

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE PATRIOTISM OF PICKPOCKETS.

IT wants but one man to commit a murder, several to commit a theft. The truth, thus put, may perhaps be put a little broadly, but it is nevertheless the truth. Indeed, it is capable of almost universal demonstration. Exceptions, as a matter of course, there are. There are such things as thieves on their own account. There have been, and may be again, butchery companies. Queen Elizabeth and her Ministers, the Convention of 1793, and the late Mrs. and Mr. Manning, all testify to the fact, that murder, as a fine art, may be studied in common. The careers respectively of William the Third, Bertrand Barrière, and Mr. Benjamin Higgs, equally well prove that there is some fascination about the idea of independent self-help of an extremely potent and engrossing character. As a rule, however, men do cut each other's throats best on the sly, and rob each other best when someone is ready to lend them a helping hand. Indeed, men, well banded together, will occasionally descend to extraordinary acts of dishonesty. There have been times when fraud has seemed to be the special prerogative of a certain kind of commercial respectability. Things have been done by gentlemen of the highest integrity, and by their common consent, in the open day, over board-room tables, that would have necessitated the interference of the police had they been attempted after dark under the gaslight. But there is no need to drag blue blood into the gutter. The friendly intercourse and social sympathy of low-life pickpockets are proverbial. There is no more delightful place, presuming, of course, one's tastes are thoroughly liberal, in which to pass a quiet hour or two than the regular thieves' home. To the perfect satisfaction accompanying the feeling that every member of the society has done somebody, is to be attributed the air of cheerful harmony that pervades that domestic resort. In the words of the poet,—

"Some thing accomplished, some one done,
Has earned a night's repose."

The law may therefore be laid down that robbery ceases to present its unattractive side to a community. And it may be stretched even to a further point yet. The greater the number of the thieves, the less objectionable will appear the theft. For one man to deprive another of something that belongs to him is a theft; but when a dozen help the thief, it becomes a different matter. Society, in a small degree, looks on, approves, and shares. As the scale progresses, so does the wrong diminish. Fifty thieves, acting in common, can do nothing dishonest. This is English law. And it is even more than this. It is the

universal principle upon which mankind acts. When nations thief in the most barefaced and reckless fashion, they not only leave the regions of questionable morality, but soar among the virtues. Patriotism and chivalry are dragged in to colour the proceeding; and the very act which, if committed by each individual member of the community, would involve a sentence of six months' hard labour, becomes, when committed by all *en masse*, a god-like act, worthy of a great and honourable people.

Such has been, in times past, the explanation of the most infamous thefts which the page of history has recorded. Such is the only explanation, to-day, of the conduct of the United States in its dealings with Spain on the Cuban question. The pickpocket is a mighty one, to be sure; but he is nevertheless a pickpocket, and a very barefaced one too.

The Americans do not deny it themselves. The word that implies the dishonour of theft is not, of course, used. Euphony forbids it. But, nevertheless, the necessity of "annexing" is admitted. No one from one end of the States to the other for an instant disputes the fact that Cuba is to be absorbed, or "insalivated," or "squelched-up" by the great Republic sooner or later. The other man's property is to be acquired somehow, and its acquisition is only a matter of time. An offer of so much money would perhaps be the wiser way of securing it, but this would not prove so economical as giving him a good knock on the head when he is not looking. He may tumble down and bruise himself, and then there would again be a fine opportunity for negotiation. He might, when suffering from his wounds, receive just one other ugly thrust to quiet him, and the prize might then be carried off without the slightest risk of opposition. The trick might be considered a dirty, a despicable one, but that would not matter. The "tarnal destinies" of a mighty Empire are in the balance, and as long as that "biles up to bustin' point," it doesn't much matter what means are taken to procure the fuel.

Such is, at least while these lines are going to press, the position assumed by the United States, a position which, at present, this country has had neither the intelligence to appreciate, nor the integrity to condemn. A few days, or even hours, may change the situation, and the bully that would wound the weak may be brought to book by a stronger arm, but as yet there are no very encouraging signs of such a turn in the tide of events. The attitude of Europe is not promising, and statesmen here seem inclined to grow deaf, provided the miserable twaddle known as the Monroe doctrine

be bawled loud enough in their ears. We are not going to discuss here the merits of Mr. Monroe's teaching, but it amounts to this: the moral and social interests of the world are divided by the—Atlantic; outrage committed on one side of the ocean must never look for punishment from the other. Involved in this monstrous retrograde assumption are several other propositions as amusing as they are striking. But when thirty-two millions of men lay claim to the absolute espionage of a continent geographically representing half the world, and lay claim to it, too, on no better grounds than those of a diseased national vanity and an insatiable national greed, they must be regarded as outlaws in the great international republic of mankind. Were the noisy supporters of Monroe principles to act up to them, they would have a prodigious task before them. England would have to be driven from Canada to-morrow, and war levied against nearly the whole of the continent from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. Fortunately, the States are not equal to the consistency. The police of the world are too strong for the socialist—that is, if the police will only interfere. Europe saw the other day what the Monroe doctrine meant in Mexico, and has had leisure to appreciate the miserable character of principles which would see a country given up to bloodshed, plunder, and ruin, rather than it should owe order, peace, and prosperity to a European power. America was successful in her machinations against France, and the result is a disgrace to the civilized world. Let it be hoped, not only for the sake of European honour, but, above all, in the interests of international integrity, that she will be kept at arms' length from Cuba.

She could crush Spain without an effort, and pocket the Pearl of the Antilles easily enough; but she could also be kept under the eye of the police. A war would be undesirable, but it would not cost Europe much to read America a lesson she should not forget for a hundred years.

QUESTIONABLE CLEMENCY.

IN the Spring of 1868, one, Archibald Brown, having pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery, was convicted at the Kingston assizes, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The young man—for he was a very young man—resided at Surbiton, and had, by means of forged cheques, managed to purloin a large sum of money from a local banker. In the Autumn of 1869, we hear that this same Archibald Brown has been pardoned by the Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce having simply stipulated that Mr. Brown should reside abroad for the remainder of the unexpired term of five years.

