

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 133.]

LONDON, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

STARS AND GARTERS!

It is very beautiful to see humble virtue triumphant, and true merit properly rewarded. It is sweet to notice that the dandelion no longer "wastes its fragrance on the desert air," but finds itself placed in a gorgeous vase in the drawing-room. This is as it should be. The dandelion is a charming flower. Ex-Lord Mayor Lawrence is a wonderful man. It is delightful to observe the dandelion promoted to the palaces of the splendid—it is exhilarating to learn of a baronetcy being conferred upon Alderman Lawrence!

Mr. Gladstone is the recognizer and rewarder of the dandelion—we beg pardon—of the Lawrence's most admirable services. This gentleman is also the rewarder and recognizer of several other worthies' services—services only a degree less admirable than the services of the Ex-Lord Mayor. As it always is pleasant to praise, TOMAHAWK finds much delight in introducing the various worthies to the British Public. The introduction is quite necessary—without it the British Public would probably know nothing—absolutely nothing—of the coming men.

Places aux—Aldermen!—Lawrence, the new baronet, is a builder by trade. If, O reader, you want your chimney seen to, go to Lawrence. If, O reader, you desire your back garden wall restored, why, go to Lawrence. Obtain an estimate, of course (business is business), but go to Lawrence! When TOMAHAWK informs the British Public that the new baronet is a builder, the British Public will be satisfied that the new baronet is the right man in the right place; all baronets should be builders or butchers, or sweeps or something in the rag-and-bone business! Is not one man as good as another, and—better (as Orator Stubbings would add)? Are not the prince and the peasant, the king and the cobbler, made of the same flesh and blood, having in common heart, brains, and education? Quite so. Then why not make the weary crossing-sweeper an earl?—the pleasant house-builder a baronet? But Alderman Lawrence has further claims to the title; he is not only a builder, but has been a Lord Mayor! Some day (if he advances at this rate) he may actually become the Captain of a Volunteer Corps! Before that happy hour TOMAHAWK trusts that the worthy Alderman will learn how to let off a gun (he tried to fire off a rifle at half cock at Spa!) and study a little humility (he asked for a guard of honour at Liège!!!). When the builder-baronet does anything *particularly* worthy of note he (the builder-baronet) may rest assured that TOMAHAWK will find an odd corner in his paper for an account of his

performances. And now, having been told by the cook that the kitchen boiler is all right, and that the garden wall is in excellent repair, and that neither require the builder's attention, TOMAHAWK bids the knightly tradesman adieu—for the present!

The next gentleman singled out for decoration by Mr. Gladstone is the Rev. — Mackarness, who has been made Bishop of Oxford. The Rev. — Mackarness, it is understood, is a clergyman. In his early days he went to school, and afterwards to a University—it is believed either Oxford or Cambridge or, possibly, Durham. The Rev. — Mackarness is either an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Irishman, or a European. It is reported that he can walk, talk, eat, and drink. From all this it will be seen that the Rev. — Mackarness is just the man to succeed that very obscure individual, Bishop Wilberforce, translated to Winchester.

The next appointment recently made by Mr. W. E. Gladstone is that of the new Third Lord of the Treasury. Mr. W. H. Gladstone is the son of Mr. W. E. Gladstone—no other reason need, nor indeed can, be given for his appointment.

Then, Mr. Layard has been sent to Madrid, because, of course, he was rather useful at the Board of Works; and Mr. Ayrton to Whitehall, because he would have been more popular had he been despatched to Spain, or China, or, better still, to Jericho!

TOMAHAWK has done. The recent appointments could not have been made in more excellent taste or with greater discrimination. Novelty is the order of the day. Until now we have had baronets taken from the ranks of the squirearchy, not from the shops of tradesmen; bishops selected from distinguished scholars, not from provincial nobodies; ambassadors chosen for their moderation and urbanity, not for their quick temper and lack of the art of conciliation. The change has come: we must accept it. To be logical, however, we had better get a crossing-sweeper for our next baronet, an undergraduate for our next bishop, and for our next ambassador, any cousin or acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.—We understand that the spirited competition which has been going on between the *Times* and *Telegraph* for the honourable post of Trumpeter to the Emperor of France has at last been decided in favour of the former. The spirited owner and the editor of this versatile leader of public opinion will go over to Paris shortly in order to receive the just reward of their exertions. We understand that, considering the amount of dirt they have eaten, both gentlemen are as well as can be expected.

WAGGERY AT WHITEHALL.

