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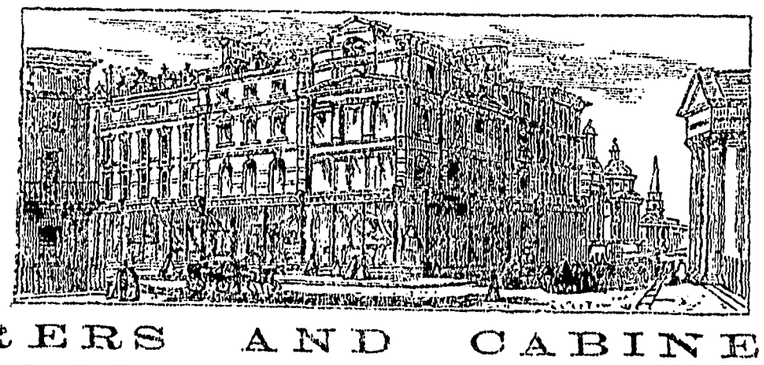

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THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 108.] *LONDON, MAY 29, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

A VOICE FROM THE RING.

It seems the fashion, Mr. Tomahawk, to abuse the professional betting men as being the main cause of the corruption of "the Turf" as an institution, and of the great abuses that have gradually grown up around Horse-Racing. I don't mean to say but what many of us Ring-men are sharp fellows, and take an advantage when we can. I don't mean to say but what there aren't some black sheep, or may be black-legs, among us; but what I means to say, and to stick to, is as the noblemen and gentlemen what are on the turf is no better, if they aren't worse, than we are; and as people might abuse us less, for many of us try to get our living honestly; though we do get it by calculation and speculation, which the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange may call gambling if they please.

If you'll excuse me, I'll take myself as an example, because I know more about myself than I do of any one else. I began life with about a hundred pounds. I never went beyond my capital; that is to say, if I lost I could always pay; and I'm worth now about fifty thousand pounds. I should be worth a good bit more if some of my friends, and some noblemen too, had paid me what they owe me. I have worked hard, very hard, for that money. It mayn't be a very noble profession, but I have always tried to act on the square, and I don't think as anybody can say as I have ever acted otherwise. I might have gone into some other profession, but I knew more about horses than I did about anything else, so I took to betting. Of course I have won money of people as could not afford to lose it, but it seems to me that that was their look out, and not mine. I have always given time to them as were willing to pay but could not. I have had many a gentleman come and ask me for time, and I gave it them; but when *I* was hard hit in the Marquis year nobody gave me any time. I had to raise the money, and, being known as an honest man, I got some one to lend it; and very good interest he got for his benevolent action. I only know one nobleman, and he's dead, as I then owed money to, what came and said to me, "Jobson," says he, "you owe me fourteen hundred, but don't you mind paying me till I ask you for it." And when everyone was a reviling of that nobleman, the late Marquis of Hastings, I did not forget his kindness to me, I am thankful to say. I think if accounts were made up between the Ring and the gentlemen, it would be found that we have not had always the best of it. There is some excuse for a man as begins with no education and no capital, and has to work very hard for his money, trying on a bit of a plant; but when gentlemen and noblemen as have been brought up in luxury, and been to college, and had every advantage as birth and fortune can give them; when they gets bolstering up horses in the market as they knows is dead ones, in order as they may be able to lay against them on the quiet; or when they has private trials, and keeps it dark as the favourite is no use, till they've got their money on the right one; why, I think as it does come rather hard on us as has got no estates to sell, and no wives' fortunes to borrow, and no entails or reversions to dispose of. When a gentleman comes among us I don't expect him to copy what's bad in the Ring, but to try and set them an example of straightforward and honest conduct, as may make them ashamed of anything like cheating. I know a duke or two that would not cheat at cards or pick a pocket, because he stands a very good chance of being found out; but he would not make any bones of keeping a horse in the market as favourite, though he knew he was as lame as a duck with one leg.

I am very much amused, when I have time to be amused at all, by seeing how these gentlemen, when they don't want to make use of us, turns up their nose at us Ring-men, and calls us low fellows. I often meets a swell in the park who chucks a nod at me, just as he'd chuck a penny at a beggar; but when we meet in the Ring or at the Corner, and he wants to know what horse to be on, when he has not got any private information of his own, then its "Halloa! Jobson, how are you?" and he shakes my hand as if I was his own brother. I should be sorry to be his brother, though, if I wanted to borrow five pounds of my father's eldest son. When I do want a hundred or so, I never go to the gentlemen; I go to the Ring. They will help a fellow in distress; but when a nobleman gets it hot, he never tries his own kinsfolk or friends; he goes to the Jews, and perhaps he's right.

I don't pretend to say that the Betting Ring is a very good institution. Perhaps it would be better if there was no betting or gambling. There are some other institutions which we could do without equally well; but, unfortunately, human nature is a little too strong for us. All as we can do is to try and keep the Ring free from cheats and bloodsuckers, and I believe the Ring-men do as much towards that as the gentlemen do. I don't belong to the Portland or the Arlington Club, but I know some gentlemen as do, and all I say is, I would rather sit down to *écarte* with the sharpest trainer, or betting man, as ever breathed than with one of these gentlemen. Bless you, they'd clean you out before you knew where you were. Of course it's all fair; but if skill is to have the advantage in the card-room, why should it not in the Ring?