If people want to know the reason of this extraordinary clemency on the part of the Home Office, we are sorry we cannot throw any light upon the matter, except, perhaps, by suggesting, as a clue to the proceeding, that at the time of the trial Archibald Brown was described as "the son of a gentleman." But, unfortunately, Parliament is not sitting.

CHILD MURDER.

THE crime of infanticide is a grave subject, a good deal too grave for discussion in such an intellectually acrobatic arena as that provided by the good people who talk social science. The subject was very poorly discussed, and very little really to the purpose was suggested. The fact of the matter, as of many other social matters, is this. Until Englishmen look evil in the face, no good can possibly be done. We are the hypocrites of Europe. We boast of our respectability, by which we mean that we will not talk of what is improper. Hence, a hundred social ulcers for which there are no remedies.

Mercy to fallen woman and a plentiful supply of foundling asylums will stop infanticide. To urge that this would encourage

immorality is simply monstrous. What woman ever yet was hastened to her fall, because she contemplated the advantages of a foundling home for her possible child? Man may have reasoned thus, but not woman. Child-murder is the result of a horrible dread of social misery and shame. When these are removed or mitigated, the back at least of this daily increasing scandal will be broken for ever.

A MUSICAL MISSION.

THE English Opera Season at the Crystal Palace has come to an end, but it has left a pleasant mark on the musical history of the year. That the venture has answered beyond the most sanguine expectations of its originators cannot be doubted, for towards the close of the fifty performances of which the season consisted, the operas were put upon the stage with a degree of completeness which did not characterize the production of the earlier works. As English Opera has found a home at the Crystal Palace, we can only hope that it may prove to be a permanent one; but we would remind Mr. Manns, or Mr. George Perren (which of them it may concern), that the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Il Trovatore* are not strictly British works, and might with advantage be omitted from the future repertoire. Surely, English works are sufficiently abundant, and English composers sufficiently prolific, to preclude the necessity of falling back on the foreign market. Rumour says that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has an opera on the stocks. If this be true, here indeed is a chance for an enterprising management.

A PRECAUTION AFTER DATE.

ANOTHER explosion at the Hounslow Powder Mills is certainly not yet due; but we think we may at last safely congratulate the dwellers in the locality of the Mills that, in future, the explosions will be fewer and farther between. The proprietors have at length taken active measures to put a stop to the possibilities of accident, and we hear that, as a first step, no less than fifty-eight men in their employ have been suspended for having in their possession pipes and lucifer matches, each man having been searched as he came on the premises. It seems strange, though, that this simple and necessary precaution should never have been taken before. In past instances, when accidents have occurred, unfortunately those on the scene of the disaster have never been left to tell the tale of how it happened, but nevertheless, coroners' juries have generally come to the conclusion that it was somebody's fault, and that somebody should be more careful in future. We wonder how many of these sad disasters, which have periodically shocked us for years past, have been entirely owing to the carelessness of lighting a pipe? No doubt we should be safe in averring that ninety-nine per cent. of the explosions have been due to this cause, yet it is only last week that "smoking on the premises" was effectually put a stop to. However, better late than never.

THE SECRETS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Congress at Bristol has been dragging its length along during the past week, and many interesting discussions have taken place in the several sections, which have been duly reported in the newspapers. But we protest against the Ladies' Committees holding their meetings with closed doors. On Thursday last, the subjects under discussion were workhouse visiting, secret drinking, female intemperance, and other questions of a similar nature; but the representatives of the Press were carefully excluded. This is not fair. The fair dames who devote their time and attention to social science should not be selfish, but should give the world the benefit of their experiences. We should particularly have liked to have heard the debate on "secret drinking." Why it should have been made a ladies' subject, though, we cannot guess, unless, indeed, there be truth in the stories we have heard of females of position consoling themselves in the solitudes of their dressing-rooms with eau de cologne and sal volatile by the tumblerful. But can such things be?

THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better."

ORATOR STUBBINGS AT LIEGE.

MR. EDITOR,—You've not 'eard much about me lately. The last time I wrote to you was more than two years ago, and since then I've 'ad bad times—werry bad times. There aint been no sort of chance for me these twelve months. Beales is shut up, and even Broadhead is a-going off to America with Finlen. It's quite disgusting, but "work and no beer" seems to be the order of the day, which, as you knows, aint my sentiments. Give me a big stick, I says, and good 'eavy boots, and I will argue with Mr. Gladstone 'imself, and get the best of the argument too!

Owever, lately I did 'ave a chance, and I made the most of it. I am a Volunteer. I belongs to a regiment where they gives me a uniform and beer, and as much as I please to swill. The hossifers pays for it, and so they should. Aint I a man and a brother? Don't I wop my wife with the 'orny 'and of industry? Aint I a working man? In course, so I must be paid for, and heavily too. In return they may cover themselves up in silver lace and call theirselves "captins" and "leavetenants," and suchlike games, for all I care. I don't mind as long as they don't order *me* about. When they do that they gets a bit of my mind, and a good strong bit too. Oh, the Volunteer movement is a glorious institution, and will be *werry* useful in times of war!

Well, I went over to Liege, I did, and didn't I come out strong? You knows 'ow jolly drunk I can be at home—but you don't know 'ow awful 'appy I can be abroad.* It's what I call stunnin'. Them foreign chaps 'elped me to lots of drink, but they weren't quick enough, so I put my 'ands upon whatever I saw, while they paid, and called out "Weeve the Onglay," or some such stuff, until I up with my fist and gave 'em one for themselves.

We 'ad such larks! The werry first day we 'ad wot was called a Church Parade. Not that I'm partial to sermons, but it was such jolly fun, lookin at the furriners and seein 'ow riled they were at our goings on. They are lovely Papists, these 'ere furriners, and it did so wex 'em to see us a praying and a singing just in front of their church. Law bless ye, we didn't care. What we said was "Why aint they Protestants?" But only let them bring their monkey tricks over to London and their lovely Mass, and just see 'ow we would 'oot 'em! ' Oot 'em! ah, we wouldn't stop there, when stones and sticks could be got 'andy!

