

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 135.]

LONDON, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

THE ST. PANCRAS MARTYRS.

THERE is no doubt that St. Pancras Workhouse is a model institution. There is only one thing more certain, and that is that the St. Pancras Guardians are the most pure and authentic specimens of injured innocence extant. The Press has been hard at work reviling them for the last three weeks or so. Be it our task to vindicate them, and the excellent institution over which they preside, from the calumnies of such miserable scandal-mongers as Dr. Ellis; from such presumptuous officials as Dr. Lankester; from such pigheaded boobies as the juries who have dared to hint that the condition of the infirmary was other than it should be, of the vile public which has hounded on these assailants of pious conscientious men, whose only fault has been that, fearless of all consequences, they have done their duty.

With the facts of the case the public are already familiar. Several patients have died in the St. Pancras Infirmary, and inquests have been held—a most vexatious proceeding. In July last the medical officer reported more than once that the wards in the infirmary were quite unfit for the reception of sick people, or indeed of anyone else. There were foul smells from the sewers and from the sinks, and the ventilation was contrived so as to let in plenty of cold air, but not to let out much foul. The Poor-law Inspector also found that the number of cubic feet allowed to each patient was far below the amount recommended by the Poor-law Board. He also found that in many other respects these wards were very defective. Patients complained to the nurses, nurses and doctors complained to the Guardians; but they nobly disregarded all such complaints. So things went on till these inquests came. Since the death of these inmates on November 14th, a Dr. Bridges, "acting as a metropolitan medical inspector under the Poor-law Board for Dr. Markham," visited the wards. He found "very bad smells from the sinks." He thought that persons labouring under phthisis would "suffer in such wards, and would not be likely to recover." "He made his report to the Poor-law Board, but, estimable man (!)—"he did not recommend anything." The Coroner was brute enough to make some very strong observations on the fact that Dr. Bridges being a Government Inspector, finding the state of the atmosphere of these wards such as to have a tendency to accelerate death, had not reported his opinion as to what remedy should be applied. For our own part, we highly commend Dr. Bridges. He made a report—he took his pay—what could he do more? If he had recommended anything, what good would it have been? The Poor-law Board would have recommended it to the Guardians, the Guardians

would have taken no notice of it, the patients would have gone on dying, and a great deal of unnecessary trouble and waste of time would have been the only result of Dr. Bridges' officious recommendation. If, since July last, the wards had been condemned as unfit for sick persons, and if the frequent remonstrances of the medical officer and of the Poor-law Board had met with silent contempt, what on earth was the use of taking any step in November, when the paupers were going off as rapidly as could be wished? Pah! This mischievous desire to do something lies at the root of all these infamous sensational inquiries, got up for the purpose of gratifying the personal vanity of some impertinent Paul Pry of a medical officer, and in order to give newspaper writers something to be indignant about. It is all humbug—gross humbug. The paupers are very comfortable in St. Pancras; now they are going to kill them by moving them to Highgate, where they will have no rats to hunt, no sewage to sniff at, no thick air to breathe; where they will have no windows close by their beds to let cold damp air in at night, where they will have no drains to cheer their lonely hours; where they will not be able to keep each other warm by their beds being close, or by lying in a nice bath, or on the soft voluptuous floor; where, it is much to be feared, they will have fresh air, and be attended to, and kept clean, and their stalls kept sweet, just as if they were horses or pigs, and not—paupers. It is horrible to think of.

We repeat, that the Guardians of St. Pancras are ill-used men. They are the victims of malignant persecution. They did their duty as far as they could see what their duty was. These sick paupers kept pouring in on them—they were very dear to keep; they could not be sent to any place where they were likely to recover; if they did recover they would be chargeable to the parish—the ratepayers were already complaining. Evidently the most prudent course to take was to kill them off as quickly as possible. When the horse is glandered, and old, and useless, or breaks his leg, don't we shoot him? There is an unfortunate prejudice against shooting human beings—much the most economical method of ending their pains—so they took a slower, but none the less sure, method of putting them down. Were they not right? What did these paupers know of life? Nothing but misery, penury, starvation. What were their homes? Very little better places, if at all, than the wards they were in—perhaps worse. Then, what jolly company they had there! Such a merry party of invalids—some with bronchitis, some with consumption, some with the itch, some with fever, some with more loathsome diseases, such a jolly lot! and then the rats—devilish good

company rats are—especially when they come from the drains, they are sweet playfellows, are your sewer rats! So full of life, so poetical, so loaded with perfumes of Arabia! It really makes us pity the poor Guardians to think that fortune should not have cast their lot in such pleasant places. What jovial nights those sick paupers must have passed, huddled together on the floor, coughing, sneezing, wheezing, gasping in chorus! How they must have looked forward to the nights, especially in the cold weather, when they could not open the windows, and the smells had it all their own way, and the air got fouler and fouler, till every breath they fetched was a triumph of nature, if not of art! It is such a charming picture that we can hardly tear ourselves away from it. When death came to join the party, struggling through the fetid air, with his hour-glass to his nose, what peals of laughter must have met him, what shouts of welcome! What well-to-do smug tradesman dozing in his arm-chair, half stupid from his ale or whiskey and water, would not envy the charming vicissitudes, the alluring varieties, the thrilling excitements, of such a life as this—or the perfect peace, the luxurious repose, of such a death?