WHAT has become of the hundred thousand geraniums which have done duty in the Parks this year? A short time back a great fuss was made by the Board of Works with reference to their munificent intention of giving the old plants away to any people who thought them worth the asking for; but although the preliminary announcement promised that full particulars should be duly published, we have neither seen nor heard anything further about the matter. We can only presume that some question relating to the removal of the roots is still under discussion, and that the final determination of the authorities, how best to proceed, has not yet been arrived at. The Board of Works, however, may spare themselves any further trouble, for the geraniums which have been left in the open air pending a decision as to how they should be dealt with, are all now frozen and dead. Perhaps the Board will begin a few weeks earlier next year. Practical jokes always spoil in repetition.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Ismailia, November 11, 1869.

YOU see from *where* I date. I have positively got here at last, together with Bonham and Spagmore. We were joined by a French Count at Alexandria, who said he would get us all introduced to the Khedive, and in the most friendly way borrowed a five-pound note of Bonham, but he left us at some place beginning with K to return to his mother, who was dying. I am sorry to say that in the sudden grief and hurry of his departure, he forgot to return me my telescope, razors, a three-lb. pot of Liebig's Extract, and my cheque-book, which I had lent him for the purpose of conducting an experiment to demonstrate the power of the sun's refracted rays at noon. This is a great misfortune, especially as regards the Extract; for Spagmore says they eat nothing but Irish stew between this and the Red Sea, and I never could bear gravy with onions in it. The razors do not matter, as I shall let my beard grow here. Spagmore means to let his. He says nobody will believe I have been to Egypt if I go home without a beard. I wish I had known this earlier, for I might have had a fortnight's start before I left, as I am quite sure starting *now* there will not be anything to show when I get back. Guide books ought to mention these things. But to resume. Ismailia is, as your readers are doubtless well aware, exactly midway between Lake Billah and the Bitter Lakes, upon the latter of which, Bonham says, it would be a capital thing to start a Bitter Beer Company. You would have everything ready for the beer, but the bottles, malt, and hops. A short calculation will show at once what a paying concern it would be. Say at the lowest estimate there would be seventy ships going through the Canal daily, all, of course, being East Indiamen, and conveying on an average, crews and all, about 800 souls each. You have, therefore, at once 56,000 people daily, who would consume the beer, and as the heat is stifling the whole way, it would be fair to average them at at least three bottles a head. That is a demand for 1,126,000 imperial pints per week, or, in round numbers, about seven millions a year, which, throwing in an extra half-dozen a day for the local agent who has to uncork them, brings up the grand total to 7,000,182 dozen. Bonham says, if he had not got all his money tied up in debentures, he would put every halfpenny he had into the concern, and he has been speaking seriously about it, through me, in French, to an Egyptian gentleman, who, as far as I can make out, seems to see it. There was some difficulty suggested as to what the beer could be made in; but Bonham says a dredging-machine would do capitally. I am going to see the Egyptian gentleman again to-night, and talk it over quietly.

1 p.m.

I have just been out to look at the Canal, which, opposite this place, makes its way through Lake Titmarsh. I was introduced by Spagmore to a London contractor, who explained the whole thing minutely to us. It appears that it cannot possibly pay, being far too shallow. I think he said the greatest depth anywhere was 26 inches, though, on second thoughts, I fancy he must have meant feet or yards, or perhaps fathoms. As

sailors generally denote depth by fathoms, I suppose it must be 26 fathoms he meant, though I do not well see how a first-class East Indiaman is to be got through with that amount of water under her. Spagmore says I ought to be accurate on the point, and wants me to go out with a clothes-line and take "soundings" at once. If the evening is fine, I think I shall.

4 p.m.

Have had a most entertaining talk with the contractor, who told me in confidence he proposed the whole scheme to the Egyptian Government in '49, only they would not hear of it. He also hinted he had done a great deal in the gas-pipe way in Fulham. As he seems to be just the sort of man I want to know, and full of scientific information, I have asked him to dinner at 6.

5 p.m.

Have been trying to order dinner with Spagmore in French, but the waiter, who is a Nubian, doesn't understand my accent. Spagmore says of course he only understands Egyptian, and that as we cannot speak the language, we must write down what we want in hieroglyphics. He says the sort of things that are on the walls of the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace will do capitally, and that he will show me the proper hieroglyphic for dinner, if I will give him a pen, ink, and paper, and ring for the waiter.

5.15 p.m.

Spagmore has drawn a picture of Rameses the Second, walking fast and holding up a large bun sideways on a fan. He has shown this to the waiter, and pointed to my mouth several times, making me open and shut it rapidly, as if in the act of mastication. We have tried this for a quarter of an hour, but without any result. He says the bun ought to have been blue, and that the ancient Egyptians never had their hieroglyphics plain, but always coloured. The waiter, after mumbling something in a sullen voice, has gone out to fetch the *maitre d'hotel*, who, I am thankful to say, is a Frenchman.