Well, after this 'ere Church Parade I went to the 'Otel de Wille, and received my medal. Then I went to a club—such a tip top place! And didn't I get jolly screwed with the champagne! You would 'ave laughed to 'ave seen 'ow surprised them lovely furriners looked when I began a dancing and pulling down the decorations. They didn't say anything, but they *looked*! Ah, they don't know me! Just fancy, if I was invited to a banquet at the Reform Club, would'nt I show them stuck-up nob's 'ow one man is as good as another! That's what I did at this 'ere club, and it surprised 'em!

But *the* greatest lark was at the Banquet. Oh, my eye, that was fun!

They 'ad their King there, but he didn't come in time. Well, we weren't a going to wait for 'im, so we sat down and began a-eating. Oh it was such fun to see the furriners trying to stop us, saying as 'ow the King wouldn't like it, and 'ow it wasn't respectful—respectful! don't know no such word! Aint I as good as any King? Aint all men ekals? That's what I want to know.

Well, I soon gobbled up what they gave me, and then I just lit my pipe and lounged up to the Royal table and 'ad a look at this 'ere King. Oh! it was such a lark! Bless my soul, I *saw two of 'em*! But what d'ye think of it, Mr. Heditor, I'm 'anged if one of them hossifers didn't try for to get me to go away! I gave 'im a bit of mind, you may be sure! And I ups with my fist, when some one collared me and 'ustled me away. What riled me was I couldn't do much—for, you see, I was so jolly drunk!

By and bye down comes the King round the table and then

* Oh yes, we do. We saw you at Liège, Mr. Stubbings, and you, and many like you, were a credit to your country!—ED. TOMAHAWK.

you would 'ave laughed to 'ave seen 'im. I took the conceit out of 'im, you may be sure. Is lapped 'im on the back and called 'im "old chap," and was as affable as the 'orny 'and of industry can be with one of them stuck-up nob's. And it *was* fun seein 'im trying to grin at my little waggeries!

After the banquet they 'ad an entertainment at the theatre, but laws I didn't think much of it. I tried to get to that there King's box, but was too jolly screwed, and that beastly champagne made me as sick as a pig! But, law bless you, it *was* fun!

I like Liege, I do! You see you can do anything you like there—there aint no police! The hossifers tried to interfere with me once or twice, but I soon shut *them* up! I never see such imperdence! Daring to speak to me—law bless me, I 'ad 'arf a mind to give up the Volunteers, so I told 'em. I let 'em off afterwards, because they begged me 'ard to remain and get the capitation grant. I ain't much of a soldier—I argues—not quite such a fool, but a uniform becomes me—it's better than my native rags. And I likes lots of beer. So I won't give up the Volunteers as yet!

But there was one piece of fun I can't leave out. I don't understand these furriners' cussed lingo, but Bob Sykes told me as 'ow THEY THOUGHT WE WERE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, AND THAT'S WHY WE GOT SUCH LOTS OF CHAMPAGNE AND SWILL!

Ain't that a lark! English gentlemen! I 'ope as 'ow the "working man," with the 'orny 'and of industry, is something better than that!

[We print this letter for the information of those it may concern. Our correspondent describes in his usual graphic style the disgraceful scenes that characterised the visit of the English Volunteers to Belgium. Every word of the above is literally true. Mr. Stubbings, we may add (in justice to a large body of well-conducted men), is *not* in the Artillery.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

A VOICE FROM THE BOGS.

HURROO! brave boys! to you belongs
(Let them forbid who dare!)

The right to bellow Ireland's wrongs
In street and open square,
To stay the 'busses in mid-street
With eloquence so grand,
Entrance the bobby on his beat,
Bring hansoms to a stand!

Beat, beat the drums! in proud array
The "sun-burst" banners wave!
With hireling music, come, display
Your sorrow for the brave!
From North and South with plaintive cry
Repeat the harrowing tale
Of those poor innocents who lie,
And fatten, in the gaol!

Indignant Munster, bellow, Shame!
And, deck'd in patriot green,
Wake, Ulster, join us! and inflame
Your ardour with potheen!
Run, ragged bog-trotters! prepare
To cry injustice down!
Would-be Republicans, who wear
Ev'n hats that scorn the crown!

Who'd talk of justice kindly meant?
We scorn to own her sway!
What recreant soul would be content
Until he has his way?
Justice, indeed!—*We* "mark" a man,
Then brain him at his door—
Rude vengeance is *our* simple plan,
And Murder stands for Law.

Britannia, tremble in your shoes,
Or deign to learn in time,
TREASON is lawful if *we* choose,
And FELONY no crime;
A barb'rous Verdict stamps this Reign
As bad or worse than Nero's,
With glory gilds the martyr's chain,
And dubs our convicts heroes!

No. X., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,
NOW READY.



LONDON, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

THE WEEK.

IT was announced that places for *Lost at Sea* could "be secured a fortnight in advance"—this before the production of the piece. The public who would book on this invitation deserve anything they can get from Mr. Boucicault. Can intellectual stupor and the fever of sensationalism go further?

PENDING the inquiry into the affairs of the European Assurance Company, it may be interesting to note the fact that this company is the only guarantee society acknowledged by the various departments of the State. This fact proves a somewhat unusual discrimination on the part of the authorities.

THE *Spectator* has an article in its number of September 25th on the Byron controversy, which may be almost said to be the hardest and most calumnious article published on the subject. It is impossible to conceive anything in worse taste than this last outrage on the dead poet. "Byron was ineffably mean and cruel." Imitation, they say, is the sincerest flattery: if the *Spectator's* estimate of Byron be correct, that journal must certainly be numbered among his worst flatterers.

MR. GLADSTONE is courteously receiving petitions for an amnesty to be granted to the Fenians, meantime the members of this blessed brotherhood who are at large are openly boasting of their strength and of their intention to drive England out of Ireland. It is even said that in America they have passed a resolution to abduct Prince Arthur. They intend to make him their king, we suppose. Don't let us be in a hurry to grant the amnesty. Had not Mr. Gladstone better wait till we can exchange prisoners? When the Fenians have captured Prince Arthur they can exchange him for a score of their rascals. Perhaps this is their real object, if they have any serious object at all.