Yes, this is the only true method of making the pauper happy. Why prolong his life? what will come of it? Will industry, will honest independence ever come to him? If this wretched man, whose cough is hacking him to pieces, were to recover, where can he go to? Home. Yes, home to the bare room to be shared by his wife and his son and his daughter and his baby! Home to the fire-side with no fire! Home to the table with no meal spread on it; to the cupboard with nothing but a half starved mouse or two in it. Or shall he stay in the workhouse? Will he get work there that can ever make him again a free man? No. Will he wear the badge of disgrace, of profitless drudgery? will he be exposed to contumely, insult, brutality? will he be grudging the scanty food that keeps the dull spark of life alight? Yes. Is this a future for hope to look forward to? Is this a life for which he would care to have passed through the valley of the shadow of death? No; let him go home to his real, his only home. The home where there is no Poor-law Board, where there are no guardians, no workhouses, no infirmaries, where there are no beadles. Let him go to his home from which no one can turn him out; let him go to his grave, to his home beyond the grave, where the suffering that he has known here may be held by a just but merciful Judge to have been enough, where he may know that perfect joy and peace, the faintest ray of which could never have come to him—No, not even in his dreams—upon this earth.

A MERRY CONCEIT.

THE Earl of Dartmouth has set himself up as a "funny man." At the annual soiree of the Meeke and Walkers Educational Institute at Hasthwaite the other day he delivered a speech, in which he maintained that no good had been done by disestablishing the Irish Church, and spoke in favour of religious education, remarking that a fourth R representing religion should be added to what are popularly known as the "three R's." In fact, the whole point of a very long-winded address was to lead up to his Lordship's little joke. Such exhibition should be put a stop to; for it is absolutely cruel that even the members of an Educational Institute should be inflicted with a couple of hours' gabble from a speaker whose only claim on the public attention is that he happens to be a Lord. If Lord Dartmouth, instead of holding forth on things in general, had explained to his audience the circumstances under which he thought himself justified in interfering with his tenants at the late elections, his discourse would have been far more edifying. Perhaps as his Lordship is such a confirmed wag, he meant the proceeding for a practical joke. If so, like all jokes, it will not bear repetition.

MUSICAL CLAY.

WE are glad to welcome Mr. Frederick Clay again among our active composers. He has been too long idle, in a musical point of view. He has written some delightful music for Mr. German Reed's small company. Miss Fanny Holland is, both in voice and appearance, a charming addition to that cosy circle; and Mr. German Reed has returned from his tour in the country in capital form. Mrs. German Reed is indefatigable, and Mr. Arthur Cecil as funny, as original, as sweet voiced as ever. This is saying a good deal.

Mr. Clay deserves great credit for his pleasing music, labouring as it does under the disadvantage of being wedded to a rather feeble and inane libretto. We shall return to the subject in a future number. We have listened to the music three times, and want to hear it again. Can we say more?

BUMBLEDOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE sooner the Lord Mayor gives up shows and processions of state the better it will be for the Civic dignity. On Thursday last, when his Lordship, supported by some three hundred of his provincial brethren, went to Buckingham Palace to present an address to the King of the Belgians, his progress westward created the very mildest enthusiasm, notwithstanding that the line of route was carefully and quite unnecessarily preserved by a double row of policemen, who loitered the best part of a day away in the Strand and Pall Mall, while the thieves in Whitechapel and Islington were busily engaged in the practice of their profession. Indeed, in Pall Mall there were more policemen than spectators; and even at the bottom of St. James's street, where the provincial Mayors fell into line, a couple of ordinarily intelligent constables would have been amply sufficient for the duties to be performed. Although this would imply that, as a pageant, the Lord Mayor's procession of Thursday was a dismal failure, we frankly admit that it was quite worth seeing. In the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November the Mace Bearer always comes in for the heaviest amount of "chaff," as the meaninglessness, inutility, ugliness, and general cumbersomeness of the absurd bauble he supports at once is recognised and accepted as, *par excellence*, the most idiotic feature in the procession; but imagine some three hundred Mayors, who evidently had come to no definite conclusion as to what was regulation in the way of robes, each with a Mace Bearer and a Mace on the box of the fly which had been hired for the great event! Why these gentlemen (who deserve every credit for having come to town to pay their respects to the King of the Belgians), should have popped these ungainly weapons into the carpet bag which contained their nightshirt and toothbrush we cannot understand; but as they one and all seem to have agreed the Mace was *de rigueur* on the occasion, we can only assume that they know more about the matter than we do. Let us hope, however, that they did not carry their badges of office into the Royal presence, and that the baubles were left in the umbrella-stand in the hall. Seriously, although there may be no objection to a number of officials meeting together for a purpose such as that which called them together last week, they should forbear from making themselves the laughing-stock of the town, even if they happen to be Mayors. The Continental appreciation of the dignity and position of the Lord Mayor is certainly exaggerated and undefined enough without any fresh complication of ideas being forced upon foreign visitors. What will the Belgians think of England when their King goes home and tells them that he has actually received three hundred Lord Mayors at a time? The thought is too perplexing and distracting to dwell upon.

HISTORICAL.—On what occasion did George IV. give himself 'airs?—When he bought a wig.

THE BATTLE OF INKER-MAN.—Messrs. Parkins and Gotto have produced a new work of art, called the "Tomahawk Ink-stand." It consists of a tomahawk, the handle of which holds the pens, while the blade contains the ink. Not inappropriate by any means—our hatchet is represented by a goose-quill—a powerful weapon—some say more powerful than the sword. To make our meaning plainer, we fight with cold steel, but we draw ink in preference to shedding blood.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND CAMEL RIDING.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SUEZ, Nov. 27, 1869.

