

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 130.]

LONDON, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

WHAT NEXT?

THE situation in France is rapidly increasing in interest. It seems that the Emperor has made up his mind, if he has made up his mind to anything, to retain the present Ministry in power as long as he can. At the same time, he apparently intends to make a show of giving effect to the liberal promises in the programme of constitutional government which he announced this summer. But he is in great danger of doing enough to destroy his character as an autocrat, without doing enough to secure for himself the character of a constitutional monarch. He is probably "Micawbering"—to coin a word—waiting for something to turn up. A European war, a revolution at home, or another grand sensational crime, might give him a respite. Everybody seems to be agreed that personal government is at an end, but nobody seems to have any idea what will follow. If the Irreconcilables come into power, their government, to judge from their language, will be most *personal*. Seriously speaking, the advance of liberty and the advent of genuine constitutional government will, we believe, be prevented, if at all, by that abominable herd of howling monsters which calls itself the democratic party in France. Not an hour passes but some fresh outrage on decency deepens the disgust which the men of this party must inspire in every one who is not a political fanatic. No one will accuse us of any great regard or respect for Imperialism, but we unhesitatingly declare that, rather than see the Red Republican party at the head of France, we would welcome the restoration of personal government in all its former vigour. Better even a *coup d'état* than an age of anarchy and bloodshed, such as must ensue if the *Rappel*, the *Reforme*, and the *Reveil* ever become the official organs of the French Press. No fate can be more horrible for a country than a tyranny of blackguardism, and that is what the government of such creatures means.

It is quite possible that the extreme revolutionary party may succeed in goading the idle and dissolute portion of the lower classes into a futile outbreak of violence and rebellion. We warn every true lover of liberty against countenancing, however feebly, the efforts of these demons of democracy. Any disturbances in Paris, if headed by these men, will infallibly be crushed, for the bitterest haters of Napoleonism are, very many of them, no lovers of the "Bonnet rouge." Legitimists, Orleanists, and Constitutionals would unite with Imperialists to crush any attempt to repeat the horrors of the great revolution. Fortunately, the Irreconcilables, as they are called, are

not persons who are dangerous from their intellect or their courage. They are, for the most part, a set of very noisy curs, who lack the pluck to brave the bayonet or the guillotine. They might make good hangmen, but they would not make good soldiers. Their tongues are the strongest weapons in their armoury, and these, though certainly not rusty for want of use, are so covered with dirt that very little of the true metal is to be seen. But though formidable in neither talent nor valour, these heroes are sufficiently clever and brave to be very mischievous. They may throw back France for several years in the progress which she is rapidly making. The Emperor watches their movements with a knowing smile, and gives them the reins in the hope that they may kick over the traces. We trust that he will be disappointed, and that public opinion will flog them into submission. This is the only gleam of hope we see for Napoleon the Third, if he refuses to change himself to King Louis. We do not believe that a war would really save him, even if a war of sufficient importance could be got up at such short notice. We hope that personal government will not receive another baptism in blood. The army is powerful in France, but there is a party of nearly equal power, which would almost prefer civil war to an unprovoked war even with Prussia. Could Germany or America be irritated into an act of aggression, all France would arm to a man. The democrats we do not include among the men; but even they would arm themselves with the dagger. Unfortunately for the Emperor, looking at the matter from his point of view, nearly all the chief Powers of the world are too busy now to go to war. The time has not yet come for practically testing all the ingenious inventions in offensive weapons and defensive armour which have been the result of the last great campaign. Even a succession of "Crimes de Pantin" would only defer the danger, and after a very little time the fickle Parisians would tire of picnics on an Aceldama, or of photographs of mutilated features fixed in the hideous rigour of a violent death.

We do not consider that, whatever may happen, the Nemesis which has so long hung over the head of the Decembrian hero can be averted. If it fall not on him it will fall on his son. There is a sure element of decay in all greatness that is based on treachery. It is well to talk about the wearying repetition of these allusions to the cradle of the Imperial power, but the reiteration of the accusation does not make the crime any the less. Success made the assassin an Emperor, but it does not make the Emperor any the less an assassin. The world forgets; but justice remembers that the punish-

ment has yet to come. We say thus much, for we would not have it thought that because we do not disguise our aversion and contempt for the extreme republican party in France, we have, therefore, bowed the knee before the throne of our old enemy. We do not deny that much has been done for France during the Emperor's reign. But one thing remains yet to be done, for which the material progress of the people has, we trust, prepared the nation. If France has advanced she has done so not by the means, but in spite, of the Empire. For a long time the enormous burden of debt which the Emperor has fastened on the shoulders of France will cripple her progress. This has been the natural result of personal government. Either in the form of a monarchy or a republic, France must have a constitutional Government. The people must have the control of the expenditure and the power to declare war. If the Emperor is really to govern through the people and not merely in their name, he may be the father of a line of kings. But he will leave for his son nothing but the empty title of Emperor. Even the ravings of Victor Hugo and his crowd of imitators and parasites cannot prevent this. The prestige of Napoleon is a thing of the past. The name awakens now only the recollection of human lives and money alike squandered. The social administration of France, so admirable, and in many respects, will remain. It was not a creation of the present Emperor. But the machinery of political inquisition and persecution will be destroyed, and the inviolability of officials will not survive their present Chief.

One cannot help noticing several indications of the waning fortunes of Napoleonic autocracy. The other day, that creature of the Empire's birth, Granier de Cassagnac, came in for a mild rebuke from the Official Journal. The Government was pained at the coarse and brutal attack on a Prince of the Imperial House. The gentleman (!) had turned his pen against the Emperor's cousin. What must have been the system under which such a man as de Cassagnac could be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour? What must have been the Government that leant for support on such a monster of blackguardism as the *Pays*? Perhaps the spectacle of such an organ of opinion instigated the Irreconcilables to try and emulate its eloquence in the *Rappel*. It was also the other day that one of those far from uncommon cases occurred which shows that the administration of justice is a farce under personal Government. So great is the sanctity that surrounds the person of the Emperor that it extends to the meanest of his servants. That Government must be conscious of its own inherent injustice which refuses to grant any redress against the ruffianism of its officers. The semblance of liberty may exist in France; but as long as a *gendarme* can throw you into prison for some fancied personal slight—and you can get no redress except by a process so complicated and expensive that it is almost impossible to pursue it, even if the chances were all in your favour, instead of all against you—no real liberty can exist.