YET another Atlantic cable—and, what is more, a cheap one this time. A new company has just been formed, under the title of the "Oceanic Telegraph Company," for a new line from the south-west coast of Ireland to Halifax, Nova Scotia; and, as that reckless disregard of all cost which has hitherto characterised the construction of former long sea cables is *not* to be a feature in the new venture, we may hope that the means of communicating with the New World will, in a few months, be brought within the reach of ordinary people for ordinary purposes. It is a mistake to suppose that science is necessarily expensive; and if the new "Oceanic Cable Company" can reduce the usual cost of outlay for construction by 40 per cent. (as the Prospectus promises), it will deserve an additional 40 per cent. of public patronage. In any case, all competition is wholesome.

AN edifying discussion has been going on in the columns of the *Standard* about spirit-rapping, conducted by one John Addison on the one side, and a Mr. Greg and some medium on the other. Mr. Addison is a vulgar practical joker, who appears to pass his life in going to *séances* and playing the fool, in company of Mr. Toole, and in various disguises. The public does not care much about spiritualism. At the more serious side of it, it does not wish to laugh; at the ridiculous side of it, it is tired of laughing; but, though very sick of tables turning themselves and people's heads at the same time, it is sufficiently alert to detect the fact that spiritualism threatens to produce a class of men worse than the mediums, who, devoid of any scientific skill or of any decency of feeling, go about playing tricks more vulgar, if not more silly, than those that they pretend to denounce. Mr. Addison's endeavour to force himself into notoriety in connection with this subject is ingenious, but not very successful. There is not much to choose between the fools of self-delusion and those of self-degradation.

THE Government have completed their task of economy at Woolwich. They have closed the Dockyard, and turned out the labourers employed there without a penny of compensation. They are told that they can emigrate. Excellent economy this; it cannot be too highly praised. Liberal and benevolent conduct towards men in that position, we cannot deny. But why not carry out the same system when discharging persons in high places from sinecures? Why not send them away without compensation, and with the cheering advice to emigrate? Why should not they enjoy the same advantages as the men employed in the Dockyard? Why insult them by pensioning them? True, there is a difference,—the dockyard man has worked hard for his wages, the fat and titled sinecurist has done nothing at all for his. To have drawn his money for doing nothing must have cost his conscientious nature so much agony that it is only fair to give him some compensation, besides having taught him that he can get an excellent income out of the public purse by doing nothing; it is safer to pension him, lest he should take to robbery. It rhymes with jobbery. But the dockyard man has no such claim to compensation. Let him enjoy the proud distinction of having aided the economy of a truly Liberal Government.

A WORD WITH THE MANAGERS.

THE dullest part of the dull season is now over, and most of the middle-class people, with a fair sprinkling of the upper ten, are back in town; indeed, Royalty itself has returned, for Marlborough House is no longer desolate. Yet, of course, notwithstanding this, nothing is "going on in the fashionable world." Balls, dances, and even dinners, are voted as unseasonable as oysters in June, and people are, consequently, thrown back on their own resources for their amusements; in other words, they are driven to the play in shoals, yet, strange to say, several of the principal theatres are now closed, or have only within the last few days reopened their doors. The result of this is, that those houses at which performances have been given have, for the last few weeks, been crowded to excess. We do not mean to say that there is anything surprising in the fact that the Prince of Wales's should have been turning away hundreds nightly from its doors, for the excellence of the entertainment at the little theatre in Tottenham Court Road warrants any amount of overflow; nor can we wonder that the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" at the Strand should attract thousands; but it seems to us a pity that, just when people would really patronise the British drama, the chance of doing so is partially denied them. We hear a good deal of the complaints of theatrical managers that catering for the public amusement never pays; but we can only say that, if this is really the case, the managers have, in a great measure, themselves to blame if they close their houses at the very period when they are most likely to be well filled.





ROBBING THE WOUNDED!
OR,
SPAIN'S WEAKNESS IS AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.



THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

I.

MR. JOHN PULP, or "Jack Pulp," as he was more familiarly called, was a medical student at the time when, by some mysterious arrangement of Providence, medical students were universally regarded as the types of everything that was loose and dissolute. They were the men about town of the period. They had the reputation of stealing door-knockers, of fighting in the Hay-market, of haunting the night-houses, of upsetting coffee-stalls, of shouting through the streets at night, and bonneting policemen, and generally of behaving in that amusing and adventurous manner which is generally supposed as representing what is called "fast life." Upon their shoulders would appear to have fallen the mantles of the young bloods of the past. Only, the mantles soon became in their possession of a very ragged and beerstained and sawdusty condition. Instead of settling their quarrels with small swords and pistols, they went in for "the noble art of self-defence," and bludgeoning. Their festivities were furnished with gin and beer, instead of champagne or burgundy, and instead of habituating Crockford's and the St. James' hells, they were satisfied with the humble skittle alleys of the Borough and the Whitechapel road. They were too—the medical students of this period—to a certain extent, the leaders of the advanced fashion of the day in the matter of costume. The very low hat and rough coat and bright waistcoat and gorgeous cravat and large-patterned trouser, was the dress for which the medical student at that period was apparently distinguished. A general recklessness of manner and conduct, a perpetual condition of being "hard-up," a daring facility in evading the demands of his landlady and creditors, which developed itself into a complete system of "breking" everyone who had a claim upon him, and a habit of always speaking in a language garnished largely with pleasantly delivered anathemas, constituted in everyone's opinion his most prominent characteristics.