I FEEL that all the excitement about the Canal, its depth, its prospects, and its shortcomings, must have long died out with you. Still I am your special correspondent, and though I have, I regret to say, missed a good deal of what has been going on in this neighbourhood, you have a right to such information as I have been able to procure for the benefit of your readers. I ought to add that I am to start in search of the sources of the Nile next week. But of this, more later. For the moment it will suffice to furnish you with my recent notes. You may remember I closed my last letter on the eve of my departure from *Port Said* with Spagmore on a camel. I think I mentioned that the camel was fresh. With this preface I beg to subjoin my notes just as they stand.

Nov. 19, 10 a.m.

We are off. I am on the camel's back, proper, and Spagmore is more forward on its neck. The movement of the creature is not unpleasant, now and then, but there is a monotony about it. *Port Said* is well left behind. Sun hot. We open one of our bottles of champagne and drink to "friends at home." Somehow we seem a long way from home. The camel certainly is a fine brute, and seems equal to a hundred miles if we liked.

10.30 a.m.

The camel seems to have a sort of cough. Spagmore says it is the sand from the desert in its nose. Its pace, however, still is excellent. Nothing to be seen for miles. We have both agreed camel riding is capital fun. Both of us delighted that we missed the yacht.

10.35 a.m.

Camel has suddenly stopped with a violent fit of coughing. Spagmore says we "haven't given him enough mouth," and that it will be all right presently, if he lets him have his way a bit.

11 a.m.

Have let the creature have his way for half an hour, but he is still very uneasy about the head. He keeps waving it from right to left. I have seen the camel in the Regent's park do this before he rolls over on his back, and I wish he would stop it. Spagmore says a camel never rolls in the desert,—at least he does not think so. Wants me to "jump off" and just look at his mouth, and see that it is all right.

11.25 a.m.

I can't "jump off." I wonder how the Arabs, or the Moors, or the Bedouins, or whoever are the people who like camel riding, manage to "look at his mouth," without getting off. Perhaps they climb along his neck, perhaps they slide down his side. Camel very restive, and inclined to waltz. Spagmore says I must "jump down" and look at his hocks. He says he had a gray cob who always began the staggers with a waltz, and that I must "look sharp if I don't want both of us to get an ugly spill." I suggest that Spagmore had better jump down, as he would know what was the matter with the camel's mouth if he looked at it. He says a camel is not a cob. This is unanswerable, and I feel I must get down.

11.45 a.m.

Am down. Managed it by sliding. Easy as anything. Can't see what the Bedouins have to brag about. Have looked up the camel's mouth. Can see nothing peculiar about it, except, perhaps, a rather too facetious expression. I, however, noticed much the same sort of thing about the mouth of the creature in Regent's park. Spagmore says, "Never mind his mouth, look at his hocks." I have caught hold of his hind off leg; it seems all right. All his legs seem all right. Perhaps a little bit too full about the knees. Spagmore says perhaps he is only "artful," and tells me to "jump up sharp."

1 p.m.

One hour trying to get on, again! I can't. I wonder how the Empress of the French got on. She must have had a staircase, or something of the sort. Besides, I have no doubt her camel was *not* artful. Spagmore begs I "won't play the fool," and wants to know if I have never seen a fellow get on to a camel before. No, I never have, as far as I can remember, except once, fifteen years ago, at a circus. Besides, *that* camel was not like this camel. It knelt down, had tea with the clown, and let the riding-master sit on its head. And the man, too,

who did get on its back, was dressed in spangles, and jumped through a newspaper moon. Spagmore says I have "no business to come to Egypt with a fellow unless I know how to mount a camel." He refuses to get off and try it himself. Another try for twenty minutes. The exertion has made me thirsty. Vote for another bottle of champagne. Carried.

1.30 p.m.

Capital champagne. Have drunk everybody's health, written our names in the bottle, and buried it in the sand. Spagmore bets me five to two in twenties that I won't mount the camel ten times in seven minutes. Taken him. Try number one. Nothing to catch hold of. Ought to have made for his neck. I will.

1.45 p.m.

The beast doesn't like it. Has snapped at me, and waltzed. Yee-ho-wo, come up, boy! He won't. Thought the camel came next to a horse in intelligence. Spagmore says it's the elephant. I say it's the camel. . . . Spagmore says it's . . . th' elephant. . . . I say . . . 't'snot. More champagne.

2 p.m.

Notes taken on the African—'Gyptian Desert.

Why . . . is camel . . . with . . . Spagmore on's back . . . like . . . ha'p'orth lucif-matches . . . ? Give-tup — — ? B'cos — — * * * * *

3 m.p.

H'llo . . . caml'ssatdown — — —

MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.

APROPOS of duelling, the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its Occasional Notes, quotes the following story from a French newspaper:—

"Annon B. and Jeanneton L. had a difference respecting a sum of seventy-five centimes which had been lent by the former to the latter. Happening to meet on market-day, strong expressions were used on both sides—one calling the other a 'cheat,' and the other retorting by the term 'miser.' Annon, intent on paying herself, seized the handle of a basket of eggs which Jeanneton carried; a struggle ensued, the eggs began to fly furiously and fast, and both combatants were freely bespattered about the face and neck with yolk and shell. An elegantly-dressed young gentleman in the crowd made himself somewhat prominent by inappropriate mirth; this diverted the anger of Annon and Jeanneton from each other, and their concentrated wrath fell upon the head of him who mocked them. About two-thirds of the contents of Jeanneton's hamper had been consumed in the encounter; the remaining eggs were expended by the justly indignant women on the well-dressed offender, to the complete destruction of his irreproachable garments, and his utter confusion."