I never like to see a young man of great position and wealth, with grand estates, and a lot of tenants on them to look after,

a pretty wife, and children in the distance, come on the Turf. I know he generally goes to grief in nine cases out of ten. But what can we expect? He goes to work in the wrong way entirely; he knows nothing about horses; he knows nothing about calculations; he encourages a lot of parasites and touts about him, and, by his extravagance and carelessness, tempts persons, as are poor, to rob him. He goes on ahead without ever looking once where he's going; he backs some animal for about fifty thou., just because he fancies him; and, when he loses, borrows the money at fifty per cent., till at last, one after another of his estates go, the fine trees in the park are cut down, his wife's and children's fortunes are gone, he has nothing left but his name, and he debases that, until it won't pass current. I'm sorry for him, but what can I do? If he says to me "Jobson, I'll lay twenty thousand to one against Blueboy," am I to say "My lord, I can't take the bet?" If he wants to employ his money, on the Turf why does not he sell his land at first fairly to an honest customer, and then when he's got his capital invested, trade on that, and not go beyond it, at least not to any great extent? All my ambition is to be able to make enough to educate my children well, buy a small estate, settle down, and make as good an imitation of a country gentleman as a fellow like me can. But all my Lord's ambition seems to be to get rid of all the advantages as Nature or Fortune has given him, and to do that in as unsatisfactory a manner as possible. If men will ruin themselves why they'll do it on other things if they can't do it on horses. It's no manner of use telling a skittish mare, what's got the bit in her mouth, to stand still and let you get off—she bolts, till one or other of you is smashed to smithereens. It ain't much of a simile, but I can't think of a better.

I daresay, MR. TOMAHAWK, as you may think this kind of article of mine very immoral; but I don't wish any more than you do, to encourage the evils of the Turf. Let gentlemen, instead of abusing us, try and set their faces against this mad extravagance, this galloping straight away to ruin, almost before the starter has dropped his flag. I don't think as the Turf is by any means the worst form of gambling; if people will try and keep that reckless speculation, and cunning dishonesty off the Turf, as they have kept it off the Stock Exchange. It don't make one thing white because another's black, but if you can't do away with a thing, it's best to keep it as clean as you can; you can always reform, if you can't always abolish.

PADDY AT THE ANTIPODES.

THE Australian correspondent of one of the daily papers, in an enthusiastic communication regarding the doings of the Duke of Edinburgh at Sydney, gives the following item of intelligence:

"It soon transpired that, although unable to attend the picnic in honour of Erin's patron saint, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, had, throughout the day, exhibited his respect for 'Old Ireland' by wearing a bunch of shamrocks on the breast of his coat, instead of the bouquet he usually wears. This expressive tribute of regard and thoughtful consideration was, of course, deeply gratifying to every Irishman who saw it, it being one of those graceful acts which are never to be forgotten."

As for our part, we always considered the Duke of Edinburgh a particularly well-dressed member of society, we are sorry to find that he has fallen into evil tastes, and has discarded the single flower which it was Mr. Harding's wont to supply him with for a whole bouquet, which in its turn appears to have been superseded by a bundle of shamrock leaves. Or, as a saving clause, let us hope that the Australian correspondent is an Irishman, who, on St. Patrick's Day was lead away by loyalty and whiskey and water, to exaggerate His Royal Highness's floral embellishments.

A LESSON FOR ACTORS.

THOSE who love good acting, and could afford to go and see *Montjoye* played by Lafont, and did not go, were decidedly foolish persons. The whole performance was a lesson in the art of acting, which our English actors and actresses ought to have been taken to see, having previously had a translation of the piece put in their hands. Not that the French actors or actresses are faultless; all of them, except Lafont, play too much at the audience, and forget that when addressing a person you do not turn your ear towards them, but your mouth. There is also a mode of speaking in a sort of chaunt, which seems inherent in Frenchmen; it is very fatiguing, and renders it difficult for the audience to follow the words of the speaker. In some passages the actor seemed to sing rather than speak; we fancy that this is one of the fragments of tradition still left to the French stage; if so, it had better be got rid of as soon as possible. Of Lafont's acting it is impossible to speak too highly; old he may be, but like an old wine, with a good body, he has mellowed with age. *Montjoye* may be an abstract creation, but he is true to nature; he is the embodiment of that cynical, cold-blooded atheism, that refined selfishness, which never misses doing a good-natured thing, when it costs nothing, but which is utterly incapable of any noble action, that placid contempt for all simplicity and natural affection, which many men profess without practising, but which many more men practice without professing. The moral of *Montjoye* is most excellent, for it teaches the former that their attempt to destroy the better feelings of the heart is as useless as it is contemptible; it teaches the latter that utter selfishness always proves, ultimately, the most cruel policy towards the object which they love—self. M. Lafont represents the character with most exquisite finish; when he is cool and cynical, he is naturally so; when he is excited and his affections are touched, he is equally natural. He *acts* neither his "aplomb" or his passion. In his hands, *Montjoye* is not, as he would be in the hands of an inferior artist, two distinct persons, a man affecting self-possession, and a man pumping up his passion; he is throughout the same individual—a consistent inconsistency—his nature changing with the circumstances that act upon it, but retaining its real self throughout. It cannot be said of him as Churchill said of Barry—

"He cons his passions as he cons his part."

Without offending one's moral perception by enlisting sympathy with the vicious man as vicious, he succeeds in exciting one's admiration, one's enthusiasm, for the moral feeling, for the natural affection that asserts itself in the man in spite of the vicious doctrine that he preaches, in spite of the vices that he has committed. The whole performance is so artistic, so full of delicate touches, that it would be impossible to describe it at length: we wish English actors would study from such models, and they would learn that there is no alphabet of passion, that the emotions of the human heart cannot be gone through like the sword exercise, in seven positions. M. Lafont possesses that combination of high comic and tragic power, which is essential to the formation of that rarest of human beings—a great actor.

The ladies deserve much praise, too; they must forgive us for giving M. Lafont the preference. Mademoiselle Léonide Leblanc is the most charming actress that we have had the pleasure of seeing; she well deserved the hearty applause, from a not very enthusiastic audience, which recalled her after one scene and in the middle of an act; though the practice is not a commendable one. She is a little inclined to an excessive use of her eyes; but one easily pardons that. She has repose, as well as passion, at her command, and her pathos is free from exaggeration, while it is extremely effective. When we remember, with excruciating pangs of memory, some of the leading young ladies at our London theatres, we cannot help wishing that Mademoiselle Leblanc was not a visitor, but a resident.