Jack Pulp, at this time was walking one of the large Borough hospitals,—and soon became one of the leading spirits, if not the leading spirit, of this peculiar society. Pulp *père* [was a highly respectable old gentleman, living in a quiet mansion in one of the northern squares. He had made what money he was living upon in trade, and his only son Jack was necessarily his pride and his hope—more especially as he was to be made a "doctor." Jack, when little more than an infant, had decidedly shown a predilection for this profession. A habit he had acquired at an early age of dissecting mice and any unfortunate animal he could catch, and a pronounced tendency to "treat" everybody for whatever he or she might be suffering, together with a personal fondness for the most nauseous physic that might be administered to him, had convinced Pulp *père* that Pulp *fils* would certainly make his way in the medical profession. As an instalment to this parental hope, Jack Pulp, as a student, certainly did make his way. Of all his particular associates he was the best hand at skittles, whilst at the same time he was the most courageous and callous at an operation. At a choice meeting of fellow "spirits," he could put away more liquid of an intoxicating character than any other man present; he could sing the best songs; he could tell the best hospital stories about "cases," and give them the most humorous turn; he could describe ghastly operations with a comic force that raised the loudest laughter. He knew how to use his fists too, with the strength of a coalheaver and the science of a Cribb. There was not a barmaid he hadn't kissed, or a policeman he hadn't assaulted in the whole Borough. In the hospital he was attentive, steady, and clever. Out of it he was the Spring-heeled Jack of the neighbourhood. He was christened at an early period "The Borough Terror," and well he maintained the *soubriquet*. To see him sitting in the theatre of the hospital listening with rapt interest to the lecture of "Old Podder," the celebrated surgeon, who was about to extract a gentleman's jaw, you would have considered him the very model of a quiet and diligent student. To see him in the early morning bartering with the man-butcher, who had just made his matutinal divisions of the remains that had arrived by the undertakers' carts, and was now disposing of the portions to the students, according to the more or less advanced state of their dissecting powers, you would have thought him the most careful and thrifty of medical aspirants. To see him in his kindness to the patients to whom he was

deputed to attend, you would have thought him the most sympathetic and tender-hearted of rising doctors. But to see him in his social character, you would have formed no other opinion but that he was possessed of an uncontrollable, mischievous, humorous, combative, reckless, maddening devil!

II.

"Turn him out! Turn him out!" roared the audience of the old Surrey Theatre in the midst of the performance, as a disturbance which had been going on in the "slips," without any interruption, for something like two hours, now appeared, from the portentous row it suddenly evolved, to have reached its climax.

"Turn him out! Turn him out!"

They had stood it for two hours, and they couldn't stand it any longer. A row being heard in the slip boxes, everybody had whispered at the commencement, "It doesn't matter. It's only the medical students!" It was a nightly occurrence then, and the students always were allowed a limit. They had, however been particularly demonstrative that particular night. The piece had met with their displeasure, and well they knew how to express their opinion. In our more modern days (when a manager, who, if he hear a hiss directed it may be at an idiot actor, who buffoons a part, rushes about, and declares he is the victim of an organized clique to destroy the reputation of the theatre), it is scarcely possible to realize the grand old rows that used to take place in our theatres, when the critical portion of the audience insisted publicly upon their rights, and proclaimed their objections,—not on one night only, but night after night, until the obnoxious piece was driven from the stage. Would we could do it now!

How many bills with "triumphant successes" upon them would be speedily changed!

The students had been very bad, however. They had dined together at an extravagant Borough tavern, selected on account of the beauty of the waitress and the absence of limit placed upon the consumption. They had drank many glasses of hot toddy. They had adjourned to the favourite "public," and had played many and exciting games of skittles—and playing skittles after unlimited dinner and beer and hot toddy and tobacco, however amusing and exhilarating an entertainment in itself, is certainly not a sobering process. When the games, however, are further assisted in their convivial character by occasional disagreements, resulting in short but desperate fights between the players, invariably terminated by everybody concerned, combatants and interceders, rolling for a quarter of an hour in the sawdust, and then making friends again and drinking largely to their reconciliation, the exciting character of the entertainment becomes all the more pronounced, and, in an inverse ratio, all the less soothing. When, therefore, Jack Pulp suggested a visit to the theatre, it was not without some questions as to the appearance the party presented that the suggestion was encountered. However, the objections were soon overcome, although it must be confessed that a company of six gentlemen, three of whom were in possession of elegant black eyes, four of whom wore battered hats, and all of whom were elegantly sprinkled with sawdust and walked unsteadily, did not present such an appearance as to justify any very pressing invitation on the part of a manager to visit his theatre.

III.

They had gone, however, and had, immediately upon arriving, commenced their system of expressing disapproval. They had groaned at the villain, laughed at the lover, uttered cat-calls at the heroine. They had stamped, and danced, and yelled—had pointed out absurdities to one another in a loud tone of voice, and laughed uproariously at each other's remarks. The audience stood it all good-humouredly. To a certain extent they shared the students' expression of opinion, but it got so fierce at last that the cries of "Turn him out! Turn him out!" from the "contents," swelled louder than ever. The officers of the establishment appeared. The students stood upon their defence. A short sharp scuffle and fight took place, and the officers were beaten back. Then the students shouted their triumph in repeated hurrahs! The audience, carried away by their excitement, joined with them. The actors retired from the stage. The curtain was dropped. The next instant the police appeared. Another struggle, this time fiercer, and more desperate. The students still stood their ground. Blows, sharp and

ringing, resounded through the house. Dark spots appeared upon men's brows. The fight was desperate—down stairs—in the lobbies—down stairs again—in the street; but in the end, the law, as usual, was triumphant, and Jack Pulp was taken prisoner, as ringleader, and lodged that night in a cell!

IV.

The next morning he was brought before the magistrate. The police were lenient in their evidence, although he had punished them severely. However, his reputation as "the Terror" had even reached the ears of the magistrate. The police were bound to answer the questions put to them as to the prisoner's character. The magistrate looked very grave at poor Jack Pulp, and then in solemn tones, and after many homilies upon the disgraceful nature of his conduct, declared he would make an example of him, declined to impose any fine whatever, and sentenced him to one month's hard labour!

(To be continued.)

THE QUALITY OF MERCY—A GOOD DEAL STRAINED.

AS a great amount of sympathy has been expressed by the friends of the directors of the Albert Life Assurance Society at the unpleasant predicament in which these gentlemen have been placed by being subjected to criminal procedure, and as the magistrate himself before whom the summons for conspiracy was heard officially expressed his sorrow for the annoyance to which the directors were exposed, it may, perhaps, be useful to those of the British public who have not been foolish enough to insure their lives (of which class the friendly sympathisers above alluded to must surely consist), if we publish a tariff of rewards to suit the peculiarly "hard cases" arising from the windings-up of assurance companies, which events are daily becoming more numerous. We submit the following scheme for approval:—

SERVICES.

