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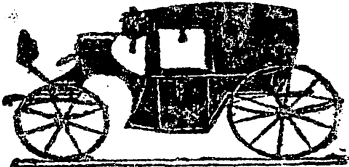
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UNFORFEITABLE, UNCONDITIONAL, AND UNCHALLENGEABLE,

ISSUED BY

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY,
62 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1848.]

[ESTABLISHED 1848.

THE DIRECTORS of this COMPANY, in deference to an objection not unfrequently urged by persons invited to Assure, that the ordinary mode of Life Assurance is in their opinion defective or uncertain, by reason of the operation of the customary conditions, have resolved to promulgate the present Tables, and to issue Assurances under them which shall be absolutely Unforfeitable, Unconditional, and Unchallengeable.

For the reason referred to, many persons hesitate or decline to Assure on the ground that, in the event of inability or unwillingness to continue payment of their premiums, the Assurance will become forfeited. To this class of the public the system now introduced will especially commend itself, being entirely free from all conditions of forfeiture on account of non-payment of premium, or from any other cause whatever; while at the same time it absolutely guarantees at death, even when a default is made in payment of the premium, a fixed sum in respect of every premium paid, bearing the same proportion to the total amount assured as the number of premiums actually paid may bear to the whole number originally contracted to be paid.

Besides this important advantage, every policy will expressly state what sum can at any time be withdrawn on the discontinuance of the Assurance.

The Assured will thus always have the option of retaining either an ascertained fixed sum payable at death, or, in case of need, of withdrawing a certain amount, according to the duration of the Policy,

such amounts being set forth on every Policy, and rendering unnecessary any future reference to the Company on these points, as is the case with ordinary Assurances.

Creditors Assuring the lives of debtors will appreciate this feature as one greatly protective of their interests, and it will likewise commend itself to bankers, capitalists, and others who are in the habit of making advances collaterally secured by Life Policies, as they can at any time learn, by mere inspection, the exact value, either immediate or reversionary, of a Policy of this description.

Every Policy issued on this plan will be without any conditions as to voyaging, foreign residence, or other usual limitations. By this freedom from restrictions of all kinds, the objections before referred to will be entirely removed, and the Policies will become at once positively valuable as actual securities.

In addition to the foregoing statement of advantages, the number of Premiums is strictly defined. The longest term provided for is twenty-five years, and the shortest five years, as shown by the Tables. Thus bankers, creditors, and others holding Policies of this class as security, may always know the utmost amount they may be called upon to advance so as to maintain the full benefit of the Assurances—a matter of great importance where Policies are held as collateral security.

It is only necessary to add that, as a consequence of the Policies under these Tables being unforfeitable and unconditional, they will also be unchallengeable on any ground whatever. They may, therefore, be aptly termed Absolute Security Policies.

The PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY possesses an income of £215,000 a-year. Its position is unquestionable, and it obtains the largest amount of New Business of any Office in the kingdom.

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BRUSSELS,
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Good ditto, 3s. 3d. to 4s.
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CARPETS

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 105.]

LONDON, MAY 8, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

COLUMBIA IN A TIFE.

It has often puzzled us why nations are generally spoken of in the female gender. Not because there are more women than men, or as a consolation to them for the deprivation of political power. No; it must be because Nations are so fickle. Certainly, in the case of America, a pretty skittish girl, rather fast, and with a bit of a temper, is the best image of the national disposition. Except in a capricious woman, it would be difficult to find a parallel for the very unreasonable quarrel which America is trying to fix on England.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to enter into the history of the Alabama. It is doubtful whether any vessel that ever was built, altered, rebuilt, converted, reconverted, and finally condemned as useless, under the intelligent supervision of the Lords of the Admiralty, ever cost England so dear as the trim little cruiser which managed to slip through the meshes of the law, as easily as, during her brief but brilliant career, she slipped through the guns of the enemy's vessels sent against her. Had she been built for a Power at war with ourselves, it is very doubtful whether we should have been able to stop her. All moderate men in this country, of whatever political opinions, have never ceased to deplore the danger of the Alabama succeeding in establishing a precedent, which must have injured the influence and power of no country so much as this. What our boasted naval supremacy may be worth now that, in encounters at sea, more depends on the construction of the vessels' armour, and the strength of their guns, than on the skill or courage of her men, it is difficult to say; but this is certain, that in the event of our being at war, the issuing of privateers from the ports of a neutral country to prey upon our commerce, would, if countenanced by International law, render our total defeat a matter of certainty. We should suffer where we feel most, in our pockets, to such an extent as to force us into peace. Therefore, it must be the interest of England to settle the dispute about the Alabama, that is, to pay for the depredations committed by that vessel, if it be decided by an impartial tribunal that we ought to pay; and this she has offered to do in the most sincere and conciliatory spirit. But when America demands that we should submit to a Commission the question as to whether we were justified in recognising the Southern States as belligerents, she behaves with an unreasoning petulance only to be expected from a spoilt girl. If the South were not entitled to be treated as belligerents by neutral nations, than civil war must be ignored altogether. If a separate government, recognised by the other section of the nation so far as to

be distinctly treated with just like a foreign power; if the maintenance of large armies, and the gaining many victories in pitched battles with their opponents, did not justify England in recognising something more than a state of rebellion in the United States—then it is impossible to conceive any circumstances, which would justify a neutral power in acting otherwise than as the police of any Imperial Government engaged in a prolonged conflict with any portion of its subjects. Take, not the case of England and the North American Colonies, because we all know that then, directly a few hundred discontented people had armed themselves, France was justified in recognising them as belligerents—but take the case of Italy in the war with Austria. The Italian provinces would have thought it rather hard if we had refused to them the rights of belligerents because they were fighting against Austria, their Sovereign chief; and America would have been the first to have cried out against such a breach of International law. We forbore from recognising the Southern States as a separate Government, though we might have found a precedent for such a step; but how we could have acted otherwise than we did, in the face of such a momentous struggle as the American Civil War, would puzzle all the cuteness of a Yankee to say.

The fact is that the Americans are a very sensitive irritable people. Dyspepsia, which is almost a national characteristic, makes them take distorted views of personal questions, and entirely destroys their nerve and judgment. They do not like the remembrance of their internecine struggle, and they want to insist that there never was a war at all. It is like the case of the husband who took back his erring wife before the whole world, and yet quarrelled with any friend who maintained that there had ever been any difference between them. Why could not we believe blindly in the superiority of the North? Why could we not sit down, and in the face of facts, say, "Jonathan is all right, he can lick creation, and he'll whip these rebels into snake-peelings if you only give him time." Perhaps he would have done it all the sooner if we had helped him by seizing all his enemy's vessels as pirates, and handing over any of their men we could catch as rebels. But how could we do so when Jonathan himself was treating them most handsomely, as he would have treated any foreign foe? And if Fortune had tipped the balance over on the other side, what would the victorious South have said to us then?