5.30 p.m.

The letters are being collected, so I must close this. I add a line to say the Egyptian gentleman has just looked in, evidently to talk over the beer scheme before sunset. Spagmore says of course I must ask him to dinner too. I have.

THE LATEST FROM CENTRAL ASIA.

THE science of telegraphy is certainly making great advances. Here is a telegram sent from London to India *via* the new Russian route, which appeared in the *Bombay Gazette* a short time back, and which shows what the wire is capable of producing:—

LONDON, 17th.—Alderman salomon titus salt baromds crawfords refused corranclay another agriablan assination ireland carecton butury catholic archbishop Armach.

22nd.—letter popp Rumming contat allap non—Catholics auter encommedial Concil for discussion from already contend abitury generally chained hoals ford times braves suppes deserved with drawtoc to presented spot his government saying excepted instructions and Washington government disavowes, proedirm a amors King Portugal accepting throne shrit abdicating favour Creditary prince secretary governor tarasend—assassinted republican mob for attempting put down revolutionary flows bank hole Canbreisen discute runoured large withdrawal to-morrow sneely telegraphed Washington Spain resolved not negotiate for sales Empereur Napoleon have given audience to Lord Clarendon prince prussian Coning Constantinople afterchetir suiez bra-shop excited.

29th.—spisow clarundas al ounheral association lord been an contin head opportunity collectired opinions seen persons who exercise influence on bestiws Europe and believe at no time since prussians austrians paer existed faviar paus pant monte montement blessing peace.

Of course, to unintellectual people the above lines will, at first sight, appear the least bit incomprehensible; but it is to the more enlightened members of the community that this new branch of science appeals. A telegram like the above might, with proper manipulation, be made to mean anything or everything; and what a real boon the new system will prove to the more advanced members of the Stock Exchange! The new Russian route to India will assuredly supply an urgent want, and, at the same time, exercise a healthy influence on the commercial morality of the nineteenth century.

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

THE *Times* the other day, at a loss, it is to be presumed, for light material, attempted to be very funny at the expense of the Œcumenical Council. It devoted a leader to the racy and pungent hypothesis of a confusion of tongues, resulting from the inability of many of the assembled prelates either to speak or even to understand Latin. Now, as it is well known that every Roman Catholic priest is exceedingly well up in a certain sort of ecclesiastical Latin, and that every Bishop of that communion is well able to carry on a conversation in the "Church's universal tongue," the *Times* simply stultified itself. This, however, is not a novel or pleasing fact, and it does not, therefore, call for any special comment. The idea of a Babel at Rome, nevertheless, is worth something. It suggests the terrible straits in which some less educated divines, whom it would not be difficult to name, might find themselves, unless properly provided beforehand with the requisite means of interpreting themselves. It is needless to say that we are alluding to our own countrymen, so distinguished always for their conversational powers in Latin, among whom it would only be fair to include the writer of the article in the *Times* to which we have referred. After the fashion of an excellent example we have drawn up a little simple conversation pocket-book that will meet the requirements of the most superficial classical student. But a brief extract will suffice to show the scope of the little volume, and its admirable fitness both to the place and to the occasion.

We turn at random to page 291, and begin at

CONTROVERSIAL CONVERSATION WITH A ROMISH BISHOP ON MEETING HIM IN THE STREET.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.
PEREGRINUS. ANGLICANUS. Quod sit mare tuum?	ENGLISH STRANGER. What might be your see?
EPISCOPUS RELIGIONI PAPALI ADDICTUS. Farina cum lactemare.	ROMISH BISHOP. Battersea.
PEREGRINUS (<i>ironice</i>). Hoc me capiet ad ferramentorum fabri agrum?	STRANGER (<i>with irony</i>). Will this take me to Smithfield?
EPISCOPUS. Non. Sed te capiet ad inquisitionem.	BISHOP. No. But it will take you to the inquisition.
PEREGRINUS. Non volo ire ad inquisitionem.	STRANGER. I do not wish to go to the inquisition.
EPISCOPUS. Eamus ad inquisitionem?	BISHOP. Let us go to the inquisition?
PEREGRINUS. Non si ego illam cognoscam.	STRANGER. Not if I know it.
EPISCOPUS. Me herdle! Positivissimus es.	BISHOP. Dear me! You are very positive.
PEREGRINUS. Ego te credo, puer venerabilis.	STRANGER. I believe you, old boy.
EPISCOPUS. Vis me te ad Papam introducere?	BISHOP. Do you wish me to introduce you to the Pope?
PEREGRINUS. Non. Sed me introducere tibi liceat ad Cardinalem, vel Oculclesiasticum, aut etiam Matutinum Christianum.	STRANGER. No. But you may introduce me to a Cardinal, or a High Churchman, or even to an early Christian.
EPISCOPUS. Me verberat esse quiddam canis in tuo Latino.	BISHOP. It strikes me that you talk rather dog Latin.
PEREGRINUS. Ego facio. Ad prandium eamus apud Pyramides et Stagnum?	STRANGER. I do. Let us dine at Spiers and Pond's?
EPISCOPUS. Non flocci te æstimo, scis?	BISHOP. I don't think much of you, you know.
PEREGRINUS. Verumtamen tu non nunc? Alter es tu. Ibi!	STRANGER. Don't you really now? You're another. There!
EPISCOPUS. Pax vobiscum!	BISHOP. If I were not a saint I'd knock your head off!