Directors, being shareholders, who have failed to attend a Board meeting for a year or more,

Directors, *not* being shareholders, who have failed to attend a Board meeting for a similar period,

Directors who have not received less than £2,000 a year for their services since joining the direction,

Directors who, knowing that affairs were in a hopeless condition, have managed to get in more capital at the last moment,

Directors who have falsified the annual accounts, and have, by means of perjury, forgery, or otherwise, rendered valuable services to each other,

REWARDS.

An address of sympathy.

An address of sympathy and a piece of plate.

A gold watch, and a presentation to the Bluecoat School for the youngest boy.

£100, and a seat in Parliament.

A pension for life of £500 a year to the wife, and a commission in the Guards for the eldest son.

Of course, special cases may arise to which the above regulations do not quite apply; but there can be no harm done if a committee is formed, with Mr. Knox, the police magistrate, as its president, with the object of at once carrying out these sympathetic regulations.

PRIZE RIDDLE (communicated by a discharged Admiralty clerk who has lost his income and senses simultaneously).—Why has the naval ardour of our countrymen recently cooled down? Because they have *chill'd us* at the Admiralty.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

A Cruise in the "Gorgon." By W. COPE DEVEREUX, Assistant-Paymaster, R.N. Bell and Daldy, 1869.

WE have seldom read a more stirring or interesting account of a cruise in one of Her Majesty's ships than is to be found in these pages, and it is heartily to be wished that more of our naval officers would be at the pains to jot down their experiences on board ship. The modern appliances of steam power in our Navy enable, in these days, many officers to visit every quarter of the globe in a very few months; and what railways are doing in leading neighbouring countries to know each other more intimately, and consequently, we are happy to think, to make them value each other more sincerely, that same mission might well be forwarded, as regards more distant countries, by the more constant visits paid to them by our cruisers, and flying squadrons, if, on every occasion, one or more of the intelligent young officers who now abound in our Navy would be at the pains to tell us all that struck him as new, or commendable, or of good report among the strangers with whom he had been abiding in his rapid cruise round the world.

Mr. Devereux, in this pleasant volume, has managed, without any attempt at fine writing or bookmaking, to bring before his readers many interesting scenes and descriptions both of the more quiet days spent with his comrades on board their floating home, and of the stirring incidents of that most harassing and often most painful duty, the watching and impeding of the cruel trade of slave-carrying on the West coast of Africa. A short extract must suffice to describe the dreadful inhuman measures which these stealers of men do not hesitate to adopt when detected with slaves on board:—

"These northern dhows ply between Muscat, the Persian Gulf, and Zanzibar. They are the acknowledged pirates of the coast, and when chased they throw their slaves overboard. A short time ago, one of them had on board two hundred and forty slaves, which, having cost on an average not more than two dollars each, were not equivalent to the value of the vessel. On seeing a cruiser in chase, the crew cut the throats of all the slaves, then threw them overboard, in order to save the dhow from being captured and forfeited. But when the value of the slaves exceeds that of the dhow, the crew either make a bold run of it, or else land the slaves. Their most common method when chased near the coast is to throw the slaves overboard, trusting to their being picked up on the coast by canoes. At other times, when they are sore pressed, the whole cargo, *in chains*, are dropped over the side and perish. This is not a story of West Coast origin, nor of ten years ago, but of the present day. People are apt to think that these horrible features of this inhuman traffic have disappeared. I only wish they had."

Our author is particularly happy in painting the portraits of the strange characters whom he from time to time encounters. Here is quite a photographic sketch of an Arab agent, not often of the very highest repute:—

"This morning our Captain engaged an Arab, named Bull-head, to be our cruising interpreter and general spy on the slave coast. He is to have £5 per month, and a reward of £10 if we capture a dhow, and £20 if we capture a square-rigged vessel on his information. These half-breed Arabs are generally rogues,—a species of low, cunning outcasts, possessing the subtlety of the Asiatic, the treachery of the Arab, and the cowardice of the negro, and would do anything for a few dollars, even to selling their own parents, if they only knew them. Our ruffian I will describe. He wears a large white turban on a little grisly, cocoa-nut-looking skull; his right eye is bleared, his left, blind; face, a dirty black, indented by small-pox, the marks of the disease being darker than the other parts of the skin; extended nostrils, thick lips, and short neck; a light soiled cotton garment coming below the knees, and over it a bad imitation of a Zouave jacket, white, with a dash of blue; feet very large, toes awkwardly separated, like extended fingers. He speaks half-a-dozen coast jargons, besides a smattering of Arabic, French, and English. His ears are always at full cock, and his one eye here, there, and everywhere. Such is our interpreter."

Not the least interesting portion of the book is that which relates the author's meeting and sojourn with Dr. Livingstone. This part of the author's narrative is of the more value, as giving

the view taken by an "outsider" of the Doctor's proceedings in his adventurous travels; and now that there seems so little hope of our ever hearing again of the great traveller, or of obtaining his own account of his further wanderings, every sketch that presents even a glimpse of his energetic figure contending with difficulties and dangers at every point is of lasting interest.

Our space will not allow us to dwell longer on this pleasant book. Our object has been to draw the attention of our readers to its publication; and we feel assured that all who peruse its pages will find themselves well pleased with this interesting account of a "Cruise in the *Gorgon*."

THE PARROT PAPERS.—No. IV. SECOND SERIES.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—THE TWO BROTHERS.—MR. GEORGE'S GOOD FORTUNE.—THE MUTUAL PROFIT COMPACT.—GEORGE'S TREACHERY.—BROTHERLY LOVE.—CHARLES' REVENGE.—HIS INDEPENDENCE.—A PARENTHESIS THE ORIGIN OF A PROVERB.—THE PARROT PARENTHETICALLY DEFENDS HIS SIZE.—THE CAREER OF MR. CHARLES CONTINUED.—HIS DRAMATIC SUCCESSES.—HIS GENEROUS CHARACTER.—HIS CAUSTIC WIT.—HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—THE PARROT LEAVES HIM FOR THE PRESENT WITH A FINAL BLESSING.