The story is stupid enough, and somewhat suggestive of a dearth of "evening news," but the moral the *Pall Mall Gazette* draws from it is at once unique, brilliant, and rational.

"There can be little doubt," adds our contemporary, "that the egg might with advantage be substituted for the sword in French duels."

Emphatically, *bosh*. If this is the sort of occasional note we are to expect from the *Pall Mall*, the more occasional such notes are the better for the public and for the paper itself.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE JENKINS AGAIN.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following paragraph, under the head "Court and Fashion:—"

"It is reported from Compiègne that the Prince Imperial has smoked his first cigar, and that the Emperor gave it to him."

The story, however, goes no further. It is not even stated what the cigar did to the Prince, who is as yet only a lad of thirteen, and a great deal too young to contract questionable habits. Probably, however, the fragrant weed had the same effect on his Royal Highness as the paragraph above quoted must have had on the enlightened reader—it made him sick.



LONDON, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

THE WEEK.

M. DE LESSEPS asks boldly for another 150 millions to complete his work. His enemies consider this demand *Suez-cidal*.

M. ROCHEFORT has been elected by the blackguards of Paris as their representative. We have not the slightest doubt that he will justify the signal mark of their confidence.

It is stated that no less than four Parisian theatres have produced *Les Brigands* at once. This is the greatest public recognition of adaptation that has yet reached us from beyond the Channel.

LORD GRANVILLE evidently regards the Colonies as branches which encumber the parent stem, since he is for lopping them off. The Colonies, on the other hand, are wise enough not to take cuttings from an old tree.

It would appear from the failure of *Forbidden Fruit* to attract, that the descendants of Adam and Eve are fewer than generally supposed. If the fascinations of *The Siren* should fall flat, there will be nothing left to try but *The Deluge*—only it must not be made of paper.

LORD GRANARD is distinguishing himself, in the only way open to him, by presiding at meetings where treasonous language is used. There are some people whom Fortune places in a high position, but in whom Nature reasserts herself by showing the mistake which Fortune has committed.

THE report that Mr. Ayrton has been studying Art at the South Kensington Museum, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Cole, is, we regret to say, without foundation. It is, we believe, true that the illustrious President of the Board of Works has gone so far as to buy a box of children's bricks in the Burlington Arcade, by the aid of which he is erecting a model which shall serve for all public buildings in London for the future.

UNDER the heading "A Remarkable Plough Handle" the *Glasgow Daily Herald* is responsible for the following astonishing anecdote:—

"As Mr. Lachlan M'Craig, of this town, was this morning crossing one of the fields on his father's farm he was very much astonished indeed to find a very fine black-cock transfixed upon the shaft of a plough which had been used in getting up the potatoes a day or two previously. It appears that the bird must have been proceeding with such rapidity, that, coming in contact with the handle of the plough at the 'crop,' it went clean through, and came out below the tail."

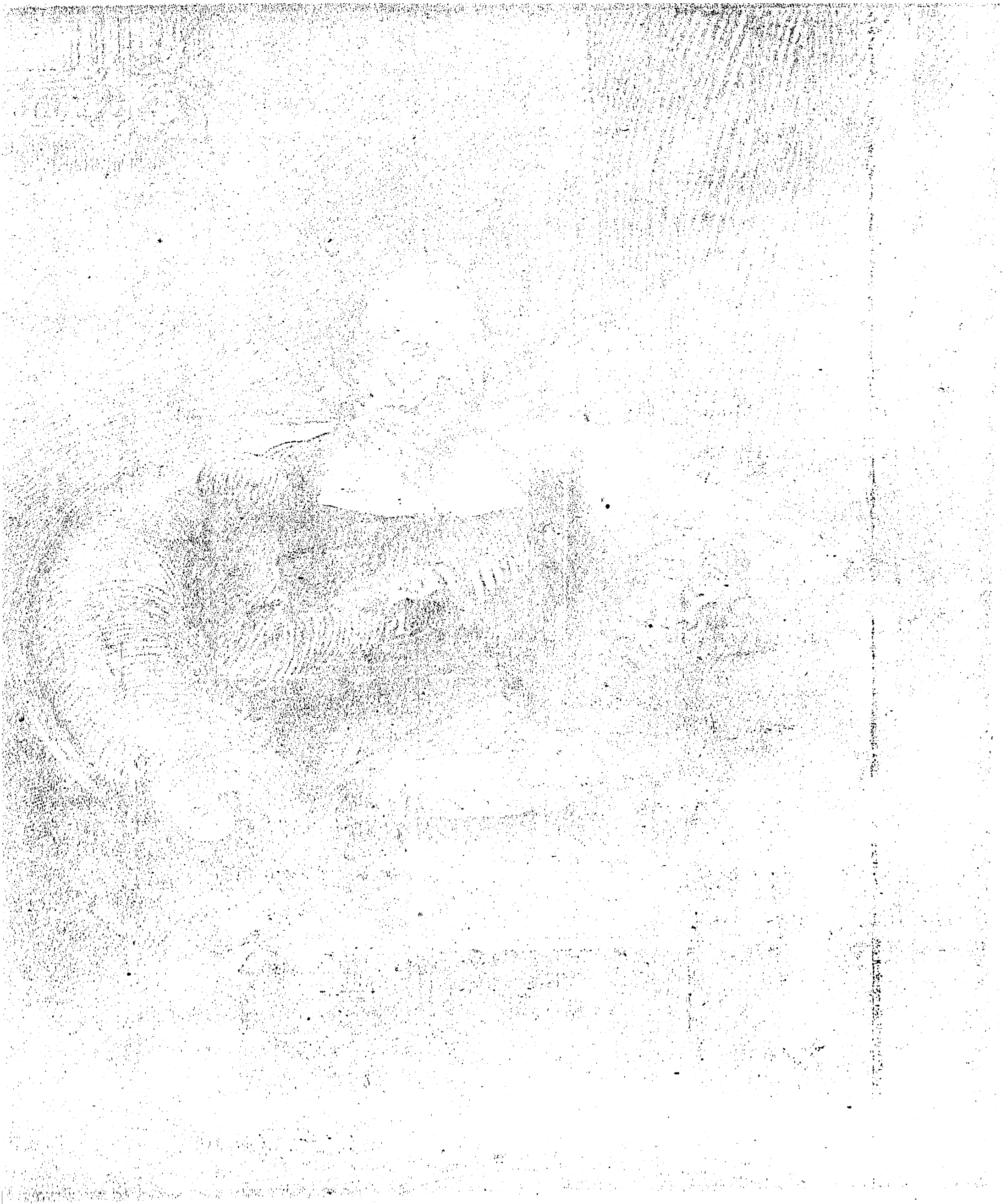
We have heard of such things as "ugly croppers," but we never really knew before what the phrase meant.