Let us hope that as the people of America are really anxious to settle all differences with this country, and "put themselves outside something" in honour of eternal friendship and goodwill, that no political fanatics, or captious diplomatists will

widen into a breach the tiny chink of enmity that at present shuts us out from complete union; we have made the ocean powerless to keep us apart; and shall a paltry piece of pique embitter the relations of two countries, who by language, blood, and destiny are bound together in the closest and most cordial of ties?

THE GROWING EVILS OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LIBERAL, though by no means in the radical sense of that word, we yet cannot stir ourselves up to any sort of enthusiasm about Greece. Only the other day, the more liberally disposed papers were singing their wonted *paens* over that very shabby and unpromising little country. The visit of the Prince of Wales had afforded the occasion, and they were not slow to avail themselves of it.

"The Heir to the British Throne treading on the sacred ground where once stood Pericles," is a subject too good to be lost, and so the readers of ephemeral but reasonable literature have had an unusually large mouthful of the "classics" offered them. We own to not having referred to the *Daily Telegraph* for any information on the subject, and by omitting to do so have no doubt lost an amazing treat in the way of exuberant loyalty and boundless Lempriere. We have, however, seen things almost as good in their way, though perhaps lacking the magnificent *abandon* of that king among copy-writers. A great deal of rubbish, then, has been written about the "imperishable memories" of the past, and, without very much rhyme or reason, allusions have been freely, though a little wildly, made to Marathon and Demosthenes, Themopylæ and the Parthenon, Salamis and Socrates, as if, on the schoolboy's principle of cake-making, a good jumble of good things was as good as a feast any day. As to the imperishable memories of the past, there is no immediate fear that *they* will die out all at once. Greece will long be remembered—at least by her creditors. As to Demosthenes and Pericles, and the other famous gentlemen of the period B.C., the less said about them the better. To provoke a comparison between the mighty intellects of old, and the many peculiarities of a parcel of nobodies who, with unpronounceable names and meteoric careers, blunder over the destinies of the Greece of to-day, is, if not unwise, decidedly very unfriendly.

We appeal to those of our readers who have got as far as Athens to bear us out in what we say. We might even stop short of this, and call on a no less weighty witness, to wit, the confiding purchaser of Greek Government Stock.

But not to be hard upon the little money-grabbing monarchy that bids fair to become the Clapham Junction of Europe, we cannot dismiss the subject without a word upon a system it so obviously suggests. We refer to the abominable habit of paragraph-spinning, copy-making, padding, or whatever it be called, that now seems an unavoidable necessity with the daily papers, and that not even notably with the penny ones. The stuff and twaddle already written about the doings of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales would furnish letter-press for a six-volume novel. We do not say the quality of a prince's breakfast, the state of his spirits, the colour of a princess's dress, or the beauty of her smile, are wholly uninteresting things in their way. On the contrary, do we not know very well that the unmitigated snobs who revel in Court Journalism delight in such items of a frivolous balderdash? Is there not a paper—nay, are there not two or three papers, whose very existence depends on their capabilities of furnishing up all the wretched scrapings of so-called fashionable life in the most appetising and *piquant* manner?

In the name of all that is reasonable, then, at least leave to scavengers the scavengers' work, and do not let a helpless public be cheated into the purchase of columns upon columns of intelligence that is worthy of Mr. Jeames in the Servants' "All," but beneath the dignity of a respectable and independent press. The papers will, of course, reply that they are only commercial speculations at best, and that if Demonology were to come into fashion to-morrow, they would at once feel bound to augment their respective staffs largely with veritable printers' devils. In doing this they would be only acting up to their principles. Where, however, they are out in their reckoning is

in their estimate of their readers. The average daily reader is *not* such a snob as they take him for. He likes to hear something about the Suez Canal, but he does not care to be initiated into the mysteries of a prince's luncheon table. We trust this profound flunkeyism is on its last legs.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

As there is no doubt but that the approaching return to London of the Prince of Wales is giving general satisfaction to everybody, we are not surprised to hear that, on the Prince's arrival at Charing-cross station, a public reception will be given to him, and that a procession will be formed to accompany His Royal Highness through Trafalgar Square and along Pall Mall to Marlborough House. The following is the programme as at present decided upon:—

Lieutenant-Colonels of the Guards.

(*To clear the way*).

The Band of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

Mr. Poole.

(*Of Savile Row*).

Members of the House of Peers. Friends of his Royal Highness.

(*Two and two*).

The Prince's Tradesmen.

(*In pairs*).

The Committee of the Marlborough Club, carrying a banner with the motto:—

"There's na lack about the house,
When my gude man's awa'."

Friends of Lord Carington.

(*In broughams*).

Band of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

Conductor—Sir Michael Costa (*on horseback*).

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

In a smoking carriage (kindly lent by the Metropolitan Railway Company), and drawn by the four principal favourites for the Derby.

A detachment of Fire Engines, under the direction of the Duke of Sutherland.

More Officers of the Guards. Committeemen of the Arlington. Stewards of the Jockey Club. Mr. Arthur Lloyd.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., &c.

Although it is not improbable that, after a fatiguing journey, any public reception will necessarily prove distasteful to the Prince, His Royal Highness will doubtless be reconciled to the inconvenience by the proof the demonstration will afford him of the great satisfaction of all classes of the community at the presence of Royalty in London for what remains of, as yet, a shockingly bad and unprofitable Season.

FALLEN AND FRIENDLESS.

A PARAGRAPH some short time ago went the round of the newspapers to the effect that it was in contemplation, by the shareholders of the North Eastern Railway Company, to allow Mr. George Hudson, the ex-railway king, an annuity of £200, as it appears that this once fortunate monarch is now in a pitiable condition of want. Last week, however, the *Pall Mall Gazette* announced that the project had been abandoned.

We cannot say whether or not the circumstances of Mr. Hudson's former connection with the North Eastern Railway Company made it incumbent upon the shareholders to provide for him permanently, but be this as it may, we are of opinion that if this little act of charity was worthy of being proposed, it must surely have been worthy of being performed. Although the directors of the North Eastern Railway Company are doubtless a highly conscientious set of men, we shall have in future a higher opinion of what we must presume to be their justice than of their generosity.

STANZAS FOR STONES:
Being a Collection of
POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

FIGHTING BEN.

1.

HISTORIANS and poets, you
 Who tell your country's story,
 And go half mad in prose and verse
 About her ancient glory ;
 Who rave of Crecy, Agincourt,
 Of Blenheim, Waterloo,—
 Allow a British warrior
 To get his word in too.

2.

You think to hear some stirring tale
 To set your pulses throbbing !
 Well let them throb away ;—they ought.
 My theme is one of jobbing,
 Of wretched swindling, cruel shams,
 Things rotten to the core ;
 In short, my theme's "the army." Come,
 Can tragedy ask more.

3.

You see a regiment go past,
 Drums beating, colours flying ;
 You vow that they're a gallant band,
 For whom the girls are dying :
 You cry their martial spirit up,
 And cheer them ! Well you may.
 There's not a gang throughout the land
 More spiritless than they.

4.

The lowest workhouse refuse some,
 The scum of town and county,
 And others, forced by greed or want
 To clutch the wretched bounty.
 Old England's *conscripts*, there they go,
 A hearty set of braves !
 True thorough going Britons ! Shame,
 These men are fighting *slaves* !

