Aldershot, where, if no barracks are available for their reception, they should be encamped.
- 2.—The London barracks being thus rendered vacant, five regiments of the Line should be brought up to town from their country quarters for one month, to be replaced by five other regiments of the Line at the expiration of that period; and the arrangement should be continued until every battalion of the Line serving at home shall have been stationed in London for the space of four weeks.
- 3.—Arrangements should be made with the Committees of the Guards' Club, the Army and Navy Club, the Junior United Service Club, &c., for the admission of the officers of the Line regiments as honorary members, and a special arrangement should be entered into with the Committees of the Arlington and Stafford Clubs for the admission of all subaltern officers who should be accorded the privilege of joining the card tables.
- 4.—During its stay in London quarters, each regiment should be invited to give banquets to each of the other four regiments stationed in town at the time; and not less than two balls should be organized by each corps, to which the Members of both Houses of Parliament and the families of the aristocracy should be invited. Every encouragement should also be given to the promotion of croquet parties, picnics, and other festivities.
- 5.—Colonels of regiments should be requested to see that their officers renew their uniforms on coming to London, in order that their appearance may not contrast unfavourably with the Guardsmen whom they succeed. Should any difficulty arise on this point, owing to the objection of some officers to the expense of regimentals, a change might be made in the regulation which would compel them to purchase new outfits.
- 6.—As it is possible that the expenses of the officers will be somewhat augmented by the favour accorded to them, they should be urged to co-operate with and assist each other in obtaining any pecuniary advances that may be necessary to enable them to meet their expenses, but they should at the same time be recommended not to pay a percentage exceeding 60 per cent. for their accommodations.

May I request that your Royal Highness will have the goodness to report to me from time to time the effect of this arrangement? In justice to long-suffering and long-neglected Line regiments, I must again urge that these orders may be carried out with all possible despatch.

I have the honour,

&c., &c.,

To His Royal Highness (Signed) E. CARDWELL.
The Field Marshal
Commanding-in-Chief.

There is really something very practical about Mr. Cardwell. Although he has enough to do to devise the means of retrenching three million pounds, he finds time to look after the interests of the service.

THE MOBS AND THE SNOBS.

POOR Mr. Bright is a victim to his admirers. Even when he betakes himself to see his relations, his footsteps are dogged into the very bosom of his family by bands of enthusiastic partisans.

The other day Mr. Bright went on a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Leatham, the late member for Wakefield. And having had the good fortune to elude the vigilance of a Working Man's League which had long been on the look out for him, spent a few days in retirement at Mr. Leatham's home. We regret, however, that the right hon. gentleman was not allowed to leave the neighbourhood unmolested, as the following extract from a

* This is only the Author's pleasantry. Any DEAR creature who really wants to know what follows can do so by writing to Major Blake, 199 Strand (marked PRIVATE), and enclosing NOT LESS THAN five shillings' worth of postage stamps.

paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph* bears witness. Our contemporary states, that "it was well known that Mr. Bright's visit was to be considered as a private one, but several gentlemen, among them the chairman of the Leeds Chamber of Commerce, and the principal members of the Reform League, attended at the station and made a little demonstration of their interest in the right hon. gentleman."

What does the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* mean by "a little demonstration"? Are we to understand that the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and a few friends mobbed and hustled Mr. Bright as he took his ticket at the station, and that a cheer was organised by the porters and the young lady at the refreshment bar as the train moved away from the platform? We sympathise with Mr. Bright that his movements should be impeded as they often are by the thousands of his admirers who congregate to bid him welcome when he goes among them. Of course a popular man must pay the penalties of his popularity, but at the same time it is past a joke that Mr. Bright should be rendered ridiculous by the vagaries of half a dozen provincial nobodies, who have the impertinence and bad taste to inflict him with their "little demonstrations."

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

SECOND STUDY.—MISS MARY MAWDLÉ, THE AMATEUR SAINT.

The Government Clerk—The "Secret Sorrow"—Conversion—Instructive Conversation—The Saint—A Sinner.