MR. BRUCE has another chance of distinguishing himself by reprieving Hinson, the Wood Green murderer. He will have no difficulty in finding an excuse for extending the mercy of the Crown to this distinguished criminal. Murders are not generally committed before an audience in broad daylight. Besides

Mr. Bruce might fairly urge that he really could not allow the capital sentence to be carried out on Hinson, when all the other persons who "assisted" at these murders were allowed to go scot free. We never knew to what an extent self-preservation was the law of Nature till we read Mr. Edward Sawyer's and Mr. Henry Whitten's evidence. To let a man murder a woman before their eyes, beat her brains out, and then to stand by, while he went into the house of another person, with the avowed intention of murdering him, is an extent of self-possession to which few persons can attain. The two musicians, who at the sight of one man armed with a gun-barrel fled over a wall, are no doubt so fond of harmony that they have an insuperable dread of discord. The navvies to whom the gentlemen in the Civil Service appealed probably felt the spectacle too congenial to their natures to be interrupted. Seriously speaking, we never remember any case which exhibited human nature in a (shall we say?) *stranger* aspect.

It appears, so the *Times* informs us, that there are upwards of one million of heathens in London. We are not surprised at the announcement. On the contrary, we believe the statement to be considerably under the mark. We, however, are not in the habit of sneering at religious enthusiasm, and of dealing cowardly blows at earnest men with whose convictions we cannot conscientiously agree; and, therefore, we can afford, while making all due allowance for the zeal of those who are at work, to denounce this state of things, in a country professing unctuously its Christianity, as a horrible scandal. The *Times*, it is true, does not express any extraordinary alarm, but it is, nevertheless, a little shocked,—about as much shocked as it might be by the discovery of an East-end bad meat sausage establishment. Yet, notwithstanding its announcement of the fact, perhaps there is not one single respectable journal that has such a decided *animus* against the only class who can deal with infidelity as the *Times*. Even now its pages are teeming with paragraphs, letters, and articles, calculated solely to damage the spread of religious dogmatism, which alone seems capable of any effort to stem the infidel tide by which the age bids fair to be inundated. We should like to know what these gallant writers and glorious thinkers have ever done in the remotest degree to compare, for instance, with this Mission work at which they are all jibbering and sneering in chorus? What have smart leaders and original doubts done for the spiritual condition of the million heathen of London? We do not, in any sense, profess to be a religious print, but we can, at least, throw bigotry away, and judge of serious issues like thinking, rational men. Therefore, we have no hesitation in saying that, whether these Missioners happen to be Evangelicals, Ritualists, Quakers, or Orientals, they are better men than their revilers. There may be different theories as to the best method of dragging a drowning man out of the water, but there can be but one judgment passed on him who sits on the bank—and does nothing. Such a man is a cur, and with this reflection we dismiss the subject.

A SWEETLY PRETTY PARAGRAPH.—Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Turn of the Tide*, notwithstanding the interesting criticisms of the *Penny Thunderer* of Fleet Street and the *Star*, which being deprived of its Bright(ness) is now defunct, has drifted a good cargo into the treasury of the Queen's Theatre, will cease to run on Friday the 3rd inst., when Mr. E. J. Young, the manager, will take his benefit. Although the performances on this occasion will commence with *Milky White* it is certain that the amusement they will give will be of anything but a milk-and-watery character. That's our quaint *whey* (*milk whey*, Eh? ha! ha! ha!) of putting it.





"WILL HE REIGN?"

FATHER^{OR,} AND SON.

(A HISTORICAL PICTURE REPRODUCED)



THE VOLUNTEERS AT THE PALACE.

[NOTE.—Be it clearly understood that this sketch in no way has reference to the crack metropolitan corps.]

SCENE.—*The Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace. Gorgeous walls, gorgeous organ, gorgeous sofa benches, gorgeous footmen in Court dresses lining the staircases, an OFFICIAL sweeping up some dust in a corner.*

FIRST GORGEOUS FOOTMAN (to OFFICIAL SWEEPER).—What are you doing there?

OFFICIAL SWEEPER.—Oh, only sweeping up the "h's" dropped by the Corporation of London. I ought to have another fellow to help me to do it—it's too much for one man!