The Emperor very soon must begin his voyage from the harbour of Buonapartism on the troubled sea of Reform, which threatens every moment the storm of Revolution. He has few advisers, and still fewer friends; he has allies, but they are not very judicious or powerful. The Empress alienates by her attachment to Ultramontaniam those whom her many amiable qualities would otherwise attract to her. Prince Napoleon inspires with distrust the soldiers without gaining the confidence of the men of peace. We repeat, as the instrument of Reform, Napoleon III. may exist; as the bulwark of Reaction, he must be destroyed.

THE CHARGE AGAINST HINSON.

THE solicitors for the defence of the prisoner Hinson have written to us, complaining that our Cartoon last week, entitled "A Cure for Murder, or Justice clings to the Gallows," in which the Wood-green murder was alluded to, was calculated to prejudice the minds of the jury by whom their client will be tried. We need hardly say that our intentions were by no means to prejudice the case, or to create any prejudice. The more especially do we regret that any such motive should have been attributed to us, as we learn that Hinson's late employer has interested himself in the prisoner's behalf. This is encouraging—*laborare est orare*—a good workman is seldom a bad citizen.

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON CHARITY.

CHARITY is a very distinguished virtue. It is also a most domestic one. Indeed, charity is considered by philosophers to have its very origin and beginning in the sacred precincts of home. But this is not all that can be said of its beautifully retiring and unworldly character, for charity not only has a way of beginning at home but of staying there altogether.

Charity is elastic. By reason of this it is able to cover a multitude of faults. People often declare that if it were not for the restraints imposed in the exercise of this virtue they might be forced to put the worst interpretation on the conduct of their neighbours. Full of charity, however, they merely throw out a hint. Sometimes it becomes an act of charity to speak the truth, no matter how disagreeable it be. If this were not an exceptional, but an ordinary duty, there would soon be an end of lying. Men love telling each other the plain truth out of charity.

Charity is above all the worldly vanities. It especially despises the sinfulness of dress. It is true charity that consigns little boys to muffin hats, and little girls to coal-scuttle bonnets, in order that the world may appreciate its perfect humility and simplicity.

Notwithstanding its many excellences people have been known to curse charity roundly. Inmates of British Workhouses have done so, though their whole existence has been dependent on its zeal and solicitude. They have been supported by the benevolent charity of the taxpayer, who, with generous and beating heart, has listened anxiously for the step of the gentle and smiling tax collector. Sweet-spirited beings, called *Guardians*, have watched over them, and yet they have complained. But it is in the divine nature of charity to overlook all things. So it has completely overlooked the poor.

Beautiful as is charity when developed in the individual, it does not reach its true zenith till it takes root in mankind collectively. Charitable societies boast of an angelic philanthropy. They not only relieve suffering humanity, but fatten their own officials. When true charity waxes cold on this earth there will be no more dining in brotherly love, on other people's money, at two guineas a head.

Real charity is frequently misunderstood. Some people occasionally relieve a miserable starving beggar on a cold winter's night. This is wrong. True charity urges that the beggar may want gin, and so puts its hands into its pockets, stalks on, and never relieves anybody at all. It is true charity never to give a halfpenny to anybody.

In the cause of charity men and women have been known to offer themselves up as perfect martyrs. Under its hallowing influence gentle maidens have kept shops and brave youths trodden the stage. A fancy fair might be a heaven upon earth, but for the high prices, so exalted, so pure, so self-sacrificing are the motives which inspire those who have set it in motion.

Adversity, they say, makes strange bedfellows. So does charity. The very quicrest of people set their names down on public subscription lists. Anonymous J. O., with his £100 donation, and Lady Toffyville, with her £20, are both actuated by the self-same charity; only her ladyship knows that everybody reads the Distressed Teapot Widows' Association Report, and feels confident that heaven will not be a desirable locality for a permanency, if J. O. and his set manage to get the *entrée*.

TOMAHAWK'S PRIZE PIECES.

IN fulfilment of a promise made some weeks back, TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in presenting his readers with the first of a series of scenes from pieces sent to his office to compete for the premium promised by him to the writer of the prize play. As yet the prize has not been awarded.

No. I.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE;

OR,

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By Messrs. H. J. B—R—N and D—N B—C—C—T.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—*A gothic hall. Screen at back, clock (hands pointing to 9), large fireplace, lighthouse seen through the window, L. As the curtain rises little wrecks are seen dashing against the lighthouse. Dolls drowning, &c. A storm rages. Enter SIR RALPH. He comes down to the footlights and soliloquises.*

SIR RALPH.—By the law of England he loses the whole of his property. Yes; because the will was not written in red ink and was only signed by three witnesses, it becomes null and void! Yes, null and void (*addressing himself to the gallery*), as null and void as the heads of our aristocracy!

Enter SERVANT, R.

SERVANT.—Madame Formosa is below, Sir.

SIR RALPH.—Show her up, Montgomery.

SERVANT.—I will, sir.

(Exit.)

SIR RALPH.—Formosa—here—in this house! At such a time! Well, I must brazen it out, as the tinker said to the saucepan.

(Enter FORMOSA—she rushes into his arms.)

FORMOSA.—My darling! Nay, do not blush at the words; you know how dearly I love you. And you, do not you love me dearly?

SIR RALPH.—At any rate, I do not love you cheaply!

FORMOSA.—Ah! you would throw the jeweller's bill in my face—you would hint at the account at the milliner's, and yet (*with intense feeling to the gallery*) is not woman's heart a jewel above all price—her love worth a thousand jewjaws—a million toys!

SIR RALPH.—You touch me nearly, Formosa. But come, you forget—surely to-day you had fixed for your visit to the Crystal Palace with Lord Henry Loomshire.

FORMOSA.—Ah, so I did! Dear Harry, how he loves me! But he has his foibles—he is noble, and good, and jealous, and—

SIR RALPH.—And rich. Add that, Formosa, add that. He is a true English gentleman, with love in his heart, brains in his skull, and gold in his pocket! What more would you wish for?

FORMOSA.—I cannot tell. He is so young—so beautiful—so effeminate.

SIR RALPH.—True, he can scarcely count fourteen years. But then youth is a fault that will mend every day of his life.

FORMOSA.—A novel jest, indeed, ha, ha, ha! Ralph, with your merry conceits and clever cranks, you will some day be the death of me.

SIR RALPH (*aside*).—Can she, then, suspect! I must be more cautious.

(Enter SERVANT.)