5.

Yes, *slaves* ; I know the word sounds hard,
 But still as such you treat them.
 They know, the bravest, best of them,
 As equals you'll ne'er meet them !
 Upon them one and all you've set
 A vile degrading ban.
 You've decked them out with medals, clasps,—
 But you've not raised a man.

6.

What gain, if in the battles' front
 When shots were whizzing round them,
 They've stood unflinching ! Have they burst
 The chains with which you've bound them ?
 You'll say they've won, as heroes should,
 A grateful country's thanks !
 A *grateful* country ! Has she called
 Her heroes from the ranks ?

7.

Not she ! With her no knapsack yet
 E'er held Field Marshal's *baton* !
 That pretty tinsell'd stick she's kept,
 Although she's laid the *cat* on.
 No crown of honour has she wrought
 Of laurel green and fresh.
 Her mark is of another kind,
 And cut in human flesh.

8.

Think you, with weary years to serve,
 The flow'r of manhood fading,
 You'll find free Englishmen to bend
 In bondage thus degrading !
 No ! cackle cant about the French,
 And their one *sou* a day ;
 Sneer as you will,—I tell you we're
 The slaves,—the soldiers they !

9.

They've drawn their lots ! Well, what of that ?
 Why this inane derision ?
 Each man of them knows nothing stands
 'Twixt him and his division.
 Their very colonel rose from them ;
 Their wants, their hopes he shares.
 What British soldier would not change
 His helot's chance for theirs ?

10.

I know your answer ; you'll reply,
 Your men are not worth heeding.
 Your officers—well, all you want
 In them, is cash and breeding !
 And that's the bait you hold to men—
 Free men ! Think you they'll come ?
 No, while you brand your rank and file,
 You'll merely get the scum !

11.

Ah ! Englishmen have joked too much
 On this,—have been too willing
 To smooth the matter down, and grin
 About the cursèd shilling.
 I tell you what, till things are changed,
 And mind you, not till then,
 You'll have to blush when e'er you hear
 Men talk of Fighting Ben !

A LITTLE RHYME

dedicated to

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

BRAND me, now brand me a Britain born man !
 Brand me his body as fast as you can ;
 Cut him and hack him and stamp him with D,
 Then send him to ruin for Georgey and me !

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

IF there are any Englishmen who are blessed with enough honesty in their composition to admit an unwelcome fact when they see it, although it hits their profound belief in themselves very hard, let them contemplate the treatment a certain now famous scandal has received lately at their hands. There is a notorious high life tale now going the round of the drawing-rooms and clubs—a tale of the most disgraceful character—which, if true, ought not to be hushed up on any consideration whatever. On the other hand, if it be false, what word is strong enough to characterise the tone of that society which has given it birth, and handed it round in *piquant* whispers for general edification ? If the whole matter is a lie, why dish up suggestive paragraphs for the sole purpose of tickling the impure public ear ? If it be true, why all this cowering and cringing—why all this gilding over of vice, as if the tinsel of station could render it decent and allowable ? The blackguardism of high life is surely the worst kind of blackguardism. Is this the case, or is it not ? Or do we, after all, really live in an age that is cowardly and immoral enough either to blacken spotless reputations for the want of something better to do, or fawn abjectly at the feet of the well-bred man who suddenly shows himself to be at best but a miserable scoundrel ? Either alternative is by no means cheerful. We therefore recommend the whole subject to the consideration of the more high-minded portion of society, in the hope that we shall hear either no more of a scandalous lie, or else the whole truth—whatever that truth may be !



LONDON, MAY 8, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WHO says that the press is not in a flourishing condition? Why, there is not a theatre in London that has not started its own evening *paper*, and with some the circulation has been enormous!

LORD ALBERT CLINTON has passed the Bankruptcy Court. He owes a great deal to the Judge for giving him the best advice he ever received, and instructing him gratis on a subject of which he seems to have been lamentably ignorant, viz., common honesty.

WILTSHIRE, the much injured gentleman, convicted of rape, murder, and a violent attack on his gaoler, has had his sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. He has not yet been employed at the Customs or in the Savings' Banks Department of the Post Office, so that probably his sentence will be virtually a dead letter. No doubt, such an exemplary character will soon be at large again, and perhaps his cool and philosophical temperament might be employed to advantage in furthering those measures of retrenchment which the Government has so vigorously inaugurated. It wants a man rather above the ordinary weaknesses of human nature to superintend such scenes as take place at Woolwich almost daily. Mr. Bruce is welcome to the suggestion.

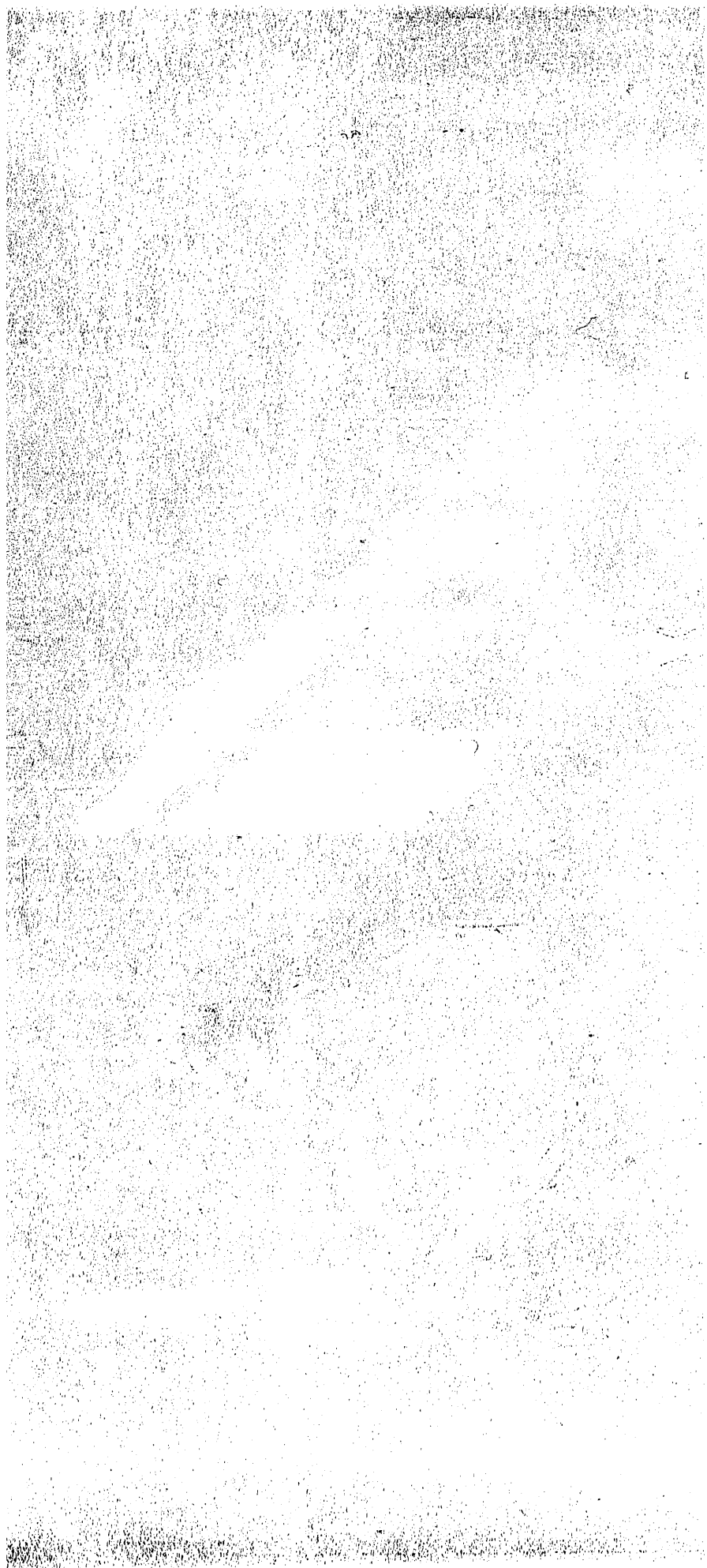
In some articles which we once published concerning servants, we laid great stress upon the difficulty of obtaining truthful characters from employers, also upon the want of any organisation to keep girls in quest of places from evil temptations. An institution seems to have been recently established in Aldersgate Street, under the title of the London General Domestic, Commercial, and Educational Institution, which, if properly managed, may do a great deal of good in this respect. We hope that the managers may succeed in establishing a central depôt in London for servants, where both the employers and the employed may be certain of meeting with fair honest treatment, and where a course of conduct shall be consistently followed which may secure good trustworthy servants to those in quest of them, and to the servants themselves some protection from the numerous hardships and annoyances to which they are now exposed. Nothing can be worse than the small registry offices for servants established in various parts of London: they perpetuate a thoroughly bad class of servants, and discourage, if indeed they do not in a great measure prevent, any candid and fair dealing between one employer and another.