SECOND GORGEOUS FOOTMAN.—Look sharp, for here come the Volunteers. By jingo, they are a nice set of fellows! (*Sneers audibly.*)

(*Enter a number of VOLUNTEER OFFICERS in more or less gorgeous uniforms. They are attended by an ENERGETIC COLONEL in a grey uniform.*)

ENERGETIC COLONEL IN GREY.—Now then, look sharp, all of you. Here, you go there—and you there—and you there. Now let me get to the front. (*Pushes his way to another part of the room.*)

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER (*angrily to SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER*).—What right has he to go on like that? He's not the senior officer. I should like to have him as my client. Wouldn't I run up the costs for him! That I would, as sure as I'm an attorney—I mean a colonel.

SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER.—Yes, it's too bad! 'Ere I've come all the way from the country to be treated like this! Thursday, too, is always such a wery busy day in our shop. You'd be surprised at the lot o' cheese they buys on a Thursday!

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER.—Indeed, Colonel!

SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER.—Always my luck; now, if it 'ad only been a Saturday I shouldn't 'ave minded so much, altho' it would 'ave been wery inconvenient for my friend Snooks the Pawnbroker,—I mean the Colonel of the 194th Loamshire!

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER.—Hush, here's the King!

(*Enter the KING OF THE BELGIANS. ENERGETIC COLONEL IN GREY hurries about officiously. VOLUNTEER OFFICERS try to look like Soldiers and to forget the shop.*)

THIRD COMMANDING OFFICER (*to a FRIEND*).—Does he (*meaning HIS MAJESTY*) speak French? Eh? 'Cause I never learned French—they don't teach it at the Charity School—I mean—I don't speak it.

FRIEND.—Oh! 'e speaks every bit as good English as I does.

SATIRICAL OFFICER (*aside*).—The King's English (if this be the case) must, indeed, be excellent!

SEVERAL OFFICERS.—Hush!

OTHER OFFICERS.—'Ush!

COLONEL LORD ELCHO reads the address with admirable effect. VOLUNTEER OFFICERS (*for the first time in their lives*) find a use for their swords—they strike the ground with them as if they had umbrellas, and were in the pit of a theatre. The KING replies in English. Delight of OFFICERS at finding themselves able to understand about every fourth word.

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—Don't 'e speak English well, 'Arry?

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—It isn't English—it's French. Didn't you 'ear 'im say "wee"—that's French.

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—No, it isn't!

(*The KING is introduced to DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICERS.*)

THE KING (*smiling affably*).—You are well, Sir?

ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICERS.—Quite well, your Majesty. (*The KING shakes hands with him and passes on, intense delight of ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICERS, who tells the story for ever to his descendants and friends.*)

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICER.—294th Putneyshire Rifles, your Majesty.

THE KING.—Ah, Putneyshire! (*smiles affably, shakes hands, and passes on to another. Delirious delight of ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICER.*)

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—Oh, ain't 'e affable!

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—Well, I don't know; 'e didn't shake 'ands with me.

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—But you ain't a commanding officer!

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—No, but I should like to be!

(*Departure of the KING. Furious enthusiasm of OFFICERS. End of Ceremony.*)

CURTAIN.

THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE!

IN last Thursday's papers appeared a report of the trial trip of the Druid, 10 guns, 1,322 tons. We do not know what she will cost the country, but if the figure is high the following extracts from the account in question will greatly interest the British taxpayer. After a great many details, and a return on account of a "leaking of the valves," we are told that—

"She vibrated fore and aft in the most unlooked for manner."

"In the captain's cabin pails filled with water were half emptied of their contents."

"The rigging seemed as slack as if it had never been taut."

"The general opinion on board was that three months at sea, under such circumstances, would send the ship into dock shaken to such an extent as to require complete overhauling and repair."

"The compasses would not 'travel' at all."

We conclude this will be put all right; but fancy such a gallant craft in action! A few old Adelphi pirates and the thing would be complete.

STARS AND GARTERS.

MR. ONSLOW, the Rector of Sandringham, who accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales on their tour in the East, has received from the Viceroy of Egypt the order of the Medjidie, and from the Sultan the order of the Osmanli. Not only this, but the Prince of Wales, in consideration of Mr. Onslow being his private chaplain, has graciously given him leave to sport his decoration in the Royal presence. It is certainly not usual for clergymen to emblazon themselves with orders, and Mr. Onslow cannot possibly wear his honours either in the pulpit or in the bye-lanes of his parish. We are, therefore, inclined to think that, although the Prince of Wales deserves every credit for marking his appreciation of a no doubt faithful servant, his Royal Highness has been a little injudicious in giving his licence to a priest in holy orders to infringe a law which, in the case of other civilians, is always held to in its very strictest letter. Who knows but that this little concession may be opening the gates to a new principle? If Rectors may wear Stars we shall surely have the Bishops claiming Grand Crosses of the Bath, and the Archbishops a pair of Garters at least.

"DELAYED IN TRANSMISSION."

ALTHOUGH it is stated that every exertion is now being made to enable the Government to take over the working of the telegraphs by the first day of the new year, it seems pretty certain that the new arrangements will only come into force some weeks later. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, too, has as yet done nothing towards raising the requisite funds; and it is understood that he will make use of the loose cash at his disposal to carry out the bargain entered into with the private companies. This is all a very bad beginning. That a scheme like that which is now about to be brought forward should be allowed to limp forth in an incomplete manner is to be regretted; and it is, moreover, questionable whether Mr. Lowe is justified in appropriating, even for a time, public money for a purpose for which it was never intended. Of course, no one is responsible for the bungling way in which the Government is taking possession of the telegraph wires; but the public, who are not uninterested parties in the new arrangement, would gladly see the affair carried through to a conclusion in a business-like and straightforward manner.