SERVANT.—Lord Henry Loomshire.

FORMOSA.—Harry here! This will never do! Detection means ruin! Come, Ralph, cannot you hide me from his gaze?

SIR RALPH } and the } (*speaking together*).—The screen! the screen!

SERVANT. }

*(They hide her behind the screen.)**(Enter LORD HENRY (R.); SERVANT bows to him and exit.)*

SIR RALPH (*shaking hands*).—Ah! Loomshire, my boy, how are you? By the by, you know, you can ask your nurse in if you like. Any friends of yours are always welcome here.

LORD HENRY.—Thanks, Ralph, thanks. But I have to say things to you that even my nurse must not hear. You have always been my friend?

SIR RALPH.—My dear boy, what a question! Why, your grandfather and I were schoolfellows.

LORD HENRY.—I know that, Ralph, and that is the reason why I am here to-day—to blame you—to lecture you, if you will.

SIR RALPH (*starting*).—To blame me!

LORD HENRY (*kindly but severely*).—Yes, to blame you, Ralph! Is it true that you are about to marry?

SIR RALPH (*aside, and looking towards the screen*).—Perdition! He will ruin me! (*aloud*) Marry! Ha, ha, ha, 'tis too good a joke! I marry, nay, Harry, you carry your fun too far.

LORD HENRY (*producing a note*).—Then explain to me the meaning of this letter from Lady Louisa Pentonville!

SIR RALPH (*angrily*).—How came it in your hands?

LORD HENRY (*reproachfully*).—You ask such a question—of a friend?

SIR RALPH (*sorrowfully*).—No, I meant not that. I know, Harry, that you are the very soul of honour. You had some good reason—I am sure you had—for opening and perusing my private letter.

LORD HENRY.—I will be frank with you, Ralph, in spite of your ungenerous suspicions. I was curious to learn the contents of that letter. Now are you satisfied?

SIR RALPH.—Thoroughly, and forgive me for harbouring for a moment my most base suspicions (*Formosa sighs*).

LORD HENRY.—Ah! we are overheard! That screen.

SIR RALPH.—You must not go.

LORD HENRY.—Nay, permit me (*he approaches the screen and overthrows it, Formosa is discovered*).

LORD HENRY.—My love, my soul, Formosa!

SIR RALPH (*gloomily*).—Now, Harry, you know the worst.

LORD HENRY.—My poor friend, I pity you. How cruel must be your agony, when you can actually be guilty of deceit to me—me, your bosom friend!

FORMOSA.—O Harry, Harry, I love you both!

LORD HENRY.—Nay, I cannot bear to hear your voice, Formosa. Come, Ralph, lead me to my nurse!

(He is led out by SIR RALPH.)

FORMOSA.—And here ends all my cherished plans! Eh? (*sniffs*), what is this? Smoke—fire—great Heavens! the old hall is in flames!

(The house is burnt down in the usual manner. FORMOSA escapes.)

SCENE 4.—*The river from under Waterloo Bridge by night, showing the Thames Embankment, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, &c., &c. Steamboats glide along the river, &c., &c., &c.*

Enter FORMOSA and POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN.—What did you say, Miss?

FORMOSA.—I wanted to find a Putney omnibus.

POLICEMAN (*touching his hat politely*).—If you will allow me, I will show you the way.

FORMOSA.—Thanks, very much.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN. END OF ACT III.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

The *Woman in White* is remarkable for the great novelty of its name and incidents, and for the brilliancy of its dialogue. The character of Lord Harry is evidently the work of Mr. D—n B—c—c—t, who has shown more than once a partiality for young noblemen—witness the coxswain in *Formosa*, and the youth in *Flying Scud*. The scene under Waterloo bridge is exceedingly dramatic, and strongly reminds one of the proposed suicide from the steamboat pier in *Lost at Sea*. The fire, too, at the end of the "screen scene," is neatly introduced, and most effective. Throughout this piece we find a healthy tone—a tone telling most eloquently of the progress that Mr. B—c—c—t and his collaborateur have already made in pursuing that fine "new thoroughfare" leading, it is said, to the sewers!

CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.—In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state that H.R.H. Prince Christian is quite well. He is as popular as ever, and will be presented with the Colonelcy of a Regiment the moment he has mastered sufficient English to give the words of command.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK

FOR 1870.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

SHORTLY.



LONDON, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that it is proposed to extend next Session the provisions of the "Habitual Criminals' Act" to the Police.

A NEW theatrical "order"—a rival to the Victoria Cross—is about to be inaugurated. It will be called the Decoration of the Fools' Cap, and will be (like the sister Order) "for *Vellère*."

THE authoress of the "Byron Scandal" reserves her defence. For some time, no doubt. Yes; in spite of her name, it is to be feared there's more of the *'oaks* than the *beach* about Mrs. Beecher Stowe!

A VERY ridiculous story is going the rounds of the counters in the City just now apropos of Lord Mayor Lawrence. A mischievous wag has started a report that "his Lordship" is going to be made a baronet!

A CERTAIN party in the Church of England have always entertained a determined hatred for the legal decisions affecting that corporation. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that they have, to a man, gone mad at the mere mention of the "*Temple*!"

IF the report is to be believed, it would appear that the Board of Works will soon improve that part of the City which lies nearest to the Mansion House. It is even whispered (in some quarters) that, when the Commissioners get to the Poultry, we may expect to see a *foul*!

WE congratulate Mr. Gladstone on his letter to the Chairman of the Amnesty Meeting at Limerick. It is a manly and frank answer to those who have accused the Premier of cowardice or mischievous pliability in this matter. We trust that the promise of this letter will be fulfilled, and that justice will be done to Ireland under the ægis of the law, not in the clamour of sedition.

THE St. Pancras Board of Guardians have been rebuked by Mr. Goschen with a dignity and decision, which we hope they may be able to appreciate. "They were paralyzed, and had lost all control over the workhouse officials." We think the world, to say nothing of the parish of St. Pancras, will survive this calamity. When they have learnt to control themselves they will be allowed to control others.

SIR Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., again! (We hope we have got the name right this time.) The public will

be sorry to hear that this persecuted gentleman, who received a free pardon for cruel and aggravated bigamy committed by him, on account of his delicate state of health, has been very unwell. His memory has been so affected by his illness that he forgot his own name, and signed that of Lefevre, on a cheque. Poor fellow! We hope the law will not be hard on him. Who knows but what he may have committed this little mistake from a conscientious feeling that he had been treated with a leniency which he scarcely deserved, and that his proper place, after all, was in prison?