We are happy to say that, on the third night of its representation, *Montjoye* was played to a distinguished audience, including the Prince of Wales; but let no one think that there is any danger of an intellectual comedy, admirably acted, competing with such unrivalled gems of art as "*La Grande Duchesse*" and Mdlle. Schneider. No English audience would endure a piece like *Montjoye*, in which character is developed, and the incidents, instead of starting up here, and everywhere

like erratic rockets, are led up to gradually and artistically. No, the English people will not have their taste corrupted by M. Lafont. Look down the advertisement sheet of the *Times* and "the Girls of the Period Breakdown," "I'm their Ma," "That's all I know about it," "Billy Taylor, a smart young fellow," &c., vindicate the refinement of our national taste. There is no hope for the English drama as long as there are no dramatic authors capable of creating characters with any force or depth of feeling, nor actors capable of performing them, and no audience capable of appreciating them.

THE BURLINGTON HOUSE CATECHISM.

Q.—LAST week you told me that the very worst pictures contributed to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy were from the brush of the President, Sir Francis Grant. Can you name any other prominent artist whose reputation is absurdly inconsistent with his merits?

A.—I can. Mr. John Prescott Knight, R.A., almost rivals Sir Francis in that peculiar school of "daub" that they both have made their own.

Q.—Should, then, Mr. Knight distress you with his canvass?

A.—He should terribly. He has shamelessly monopolised no less than eight good places on the walls of the Academy.

Q.—You are right. Will you, however, be so good as to explain what you mean when you make use of the expression, "shamelessly monopolised?"

A.—I will. Mr. Knight is a fashionable portrait painter, a road in art along which the highest genius never condescends to travel. Moreover, it is in these days of photography, a road which is daily becoming, from an art point of view, less respectable.

Q.—You are right. Can you, then, give me any account of Mr. Knight's work, and explain its nature—I mean, show how it is likely to interest or amuse the public, who pay a shilling for witnessing it?

A.—The public are amused by a reference to the catalogue. There is much fun hidden in a collection of Mr. Knight's subjects. It is really an amusing list.

Q.—Can you, if you please, furnish me with it.

A.—I can. It is as follows:—

85. H. B. BOLCKOW, Esq., M.P.
172. JOHN GREGORY, Esq. *Painted by order of the Court of Assistants of the Draper's Company, to be placed in their Hall.*
258. JAMES EDEN, Esq.
323. MISS GRACE.
353. MISS CLARA.
437. MONS. EDMUND FRERE.
443. ARTHUR GROTE, Esq. *Painted for the Bengal Asiatic Society.*
738. MR. ALDERMAN AGNEW.

Q.—You correctly call this amusing; but it is *not* interesting. Will you tell me why?

A.—Because, estimable as these people may be, the general public does not care to see them daubed on canvass by Mr. Knight, R.A., and forcing better work "out of the line."

Q.—Without wishing to be personal, one might say that the academy portraits were more or less advertisements of an ultra snobbish character. How many ways are there of answering the same ends of advertisement, but by different means?

A.—Two.

Q.—Which are they?

A.—The construction of a "mutual admiration gallery," where all people thirsting for vulgar display might find a place, or a long column of advertisement in the *Times*, giving the names, means, and pedigrees (this last at the pleasure of the advertised) of those who delight in the obtrusiveness of a Royal Academy portrait.

Q.—You answer correctly. Tell me have you exhausted the subject of these advertising canvasses?

A.—Not quite. I would say, in conclusion, that an exhibition, one third of which is composed of such "works of art" is a disgrace to the nation, and this, because through the greed of the painters and the reckless snobbishness of the sitters to be in time for a place. All or most of the details, such as the distances, draperies, and other accessories, especially the hands, which in real works of art should be carefully and conscientiously finished, are thrown in as if some fifth-rate scenic artist had knocked them off by the dozen. I know of many people who will not wade through the Exhibition at Burlington House, simply because they will not subject themselves to the disgusting ordeal of facing hundreds of simpering misses, gaping alderman, plain children, provincial nobodies, with and without horses, hitherto unknown noblemen, grandmothers, and over-dressed women. When the Academy shuts its doors on nine-tenths of this snob-canvass, it may then worthily undertake the culture of British art. At present it only too well fosters British flunkeyism.

Q.—You express yourself vigorously. Would you, do you think, if you had an offer of being painted by the President to-morrow, yourself, accept it, and be sent into the Academy.

A.—Yes, I would.

(*To be Continued.*)

WORSE AND WORSE.

ALDERMAN Sir Robert Carden, a magistrate now in the habit of dispensing justice at the Mansion House, stands alone, and unenviably conspicuous, even on the civic bench.

Having made this statement, let us proceed to disclose the cause of our irritability. One day last week, then, Samuel Russell, a tripe-dresser, was charged with assaulting a police constable in the execution of his duty. From the evidence of the constable, it appeared he was on duty in Barbican, when a man came to him and complained that he had been robbed of some money by a woman. The two went together in search of the thief, when they came upon the prisoner's wife, who was standing waiting for her husband at the corner of a street. They went up to her and seized her, when the man who had been robbed said she was not the woman who had robbed him, although "she was dressed like her." On this the prisoner came up, and having asked the constable, who was, by the way, dressed in plain clothes, what he meant by pulling his wife about, and having received no satisfactory explanation, very properly gave the policeman in plain clothes a sound thrashing. He was consequently taken into custody, but his wife being called as a witness, stated that the policeman's conduct was violent in the extreme, and that her arm was black and blue through his ill-usage. But here comes the point of the story. The woman was proceeding to uncover her arm in proof of her assertion when Sir Robert Carden stopped her, and, according to the police report, said "he did not believe it; besides, he could not tell whether her husband had caused the bruises." In the end, the prisoner having received an excellent character as a steady, hard-working, and sober man, and a model husband, was sentenced to go to prison for a week; but the disapprobation of the people in the Court was so unmistakeably expressed by their looks of disgust that the Alderman was fairly cowed into mitigating the penalty into a twenty-shilling fine.