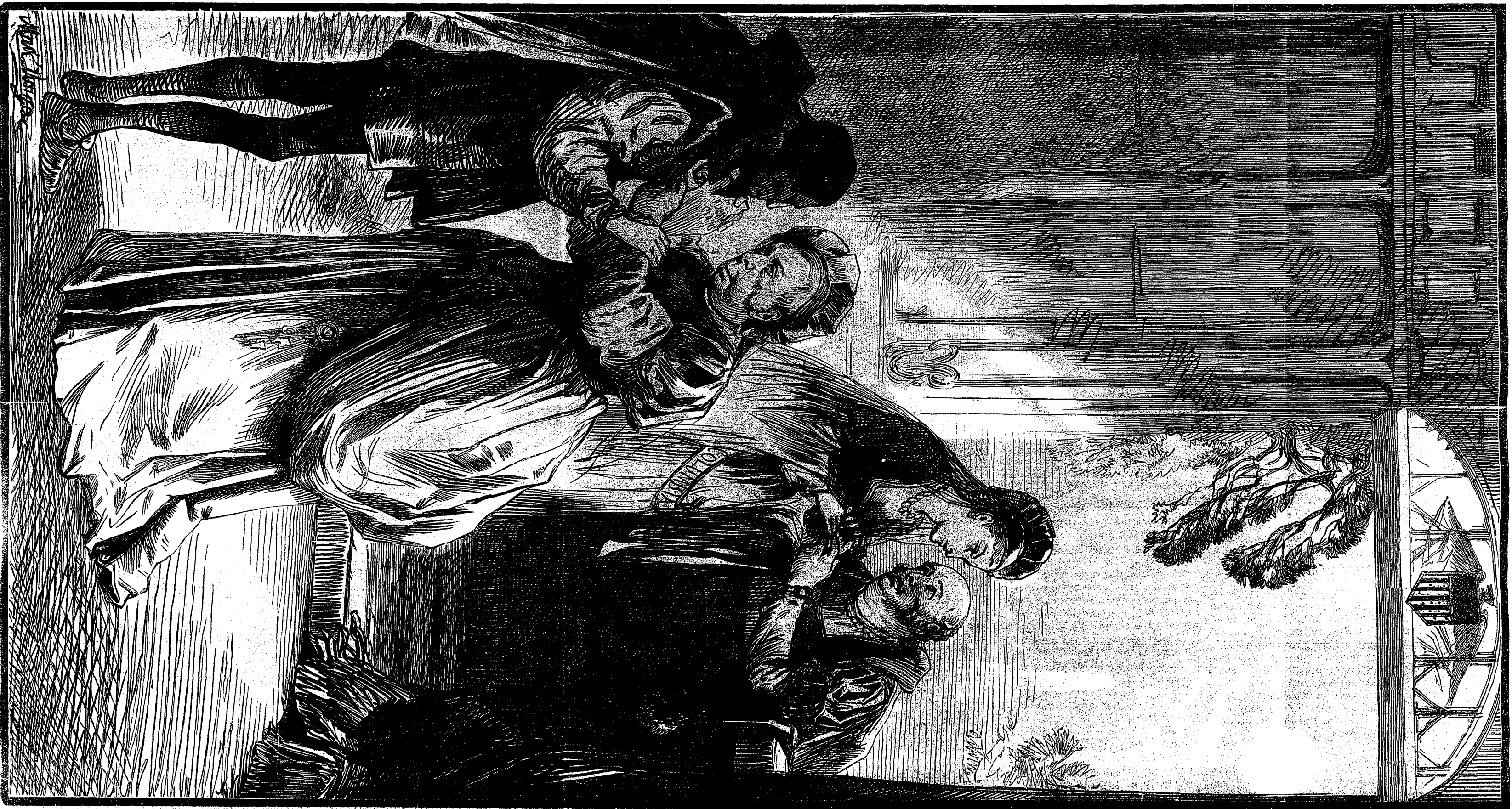
CORK is an unfortunate city. It possesses in its Mayor a very disagreeable specimen of the lunatic "at large," for whose benefit Mr. Gladstone hopes to provide suitable retreats from the funds of the condemned church. This vulgar blatant snob, by name O'Sullivan, who fancies that by making himself offensive he becomes of importance, has been delivered of a speech at a banquet to two released convicts, quite worthy of the speaker and of the guests whom he had come to honour. We do not enter into the particulars of this disgusting exhibi-

tion from the same motives of discretion which prevents us describing at length, or at breadth, one of those inhabitants of old houses, which make themselves felt if they are not heard. Such vermin are generally disposed of with speechless disgust. But should this O'Sullivan fail to qualify himself for a lunatic hospital, we hope that he may find a congenial home with garotters. It would add to the punishment of the garotters, and might be taken into consideration in their sentences. But a sound flogging would make a cur like this yelp some attempt at decency. We daresay he would sing *God save the Queen* to an accompaniment of the cat-o'-nine tails. Such loyalty would be quite as valuable and effective as his coarse and impudent treason.