But there is no occasion to quote more copiously. From the brief extract we have given it will be seen that a master hand has been at work on the compilation. Any corrections or suggestions will be thankfully received at Crown Court.

FROM OUR OWN LUNATIC.—The Baron de Lesseps is going to be married after the opening of the Canal. His enemies call his conduct *Suez-idal*.

THROWING A LIGHT UPON THE SUBJECT.—Where we would like to carry Monsieur Henri Rochefort: A la Lanterne! A la Lanterne!

PROMOTION VERSUS PREFERMENT.

MR. LAYARD'S appointment to the Court of Madrid has not unnaturally created a vast amount of discontent amongst the Corps Diplomatique. The members of that body urge that as in their profession the prizes are few, the promotion is slow, the work is heavy, and the pay is light, it is not fair to bring in an outsider to fill a place for which at least a dozen of their body would be perfectly fit. The answer to this complaint is that Mr. Layard is not an outsider; that he was once an *attaché*, and therefore a member of the profession; and that his selection as Sir John Crampton's successor is simply a nomination of an ordinary description. We have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Clarendon between them have talked themselves into believing in their argument, and it may therefore be as well to point out to them what their decision in Mr. Layard's case may lead to. We should be sorry to believe two great statesmen capable of committing an inconsistency; so if a proper amount of pressure is brought to bear by those interested, we may shortly expect to find the following appointments in the *Gazette* as vacancies occur:—

Lord Carrington, a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, to be *Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Army*.

The Duke of Newcastle, of Basinghall street, to be *Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas*.

Sir Robert Carden, Churchwarden of his parish church, to be *Archbishop of Canterbury*.

Small claims go a long way now-a-days, especially when they have impudence to back them; so if the above appointments and others like them are carried out, we shall have no right to feel surprised.

CHAIN THEM UP.

IT is satisfactory to notice the reception that has, at last, been given to the Red Republican candidates by the better part of the French Liberal press. It has, almost without an exception, treated them with contempt. This is as it should be. Possibly such an answer to the fervid and dangerous balderdash of the few illiterate Frenchmen, who represent principles opposed radically to the order and security established by the Empire, has not a little astonished their British admirers on this side of the Channel. It has been so long the custom with a vast majority of Englishmen to hound on revolution in any shape on the Continent, that a check administered to a batch of unscrupulous politicians is regarded in some quarters as a national calamity. We have not read the comments of the cheaper radical press, but we will venture to say that they have all, more or less, experienced the warmest sympathy with MM. Rochefort, Ledru Rollin and Co. Now, nothing can be more miserable than the programme of these men, who, together with their doings, really would not merit a single paragraph in any journal of influence were they not backed up by some rather malignant and desperate spirits in the French Capital. There is not one of them who has the remotest claim to the title of politician, and were France ripe, which it certainly is not, for the most complete Constitutional changes, these are not the men for the occasion. Could we imagine several celebrated Fenian outlaws rushing up to London to address their constituents, and spouting the rankest treason for the edification of a White-chapel rabble, we should have something like a mild approach to what has been going on in nooks and corners of Paris for the last few days. To this must be added the influence of the *Rappel*, a journal which may be said to be a species of political Peter Spy, lacking, however, the innocent liveliness of that defunct little sheet. The Emperor has been accused by his enemies of having made many mistakes in the course of his career, and he might certainly have spared his reputation this last act of clemency. The proper place for "politicians" who propose to upset the State is somewhere well beyond its limits. We have no sympathy, as our readers well know, with men of the stamp of M. Rochefort and his colleagues, and we can only trust that, morally, they will hang themselves with the ample rope that has been supplied to them by a really liberal and most lenient Government.]

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FOR 1870.

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SHORTLY.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that some of the coffee-room waiters at White's are to be made baronets in honour of the Prince of Wales' visits to that distinguished Club.