But putting aside the decision altogether, what does Sir Robert Carden mean by telling a witness, without the least provocation or reason, that she was swearing falsely, and that he likewise believed that her husband beat her? Is Sir Robert Carden himself in the habit of committing perjury and of beating his wife, that he is so ready to jump to the conclusion that every one else must be guilty of such crimes. There must have been something of the kind in the Alderman's head, which has ordinarily little enough of anything at all in it, or he would not have gone out of his way to have hazarded such a brutal and cowardly surmise.

Really, we are losing all patience with Sir Robert Carden. Time was when we could laugh at him; but he is now getting beyond a joke. By putting on a little gentle pressure we have disposed of the Mayor of Cork. Will not some public-spirited M.P. introduce a bill to rid the country, or, at all events, the bench, of a functionary quite as mischievous, and even more ridiculous—Alderman Carden.

HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS.—To spend as little time as possible in London.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for June,

Price 1s.

LONDON, MAY 29, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. BROWNING, we understand, has engaged a stall on the hill at Epsom, where he expects to sell many copies of his last great work, "The Ring and the Book."

LORD CLARENDON may be a somewhat *dilettante* Foreign Secretary, but he has written a very good despatch on the Chinese Missionary question, in which he gives a good rap over the knuckles to those meddlesome jacks-in-office, the consuls and vice-consuls, who think they support the dignity of England by bullying a barbaric power like China. If "Christianity and gunboats" is to be the missionary's watch-word, the sooner we leave the heathen alone the better. The Bible and Gin are already rather too closely connected in the minds of many of the simple savages in Africa and America. "Gunpowder and the Gospel" were the two chief features of Christianity, as it appeared to the natives of the Pacific Archipelago. We do not want to lose the position which we have gained in China by teaching the people there that the doctrine of perfect love and mercy cannot be enforced without bombarding the homes of the desired converts. We shall do much more to advance Christianity by invariably behaving with moderation, temperance, and justice in those heathen countries where we settle, than by preaching Protestanism from under cover of breechloading cannon.

A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THE *Church News* publishes the following very attractive advertisement:

"Wanted, an Assistant-Priest for a new church in the north of England. He must be an earnest preacher, with some experience as a confessor, and able to sing. Stipend at the rate of £130 a year. Apply, &c."

This is certainly a great chance for young parsons who aspire to St. Alban's, Holborn. It is an acknowledged fact in the Church of England that there is great difficulty in finding priests who are properly qualified to hear confessions, in consequence of the few opportunities that are afforded to confessors in the Anglican establishment of perfecting themselves in this branch of their duty; but here is a north-country parish offering to become a regular training school for the Ritualists, by only requiring a clergyman with "some experience" as a confessor. We think though that, as amongst the "ribald throng" such advertisements as the above are calculated to give scandal, the would-be penitents (whom, we must presume, are sound Churchmen) would have done better to have made known their wants in a more becoming manner than by printing them in the columns of a London newspaper.

THE "*HOLY TEXT OF PIKE AND GUN.*"

OCH! boys, hurroo!
And is it thrue
We'll get the land free gratis?
'Tis hearts like flint
Who'd look for rint,
Or grudge poor Pat his praties!

Sure,—would the Crown
Then keep us down
With their constabulary,—
There's boys that breathe
Big oaths in Meath:
There's slugs in Tipperary!

Och! you may pen your
Thoughts on Land Tenure,
Improvements, drains, and fences—
An ounce of lead
In someone's head
Will bring you to your senses!

St. Patrick sure
Was premature
In making his appearance:
We've great complaint
'Gainst that old saint,
The way he made the clearance.

Ejecting craytures
Of ugly natures,
Why wouldn't he determine
To give us rest
From tenant's pest,
Them Landlords? they're the vermin!

There' letters sint
To give a hint—
On walls there's warning placards—
The land we claim!
Oppose that same,
Hurroo! ye Saxon blackguards!

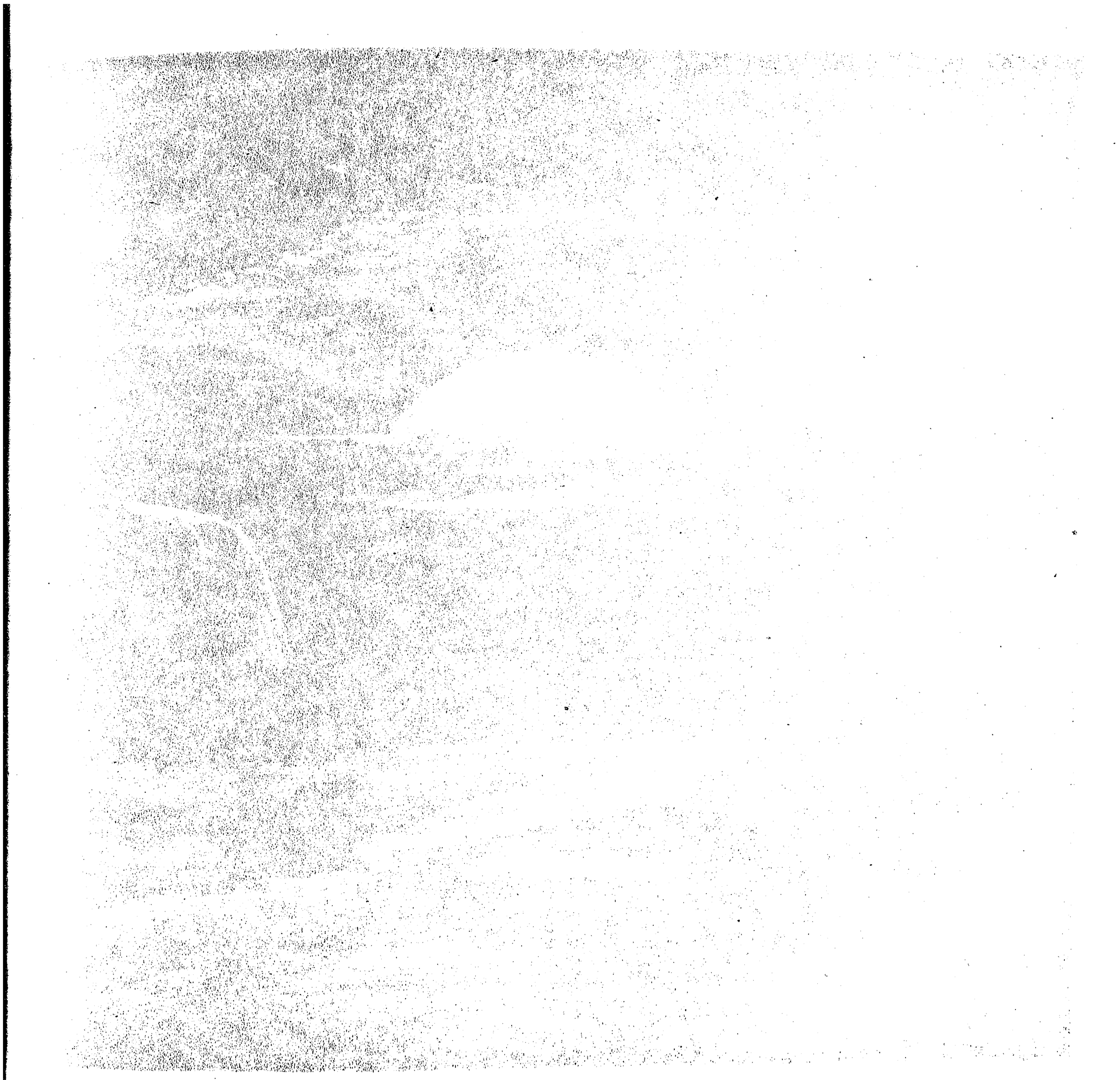
'Tis ours the soil—
For you the whole
Poloiteness is suggestin'
Six feet of earth,
Sure that's the berth
For landowners to rest in!