BRASS AND STEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

Paris.

SIR,—In the interests of public morality as well as in the interests of the legitimate drama may we request you to favour us by admitting to your columns the accompanying correspondence between a certain theatrical manager in England and ourselves?

Your obedient servants,
MM. NUS and BELOT.

(COPY.)

Theatre Royal, ———.

MESDAMES,—The manager of the Vaudeville informs me that the printed copies of your highly successful and perfectly moral piece *La Fièvre du Jour* have all been sold, and that you have reserved to yourselves the right of authorizing its translation into foreign languages. Under these circumstances he is unable to cede to me the use of the original MS., and has referred me to yourselves to arrange for its production in London.

I accordingly take the liberty to address myself to yourselves, Mesdames, and assure you of my profound respect for the delicate and sensitive morality which pervades as with a sweet perfume the piece of which you are the distinguished authoresses.

I flatter myself that I have also some talent for catering to the necessities of public morality; and as it may be necessary ere long to withdraw my *Anonyma*, I purpose to replace it by a translation and adaptation of *La Fièvre du Jour*.

It will be my endeavour to disguise it to such an extent as may prevent, or, at least, postpone, recognition; at the same time it will be my aim to preserve all the essential and characteristic features of the plot, and thereby its interest intact.

For instance, the following modifications suggest themselves as suitable to an English audience:—André, who embezzles his employer's money, will be the cashier of an Insurance Company, instead of an *agent de change*. In England, men of business look after their own affairs too closely to permit of any large defalcation being long undiscovered; it is with the savings destined for widows and orphans that reckless speculation, and jobbery, and extravagance can most securely deal.

The conception of Clémence offering to sell her virtue to liquidate her husband's debts, is honourable alike to your hearts and heads; but why make Clémence a wife? A mistress would have been interesting and far more *piquante*. One of our legal luminaries has just informed us in a recent *cause célèbre*, that men of the world know that the honour of a mistress is as dear to a man as that of a wife, and that jealousy on that account affords an equal justification for revenge upon a rival. My experience of an English audience convinces me that this will draw more effectually.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to present you each with a programme of the piece when produced, and should either of you ever visit England, a seat in the amphitheatre will be at your disposal.

I assure you, Mesdames, of my most distinguished consideration.

Your obedient servant,
* * * * *

(COPY.)

Paris.

SIR,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, asking for the MS. of our recent piece, entitled *La Fièvre du Jour*.

Before entering upon this question, we take this opportunity of informing you that you have committed a trifling error in regard to our sex. We do not wear jupons, our hair is our own, in a word, we have the misfortune to be—men.

This insignificant mistake being set right, we remark with profound regret that your appreciative proposal to translate and adapt our piece is unaccompanied by any hint of your intention of remunerating us for the share we shall have in gratifying your distinguished audiences. You pay your actors, your scene painters, and your orchestra, but it does not appear that we shall ever be honoured with a place in your list on the occasion of your appearance at Court—we mean the Court of Bankruptcy.

If English authors cannot provide you with a plot which will

fill your house, on what principle of moral justice, for we do not now refer to our legal rights, do you refuse to share your profits with those who put the employment into the hands of yourself and your company?

The answer to this question rests, Sir, with yourself, meanwhile, we subscribe ourselves, your obedient servants,

MM. NUS and BELOT.

* * * * *

(COPY.)

Theatre Royal, ———.

GENTLEMEN,—Thanks for your information regarding your sex. I can now dispense with the laws of gallantry, and answer your question directly and practically.

Your letter betrays a grave ignorance regarding the customs of the English stage. I did not propose to use your piece in the original French, but to translate, adapt, and *disguise* it. The London theatres are full of adaptations from the French, and we obtain all our successes in this manner; but we never yet heard that we were expected to pay for the use we make of other persons' brains.

My dignity will not permit me now to confer upon you the intended honour of utilizing your piece, but it is probable that Mr. Tom Adapter, or some other English author, will prove less scrupulous.

Your obedient servant,
* * * * *

IRISH "TUMBLERS."

WE hear on good authority that this enterprising troupe have nearly completed their rehearsals, and are prepared to produce their Christmas Entertainment, under the spirited management of the Rev. Mr. Ryan, P.P.

Tumblers have hitherto practised their art in a neuter sense; but neutrality has always been found ill-adapted to the native enthusiasm of the "finest pisantry" in the world, and the members of the corps, which now forms the centre of general attraction, are remarkable for the *active* manner in which they "tumble their landlords."

This novelty, which has already proved "startling" to more than one Irish landholder and agent is, we understand, to be reproduced at appropriate intervals after Christmas. *Headers*, it is said, have been quite discarded in favour of *revolvers*, and the degree of perfection to which they have brought their *practice* is apparently considered by some to be highly creditable to the performers. Mr. Ryan, as the letters at the end of his name show, is a man of *peace*, but he does not find it inconsistent with this character to give the *cue* of assassination to a band of excited and fanatical admirers. The rumour that Mr. Gladstone has raised him to the Peerage is, we believe, premature.

There is also no truth in the report that Mr. Moore, M.P., and The O'Donoghue have joined the troupe of Irish Tumblers. We understand, however, that they were at one time in training for a private performance at tumbling one another, but this match is stated on reliable authority to be since off.

BREATHING TIME.