MR. G. H. MOORE has been again attracting the notice of the public. This individual turns out to be a Member of Parliament. He has been abusing the O'Donoghue in very characteristic language for his extremely sensible and moderate letter which we noticed in our leading article last week. The O'Donoghue will, we trust, accept the abuse of this itinerant vocabulary of foul language as what it really is,—a great compliment. It appears to us that this Mr. Moore has a great career before him. Why should he not supply the place of the exiled Finlen at the Judge and Jury Society? He is well qualified for the post, and that can be said of few men. As a member of an assembly consisting of "honourable gentlemen" he is thrown away.

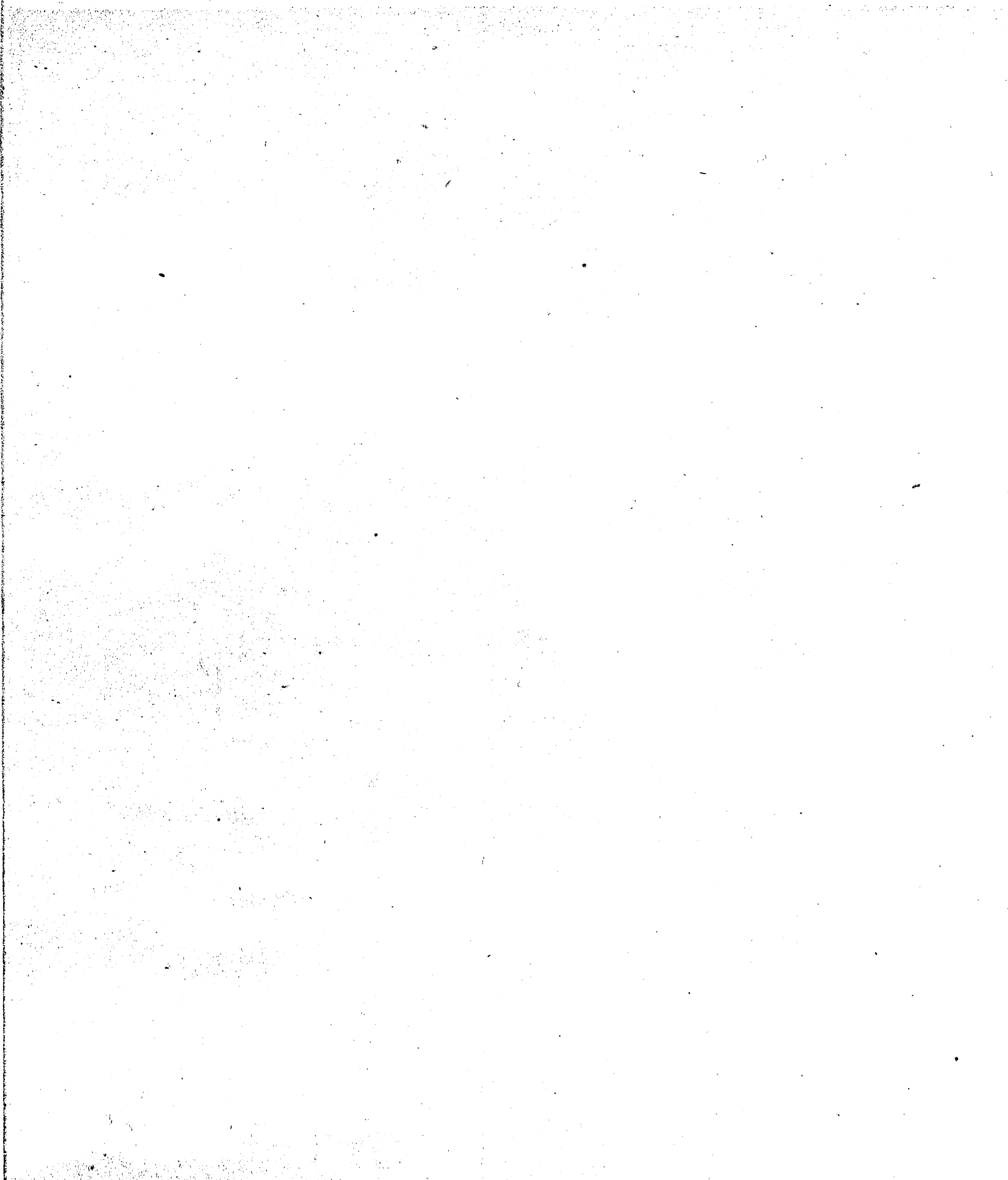
ALL praise to the Marylebone Vestry! Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Lord Portman and of the occupiers, they have insisted on the destruction of certain houses reported as totally unfit for human habitation. Marylebone parish is in every respect so well managed that it tempts us sometimes to be reconciled to vestry government. We should like to know how Lord Portman justifies his having retained these houses so long. Did he never try and calculate how many human lives the few pounds a year that these houses brought him represented? What can we expect from small proprietors, if large ones act in the spirit of this noble lord? Again, we say, all honour to the Marylebone Vestry! May their example find as many imitators as the generous and humane conduct of Lord Portman has doubtless found admirers(?)

CALCRAFT in the County Court! What a sublime spectacle! We give his letter entire. It is too good not to be enshrined in our columns.

"London, Sept 28 1869,—Sulley iam quite a Shamed at your meanness of sending me that open peace of paper to expose me in that way to think that you want me to spend 2 or 3 pounds to com to your place to Pay you the som of 14s wich i never had half of it will Swear if i had you had half of it what did it coust me when whe ware out together you never spent one halfpenny and you to charge me that exorbant sum isuppose you thought of fritening me but iwas born too near awood to be fritened by an Owl the sum you charged me the Shiriff ought to have setteled long ago i have sent you the Beastley bit of paper you sent me in an envelope not open as you sent it me you can doo what you like with it as soon as it is convnant i will send you apost offic order for the overcharge of 14s. with acheck upon you for so mean an action—W S—W C

"inever was served Such a mean action in all my life inevery hat such athing in my house before"

Why does not Calcrafft write a collection of his Proverbial Sayings? They would put Tupper to shame and confusion. "Proverbial Sayings of William Calcrafft, Hangman and Humourist." There's a good Title! We trust some of his future clients will raise the amount of the claim by subscription. It would be a terrible calamity if matters came to the worst. Fancy issuing execution against an executioner! If that is not lese-majesty, what is?