IT may seem curious to my readers why I should devote so much of my valuable writings to such a subject as one man; but if they want any reason for my doing so, they must be content with this—that I choose to do so. Mr. Charles was brought to my mind by the mention of Mr. George, who is his younger brother, but who, having succeeded by the interest of some Cabinet Minister who admired his father's talents in getting a snug berth in a very fashionable Government office, affects to look down very much on his elder brother, as a low-author. Not that Mr. George is really very proud, for he is not above accepting orders from Mr. Charles for the different theatres, or obtaining from him introductions to any actress whom he may admire, or with whom it may give him *éclat* among his fashionable fellow-clerks to be seen in familiar converse.

Mr. George has also made use of his brother in other ways. He succeeded by his influence in getting one or two articles into the magazines, and he has only discarded the literary patronage of his brother for the present because he has been taken up by the managers of some fashionable journal which despises those who are literary men by profession, and prefers the feeble lucubrations of those who can write English as it is spoken in fashionable circles, and can talk familiarly about Lord This and Lady That, who can call a young duke "Harry," and a marquis "old John," and tell of the doings of these distinguished persons in a jargon full of French slang words and vulgar Americanisms—a jargon as far removed from English as its speakers are from men. Now, Mr. George always possessed a power of toadyism quite unlimited, and of a more elegant type than his brother Charles'. It would be hard to say which eats the most dirt, but certainly the younger eats it with a better air, and with less greedy appetite. The two brothers now hate each other most heartily, Mr. Charles having been quite deceived as to his part of their mutual compact, which was that George should introduce him to all his fashionable friends, and induct him into all the high society which he frequented. But George was too wise to do this. He knew his position was not firm enough for him to be any one's sponsor—such an effort of patronage might imperil his own ticket of admission—so he tried to palm off on Charles some parties of aspiring *parvenus*, who were anxious to fill their rooms at any price, and who, moreover, had not lost all their good nature, as the real thing; but he always managed to invent some excuse when he met any of his very severe friends for not formally introducing Charles. The elder brother stood this for some time, but finally he saw through George's "little game," as he termed it, and now he writes sarcastic sketches of his brother in a comic journal, and occasionally bribes an actor to dress at him by writing up the part. He also pens magnificent denunciations of society under the signature of "Honestas," and otherwise revenges his brother's faithlessness and the neglect of society as his noble nature may suggest. One much more substantial retribution it has been in his power to execute: George came to him after the last Derby to borrow a hundred pounds, telling him he should have Lord

Scamper's name on a bill for it; but though quiet usury is not out of Charles' line, the advance was sarcastically refused, and George is now in the hands of some sixty per cent. spider, who, his brother fondly hopes, will soon devour him.

It must not be supposed from this that Charles would not write for the fashionable journal if he got the chance, or that he has any real contempt or honest scorn for the humbug and selfishness of society. That would be doing him an injustice. He would give fifty pounds to dine with a real duke, and would take notes of the conversation at dinner, and of the personal appearance of his host and fellow-guests, in order to write a smart and pungent article, which he would dispose of to any journal that offered him five shillings more than he gets from those to which he is one of the regular contributors.

Perhaps some impertinent persons may ask how it is, that, living such a retired life as I do, I can possibly have learnt all these details. No man or woman knows the resources of a Parrot. You have a proverbial saying among you, when you mention any fact which has come to your knowledge by any secret or unusual way. You say, "Oh! a little bird told me that." I am that little bird. I object to the epithet "little," as being founded solely on a comparison with your great unwieldy carcasses—and all comparisons are odious, as another of your proverbs says—for I am quite big enough, and by no means an insignificant object to the eye,—like a canary. Diamonds are the most valuable jewels that you possess. I am a jewel, and I am sure I am bigger than any diamond.

But to return to Mr. Charles' career. He began well, and he went on better. From occasional work on one weekly journal, he got on to the regular staff of two or three; from an outside contributor to magazines, he became the editor of one; from doing criticisms at transpontine theatres for the regular critic of the *Daily Stunner* at ten shillings the night, he became the author of a successful farce at the Royal Fleadings Theatre. It was always quite enough for Mr. Charles to get the extreme end of his nose in anywhere—he was not long in introducing the rest of his body. He soon found out the great secret of the success of dramatic authors: namely, to drink plenty of gin and water with actors and managers, and to flatter actresses. Being a shrewd fellow, he soon laid down for himself a certain syllogism, which took something of this shape. Most men are fools! Most men are governed by women: therefore, men who are governed by women are fools. Having arrived at this conclusion, he resolved to try and make favour with the women who governed the fools, and he succeeded. He was not beautiful, but he had a certain name in the literary world. He professed to have a good deal of influence with the critics, and he invariably flattered his favourites when he got a chance, on the same principle as some Jews lend a rich young heir money on easy terms at first in order to draw him into their net. Then he had some little accomplishments, such as women of very little education and not of much intelligence can appreciate: he could imitate the flute on a walking-stick (very badly), he could sing serio-comic songs (indifferently), he could say satirical things (not original), and he could draw little pen and ink sketches, such as schoolboys ornament the benches and desks with. Altogether, he was voted a "very clever man" by the women, and as he did not mind any amount of dirty work so long as he saw any gold dust at the bottom of the mud, he soon became quite a favourite with the managers and the influential actresses.

He soon saw where his opening lay: it was evidently in burlesque. His education, thanks to his father's generosity, had been good enough to leave him a smattering in classical mythology and a knack of rhyming. He saw that it required a clever man to write burlesques, and that very few clever men had the requisite minimum of self-respect which was necessary to allow of their writing it. What did Mr. Charles care if his pieces were made the vehicle of indecent exhibitions? Not a bit; he said it was all humbug, and vowed that the actresses in a burlesque were dressed as decently as the ladies in front. What did he care that the work of the author's brains should be entirely subordinated to the work of the actors' and actresses' legs? It paid; that was all he knew or cared. So he became a successful burlesque writer, and pocketed the proceeds of his achievements in that line without any question of conscience.