PECCAVI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the stringent denials recently offered by the military authorities regarding the existence of the wicked practice of cross-cupping in the army, the following circular has just been issued from the Army Medical Department:

"With a view to remove all misapprehension regarding the medical treatment of soldiers while in the service, or about to be invalided, it is to be clearly understood by every medical officer in the army that no measures are to be resorted to in any case with any other view than the treatment of the malady. The measures adopted must be such only as would be had recourse to in similar cases by physicians and surgeons practising in civil life.—T. G. LOGAN, Director-General."

There never was any doubt in the public mind after the overwhelming evidence brought forward in support of the assertion that cross-cupping was still the practice, that Mr. Cardwell was shamefully deceived by his subordinates when he made his statement in the House of Commons, denying the fact. But the above circular is none the less welcome, for it not only proves that Mr. Cardwell has discovered his mistake, but that he has also taken immediate steps to put a stop to a barbarous custom, for the existence of which the authorities at the Horse Guards are solely responsible.



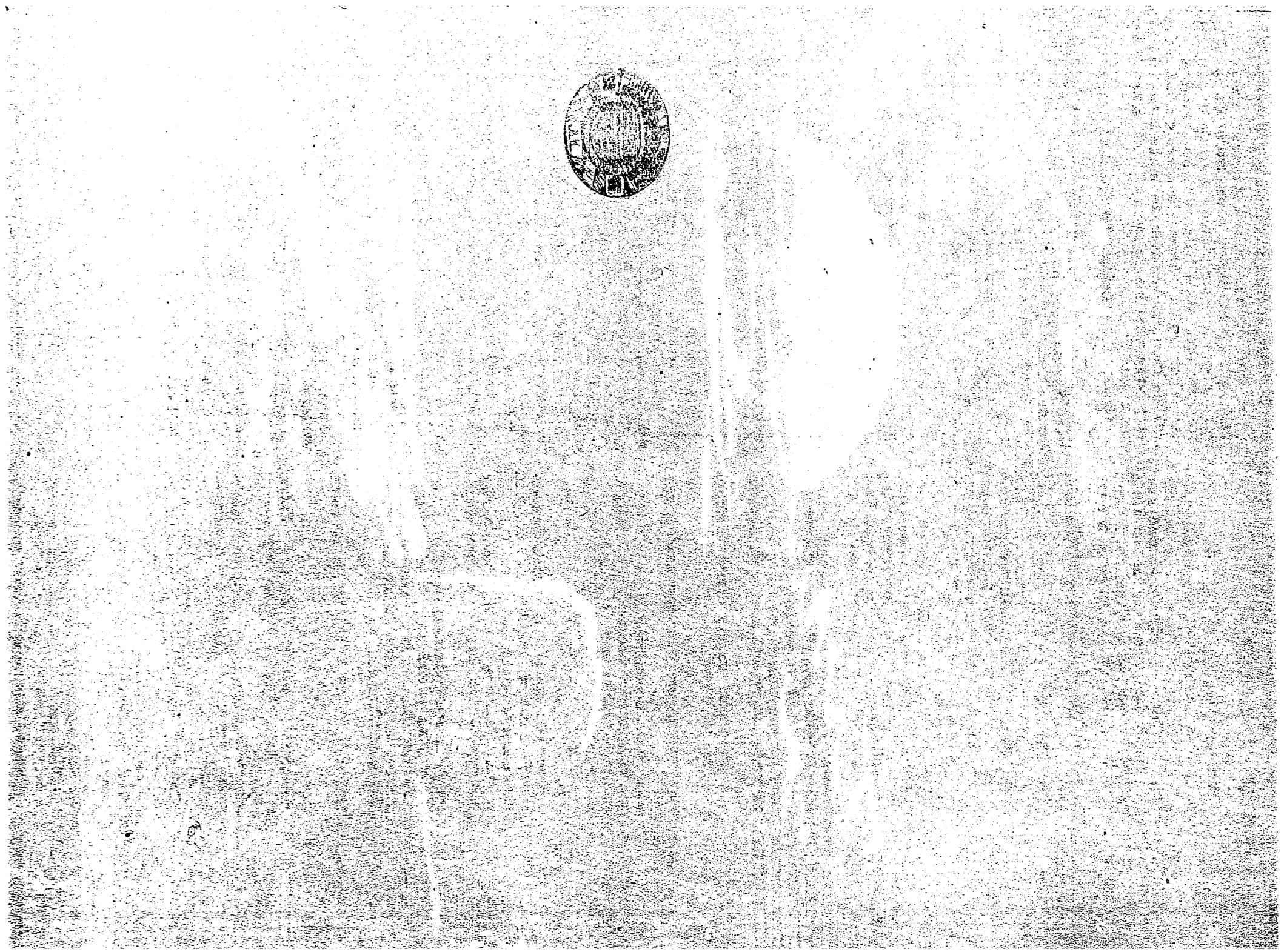
THE PORTRAIT OF A WINNER!