EX-LORD MAYOR LAWRENCE is now Sir James Clark Lawrence, Baronet; Mr. Ayrton has been appointed First Commissioner of Public Works: it is hard to say on which event the nation ought to be congratulated the most.

MR. AYRTON has uttered a long panegyric on himself. In this he exercises a wise monopoly, though on general matters he is in favour of Free Trade. Mr. Ayrton thinks himself the best man for his place. On this point we venture to differ from him. He also says that he knows nothing about his duties. On this point we venture to agree with him.

LET us be thankful that the threatened duel between The O'Donoghue and Mr. Moore did not come off. Had these two heroes met in mortal combat, who knows what might have been the result? The struggle between the celebrated Kilkenny Cats would have been nothing to it. Had either been killed could England have prospered any longer? We doubt it. [NOTE.—This is not chaff.]

SIR EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY may beat a loss for some pursuit to which to turn his attention, and on which to bestow his leisure time, of which he will necessarily have a good deal now. We beg to suggest to this immaculate gentleman that if he were to write a novel, giving an account of his life, and disclosing the secret, which he evidently possesses, of breaking prison bars without violence, he might realize a handsome fortune. Let him offer it to Messrs. Macmillan, let us say, and, if he is in want of a title, let him call it "Gideon's Fleece," or "Bigamy made Easy."

THE Lord Mayor's Feast passed off most brilliantly. Mr. Gladstone was solemn and conscientious, Mr. Bruce was perky and foolish, Mr. Lowe was a brilliant buffoon, and Sir James Clark Lawrence was received with cheers. One cannot help speculating as to what would be the result if all the speeches were given before instead of after dinner. Would men, unless previously fortified with some stimulant, be able to go through the amount of long-winded platitudes and well-worded hypo-

crisies that they do now? Fancy the state of good-humoured repletion a man must be in to congratulate the late Lord Mayor on anything—except his being late!

OUR senile contemporary *Punch* is really very clever at one thing,—advertising himself. The idea of applying for an injunction against a certain "comic" paper makes one suspect that Messrs. Bradbury & Evans must have some interest in the mild print in question. But it was worth the humiliation of such an action to obtain *from a Judge* in his judicial capacity such a capital advertisement as they did. Of course, the panegyric is quoted in our poor old friend's last number, and put into the mouth of the Queen,—Mr. Punch "never wrote a word unworthy to be read by the good." We hope this may be taken for granted, and that the good are not obliged to read every word of the broken-down jester of Fleet street; if they are, we should decidedly prefer to be classed with the wicked.

CANARDS AUX OLIVES.

POOR M. de Lesseps is just now paying the penalty of his popularity. The French papers are full of him, and, having exhausted discussion on the subject of the Canal, have, during the last few days, taken to personalities, pure and simple. The last item of intelligence concerning M. de Lesseps comes to us in the form of a contradiction, and as such is quite worth publishing. The *Figaro* states:—"It is not true that Madlle. de Bragard, to whom M. de Lesseps is to be married on the 25th inst., is twenty-three years old, as has been reported." "C'est une fleur de la vingtième année;" and it is not true that her sister is about to marry M. de Lesseps' son.

Really, although we take the warmest interest in the great work on which M. de Lesseps has been engaged, we cannot see why that gentleman's private affairs should be dragged before the public to be discussed in an inquisitorial and impertinent spirit. Surely M. de Lesseps has the right to marry a lady of any age that will suit him, and so has his son. It is quite unnecessary that half Christendom should take upon itself the part of the heavy father, and forbid the banns. If the marriage turns out happily—as, let us hope, it will—so much the better; and if the contrary, so much the worse for M. and Mdme. de Lesseps—but for no one else.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

WE suppose that we may now consider that the monster gooseberry season is over for this year; and it has certainly been a peculiarly unproductive period. With the exception of a series of letters on House Hunting, a good deal of meaningless chatter about the Tidal Wave, and a fine crop of Murders, there has been, literally, nothing in the papers for the last three months. Now, however, the world is waking up again, and the morning journals contain their fair share of interesting matter. Now that the dull season is over, and we are once more busy, it certainly seems a pity that we should have made so little good use of spare time. There are, surely, a hundred and one special grievances in urgent need of ventilation in the newspapers; yet no encouragement has been given by the press to the worthy people who severally seek to remove them. Who is to blame for this? Certainly, not the public; for the waste-paper baskets of the editors sufficiently show the mass of correspondents who seek redress at the hands of the fourth estate of the realm. We fear, therefore, that the editors must be the guilty parties. It is too much the custom amongst literary men to reject the productions of the outside public without deeming them worthy of being looked through; and, owing to this bad habit, no doubt, very many important matters are denied the chance of a fair hearing. Of course, we know that a heavy percentage of what is sent for insertion in the papers is "rubbish;" but still the wheat should be sifted from the chaff, those, especially, at the season of the year, which is just over, when we are at our wits' end to find subjects worthy of being discussed.