CARRIED WITH THE TIDE!
OR,
A DANGEROUS CRUISE.



THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

XII.

MR. TACKLER'S establishment was certainly a peculiar one. The day after Mr. Pulp's arrival, and at very early morn, he was startled by a series of violent single knocks at the street-door, followed by equally violent ringing both of the door bell and the night bell indiscriminately. After the knocks had apparently accumulated to some thirty, the street-door had evidently been opened, and then a shrill shriek was heard proceeding upstairs from the voice of Mr. Tackler's female servant of "*Paupers!*" To Mr. Pulp's ear it sounded like the newspaper boy at the railway station; but in reality it was the announcement to Mr. Tackler that paupers were arriving and taking up their station in the waiting-room to be treated. Tackler's female servant never, under any circumstances, thought of answering a knock at the street-door until it had been repeated some twenty or thirty times. "They piles up at the door," she would argue to herself; "master's not up, and what's the use of letting them in one by one? Better wait and let 'em in by batches." The window in Mr. Pulp's room looked out upon the street, and Mr. Pulp, as he was dressing, contemplated the external arrangements. The paupers seemed to be arriving in small armies. Directly an individual reached Mr. Tackler's door, he struggled through the throng, delivered one furious single knock, rang the bell violently, and then calmly and quietly took up his station in the crowd as if he were waiting to be admitted to a gratis performance at a theatre. When the pavement was sufficiently blockaded that all passage by pedestrians was impossible, the street-door was thrown violently open, and the multitude surged into Mr. Tackler's dwelling, and then arose the cry from Mr. Tackler's servant of "*Paupers!*" Mr. Pulp had only just completed his toilet, and had opened his door preparing to descend, when Mr. Tackler's bedroom door was thrown violently open, and Mr. Tackler presented himself. He was in a state of deshabille, and he was looking wild and haggard. His hair was unbrushed, he had no cravat, and he wore a pair of very loose slippers, which dropped from his feet at every second step.

"They're at it, Mr. Pulp!" he cried, in accents of agony. "They're at it! They've begun early this morning because they know I wanted a little extra sleep, having been up half the night. Hark at 'em! they're coughing now. They know I hate coughing; but I defy them, Mr. Pulp, I defy them, and I *will* have my breakfast. Come along!"

Mr. Tackler rushed downstairs, followed by Mr. Pulp. Directly they reached the hall, the scene that presented itself was something surprising. There was a perfect crowd of paupers jammed together, old and young, men and women, and all supposed to be suffering from some terrific malady. There was no room for any more to enter unless they invaded Mr. Tackler's private rooms and mounted his staircase. Directly the paupers caught sight of the Doctor there was a perfect chorus of coughs and groans. They held out their bottles to him—for each pauper carried a bottle—and each one appealed to him to be treated first, and there was a general cry of "Give us physic!"

"Silence!" roared Mr. Tackler. "I won't be badgered in this way. You *shall* wait till I have had my breakfast. I won't be driven to my grave without a struggle."

"That's right, George, that's right!" screamed the voice of Mrs. Tackler, emerging from the dining-room. She was a tall, angular-looking woman, with her hair in papers, and habited in a long white dressing-gown, and altogether presenting the appearance of a violoncello in a canvas covering. "That's right; don't be put down."

Thus enjoined, Mr. Tackler rushed into the breakfast-room, followed by Mr. Pulp. Mrs. Tackler soon prepared the meal, which consisted of hot coffee and cold sausages. Mr. Tackler sat down and eat like a wolf; but between every mouthful he took, there came a loud single knock at the street door, followed by a variety of groans, coughs, and impatient exclamations from the paupers outside.

"Go it! go it!" cried Mr. Tackler. "You won't bring me out before the time, I can tell you. You may ruin me, you may knock up my practice, you may drive me mad, but you shan't starve me."

Mr. Tackler went on eating furiously, murmuring his indignation at intervals. The way he peeled the sausages before he devoured them, the method in which he gulped down the hot coffee, and the savage manner he caught at the bread and butter with his teeth like a savage dog, and bit out large semicircles, all showed the fury and desperation of his excited mind.

At last he threw down his knife and fork, and nearly drove his plate from him off the table and exclaimed—

"Do you hear that, Mr. Pulp?"

"What?" said Mr. Pulp.

"That cough! That's Sibley. I know him. He comes here the first, and he hacks, and hacks, because he knows I hate the sound. There's nothing the matter with him, but he is greedy for his physic, and he knows that will bring me out." And then he added, turning to his wife, "Is the tub ready?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tackler.

"The tub!" said Mr. Pulp. "What's the tub?"

"The tub," said Mr. Tackler, "is my method of treatment. You will have the kindness this morning to take charge of it."

"But what is it?" said Mr. Pulp. "You don't treat them hydropathically, do you?"

Mr. Tackler laughed, and so did Mrs. Tackler.

"No, my dear Sir, but I have one tub of physic made every morning. It is saline draught, an admirable medicine. It saves a world of trouble. You merely turn the cock and fill the bottle, and colour the contents with anything you like. It cures all maladies. The tub is in the Surgery, and now as that villain Sibley is at it again, let us go and see the patients."

Mr. Tackler started up, opened the door, and dashed in among the assembled paupers like a cannon ball. Mr. Pulp followed him. "Who's the first?" shouted Mr. Tackler; and a chorus of voices replied to the question, which further infuriated Mr. Tackler. His method of treatment was sharp and peculiar. He rushed among the paupers; he singled out one, and furiously demanded, "What was the matter with him?" The description of the unfortunate's symptoms and pains was cut short by a demand for him to put out his tongue. That was enough. The next question was, "Where's your bottle?" and when this was produced, it was handed to Mr. Pulp, who rushed down stairs into the Surgery to fill it. This was a very simple transaction, for an enormous stone tub stood upon the Surgery counter, and by turning on the tap the physic was made, and handed to the pauper, who was then dismissed. There was, apparently, every case of disease among Mr. Tackler's paupers; but they were all treated upon the same rapid and expeditious principle. Mr. Tackler was one of those doctors who are so difficult to convince of the existence of disease at all in pauper patients. Half of the maladies were described by him as "rubbish, all fancy, shamming, humbug, nothing the matter!" but still he gave them the physic. Still the tap of the tub was kept hard at work; and Mr. Pulp was quite exhausted with the exertion and excitement of running up and down stairs and filling the bottles.