OR,

"TEN TO ONE ON SATAN."

(A DERBY PROPHECY.)

[*See* "PLUTO AT EPSOM."



PLUTO AT EPSOM.

(*See* THE CARTOON).

THE King of Hell was in a bad temper. Things had gone hard with him; and like most people accustomed to a hot climate, he was irritable—very irritable. The devilled kidneys on the breakfast table remained untouched, and even the last work, by Rénan (an author in great favour with Pluto), had been allowed to lie in disorder and neglect on the floor of the Infernal chamber.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked Proserpine, "You look very disagreeable to-day."

"Disagreeable! Who wouldn't be? Coals are so expensive that one can scarcely sit in comfort by one's own fireside! Then again, your milliner's bill is so high that I scarcely know how to make both ends meet. If it were not for the few rich people who bring their money down here occasionally to swell our exchequer, by Jupiter, I do believe I should have to go through the Court, and take the benefit of the Act."

"I am sure the Misses Clotho, Atropos, and Lachesis, are very clever with their weaving, although one of them certainly does cut a little to waste with her shears. And as for expense; why they are the most reasonable people in Hades—a little fond of having their own way, perhaps, but on the whole particularly civil and obliging."

"That may be, but I don't like paying for civility," said Pluto, with a frown, "I am not civil myself."

"That you certainly are not," put in Proserpine.

"And I don't expect civility from others. On my word, if this kind of thing goes on much longer, I think I shall shut up shop and go back to Olympus.

"A fine figure you would cut there, among those stuck-up people! You shouldn't take me with you."

"I would not."

"Oh," said Proserpine, bridling up, "so now the secret's out! You are tired of me."

"My love!" remonstrated Pluto, becoming alarmed.

"O yes, I know you are," continued Proserpine, beginning to sob, "you are a cruel wretch, and want to get rid of me."

"My own soul," said her husband in a wheedling tone, "what can have put such nonsense into your head. Why, my darling, my kingdom wouldn't be Hell without you!"

"O yes, it's all very well for you to say that," cried Proserpine, through her tears, "but I know you are tired of me, and want to marry your poor deceased wife's sister."

"Proserpine!" replied Pluto, sternly, "come, that's really *too* bad! Do you think that such a contemptible scheme would come from this place!"

"I don't know. You are bad enough for anything."

"Come, come, I didn't mean to offend you. The fact is, I am a little out of temper this morning. I have had some bad news from Earth. They are going to close, by law, some very respectable branches of this establishment."

"Where?"

"Oh, in London. After this year there are to be no more sponging houses!"

"Well, that isn't *my* fault!"

"No, no, I know it isn't," said Pluto, soothingly. "There be a good girl, and wipe up your tears. What have you been reading there?"

"Oh, only the comic paper we take in. I wish you would get me something a little more lively. Why don't you borrow the TOMAHAWK from Olympus?"

"My dear, now don't ask me to do an impossibility. You know its against the regulation to permit amusing publications to enter Hades. You are so inconsiderate. I am sure you are well enough supplied with works on theology."

The storm blew over, and Proserpine went to sleep. Still her Lord and Master (?) looked very discontented.

"I don't know how it is, but things are not what they used to be. Here am I actually obliged to pay Ixion, the Man at the Wheel. He said he would strike if I didn't, and offered to get up a Limited Company to dethrone me (with the Furies on the Direction and Cerberus as Secretary) if I didn't accede to his demand at once! A nice state of things when a Roman God is not the master in his own house. Tantalus, too, laughs at me now—he's given up his taste for water since he's taken to gin drinking. Not that he gets much though—they use so much gin on earth that we get very little of it here below. It's just as bad they tell me in Olympus. Every body's disgusted. Jupiter's eagle has flown down from the stars, and has taken up his abode at a sort of Cremorne in the City road. The old reprobate—*we* shall have him here soon, if he dosen't look out. Then again, there's Minerva's *Owl*, a *very* nice bird! Left his mistress Wisdom to make a *fiasco* in print! I think every body must be going mad! I scarcely know the place now-a-days!"

He sat down before the fire, and stared gloomily at the blaze.

"By Jove," he cried, starting up, "I am burnt if I don't go up to Earth to see how things are getting on there. Here, Faust! Faust!!"

A young man in a very handsome dress made his appearance at the call.

"Yes, Sire, what pleasure can I do thee? Tell me, oh tell me, what pleasure can I do thee?"

"Oh stop that singing," cried Pluto irritably, "You are always making a row!"

"It's my destiny to murder Gounod, as Gounod has murdered Goethe. Strum, strum," and he pretended to play a couple of phantom chords on an imaginary double bass.

"Silence, slave," cried Pluto emphatically, "and listen to my commands. I propose a visit to earth—you will take my place in my absence."

Faust bowed low before the King of Hades.

"The Furies require some assistants; do you know any one down here fitted for the situation?"

Faust considered a moment, and then replied—"I have no doubt, my lord, that I shall find plenty ripe for the post among those degraded creatures, the Poor-law Guardians."

"Be it so; and now before I go, is there any one who wishes to see me?"

"Sire," said Faust, trembling, "an audacious mortal has dared to invade your sacred kingdom."

"What!" thundered the King, shaking with rage, "where was the traitor Cerberus?"