YOU may remember that a few weeks ago I promised to reveal the secrets of the Government office in which I am a more than usually unworthy third-class clerk. That you may not be disappointed, I beg to inform you that *at present*, as I like the lazy life I lead very well indeed, those secrets will remain secrets as far as you are concerned. A time *may* come when I may make a confession. A moment *may* arrive when my "chief" may refuse to give me a couple of hours out of the daily six for my lunch at the Club or my trot in the Park, and *then*—but, to quote the novels, "we will not anticipate." It is enough for you to know that I have basely deceived you—have raised your expectations to the skies only to dash them to the ground. With this explanation I put my sketch of "Life in a Government Bureau" back into the drawer of my official desk, take up my official pen, and commence a fresh sheet of my official minute paper. Provided, then, at the public expense with all the requisites for writing an article, I pass over the *Times* I have been lazily reading for the last two hours to a fellow clerk, swallow leisurely a cup of tea, yawn twice, and close my eyes three times, and am ready to minister to your amusement, or afford food for your derision and contempt. Those who are kind and have eyes, let them read; those who are critical and have noses, let them turn them up. *Eh bien! En voyage!*

Miss Mary Mawdle!

A sweet pretty name. Does it suggest anyone to you? Can you picture her to yourself? I will be bound not, as you must have undergone a long course of pork chop suppers to have produced a sufficiently horrible nightmare for her appearance. As it is too much to expect so great a sacrifice, I will save you the trouble of the porcine feasts by sketching the amiable female myself.

A woman of about six-and-twenty; pale face and disordered hair. The pallor of her countenance she wishes to pass for long fasting—it is really caused by the injudicious gorging of lobsters, pastry, and other indigestible comestibles. Her disordered hair is intended to call attention to her contempt for all things not appertaining to the Kingdom of Heaven—it is in reality only a sign of her disgusting laziness and her inborn love of dirt. She generally wears a sort of greasy smile, and has what she calls "a secret sorrow." In the middle of a lively conversation she will suddenly withdraw to her bed-room, and, after a pause return, with carefully reddened eyes and a hideous grin. This is done to call general attention to the existence of the said "secret sorrow," and her truly Christian way of bearing her pain. This affectation is especially revolting as she quite recovered from her *affaire de cœur* years ago (*à propos*, if rumour

lieth not, the cause of her sorrow was this: she proposed in a loving moment to a youthful cow-driver, and he very properly refused her).

If you care to know how she talked, I may tell you that her voice resembled a creaking door, and had a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness about it suggesting to one's imagination the presence of a waggish fiend or a lively hangman. Her dress resembled closely the arrangement of her hair—that is to say, it was untidy and graceless. But there, I have told you enough about her; I will allow her to speak for herself. I am seated in her mother's drawing-room, looking over a photograph book, and thinking about nothing in general and myself in particular.

By-and-bye there is a bounding noise in the passage, and she bounces in. She stops short, and if her complexion had not the pallor produced by her terrible lobster orgies (to which I have already alluded) would certainly blush; as it is, she only tries to seem confused. She jerks herself on to a chair, and says with a sort of holy chuckle—

"Oh, Mr. Starblank, I didn't know you were here. Mamma will be down in a moment."

I may remark that I am rather a "catch" since I have got my appointment; I am well connected—that is to say, my father once saw the Duke of Wellington's butler; and I invariably adapt my conversation to my audience. On this account I am very popular with ladies. Anyone wearing shirt collars would (in spite of her "secret sorrow") be acceptable to Miss Mawdle. I am especially acceptable, as I require "converting." I say civilly,—

"You were at church yesterday?"

"Oh, yes!" she cries, with a look of heavenly astonishment. "Of course I was! And such a bit of fun took place. Mr. Milkwash, our curate, tumbled over his surplice. Ha! ha! ha!"