WHAT on earth has the Prince of Wales done to be so illused by all his friends? The Government promise to produce certain papers, and then decline to do so on the ground that they contain a statement that the Fenians did not care about shooting the Prince of Wales "because he was certain to disgrace royalty." It seems rather hard that a young man who has done his best to be kind and courteous in the position into which he has been forced, should be execrated as a second George the Fourth without having any of the pleasure and jovial company which that perfect gentleman enjoyed. We would suggest something, which, as it is founded on good sense and a love of truth, is certain not to be adopted. The Prince of Wales is by right, and courtesy, the first gentleman in the land. His name is being brought into very bad odour. Let a committee of gentlemen from the principal clubs investigate the charges bandied about by idle gossips against the Prince—privately, of course—and trace them to their source; then let those who repeat or circulate such false charges, if proved to be false, be expelled from every club, and from all decent society. This would soon put an end to such scandal, and would be a gratifying proof of that loyalty to the reigning house which all gentlemen of England profess to feel so deeply.

THE number of assassinations in Ireland is daily increasing. It appears that nine organised murders have been committed in Tipperary, and in not one of these nine cases has the murderer been brought to justice. Yet we know that the majority of the people of Ireland are virtuous, loyal, and that they decidedly disapprove of these crimes. In fact, they have shown so in the latest case by subscribing a large sum as a reward for the apprehension of the murderer. How is it, then, that with this strong feeling in favour of the law, that the criminal in these cases is scarcely ever brought to justice? There is not the slightest sign of any action on the part of the Government in this matter. They decline to provide any protection for the lives of the landowners because they maintain that it is not needed. Ireland is quiet; its people are gentle and affectionate; the police are sufficiently numerous and effective; and yet men are shot down in broad daylight and the assassins can never be detected, much less punished. Is it not an irresistible conclusion from these facts that we are quite unable to govern Ireland—to make the law of any real use for the protection of life or property, or for the detection of crime? Had we not better at once, gracefully and spontaneously, surrender a charge which causes us constant anxiety, and which we are utterly incompetent to fulfil? We venture to prophecy that the abolition of the Union is not far off; but we would have England, and not Ireland, take the initiative. When the Irish have got Land Laws of their own ingenious and generous construction, these outrages will disappear, and the material progress of Ireland will be rapid and lasting.





ROMEO AND JULIET À LA MODE.

CHARACTERS.

ROMEO (*A not very young man*)
OLD CAPULET (*A fine eater*)

MR. JOHN BULL.
MR. L. MORTLEY.

JULIET (*A very pretty woman*)
NURSE (*An old woman*)

MISS COLUMBIA.
MR. REVERDY JOHNSON.



THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

No. VI.

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.—ABOUT THE WEATHER.—HOW SUCH MATTERS ARE MANAGED IN PARROT-LAND.—SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—THE TREATMENT OF WOMEN.—WOMAN'S INFERIORITY TO MAN.—WHAT THE ADVOCATES OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS REALLY ARE.—SEVERAL PROOFS OF THIS INFERIORITY.—HOW TO EDUCATE WOMEN.—THE VALUE OF APPEARANCES, ESPECIALLY WITH WOMEN.—WHY THIS MUST BE ENFORCED.—THE CRIME OF BEING FOUND OUT MUST BE PROPERLY PUNISHED.—BY MEN AS WELL AS BY WOMEN.—THE FOLLY OF SYMPATHY.—ON RULING BY DIVISION.—A WARNING AGAINST ELEVATING WOMEN.—RE-ASSURANCE.—CONSOLATION FOR THE WEAKER SEX.—THE AUTHOR INCLINES TO CHANGE SIDES ON THIS QUESTION.—PHILOSOPHERS DEFINED.—THE AUTHOR SHOWS CAUSE FOR HIS INCONSISTENCY.

I DID not intend to have writtten anything more at present, having been laid-up with a bad cold, the result of this very objectionable climate, which is as changeable and capricious, and I may add as disagreeable, as the women who live in it. Besides, I thought it would be better for you to digest the precepts which I had already inculcated, before I began to instruct you on any new question. However, my articles having produced, as was only to be expected, a very great sensation, I have been prevailed upon to continue them.

While I am on the subject of the weather, I may as well observe that it appears to me the management of that institution is very bad indeed. It always appears to be raining when it ought to be dry, and to be very hot and dry just when it ought to be raining. I attribute this to the perverse obstinacy of you men, which impregnates the air, and makes it behave itself with the same infelicitous stubbornness as you do. If the matter were in the hands of Parrots, I cannot help thinking it would be managed better.

In our country, when it rains it gets it all over at once, and when it is fine you know you can depend on its being fine for some time together; which appears to me to be another proof of the complete superiority of Parrots to men.

Having discussed Politics, I must turn my attention to Social Questions; and first I will take the treatment of women, in order that I may get rid of a troublesome subject as soon as possible.

Of course women are inferior to men, just as men are inferior to Parrots; this is settled, and so there is no use arguing about it—though some crack-brained idiots talk about women being the equals of men. They are only men who are so weak and silly, that they feel there is no chance of their being acknowledged, even by men, to be their equals, unless dragged in by the skirts of women. I have known similar creatures among us Parrots, who are for ever insisting upon what they call equality; maintaining that Parroquets are our equals, and have a right to eat as much as we real grey and red Parrots, which is simply ridiculous.

Women are not so tall as men, they can't eat as much or drink as much as men; therefore they are inferior to men. You don't want any further reason, surely. If there are exceptions—and I have seen women eat a good deal, and drink a good deal too (half a glass at a time)—why they only prove the rule.

But women are noisy and cunning, so it is necessary to teach them their inferiority. I will tell you how to do it.

Never let women really learn anything; not that they could if they tried, but don't give them the chance. Let them be trained in certain tricks to amuse the company at a party; and always teach them that men admire them for their looks and their dress, not for their qualities or their good sense—supposing it were possible for them to have any.

Always enforce with women the value of appearances—don't let them think that goodness consists in being good, but in seeming so. Make them as bitter and cruel as you can against any of their own sex who may be caught tripping; but obsequious and indulgent to all those who trip in secret, yet walk stiff and straight enough when everybody is looking.

The object of this is plain. Those women that get found out in doing wrong are sure to betray their accomplice. Now,

women should be taught to bear their wrongs, as they call them, in secret. Besides, it is only right that the woman, being the weaker creature, and therefore more in the wrong than the man—who is so strong that he is always running away with himself—should bear all the punishment, while the man, who could not help himself, gets off scot-free.

In order to keep this admirable system in full vigour, mind that you men never fail to treat any woman who has been found out, and is therefore looked down upon by her sisters, with a familiarity, a total want of respect, and a slighting contemptuous manner with which you would never think of treating any woman, however bad you might yourself *know her to be*, who had not been found out.

The reason why women are found to fall in with this system of treating their own sex is very evident. When a woman is found out in an indiscretion she must be hateful to her sex for two reasons—she either reflects too faithfully what they really are, or what in their heart they want to be; and so they punish their own folly, or revenge themselves on their own virtue vicariously, as it were.