"Good, my lord," replied the much-frightened Faust, "the Guardian of the Gate had left Hades to visit a distant colony in which he takes great interest—the Home for Lost and Strayed Dogs."

"Brave creature!" cried Pluto admiringly, "did he know of the sausage shop in the vicinity of the dreadful place—had he heard of the muzzling propensities of the human police?"

"He had, my lord, and yet he defied both dangers."

"I *must* forgive him—his valour protects him from my rage. But why did he not return at night?"

"He went, my lord, to see an exhibition of living cat's meat held at Astley's."

"A painful sight," observed Pluto. "But now that a mortal has gained admission here, I suppose we must admit him to our presence."

The faithful Faust retired and reappeared with a youth who carried a barrel organ. Before the King of Hell could speak the youth began playing his instrument of torture.

Pluto and Faust shrieked with anguish at the dreadful sounds.

"Stop," cried the king, "cease that horrid noise and you shall have what you want."

"You promise it," said the youth, stopping in the middle of the chorus of "Tommy Dodd."

"I do."

"Give me back my wife."

"Your wife!" murmured Pluto in the last stage of surprise; "why, man, what is your name?"

"Orpheus."

"And your address?"

"Hanwell Lunatic Asylum."

"I thought so," said Pluto drily; "your strange request fills me no longer with wonder now that I know the name of your abode. Be it as you will."

After a few words with Faust, his Infernal Majesty embarked on Charon's boat *en route* for Earth *viâ* the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, Cayenne, and the Styx.

* * * * * *

Pluto, on his arrival in this wicked world of ours, went straight to Newgate, murmuring to himself, "Surely in a prison will I find the veritable Hades."

He was mistaken. Clean beds and comfortable cells, a nice

library, plenty of exercise, good food and a little easy oakum-picking—that was all. "It's more like Olympus," he said, and walked on.

"H'm," he said, as he passed by a workhouse, "there's nothing for me *there*. It's the home of charity—how I hate charity." At that moment a fussy beadle opened the door, and out of mere curiosity the King of Hell peeped in. He turned away with a look of intense horror and disgust. "No," he murmured, "that's too bad even for me! I have lived for centuries in Hades, but I have never seen the like of *that*. I am very fond of suffering, and have been accustomed to the most refined kind of torture from my infancy—but come that's a little *too* strong!"

Then his Satanic Majesty strolled into the City. He walked into the Stock Market, and met a merchant.

"What do you want here," asked the Mortal.

"I am Pluto, and my address is Hades."

"The very man I was looking for. How much would you take for your estate."

"Shall I say (supposing you let me throw in Proserpine) £20,000,000?"

"Say anything you like my dear fellow. Here you are. The Underground Sulphur Mining Company (Limited), capital £60,000,000, Managing Director, Mephistophiles Pluto, Esq., Blazersville-on-the-Styx. Get the capital subscribed, pay yourself £20,000,000 in money, £20,000,000 in shares, and give the extra £20,000,000 to me. If you wait a moment I will float the affair immediately."

"Thanks, no," said Pluto, "You are too sharp for a poor devil like me," and he passed on.

Then a brilliant idea struck him. He mounted a horse and rode away to the country. He found himself on a race-course. He was surrounded by thieves wearing the best broad cloth, and thieves dressed in fustian jackets, and he saw painted faces, and listened to the lying words of false and cruel hearts. He found many of his subjects assembled: there was Rage with his murderous knife, and trembling Terror with his cup of poison; Despair, with his shriek of vain blaspheming, and Madness with his hideous stare. He saw coronets tumbled into the mud, and widow's tears streaming over the bodies of self-murderered men. And he listened with pleasure to the cracks of the whips, and the hoarse murmuring of the wildly-gambling crowd. His eyes lighted up with pleasure, and he cried as he rode among the ruined and the slain—

"Eureka, I have found it. Here is my true Hades. Now, indeed, I live in Hell!"

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

WE notice a revival of some absurd objections to Her Majesty leaving town in the middle of the Season. As these objections mostly emanate from ill-conditioned persons, who are not in the receipt of pensions, but have to work for their living, it may be thought by many to be scarcely worth while to notice them. Be that as it may, we believe we are justified in stating that Her Majesty, with that consideration for the humblest of her subjects, for which she is so eminent, wishes it to be known that she is desirous of emulating the princely benefactions of Mr. Peabody and Miss Burdett Coutts. Of course this can only be done by the exercise of the most rigid economy. If the Queen is compelled to spend the small annual stipend allowed her by a parsimonious people on court gaieties, and the entertainment of foreign princes in a style befitting their rank, it will be impossible for her to carry out this dearest wish of her heart. Her Majesty, therefore, seizes every opportunity of retiring from the giddy whirl of the London Season to the solitudes of frugal Scotland. By this means she is enabled to save more than would otherwise be possible, and we have no doubt that in a short time these petty cavillers will be shamed into silence by Her Majesty coming forward, and with equal wisdom and liberality, devising and endowing with the savings of past years, some scheme for the amelioration of the distress amongst the poorer classes of her people in London.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—A season in town.

MONEY AND MONEY'S WORTH.

WE are glad to see it announced that Blackfriars Bridge is all but completed. The work of taking down some of the scaffolding has already been commenced, and the piles around the buttresses are being removed. The point, however, that is made the most of by the constructors of the new Bridge is its cheapness. It is stated that it has only cost £320,000! If this is economy, the sooner the tunnel under the Straits of Dover is put in hand the better; for, according to the estimates, this great work will only cost about ten times that amount. Let us hope, though the same firm will not have the contract; for, as Blackfriars Bridge has taken ten years to build, at the same rate the submarine tunnel would not be completed in a hundred, which would be a little too long, even for British patience.

A POPULAR TABLE OF PRECEDENCE.

(*REVISED FOR* 1869).

1.—THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
2.—MR. GLADSTONE.
3.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF TECK.
4.—MISS BURDETT COUTTS.
5.—LORD GRANVILLE.