"Where's Sibley?" cried Mr. Tackler, as the paupers began to thin off.

"Here I am, Sir," said an old man, giving a grand cough as he presented himself. "I can wait."

"I've no doubt you can, my man; but I'm not going to stand it," said Mr. Tackler. "No better, of course?"

"Not a bit," said Mr. Sibley. "Not a hatom. In fact, I gets worse every day. That physic don't agree with me, I can tell you. It ain't half strong enough. It don't do me no good whatever."

"You're an old impostor," shouted Mr. Tackler. "Pulp, give him the usual. He'll get nothing else from me. I know his case."

"Very well," said Mr. Sibley. "Then mark me, if I am took worse, and I know I shall be, I'll complain to the Board, that I will. I'll have you up. It's very hard as a poor man who's took worse can't be treated properly, and have his proper physic. There's old Winsor, he ain't half so bad as me, and you've given him no end of nasty physic, and put a seton in his neck, and lots of leeches all over his body. It's favouring, that's what it is, and it's a shame. Yah!"

"Yah!" groaned about a dozen sympathizing paupers, supporting old Sibley in his denunciation.

"Look here!" cried Mr. Tackler, "seizing an empty quart bottle by the neck, which he was about to hand to Mr. Pulp—" "look here! I'll have no riot here. You may complain where

you like ; but I'm not to be frightened in my own house by the whole pack of you."

And Mr. Tackler flourished the bottle over his head, and stood in an attitude of defiance and defence.

"Turn them all out, George," cried Mrs. Tackler, rushing into the room. "I wouldn't put up with the business any longer. It's a disgraceful system, and it will kill you in the end. I'd have nothing more to do with such an ungrateful crew, or with such a niggardly Board. You're breaking your health and your home, and your practice for the Parish—and a precious lot the Parish cares for you. Turn them out, and give it up, George," and with that Mrs. Tackler sailed out of the room.

XIII.

"And now, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler, when the paupers had been dismissed, "that's my early morning's work. We will make our rounds directly ; but Mrs. Tackler is right. It's an ungrateful business altogether, and I think I have a scheme for making money a little quicker than I am doing it here."

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 127.)

THE SEE OF —HE!

(Telegraphed by OUR PRIVATE DETECTIVE.)

Oxford, Monday.

I HAVE just arrived, and made full inquiries. Nothing is known of him here. I described him minutely, and they told me that they had never heard of him. Isn't it provoking?

London, Tuesday.

Nothing daunted by my failure at Oxford, I came here to-day, and proceeded at once to the Garrick Club. I inquired for him, and found to my chagrin that he was unknown in the Club. A visit to the Athenæum was equally disappointing. However, I have plenty of confidence. Before I give up the search you may be sure I will find out *something* about him.

Cambridge, Wednesday.

Arrived here to-day, and made the usual inquiries. Nothing known about him. Somebody said that he *might* be in the West of England, but wasn't sure.

Bath, Thursday.

Hurray! They *have* heard of him here—at least, an old lady has. As far as I can make out, he holds a living somewhere in Devonshire. To-morrow I start for Exeter. I am awfully pleased. I was very nearly giving up my journey in despair.

Exeter, Friday.

Capital! I am on the scent. I have found several people who have heard his name. One of them is almost certain that he is a vicar, or a rector, or a dean, or a something. This is splendid. I will soon find him out now.

Honiton, Saturday.

Hurrah! Eureka! I have found him! His name is Mackarness, and he gives up the head-mastership of Honiton Grammar School (twenty-something boys at the last census) for the Bishopric of Oxford!

A CLERICAL CLEARANCE.

AN interesting little ceremony took place at Herne Hill last week. A sum of £1,000 in a large silver salver was presented to the Reverend Matthew Anderson, on the occasion of his leaving the parish of St. Paul's, of which he has been vicar for some five-and-twenty years. Although we do not in the least object to a clergyman's good work being appreciated by his flock, and still less to the appreciation taking a substantial form, yet we think such a very ready money transaction as this is a little out of place. A thousand sovereigns would no doubt be a welcome present even to the proudest amongst us ; but we much question if it is not beneath the dignity of an English clergyman to send round his hat at the conclusion of a

ministration, however successful. Silver tea-sets and embroidered slippers are less acceptable, but certainly more innocent than well-stocked purses. We think therefore it would be wiser if in future the admirers of retiring ministers would confine their admiration within decent bounds. A large concourse of people assembled to see a parson pocket a trayful of money cannot, after all, have been a very edifying spectacle.

IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

THE Viceroy of Egypt seems determined that all classes shall be represented at the opening of the Suez Canal. His Highness has just invited the principal representatives of science, art, and literature in the great Universities of Europe to be present at the ceremony, and, with an amount of consideration which does him credit, has offered to pay the expenses of such gentlemen to Egypt and back, and to put them up while there. Of course, as far as many of the Continental Universities are concerned, the terms of the invitation are the sole ones on which, in most cases, it could possibly be accepted ; but at Oxford and Cambridge learning is better paid, if not better appreciated, than elsewhere ; so if any of our English Professors betake themselves to the East, it will scarcely be necessary for them to avail themselves of the Khedive's liberality. We do not suppose that any hint on the subject will be necessary, for the franking system has always been, and, let us hope, always will be, particularly distasteful to Englishmen, but there may be exceptional cases, in which the representatives of science, and the rest of it, may think themselves justified in taking the Viceroy at his word, and to these we address ourselves. Let us point out, then, that if His Highness has offered to find money for the travelling expenses of these gentlemen, it is because he conceives they are not in a position to do so for themselves. In England this is not the case, for University Professors are by no means the poorest members of the community ; and if they take advantage of their host's ignorance of their circumstances, they will, morally speaking, open themselves to the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. So we warn them.