Not but that there are silly women, who, when one of their "sisters" is in distress or trouble, whether by her own fault or by some one else's, hasten to her, and endeavour, by every means in their power, to console and cheer her. Precious fools! they never reflect that they cannot associate with such creatures without being taken by the world as being in the same boat with them; and so, whether rightly or not, all they get, by what they call their sympathy, is the same coldness and contempt which those get with whom they sympathise.

It is evident that as long as you can get the help of women themselves, you men will have no difficulty in keeping them in subjection. I have already in a former paper, when giving you my *reasons* (as you call them) for supporting polygamy, instructed you in the method of governing females by setting one against the other. So strong is their jealousy and love of quarrelling that you will never find any difficulty in doing this.

Bring women down to the level of your tastes—if you like impudence, vulgarity, and immodesty, make your women impudent, vulgar, and immodest. The moment women combine together to elevate man, and resolutely set their faces against self-indulgence and coarseness; the moment that they agree upon a high code of morality, founded on something more than pretence and refined hypocrisy; the moment they bring all their power of ridicule and quiet contempt to bear on men who follow no guide but their appetites, from that moment beware, oh Men! for your reign is over.

(*Private and Confidential.*)—Don't read the above paragraph out loud in your families; it might be dangerous.

But you need not alarm yourselves, Lords of the Creation, as you call yourselves, I should as soon expect to find linnets ruling us Parrots as to find women governing men; at least for any good end.

And you women are quite right to submit at least, in appearance. You know your power, and the source whence it springs. I confess I feel more than half inclined to take your side; you show such excellent good sense in some things—in arguments for instance—there you are my most promising pupils. I never heard a woman give a *reason* for what she believed, or said, or did, and I hope I never shall.

Besides, who can prevent despising men, after all? at least no Parrot can—for with all their boasted superiority to you, women, what fools they do make of themselves in your hands! You will always be able to make slaves of them, if you let them think they are free, and lords over you. Above all, be careful to encourage them in pleasure-seeking and idling, and dissipation, for if men ever get like Parrots, to take delight in nothing so much as in serious reflection, and philosophic thought, good bye to your power over them. You will have to emigrate to some other world.

Philosophic thought, I said; and this reminds me that all philosophers are only men who have lived with no creatures but Parrots, and who, by constantly and secretly listening to our conversation—for we rarely talk when men or women are by—have committed to memory the jewels of our wisdom, and afterwards reproduced them in their own vulgar setting.

So ends my discourse on the treatment of women. It may seem inconsistent, but I can't help it. Men and women are so inconsistent that when one talks about them, one must be so too.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

PRIVATE LIFE.

THE Beau Monde has long thrown its doors open to English newspaper reporters. When Madame la Marquise de Sole-Normande has given a small family dinner, it has been quite the mode to have the *menu* published the next morning in a journal said to have had "the largest circulation in the world." In May the butchers', laundresses', tailors', and hosiers' bills, &c., of distinguished people will be published daily.

PUBLIC LIFE.

During the whole of the past season journalists have been permitted to be present at the debates in the Chambers as spectators, but not as reporters. In May editors of newspapers will have full liberty to write whatever they please. For the present, however, they will not be permitted to print or to publish the articles they may write in accordance with this decree.

THEATRES.

Wit and morality have quite gone out of fashion. Sedition is coming in, but indecency and blasphemy are still highly popular.

DRESS.

Extravagance is, of course, the mode for May. Garments giving a maximum of expense and immodesty, and a minimum of use and gracefulness, are again the rage. On account (probably) of the near approach of the warm weather, ball dresses will not be worn above the waist.

ARMY.

The standard is to be heightened. Soldiers will be required to be at least four feet five. The pay of captains is to be increased. In future, officers of this rank will receive a franc and a half a day.

GENERAL.

It will be remembered that in the Exhibition year some English gentlemen attempted to introduce morning "tubbing" into France. The fashion was adopted by one or two enthusiastic Frenchmen, but has gradually died out.

Male evening dress for May will be the same as that worn in April—blue tail coat with glass buttons, three waistcoats (two under, one over, embroidered profusely), aggressive shirt front, huge white tie, and the usual fancy chequed tweed morning trowsers ("as advertised—two hundred patterns to choose from").

Velocipedes will now take the place of horses—they are cheaper and more easily managed.

French gentlemen will call themselves "bebés," dress themselves like shopkeepers, live among actresses, gamble like chevaliers de l'industrie, and confine themselves in conversation to the topics most in vogue among the most vicious "set" of costermongers. They will drive four-in-hands to the races with as much grace and ease as an untutored elephant would accomplish a polka mazurka. They will look like snobs, chatter like monkeys, and behave like fools.

THE DIGNITY OF THE DRAMA.

So people are at length awake to the fact that some theatres are crammed to the roof with orders. Managers, of course, are making a hundred and one excuses in defence of the miserable clap-trap system, and possibly *they* cannot help themselves. The fact is, the whole thing is the result of a vicious taste for *puff*! The vulgarity of theatrical advertising to-day knows no bounds. It matters not of what sort is the entertainment, the great, staring, lying lines are thrust into every leader sheet for the purpose of cheating the public into patronage. Some actors like several separate lines to themselves, and descend to the "repetition" method of catching the eye, as if they were so much cocoa. Others wrench off the fag end of a criticism, and tack it on to their names unblushingly. Dramatic authors, even, advertise their literary wares as if they were pickles or beer.

To this level has the "profession" (profession, indeed!) sunk! Nothing is more sickening to a man who knows anything of the matter, than a glance at the *Times'* theatrical advertisement sheet on Saturday morning. The whole page, with one or two rare exceptions, teems with bad taste, and the only satisfaction he experiences is in the knowledge that the indulgence of the vulgarity has cost someone a pretty figure.

We do not care to ask, either, who introduced this degrading fashion into our midst, or from what quarter it came. Suffice it to say, that it is to *it* that we attribute unhesitatingly all the packing and cramming and forcing of bad pieces which has so properly disgusted the modern intellectual playgoer. What is the use of actors, managers, and authors, talking big things about the days of Garrick, Coleman, Goldsmith, and Sheridan—as if they, forsooth, were continuing the glorious line of the drama's heroes! Garrick and Goldsmith! Why such men would retire into private life—blushing—in 1869!

VERY CROSS QUESTIONS.

Q.—Answer us. Who is Lord Portman?

A.—He is a Peer.

Q.—Well, we know that. But that proves nothing. Can you tell us why?

A.—I can. Men with jockeys' tastes may be Peers. There are plenty of Lords who are fit only for the society of stable lads and grooms.

Q.—Then you know nothing of this Lord Portman?

A.—Nothing.

Q.—Think again. Did he not say something or other in the House of Lords the other evening?

A.—You remind me,—he did.

Q.—Well, was it anything very wise or very foolish?

A.—Very foolish indeed. He said a Bishop could not live respectably on £2,500 a-year. He hinted that an ecclesiastic who had to be brought, by virtue of his spiritual duties, into the company of their lordships, was not equal to the dignity of his station unless paid at a far higher rate.

Q.—Then money, according to these men, makes the gentleman?

A.—No, not the gentleman,—the Peer.