(*We regret that want of space compels us to omit the next ninety names.*)

96.—LORD RANELAGH.
97.—SIR FRANCIS GRANT.
98.—MR. WHALLEY.
99.—LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY.
100.—PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN.

"NO HARM DONE!"

IT is time that some check should be put upon the vagaries of the police. It is not long since that a scandalous case occurred in which a highly respectable man, named M'Donald, was taken into custody and locked up for "loitering," when in point of fact he was really discharging his duty as a Treasury Messenger in delivering letters. The mistake was soon discovered, and Mr. M'Donald was liberated, but the affair had such effect upon him that he became ill, and actually died of a broken heart in St. George's Hospital on the 11th inst. Nor is it difficult to understand how keenly a sensitive man could feel the indignity of finding himself in prison for the first time. While we mourn the loss of an excellent public servant, as we understand poor M'Donald to have been, let us once more call for such reorganization of the Police Force as shall render such really shocking occurrences as this impossible. In this sad case the "discovery of the mistake" came too late. Let Colonel Henderson take heed, or he too may find that he has committed an error when the opportunity of remedying it has passed and gone.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—May. [*To Ruby's Ghost.*—Give us thy hand, Œdipus, we meant thee no harm. We did leave out the O in O'Sullivan; but what wouldst thou have us do with a traitor's "head" but cut it off? This is the head and front of our offending. No more.]

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Pimlico Tom Cat, F. G. Renard, The Original Pretty, Little Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, Frank Stewart, L. Lewington (Marlborough), R. Rhodes (Scarborough), M. Kemp (Torquay), N. Morgan (Aberystwith), H. Williams (Southampton), L. Isaacs (Mortlake), C Whittingham (Hereford), N. Barlow (Henley), Captain Crosstree, Rataplan, Little Red Riding Hood, Three Black Diamonds, Oliver Twist, Florence, C. Bradley (Cheltenham), O. Hughes (Manchester), Snooks (Brighton), N. L. S., Happy-go-Lucky, K. I. (Bristol), R. Bartholomew, (Windsor), E. Peate (Derby), I. Harrison (Birmingham), R. Smith (Portsmouth), D. Edwards (Sydenham), Real Annie (Tooting), R. T., Proud Salopian, and Major A.

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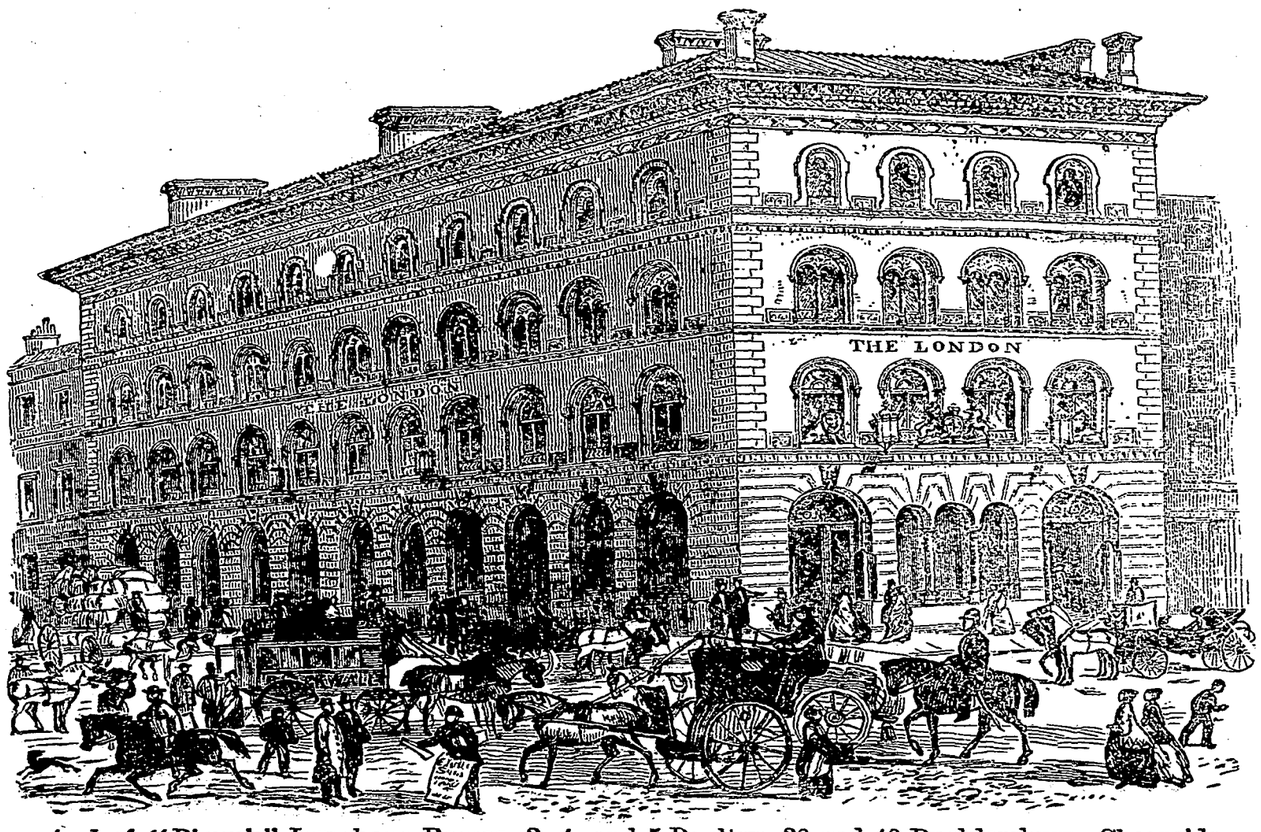

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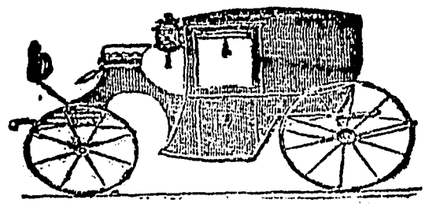

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