It is the manner of this horrid creature to be jovial with her piety. This would be all very well if she hadn't given up the vanity of tooth powder. I laugh a little, and say—

"Much visiting lately, Miss Mawdle?"

"Oh yes, a great deal—a very great deal," she simpers. "I have taken a class at the 'Young Man's Reformation Society,' and am doing my little work among them. Oh, Mr. Starblank, I wish you would come and be reformed."

"I am sure only too delighted," I reply.

"You would find it *so* improving. So comforting. Now I have a billiard marker in hand, who is gradually breaking himself of bad language. He has only been among us a month, and he scarcely ever swears in my presence."

"Really!" I observe. "But, Miss Mawdle, while the reformation is in progress don't you find the bad language rather embarrassing?"

"Not in the least," she replies; "is it not my duty? By the bye, Mr. Starblank, I have a little favour to ask of you?"

She looks down and simpers,

"Only too glad, I'm sure, to be of any use to you," I say.

"Well, then," she continues, with a little laugh, "I want you to write something in the papers for me—something in that horrid paper of yours; you know the one I mean—the wicked one."

I hint the "TOMAHAWK?" and add, "Don't you read it?"

"Oh dear no, Mr. Starblank!" she returns quickly; "but couldn't you say something about the surgeons of St. Chrysostom's Hospital? They are so very, *very*, injudicious."

"What do you want to complain about?" I ask, more out of curiosity than with any view of complying with her request.

"Oh, it's a little thing; but you know it's our duty to the poor sufferers to speak of it," she says, with a greasy smile. "Why, the other day one of them complained of my giving a poor nervous patient (afflicted, I regret to say, with inflammation of the brain) a little tract called, 'Among the Fire; or, Sinners and their Doom.' On another occasion, too, they would not permit me to be present at the amputation of the leg of an unconverted baker who much needed my comfort!"

"Really!" I reply.

"And now that I have done my little business, can I not do something for you?—is your soul better? In other words, have you read that little book I gave you, 'Baby's Trip to Heaven; or, How Little Tommy Died a Christian?'"

"Yes, I have looked into it," I reply, "but don't you think it's just a little childish?"

She smiles at me gently, as if I were a double-dyed villain whom she has quite forgiven, and observes, "Well, well, we

can't expect too much at first. I must get you to read the 'Pious Putney Pieman,' and then perhaps you may be ready for little Tommy!"

Fortunately, at this moment her mother enters, and I am spared further advice. Small talk sets in, and I soon take my leave, receiving as a parting present from Miss Mawdle a tract entitled, "Behind the Scenes; or, the Fate of the Wicked Pantaloon of Plymouth."

If any one has read this sketch thus far, I may be asked, "Have I not laid the colours on too thickly?" I reply, "No—a thousand times no!"

Far be it from me to sneer at a truly religious woman; but I contend that two-thirds of those who parade their "works of charity" before their friends are hypocrites, and sinners of the worst type. Unhealthy in mind as they are neglectful in body, they tinsel themselves over with pinchbeck imitations of the true golden Christian virtues, Hope, Faith, and Charity. "There is no health in them;" they turn Religion into a burlesque, and Piety into a mockery. Spiteful as cats and as sly, deceitful as parrots and as talkative, they wander through the world a bore to those they pretend to pity, and a pest to those they seek to protect. I would not wish to see my most bitter enemy mated to one of these horrible creatures; and had I lived in years gone by, and heard that Miss Mary Mawdle purposed dragging Pontius Pilate to the altar, by Jingo! I would have rushed to the church and stopped the banns, out of pure pity for her intended husband!

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

SCENE.—*Dense volumes of tobacco-smoke.*

SPIRITS OF THE AIR.

1ST VOICE (*supposed to belong to a man with literary tastes*),
MR. BROWN.

2ND VOICE (*supposed to belong to a man with theatrical tastes*),
MR. JONES.

3RD VOICE (*supposed to belong to a man with musical tastes*),
MR. ROBINSON.

1ST VOICE.—Any news? Any new lie?