Q.—You are right. But to revert once more to Lord Portman's ideas on the subject of a bishop's income. Do you think his lordship wise, when he argues that one of the highest Christian dignities should necessarily give the lie to self-denial and other obvious Christian virtues?

A.—No, I do not. I think his lordship, like a good many other better men, talks about that of which he knows nothing. Foreign bishops, for whom a reverence is entertained, far higher than that which our comfortably housed, carriaged, and sleeved bench inspires, receive nothing like £2,500 a year. Lord Portman, therefore, talks rubbish.

Q.—You would suppose, then, that he in no way respected their ecclesiastical office?

A.—In no way whatever.

Q.—Dear me, that is very sad. Can you tell me what will become of the spiritual Peers?

A.—Pretty much what will become of the Peers temporal.

Q.—And pray, what is that?

A.—Disestablishment, and that rapidly, unless they take care what they are about.

"WHERE IS ZADKIEL?"

PRINCE ARTHUR has had enough of his Irish campaign, and is now taking a quiet little holiday in the Isle of Man. We hope that His Royal Highness has enjoyed his tour in the Emerald Isle, but we fear much that this cannot have been the case, at all events so far as his sojourn at Derry was concerned. The fact is that our Royal Bombardier is unfortunate in his princely progresses. Let us hope that our little American difficulty may be settled before His Royal Highness goes to Canada (where he is shortly due), or we shall be getting superstitious.

"DEARER THAN LIFE."

A CONTEMPORARY under the heading of "COURT AND FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE," gives us the following bit of information :—

"It is stated that the rescue of the miners at Brierly Hill, will cost the Earl of Dudley £25,000."

What are we to understand by this? That the men's lives were dear at the price, and Lord Dudley is to be condoled with at having had to put his hand into his pocket for so large a sum, or that his Lordship is to be extolled for having rescued his workmen at any pecuniary sacrifice?

Although we should be glad to hear any further details of the fearful catastrophe which could shed fresh lustre on the heroism of the gallant men who staked even more than £25,000—their lives—to rescue their comrades, we do not care to hear of the part which the Earl of Dudley played in the tragedy. His role was certainly no serious one, "first grave-digger" at the most, and his lordship will be guilty of the grossest bad taste if he makes any more such attempts as that we instance above, to set himself up as the hero of the play.

MATRIMONIAL EXPEDIENCY.

They were two daughters of one race :
One dead, the other took her place ;
Brotherly love ? ho ! fiddle-de-dee !
The *Noes* were but one forty-four ;
I'm backed by retrospective law ;
Oh ! the *Ayes* were two forty-three !

Who'd run a tilt 'gainst common sense ?
I married for convenience ;
Brotherly love ? ho ! fiddle-de-dee !
'Tis wiser th' ills we *know* to bear
Than run the chance worse elsewhere ;
Oh ! the *Ayes* were two forty-three !

Twice married—but I'm bound to state
Th' expediency of this is great :
Brotherly love ? ho ! fiddle-de-dee !
I'm now no worse off than before,
I only have *one* mother-in-law,
And she's one too many for me !

THE VULGAR GODDESS.

AT the dissolution of the *Corps Legislatif*, the other day, we are told that, after the customary shout of "Vive l'Empereur," M. Jules Favre, standing on his bench, and drawing himself up to his full height, bawled out, *several times*, in a stentorian voice, amidst derisive cheers, "Vive la Liberté !" Of the etiquette preserved on these occasions in the lower French Chamber we know nothing, but as far as we can form any sort of judgment from analogy, we must confess this reads like a bit of unprovoked blackguardism. M. Jules Favre is one of those noisy demagogues who, simply because they are always braying out on the side of revolution on the Continent, command the sympathies not only of the Radicals, but, we regret also to add, of the Liberals in this country. Whenever there is a regular Billingsgate row in the *Corps Legislatif*, this man is always sure to be at the bottom of it, and, he may depend upon it, the sort of altercations he delights in would not be tolerated for an instant even in our rather ill-behaved House of Commons. True sons of Liberty have, however, been always a little low in their tastes. The rascals of the great revolution thought they could imbue themselves with the spirit of Rome of old, by getting themselves up in togas and tinsel ; and this species of vulgarity seems still to hang about a certain class of Continental politicians. What is the use, we should like to know, of such an exhibition as that afforded by this French Deputy? Where is the legislative tact, the patriotism, the dignity, the respectability, of a leap on to an arm-chair, and a succession of savage

street yells? What is to come of it but an upholsterer's bill and a tremendous set-to with the usher? We may not sympathise entirely with Imperial France, but, at her worst, she can show us a better programme than that of the contemptible clique English correspondents dignify by the name of "the Opposition." Liberty is a good thing in its way, but blood, bluster, and barricades do not at all make up the sort of seasoning with which we wish to see it served. We cannot, of course, imagine such a thing possible with us ; but were some Radical member to fly on to the table of the House, hurl out his legs, and screech "Down with the Queen," we have not a moral doubt but that he would be called to order on the spot, and probably well horse-whipped afterwards. Yes, we do these things, as yet, "better in England."

THE EMPIRE AND ITS PAY.

THE Emperor of the French is certainly a monarch of considerable sagacity, for he understands most thoroughly the principle of making a very little go a very long way. From an announcement in the official journal of the Empire, it appears that His Majesty intends to celebrate his next *fête* day, the 15th of August, by an act of generosity to the veteran survivors of his uncle's campaigns. The Emperor intends to grant from the funds of the Bank of Deposit increased life annuities to old soldiers who have served under the Republic and First Empire, so that none of these gallant old men shall receive an annual pension of less than 250 francs, which, in our English money, is just ten pounds.

As this Imperial bounty has little of the spirit of extravagance about it, and has moreover been a great success across the Channel, we are not surprised to hear that Mr. Gladstone is about to "adapt" the idea, and that, with the assistance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the right honourable gentleman has prepared the following list of special pensions, which will duly be notified in the *London Gazette* on the occasion of the next celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday :—

Pensions of £20 a Year.

CURATES who have attained the age of eighty, and have served at least forty years in a subordinate capacity.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig Holstein.

CAPTAINS IN THE ARMY who have been "purchased over" more than thirty times.

Pensions of £10 a Year.

CURATES who have attained the age of seventy, and have not less than twenty persons dependent on them for support.

SOLDIERS who have served at Waterloo, in the Peninsula, and have received two good conduct medals ; on completion of their eighty-fifth year.

ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN, on condition of his immediate emigration to New Zealand.

Pensions of £5 a Year.

CURATES having fifteen children and upwards, on attaining the age of sixty.

SAILORS of the Royal Navy, who served at the Battle of the Nile.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

We believe that the reason for keeping Her Majesty's Birthday on the 2nd proximo, or more than a week later than the day itself, is because the pensions commence on the date of celebration, and not on the 24th of May, by which arrangement (for which Mr. Lowe is responsible) a saving of £1 3s. 2½d. will be effected on account thereof. Certainly, our Chancellor of the Exchequer is a model economist.

A GOOD AIM.