GLADSTONE'S MAGIC CHANGE!

OR,

HOW TO MAKE A SILK PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR.

(A Hint for the Christmas Pantomimes.)

DEDICATED TO MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW BARONETS, NEW BISHOPS, AND NEW PEERS, BY TOMAHAWK.



"YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

MEDICAL STUDENTS have never possessed an enviable reputation, and their conduct the other night at Highbury will hardly add to the estimation in which they are held. We read that :—

"On Friday night last, the 5th inst., a mob of from 150 to 300 young men, said to be medical students, after visiting Highbury Barn, where a wanton destruction of valuable property took place, formed, at about half-past one on Saturday morning, into a procession four deep, and proceeding down Highbury and through Upper Street, swept everything and everybody before them, police and all. Not content, however, with this display of manly prowess, all fanlights and unprotected panes of glass in the shops and warehouses of unoffending tradesmen were ruthlessly smashed, as well as several gas lamps."

Such conduct is undoubtedly excruciatingly "funny," and its enactors heroes. Cannot some means of distinction be found, by which we may be all able to recognize these ornaments of society? Say, the Victoria Cross, or, better still, Fool's Caps, and a little gentle recreation might be found for them in the shape of the pillory.

AWFUL CRIME!—THE ST. PANCRAS MUR- DERS!!—DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERERS!!!

WE have all shuddered at the Pantin Massacre, but now we have the chance, nearer home, of shuddering at the "St. Pancras Murders," not quite so sensational, perhaps, but, when we come to examine them, quite as horrible.

Seven bodies in this case, as in the Pantin case, attest the vast scale on which the criminal conducted his operations. The victims were all paupers, a circumstance which will reassure the delicate sensibility of many natures.

The victims of this crime were nearly all persons in such a condition of health as generally ensures for the sufferer the greatest consideration and gentleness.

The inquiry has been concluded in three of the cases, and in all death has been proved to have been accelerated, if not produced, by the foul state of the infirmary in which the sick persons were placed.

These persons, be it remembered, were not there from choice, but from necessity; they could not be removed if they wished it ever so much; they were in the charge of those who undertook to tend them in their sickness, and their expenses were paid by people who understood that in return for such payment the sick poor would be looked after, at any rate, as well as a sick horse or cow would.

What, then, was done? These sick helpless creatures were confined in a room, or a ward, with many others; the supply of fresh air was small, and what there was came from the water-closet.

The room, or ward, swarmed with rats; the atmosphere was so foul that two professional gentlemen, accustomed to see very foul places, declared it the worst they had ever been in; it was calculated to produce congestion of the brain; and in all these cases congestion of the brain, or serous effusion on the brain, was produced.

This state of things had existed, not for hours, or for days, but for weeks. The guardians had been frequently warned of the danger to the lives of the inmates.

An inspector from the Poor Law Board recently visited the St. Pancras Workhouse, and in his report "expressed pleasure at the improvement in the infirmary wards, but complained generally of the vitiated atmosphere of several of them, and expressed a belief that the drainage was defective." It would seem that Poor Law Inspectors are like children—a very little thing gives them pleasure.

The Coroner said that the infirmary was quite unfit for sick persons, and that "there was plenty of evidence to show that it was in fact killing them."

Seven sick helpless paupers done to death, and scores more suffering, Heaven only knows what tortures, from the foul air and disgraceful condition of this place. Who is guilty of this cowardly crime? We unhesitatingly assert that the author of these slow murders, the inflicter of these fearful tortures on the

sick and the helpless, this infamous betrayer of his trust, this selfish apathetic fiend who delights in witnessing the loathsome agonies of his poor fellow-creatures, this wretch who supplies old men suffering from bronchitis and consumptive women with fresh air from water-closets, who coops up human beings in a place where he would not dare to put a horse, or a cow, or a pig, is that same creature who already is literally drenched in the blood of his many victims, whose delight is to torture, to starve, to poison, in short, to inflict pain and death on his fellow-creatures in all the most horrible forms, is, in fact, that arch scoundrel and assassin,

NOBODY!

Hurrah for merry England, the home of the brave, and the free, and—the pauper!

ONCE MORE SIR EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY, YET ONCE MORE!