But Mr. Charles was no commonplace literary hack; he had peculiar qualities which gained my admiration, and which I could not help thinking he owed to my silent tuition. He was

by nature a very sneering, malicious fellow; but he soon found out that it would not pay to be satirical. So he hit on a way of writing criticisms, by which he could partly satisfy his malice, and yet not offend his friends. He wrote a funny account of the piece, in which he managed to get in all his sneers and malicious remarks under the veil of burlesque, which were very thinly veiled when directed against anybody whom he thought he could offend without any danger to his interests; and then, in a postscript, as it were, he lauded the manageress or manager and all the principal actors whom he could not afford to offend. For the rest, he managed to make himself feared without exactly being hated; for while he was all humility and civility in the presence of his fellow-authors, he would say the most ill-natured and calumnious things to some common acquaintance outside the charmed circle, who would, of course, repeat the same (in strict confidence) to the friends of the subject thereof, which gave the said friends a very high idea of Mr. Charles' wit, and a still higher idea of his honesty. Those of his sayings which were not coarse and vulgar he took from some book or other, or from the mouth of someone whose conversation he had overheard,—for he was never above "picking up any good thing"—but as his hearers were rarely acquainted with the original, his claim as author of their being was rarely disputed.

I believe that the trait in his character which most delighted me was his total want of those foolish qualities, generosity and benevolence. He never tried to write anything or to do anything that could possibly do any good to his fellow-creatures. He never advocated the cause of the poor or the oppressed. He never tried to alleviate the misery of the wretched. He never busied himself in schemes of charity, in any plan for social or political reform, in any question of education, or poor-relief, or any philanthropic humbug of that kind. He found that the public, on the whole, preferred not to be made to think, and whatever he wrote spared them that labour. He said they liked nonsense, and so he wrote nonsense, not as his father had sometimes written it, with deep sense at the bottom of it, but pure, silly, jingling nonsense. But he was wise enough to affect some meaning, though nobody was wise enough ever to find it out; so that the critics gave him credit for subtle humour where they should have given him credit for feeble idiocy.

In his private character he was none the less to be admired. As a friend, his malignancy behind the friend's back was simply exquisite. I have heard him say as cruel things of the man whose hand he has just wrung with apparent heartiness as that man's worst enemy could wish. To all those who had helped him at any time in his career, or shown him any kindness, or laid him under any obligation, he was always most delightfully treacherous. He sneered at them as soon as he thought he had got all he could out of them. All those to whom he owed any respect or courtesy he insulted, if he dared.

Though he always exercised his malice behind his victims' backs, it sometimes came to their ears. This forced him into many quarrels. In some cases he would get the credit of other persons' evil sayings. It was then he came out most nobly. He acted injured innocence to perfection; the better that he never scrupled to deny an accusation if he knew that it could not be proved. In such cases it was very dangerous to apologise to him; if you bullied him he gave in; but if you tried to behave handsomely to him, and begged his pardon, woe betide you! In such cases it is usual to accept the hand held out frankly and heartily; but Mr. Charles knew better. What made others forget the offence only made him remember it the more; what conciliated others exasperated him; what shamed others encouraged him. He was never so brutal or so arrogant as when he had received an apology; he mistook gentleness for cowardice; and the man or woman who threw themselves on his generosity never failed to have a very ugly fall.

Mr. Charles is a successful man, and long may he continue so. He combines in himself that mixture of pliability and courage which some call meanness and insolence. They are quite wrong; and they do not know the world so well as I and Mr. Charles do.

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.—What should be done with the two brutal country justices who last week sent a poor old man 70 years of age to Chelmsford gaol for being unable to support more than one of his grandchildren? Horsewhips and other suggestions thankfully received.

WHY HARVARD LOST.

JULES ON THE "WASH."

It appears that the Harvard crew now attribute their defeat to the "wash" of the Oxford boat, and further express an opinion that for one boat's crew to give another boat's crew the said "wash" is an ungentlemanly act. Our correspondent Jules, the great Parisian boating authority, has favoured us with an opinion on the subject, which we subjoin with pleasure:—

"SIR,—I did, as you have known, fore-say that *Les Mohicaines* would be the victorious ones in the outrigge course on *Putne-reache*. It was a mistake, that fore-say of Jules. But, *voyons*, now the courses are finished, now the *oorahs* of your compatriot die away upon the London smokes, now that your back, your *Oxfor* back, be turned—*voyons*, what do the *Harvar*? *Sapristi*, they turn *tâle*, they dine and say, *Ma foi*, it was not the strokes which win, but the *washe*! This *washe*, what is it? It is that without which *le brave Français*, the gallant heroes of the *Seine*, the outrigge admirals of *France* win each race, and steal *la victoire*. What does Jules know of your tub? What does Jules want with the *washe*? Can he not win without the soaps and water? Ah, you *Englishe*, it is you that *Les Mohicaines* insult. They call you *womens*. They say your heroes win the race with soaps. No, it is not so! The strong man *washe* never. Jules has win four five race, but he has never *washe*. *Courage*, then, *mes braves Oxfor*. A bas le *soap*!

"JULES."

THE OLD CLAP-TRAP.

To those insane friends of progress who clamour for unlimited "education," and believe the world is to be socially and morally regenerated by a continual perusal of copper-currency literature, we recommend a perusal of the following headings, taken as they stand from the columns of an influential evening journal:—

CHARGE OF HAVING THREE WIVES.

BITING A WOMAN IN THE THROAT.

THROAT-CUTTING AT SEA.

SINGULAR INSANITY OF TWO BROTHERS.

FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE AT NEWCASTLE.

A GHASTLY LAW-SUIT.

CAPTURE OF A FEMALE FORGER.

TRIAL FOR MURDER.

&c., &c., &c.

Now, we do not object to the excellent editorial management that is able to secure such a *piquant* bill of fare as this. On the contrary, the horrors, such as they are, do the scissors expert immense credit. Let us, however, admit that from a moral or intellectual point of view, such literary food as the above is simply abominable. What sort of minds can be improved by a reflection on social deformity, and what possible good can come of the process? Newspapers are excellent things when a dividend of sixty per cent. is the great object of life. Under any other circumstances, let us honestly confess they "educate" in a peculiar school.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

My second on my first has tried to rear
A mud hut, that the great she might be near.
Her wish is granted: as we often see
Dead vermin nailed on some grand forest tree,
So here we find upon the oft-sought door
Of that proud temple—where, for evermore,
Shrined in the hearts of those that loved him well,
His memory, spite of calumny, shall dwell—
A warning to all mean, malicious knaves,
Who dare with lies defile illustrious graves,
Exposed to honesty's undying scorn,
My second hangs in infamy forlorn.