ALTHOUGH no one can accuse our independent and well-conducted contemporary, the *Broad Arrow*, of drawing the long bow, in calling for the reduction of the period for which regiments are now sent on foreign service, the *Broad Arrow* has hit the mark.—[Ha ! ha ! ha ! a right merrie jسته !—ED. TOM.]

STALE AND UNPROFITABLE.

A SELECT committee of the House of Commons, after weeks of deliberation, has just presented the following "special" report regarding the affairs of the Great Central Gas Company:—

"The committee are satisfied on the evidence of the promoters that for many years there has been no sufficient audit or supervision of the accounts of the company, and that defalcations have occurred extending over a period of six or seven years, and exceeding in amount £71,000."

Taking into consideration the notoriety which has been given to the doings or rather misdoings of a certain Mr. Benjamin Higgs, it required no select committee to tell the House of Commons or any one else that there has been a great system of robbery and that it should have been discovered years ago. The point that the public is now anxious about is who will bear the loss of seventy-one thousand and odd pounds—whether the proprietors or auditors? for certainly the consumers should not be made to "pay the piper" by an increase in the price of the gas supplied to them. This question seems, however, to have been entirely ignored. We trust that the committee will be called upon to reconsider its report, for the House of Commons has a right to look for something more practical than a mere statement of facts a month old.

SIGHTS OF A SITE.

MR. LOWE has fairly taken the world by surprise. Until a few days ago we believed, with the rest of mankind, that one of two sites would be selected for the new Palace of Justice. To our astonishment, the right honourable gentleman suggested a third spot, and argued in support of his selection that the ground would be cheap, and the site imposing. As it is said that some of our public offices are shortly to be removed from the land which they now occupy to distant climes, we are not astonished to find that the following schemes have been submitted for approval:—

Name of Office.	Proposer.	Site proposed.
War Office.	Mr. Lowe.	Primrose Hill—the ground is cheap, and the site charming.
Horse Guards.	H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.	Whitehall—nice place, near the Horse Guards' Clock, and a long way off from those impudent fellows at the War Office.
The Admiralty.	Mr. Childers.	The Thames Tunnel—inexpensive, and close to the water.
India Office. Foreign Office. Treasury.	Mr. E. T. Smith.	{ Cremorne. (N.B.— The Cremorne supper is served at twelve o'clock.

There! And yet people say that the English have no imagination!

THE GREAT CUTLERY QUESTION.

HER Majesty's Stationery Office having discerned a difficulty that might possibly have arisen in respect to a recently issued circular by which the clerks of the several Government offices, although compelled to cut their quill pens at least half a-dozen times before throwing them away, were deprived of the supply of penknives wherewith to effect this desirable economy has rescinded its order, and its officers have turned their retrenching powers in another direction. We have reason to believe that the following articles now given to heads of Department will no longer be issued:—

TURKEY CARPETS as used at the Foreign Office, India Office, The Treasury, the War Office, &c., &c.
SILVER-PLATED INKSTANDS as supplied to Secretaries of State, Lords of the Treasury, &c., &c.
MOROCCO LEATHER BLOTTER BOOKS as used by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
NOTE PAPER.—Superfine cream laid stamped with the private crest of the head of the department.
GREEN SILK RIBBON as issued to all officers of the departmental staffs.

If any "Circular order" to this effect is really going to be issued, a great deal more money will be saved thereby, than by the provisions of its repealed predecessor. Brussels carpets, oak inkstands, ordinary blotting pads, official note paper, and ordinary red tape, would surely meet the requirement of the most highly bred members of State who might well dispense with the above named expensive superfluities which are now supplied wholesale to the West-end public offices.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN with slow hesitating speech,
The once glib orator unfolded
My tortuous First, grief changed to joy,
And those approved who should have scolded;
All fancied that my Second safe,
Within his faltering words lay hidden,
Surprised to find a harvest home,
When to a funeral they'd been bidden.

Yet brief enough their joy should be
If they the boon would but consider;
They'd find he gives not always most
Who is the loudest highest bidder;
Remembering his favourite book,
Tamerent Danaos gifts when bringing,
And doubt lest they had cause to wail
Then most when songs of triumph singing.

I.

He plucked the soft and scented flower,
And gave it to the smiling maid,
"That flower's an emblem of your life,
But this of mine," he sadly said.

2.

As this may be to which our lives
We put, our happiness depends;
Would you be rich, of this your gold
Make, and, which pays as well, your friends.

3

When they're children, maidens play
So familiarly with me,
That my nature they must catch,
For in me all girls you see.

4

This name by a blunder chosen,
Ne'er by blunder was disgraced;
He was Nature's truest mirror,
Which nor flattered nor defaced.

5

Beauty's tongue, Hate's sword, Truth's well,
Where in liquid depths she lies;
Sorrow's refuge from the heart,
Where to drown herself she tries.

6

Cupid's squall when he would ape,
Auster's fury, Ocean's roar;
Ne'er believe him, though he threaten,
On eternal flight to soar.

May 8, 1869.]

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Amusements.

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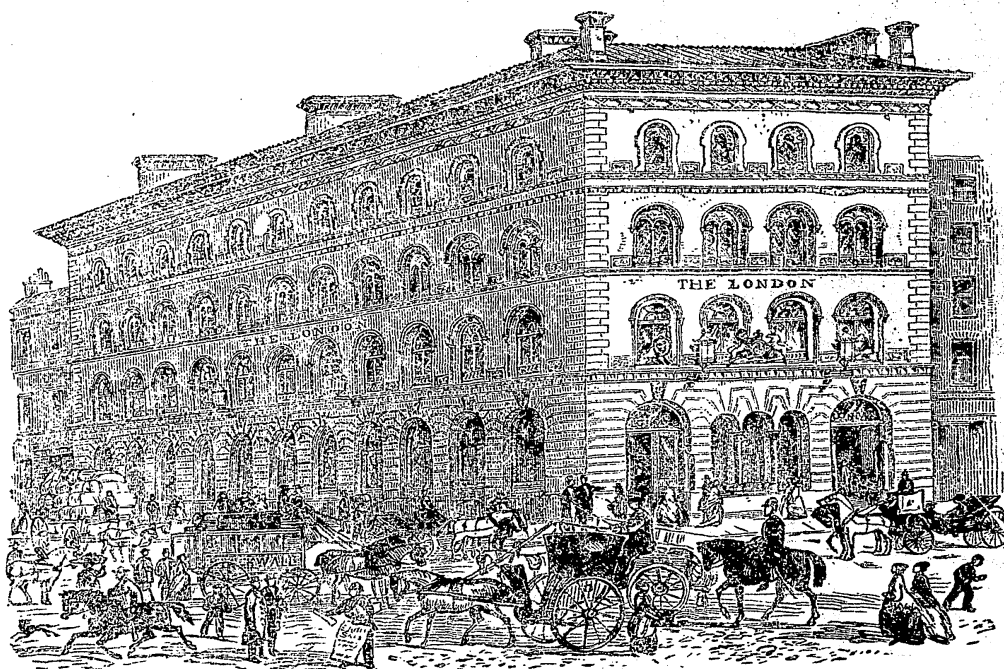
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