THIS amiable young bigamist is once more among us, free, and *without a stain on his character*. Our readers will remember that this ornament of the Baronetage was arrested a short time ago on the charge of writing some other person's name to a cheque for five pounds; but on Wednesday the prosecutor announced, through his counsel, that he had lost quite enough already, and that he did not intend to pursue the charge any further. Sir Eardley was therefore discharged. It really was very ungrateful of the prosecutor to put it in the way he did. He might have said, "I have lost a paltry ten pounds or so, but have I not gained the acquaintanceship, nay, the friendship of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Baronet and Bigamist?" However, although wanting in delicacy of feeling, the heart of this prosecutor was in the right place. He might speak a little harshly, but at any rate he acted nobly; he preferred the imputation of compounding a felony to being the means of exposing to the annoyance of a criminal trial this virtuous Baronet, of delicate health and still more delicate morals.

There must be something about Sir Gideon very fascinating, that all his enemies are disarmed so soon in any attack upon him. This implacable Government of severe economists, of democratic Liberals, which sacrifices clerks and dock labourers in hecatombs on the altar of "Reduction;" which holds out its hand to the unwashed orator of the Reformer's Tree with more cordiality even than to a Duke pleading for Tenant Right in dulcet accents; which docks a Lord of the Treasury's salary of £1,000 without flinching,—even this Government has tenderness and compassion for Sir Gideon Culling Eardley. For him the prison doors are opened—for him a sojourn in the South of France is paternally suggested, and when, the paternal suggestion unheeded, he returns to bless, with his sacred presence, his native land, when he gives way to his imagination, and, indulging in freaks of metempsychosis, fancies himself somebody else as he writes a cheque, which the friend, who has sheltered him and treated him to champagne and other delicacies on a rather short acquaintance, secures at no very extravagant price for his collection of curious autographs, no policeman's savage eye is on him, no ugly questions are asked as to how his delicate health has been so speedily established; he is arrested indeed, and confined for a short time, owing to a temporary fit of spleen on the part of his friend—but he is soon released, and free to exercise his fascinations on the gentle sex if he will, if not on the ruder but no less profitable males.

Fortunate Sir Gideon! How different would have been his fate had he been plain Bill Sykes! Then we fear that even Mr. Bruce would not have listened to the cry for release from the bigamist in delicate health. Certainly, Mr. Bruce is very merciful. Sir Gideon may well feel proud that several brutal murderers of low extraction have shared with him the leniency of the Home Secretary, in a degree proportionate to their social status. They have not received free pardons, but they have had the capital sentence commuted to one of penal servitude for life. They were not urged to seek the South of France, but the South of England, for change of air. At Dartmoor or Portland they may hope to invigorate their delicate health. But then they had not the intrinsic virtues of Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley—

"He is free to roam from flower to flower,
And with his fancy cheques improve each shining hour."

No doubt, if his elegant eccentricity leads him to rob a person on the highway, or to knock some confiding acquaintance on the head, his powers of fascination will carry him safe through any little troubles resulting therefrom, and the arm of the law will again be paralyzed in presence of this charming specimen of persecuted virtue.

One reflection is suggested by the career of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Baronet. If there had been a Public Prosecutor would he have been released this second time? Of course we know that neither his rank, nor his title, nor his connexions and relations, nor his apparently boundless wealth, have anything to do with his release in either case. But malicious and corrupt persons like Bill Sykes and his friends may choose to think so—they may ask, with a nasty vulgar sneer, if “all men are really equal in the eye of the Law?” Mischievous demagogues, and wicked republican journals—like the *Standard*, for instance—may suggest that they are not. It would be as well if the Government would authorize a publication of the virtues of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., which no doubt will fully account for the leniency shown him. The prosecutor in the late case might add as a supplement, initiating us into the fascinating ways and alluring graces of this Fortunatus; at present, alas! we only know the blemishes of this excellent man, and it is too hard that we should be denied the knowledge of qualities of heart and mind which need only to be known, in order that they may excite the admiration, and, perhaps, the imitation, which they deserve.

A BARONETCY AND ITS CLAIMANTS.

As it has now become almost an established matter of course that, at the opening of a Corn Exchange, inauguration of a bridge, or widening of a street, that the first official whom circumstances may hustle under the feet of Royalty should be honoured in himself and his heirs for ever, there is nothing alarming in the fact that Lord Mayor Lawrence has been turned suddenly into a baronet. The Queen is the fountain and source of honour, and it is right and desirable that from time to time she should bestow an occasional title, no less for the purpose of rewarding a deserving subject than of maintaining the high dignity of the Crown. It is a pity, however, that the person and place are not more carefully selected. Lord Mayor Lawrence is, doubtless, a most worthy gentleman; but, in the name of all that is rational, what has he done to merit perpetual emblazonment? Knighthood has long since degenerated into a sort of comic and vulgar farce, but a baronetcy is yet a prize. Still, the honour attaching to any dignity is intimately bound up with the judgment with which it is bestowed. When there are some hundreds of distinguished members of parliament, judges, barristers, and medical and literary men, who are, through themselves and their means, fully equal to the position and deserving of the honour attaching to it, it is, to say the least, a mistake to thrust it on to a helpless City functionary. Of course, people who call themselves moderate will remark that we go too far, and that, taking all things into consideration, it was only reasonable on such an occasion to have thus honoured the Chief Magistrate of the City of London. We may be wrong, but we think not. The City improvements were a great feature, and the Queen's visit was an auspicious event: but we still cannot see why Lord Mayor Lawrence and his heirs for ever were to be specially benefited by this happy concurrence.