MORE POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE "Police Reports" promise at no very distant date to fill a very creditable position in the sensational records of the day. We are not referring to the broken heads and hearts, the violence and fun for which the prisoners, and at some courts the bench, are respectively responsible. We allude merely to the doings of the force itself. The police, in fact, are in that stage of moral existence known as deteriorating development ; for instance, here is a new phase of executive declension which is really so instructive that we feel no apology is due for quoting it at full length from the columns of a contemporary :—

"At Guildhall yesterday Mr. Frank Lelew, a fish salesman, of Billingsgate market, was summoned before Alderman Besley for allowing five barrels to rest on the footway in Lower Thames street for a longer time than was absolutely necessary to load or unload. The barrels were on the public footway under the verandah. For the defence, one of the constables of the market was called, and he said that the clerk of the market claimed jurisdiction over that ground, and maintained that it was not a public footway. Mr. Lelew said that he should not have been summoned but that he had declined to subsidize the police any longer. It had cost him as much as 35s. per week to bribe the police to allow him to carry on his business. The officer in this case was not mixed up in that, but when he ceased to give money to other men on duty they instigated the present complainant to summon him. Alderman Besley asked Inspector Tillcock whether his attention had been called to the fact that the officers under him were in the habit of receiving money from the salesmen in the market? Inspector Tillcock said it had, and he and his brother inspectors had had great difficulty in discovering and trying to put a stop to the practice. They had endeavoured to stop the men receiving money, but the offer of such sums as Mr. Lelew had mentioned was too great a temptation for men having only 21s. per week to resist.

"Some other cases of a similar character were tried, in which

the same charges were made against the police, and it was stated that at one publichouse £2 were waiting to be received by different constables."

We have quoted this case at full length because it really is highly *comic*. Here are we sneering at Continental *espionage*, and picking endless holes in the coats of our neighbours, and ourselves sustaining as about a shameless and barefaced system of corruption in our very midst as can possibly be conceived! We shall return to the subject with much pleasure.

"CUT AND NEVER COME AGAIN."

It is a bad sign in Spanish affairs when telegrams take four days to travel from Madrid to London, and when little notes accompany their eventual insertion in the newspapers, to the effect that they have been "delayed in transmission." Such explanation, though no doubt intended to bear reference to some mechanical shortcoming on the part of the telegraph itself, is very suggestive of a hostile occupation of the line of route, cut wires and uprooted posts, together with such other measures which now-a-days characterise civilised warfare. The British interest in the affairs of Spain is just now on the wane; and although the most critical position since the expulsion of Queen Isabella has now arrived, we scarcely bestir ourselves to discuss the probable course events will take. But we protest against injury to the telegraph lines. We have ourselves for the most part constructed them, and probably paid for them, so we have a right to a voice in the matter; and we call on all parties in Spain to unite in taking care of property which, if once destroyed, will not be hurriedly replaced.

FLAT, STALE, AND UNPROFITABLE.

HAS or has not the Amsterdam Universal Exhibition been a failure? It certainly has not succeeded in arousing either the curiosity or the enthusiasm of this country, for beyond some occasional paragraphs in the London papers, announcing first that the Exhibition had been opened, and more recently that it has been closed, we have heard nothing about it. We have been told that a lecture, now in course of delivery, by Professor Pepper, at the Polytechnic, has some connection with the subject; but as it is mysteriously announced as a lecture on the "Tentoonstelling," we cannot vouch for the fact. However, one point is quite clear, that the days of Universal Exhibitions are over. The last Paris venture, had it not been for its semi-theatrical character and its Cremorne-like arrangements, would scarcely have lasted out its season, and as it was we believe it did not pay. We trust that our Dutch friends have incurred no serious loss in their speculation; but with the experience of other nations before them, they almost deserve to have done so. In another half-century or so perhaps an Universal Exhibition will be properly appreciated; but at present European sight-seers require some rest.

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.

WHEN will the Jewish Abduction case come to an end? Not content with a sensation trial at Cardiff, the two parties are continuing their squabble in the Court of Chancery, where the suit promises to drag its slow length along for an indefinite space of time, unless it is put a stop to by the young woman herself. The question has now become one of the choice of guardians, and, of course, both fond Jewish relations and kind Christian friends are each of them eager to get hold of the prey. From what we have read of the case we do not think we should be justified in expecting Miss Esther Lyons ever to arrive at years of discretion; but, failing this, the sooner she attains the age of one-and-twenty the better. Cannot she put herself on like a clock, and thus put a stop to the waste of time, talk, and money of which she is the occasion? We generally condemn "fast living;" but if ever it could be justifiable, now would be the time.

GOOD MOTTO FOR BROWN (*who rides in the 9.10 omnibus daily from Brompton to the City*).—"The bus-y B."

THE LATE DELUGE.

OUT of some ten thousand letters which we have received on the subject of the Great Tidal Wave, and the expected deluge, we select the following:—

SIR,—I beg to inform you that while crossing from Boulogne to Folkestone at an early hour on Thursday morning, we were suddenly alarmed by a cry for help, when it was discovered that an enormous wave had entered by the port-hole on the lee scupper, and completely drenched my friend, Mr. Wiggins, of 6 Bottingham Villas, Margaret terrace, Islington, inflicting on him no little surprise and a considerable ducking.

This, probably, was the great tidal wave which was due about the 6th or 7th of this month. I thought that the fact, somewhat confirming as it does the prophecies of Mr. Saxby, might interest your readers.

I am, &c.,

Twaddle Lodge,
Maida hill.

JOSEPH JOBBINS.

SIR,—Where is that fellow, Saxby, or whatever he calls himself? Here have I and my wife been living for the last two days in hammocks swung between the tops of two high poplar trees, having taken all the furniture out of our house in expectation of a great flood, and deuce a bit of flood have I seen. It's all humbug, Sir, and I won't stand it.

Yours,

Upatree House, Yarmouth.

PETER PEPPER.

SIR,—In taking my bath this morning I found it was very much fuller than usual, so much so, in fact, that some of the water upset on the floor. Do you think this had anything to do with the tidal wave?

Yours obediently,

Bath and Wells.

AN ENQUIRER.

SIR,—I didn't believe a word of it, not I; but my wife did. She thought we were all going to be washed out into the Bay of Biscay. I used to aggravate her by singing "In the Bay of Biscay, oh!" all day long. But it was ghastly merriment, for my wife she insisted on our all wearing life-belts, and eating in them. Just you try breakfasting in a life-belt, Sir. You won't like it.

Shakespeare, who is a devilish clever fellow, says somewhere—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the turn, leads on to fortune.

Saxby don't seem to have hit on it this time.

Find a corner for this, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

Rose Cottage, Rutlandshire.

BENJAMIN BLOWER.

WAYS AND MEANS.