3RD VOICE.—Only that *very* old one about the Musical Critic of the *Times*. It's come up again, after having had its real nature exposed on a score of occasions. No better critic or truer gentleman (in every sense of the word) exists than he who wields Jove's thunder among the musicians.

1ST VOICE.—I see that they are going to do a new play, *Not Guilty*, at the Queen's. Isn't that a piece written by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett?

2ND VOICE.—Well, I don't know. It's said to be by Mr. Watts Phillips. Mr. à Beckett's *Not Guilty* was produced about a year ago at Manchester.

3RD VOICE.—The Queen's piece is a translation from the French, isn't it?

2ND VOICE.—I believe so. If I remember right, it was called in Paris the *Marquis de St. Hélène*. Over there it was not a triumphant success. It may have a better chance in this country.

3RD VOICE.—Quite so. Been to any of the theatres?

2ND VOICE.—Only to the Adelphi. As the TOMAHAWK foretold, *Monte Cristo* has been a great success. Gaiety doing very well, I understand. Fechter, they tell me, is going to France for a while.

1ST VOICE.—Not sorry. Clever actor, but we want a thoroughly English melodrama at the Adelphi, with Webster in it.

3RD VOICE.—What's *Marie Antoinette* to be like?

2ND VOICE.—Very horrid, I hear. Shouldn't be surprised if there's a real guillotine and some real blood,—that's to say, if Boucicault has anything to do with it.

1ST VOICE.—But it's written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, isn't it?

2ND VOICE.—Oh yes! But—

(*Fresh voices join in, and the conversation becomes unintelligible.*)

RED HANDS.—Why, when the Pope is passing the *pauses* of the cardinals!

A PLEA FOR A POLL TAX.

MR. GLADSTONE'S very commendable anxiety to take as many pennies off the Income Tax as the Exchequer can possibly manage to afford, has not only led that right honourable gentleman to cut down the expenditure of Army, Navy, and Civil Service to a minimum, but has caused him to look around for fresh sources of revenue. A new tax is always a dangerous expedient, but would not the Premier act wisely and well in putting a duty on the importation from abroad of false hair? Sixpence a piece on chignons, and a shilling a yard on ringlets, would surely be a reasonable charge enough; and on a computation based on the assumption that one female in three wears borrowed tresses (five in six would be nearer the mark), the imposition of such a duty would give half-a-million of money a year to the Exchequer. Poll taxes are generally unpopular measures, but if retrenchment and economy are to be the orders of the day, some enactment of this kind would be far more to the point than starving dockyard labourers, and reducing their families to destitution.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A LUCKLESS day it was when first
My first invoked my second's aid;
So silly sheep might ask the wolf
For help when of the dog afraid;
So might the dove the hawk entreat
To save her from some gentle maid.

Short reckonings make long friends, they say,
Short memories of friends make foes.
My second's mind's a spotless blank,
Nought but its guileless virtues knows;
Unpleasant facts but hover there
Like wasps around the blushing rose.

Too guileless he to plumb the depths
Of that dark pool in which my first
Plunged, with a band of faithful slaves,
In hopes to quench their feverish thirst.
They paid him well to pull them out,
And would have done so if he durst.

This riddle difficult may seem,
Believe me that the moral's sound:
If e'er in speculation's pool
You feel in fear of being drowned,
And want a friend to pull you out,
Don't pay men twenty thousand pound.

1.

A terrible myth, a monster strange,
You'll find him in story books, also on 'Change.

2.

Where a general always the blackguards should place,
If they try to run then, they must two fires face.

3.

Where the fiend sometimes sits when he's out on the spree—
That's to say, with some persons, but never with me.

4.

Very costly are these and dear to the nation—
Their story to tell would be blood relation.

5.

Was it true? Was it false? Which it was I can't tell.
Like the last, though it ended in smoke and a smell.

6.

What people should be of other folk's rations,
And excessively so of their own reputations.

7.

A name which our pages we trust have made famous,
Read our columns all through, then the lucky man name us.