WANTED, A WAR MINISTER.

MR. CARDWELL seems to be too fully taken up with his schemes for reduction and retrenchment in the administration of the Army to be able to pay any attention to the real interests of the service itself. How many clerks are to be dismissed—how many comfortable places made for the lucky ones who possess interest—and how much injustice to be meted out to the unfortunates, who are not likely to find means of making a resistance, are just now more the points under debate in Pall Mall than any large questions of practical importance; and the result is, to use a very military phrase, that “the service is going to the devil.” At all events, there, it may go, for all Mr. Cardwell knows or cares. So long as he can make a show of a reduced sum total in next year's Army Estimates, matters may

take their course—and a bad course it is that they are taking. One point alone, which is just now being shamefully neglected, is calculated to do the Army a vast amount of harm. The supply of recruits hitherto has been and always should be a matter to be carefully attended to. Yet, notwithstanding that the recruiting season is coming in, the authorities have taken no step towards attempting to secure a better class of men than usually offer themselves for engagement during the summer months. In point of fact, we believe that recruiting is almost entirely suspended, although it is a certainty that a few months later (when the cold weather is over, and the better class of men who are out of work in the winter, and are then only too glad to take the shilling, have found employment), the authorities will be at their wits' ends to find volunteers; they will then have to content themselves with the summer class of recruits, who, it is well known, are the very refuse of the population. Would it not be a good plan just now, when Mr. Cardwell, Lord Northbrook, and their subordinate officers are so intent on retrenchment schemes as to be unable to attend to any other matters, to have an officer appointed to the War Office who would conduct the military business of the nation? When General Peel was in Pall Mall, every subject connected with the Army was accorded its due share of attention; and in Lord Herbert's time the Secretary of State was not above busying himself personally in questions relating to hospitals, and matters appertaining to the well-being of the troops; but now all this is changed. Mr. Cardwell would as soon think of himself attending to a purely military question as the Editor of the *Times* would contemplate personally printing his journal; and therefore such matters as the supply of the rank and file are voted completely beneath the notice of the heads of the Office. Really, if the present Secretary of State honestly wishes to leave his mark on the history of our military administration, he should not ignore what he is pleased to consider matters of detail, but which, in truth, compose the veritable business he is paid five thousand a year to transact.

A MUTUAL FRIEND.

THE Press is fast becoming not only theoretically, but practically, an estate of the several realms which have accorded it its freedom. The Duchess of Genoa has just written to the *Opinione*, stating that she is strongly opposed to the acceptance by her son of the Crown of Spain. Advanced as we are here in England, we have not yet arrived at this ultra-official recognition of the newspapers. We do not see, though, why the Duchess of Genoa's example should not be more generally adopted. An easy channel of communication between Royalty and the public is one of the wants of the age; and the columns of the *Times* might well be made the means to a desirable end. The old English superstition, that writing to the papers is *infra dig.*, still exists, but it is fast wearing out. Evidently in Italy such communications are now recognised as the “correct thing.”

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

ALTHOUGH London has recently been making a boast of being the First City in the World—a boast which Mr. Gladstone endorsed at the Lord Mayor's dinner—we question very much if it even deserves the title of the First City in England. Liverpool is not so big, perhaps, but it is certainly beforehand with the metropolis in the introduction of useful improvement. Hansom cabs, convenient omnibuses, cheap dinners, and tramways, were all common in Liverpool before they existed in town; and now Liverpool has taken the initiative in instituting penny railway fares for working men. It seems that a new line has just been opened to Boodle, West Derby, Walton, and other suburbs of Liverpool, and it has been decided to have penny trains to enable the poor population (which has been chased away from the centre of the town by recent improvement), to live in healthy quarters, yet within easy reach of their work. We fear that in the “First City in the World,” philanthropy, at all events, is at a discount. The inhabitants of Liverpool are proverbially busy people, yet they find time to look after their poorer neighbours' interests. In London the working man is left entirely to his own devices, so we ought not to be surprised if he sometimes misbehaves himself.