WE have lately been hearing a good deal of boasting on the part of the Board of Works about our Metropolitan improvements; but we should like to know who is responsible for closing the main thoroughfare between St. James's street, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall on the one side, and the Metropolitan Railway on the other, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The St. James's Park Station has, since its opening in the spring, proved an immense convenience to thousands; but now that the evenings are beginning to close in early, and the atrocious rule, that the gates of St. James's Park shall be closed at sunset, is strictly adhered to, for all the convenience the Metropolitan Railway now is to people whose business or pleasure takes them into the neighbourhood of the Clubs, it need not exist. How easy would it not be to place half-a-dozen gas lamps between the gate of the Park, near Marlborough House, and the gate leading out to the station in the Birdcage walk, to light the few yards of gravel path and suspension bridge which connect the two points? The practicability, however, of such a scheme has evidently never been deemed worth the thought by those whose duty it is to look after the public convenience, and will not be, we suppose, until the question is forced upon them. For our part we are not, as a rule, in favour of mobs pulling down park railings

in general ; but if a few irate railway season ticket-holders would only hold an indignation meeting in the Mall, and remove a couple of yards or so of ironwork at the positions above named, we could hardly condemn the proceeding, although the opening ceremony of such a metropolitan improvement would scarcely admit of the presence of Her Most Gracious Majesty and the Lord Mayor of London to assist at the inauguration. It would be none the less a real metropolitan improvement, however, on that account.

WHAT A BLESSING!

THE President of the United States has appointed the approaching 18th of November as a day of national thanksgiving, and a decent list of the blessings supposed to have come direct from the hand of God to the American people has been published by his command. If correct, it is certainly of a highly satisfactory character, and there may be some excuse for the President when he calls upon a people "thus favoured" to "make acknowledgment to the Supreme Author," &c., &c., &c.

The unfortunate part of the whole business, however, is that those who are well acquainted with the people declare that there is not a more generally godless nation under the sun. Not five-and-twenty per cent. believe in Christ. Christianity, however, in this smart age, may not be considered one of "God's mercies." In a word, the appointed thanksgiving has an air of self-righteous cant about it, but, doubtless, according to Yankee notions, the man who pays the biggest income-tax, and gets himself into the fewest street rows, is the most advanced on the road to heaven.

We know it is the fashion of the age to regard material prosperity, as did the Jews of old, as a special mark of God's blessing. We think the age is wrong. The middle ages may have exaggerated a little in their own peculiar way, but they were a good deal nearer the truth than we are in this 1869 of ours. The substantial saint of this century, whatever he may be, is certainly not the shrewd, successful, East-End pawnbroker. But we will not continue the subject, as it is obviously rather too grave a one for our pages. We, however, strongly recommend its consideration to the more respectable portion of the religious press. It is very suggestive.

THE NEW VICAR OF DONCASTER'S FIRST SERMON.

WHEN the Rev. Francis Pigou, the new Vicar of Doncaster, preached his first sermon there, he took for his text the words of St. Peter—"Silver and gold I have none," &c. Rather inappropriate, we think, considering that the Vicarage is worth £537 a year. Perhaps the new Vicar has all his money in "bank notes."

THE STONES CRY OUT.

IT having been rumoured that the Small-pox Hospital is in treaty for a large building in the Petersham Road, at the foot of Richmond Hill—which, by the way, was originally meant for an hotel—to serve as a convalescent home for small-pox patients, the Richmond vestrymen have taken fright, and are doing all they can to oppose the project. Surely it must have occurred to these worthies that people who have had the small-pox must live somewhere, and that no better place could be chosen for locating them than some such healthy open spot as that which has been selected by the authorities of the hospital. Besides, putting selfish grounds aside, the objection is most unreasonable. It is scarcely possible to pass down a street in London in which small-pox does not exist in some one of the houses ; and it has never been pretended that the disease is so spreading that the very walls of the building in which the patient lies ill are infectious to passers-by. Yet the Richmond vestrymen have taken it into their heads that, not only is a convalescent hospital pestilential, but that the fields which surround it are no protection to the parishioners. This, of course, is simple folly ; and we trust that the protest of the Richmond authorities will have no weight with the good people who have taken a kindly project in hand. Any objections that can be raised to the proposed site are, at their best, frivolous ; while, at their worst, they are brutal and unchristian.

IN A BAD CAUSE.

THE papers are once more full of the "Edmunds Scandal." The case has just been reopened before a Court of Arbitration, in the Common Pleas, with Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Mr. Napier Higgins, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, and Mr. Haviland Burke for Mr. Edmunds, against the Attorney-General, Mr. Field, Q.C., and Mr. Archibald as Counsel for the Crown. The first day of the Arbitration these distinguished lawyers employed in a long-winded discussion as to which side should open the case—a point which was eventually decided in favour of the Attorney-General ; but for our part, we think the great credit will be due to the side which succeeds, not in opening the case, but in closing it. The public are tired of the question, and the constant dragging in of poor Lord Brougham's name is becoming more and more distasteful to them. Let us hope that the Arbitrators will throw no obstacle in the way of a speedy conclusion of an affair which has long since become uninteresting, and (so far as the great masses are concerned) quite unintelligible to the community. The amount of business in our law courts is already excessive, and the slow progress of really important cases is already a sore subject of complaint. Mr. Edmunds has, therefore, the less right to stop the way when such obstruction entails so much inconvenience upon other people.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two men combine to win a certain place,
One serves the other in the eventful case :
The first intrigues, and schemes, and toils to break
The laws the other helps perhaps to make.

From many a humble plant and herb
A healing dew distils,
Whose virtues aches and pains assuage,
And banish mortal ills.

To one last hope forlorn he clings,
Though doomed so soon to die ;
With ear intent, expects the boon,
And strains his wistful eye.

A form, a shape, a certain style,
Which governs human speech ;
'Tis not a thought, nor only words,
But is made up of each.

Swift as a thunderbolt from heaven,
It scatters death around ;
Sinks mighty ships, and with rude shocks
Brings castles to the ground.

The common blessing of the rich
Poor men can rarely boast ;
Great statesmen cannot oft enjoy,
But monarchs lack it most.

There is a scroll whereon we all
Proudly our names inscribe,
And prize the honour far too much
To sell it for a bribe.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 128.

B eaut Y
U n A
N aama N
K almuc K
U mpir E
M us E

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Cabaña Chica, Alice Ben Bolt, Sandy Bawbee, Nelly Bly, Slap Dash, Pen, Pimlico Tom Cat, Corbleu, W. H. T., Ginger Duff, Biddy, and Slodger and Tiney.

ERRATA.—In "Our Bookmarker," page 183, first column, line 14, for "a book" read "an author ;" line 23, for "as" read "us ;" line 25 for "given to us a more," &c., read "given to us *even* a more," &c.