THE *New York Tribune*, in a recent article on the Alabama claims, complains that Mr. Motley has yet taken no steps towards a settlement of the question. "While for a time we are glad to be relieved," says the paper, "from the jangle and the noise, and the anger and recrimination, we have reason to believe that the administration has not by any means lost sight of the question, or of the necessity for its settlement. It will take some time to mature the plans and bring them to a consummation, but there is at least a probability that before the close of President Grant's term the Alabama claims will be settled in a manner satisfactory to the American people."

If the *New York Tribune* fairly represents the views of our American cousins on the subject, they are certainly in no hurry to wind the matter up. To speak complacently of the possibility of a settlement being arrived at in the course of the next four or

five years shows at least that there is no very keen feeling with reference to the Alabama claims on the other side of the Atlantic. So much the better, for we confidently believe that the less the pressure that is put upon us by the United States representative at the Court of St. James's the more is the likelihood of our acting in a spirit of generous concession. Certainly the New York press appears to be doing its best to make the way of conciliation easy, and it will indeed be a pity if the blundering of diplomats destroys the good influence it exercises towards a satisfactory termination of a very irksome and trouble-giving squabble.

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH THE MORTALS ENTER ON THE DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF OMNIPOTENCE.

IT was a week after the events narrated in our last chapter.

All the Gods and Goddesses had taken their leave of Olympus.

The Heaven and Earth Reform Association (Limited) had taken possession on behalf of the world of mortals.

They tried to persuade some of the Immortals to stay and keep them company, at least, for a little; but in vain. They were inexorable. As for Venus, she declared that she would rather go and spend a year with the Furies, than stay to be deluged with clumsy compliments from that vulgar brute, Priggins.

"The Provisional Committee for Governing Heaven and Earth" was constituted at once, and met to transact business, for the first time, on the day on which our present chapter opens.

It was constituted as follows:—

President (late JOVE)	MARCUS ANTONIUS SMITH.
Weather Department (late APOLLO)	PLUVIUS JOHNSON.
War Department (late MARS)	CATO BROWN.
Marine Department (late NEPTUNE)	CURTIUS COX.
Medical Department (late ÆSCULAPIUS)	DECIMUS BRUTUS POTTS.
Education Department (late MINERVA)	SEPTIMUS SEVERUS PRIGGINS.
Post-Office (late MERCURY)	MR. PUBLIUS PRYOR.
Woman's Rights Department (late JUNO)	MONACUS MILL.
Agricultural Department (late CERES)	VIRGINIUS DIBBS.
Public House and Licensed Victuallers' Department (late BACCHUS)	TULLIUS WIGGINS.

The first thing to do was to read the petitions presented since the abdication of Jupiter.

This was a formidable task. We select the following from some ten thousand million that had reached Olympus from the agitated members of the World of Mortals:—

- | | | | |
|-----|-------------------|---|--|
| (1) | <i>A Petition</i> | for no more rain. | (From a man who had lost his umbrella.) |
| (2) | " | for no more sun. | (From a gentleman interested in turnips.) |
| (3) | " | for lots of snow. | (From two hundred and fifty-six school-boys.) |
| (4) | " | for ripe peaches all the year round, to be given only to the petitioners. | (From four fruiterers of Covent Garden.) |
| (5) | " | demanding ten thousand a year and a house in town. | (From 34,789,326,423 young married couples.) |
| (6) | " | begging the gift of light hair and blue eyes. | (From 396,423,210,002 dark-haired young ladies with brown eyes.) |
| (7) | " | entreating the favour of black hair and brown eyes. | (From 423,396,212,001 light-haired young ladies with blue eyes.) |

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------|---|---|
| (8) | <i>A Petition</i> | demanding a double-barrelled gun (complete). | (From 2 boys aged 12 and 10 respectively.) |
| (9) | " | requesting the appointment of President of the Provisional Committee. | (From 5,000,006 ex-politicians.) |
| (10) | " | for a new digestive apparatus (complete, warranted durable). | (From 36,802 epicures.) |
| (11) | " | for leave to burn six bishops of any Christian Church (not particular which). | (From 103 dissenting ministers.) |
| (12) | " | for leave to burn all dissenters. | (From 10,836,048 orthodox Christians.) |
| (13) | " | for free permission to kiss the Prince of Wales. | (From 927,084 virgins, chiefly of Clapham and Islington.) |
| (14) | " | for the privilege of seeing her Majesty Queen Victoria eat her dinner. | (From 396,423,348,021 householders of Great Britain.) |
| (15) | " | asking for the gold in the Bank of England. | (From 35 retired burglars.) |
| (16) | " | for a clear conscience (colours warranted fast). | (From 25 ex-Cabinet ministers.) |
| (17) | " | for Dr. Ellis's heart and liver, on a silver waiter. | (From the Guardians of St. Pancras.) |
| (18) | " | for leave to blow up the world. | (From Dr. Cumming.) |
| (19) | " | for perpetual exemption from being translated or adapted. | (From 56 French dramatists.) |
| (20) | " | for the sole management of the Thunder and Lightning department. | (From the Editor of the <i>Daily Telegraph</i> .) |

The above is a very fair selection; from which it will be seen that individual advancement was more sought after than the general welfare.

"Dear me!" said the President, after the petitions had been read,— "I wish all the petitions were in—"

"Take care, Sir," remarked Pryor; "remember you are omnipotent."

"So I am; then I shall stop all petitions for the future."

"Then you'll be deposed."

"I should like to see them do it—depose me, indeed! Arn't I the almighty President?"

"But you forget, Smith—"

"Don't call me Smith!"

Priggins—for it was that distinguished mortal—corrected himself.

"I mean, Mr. President. I was going to observe that the Sovereign People—"

"Down the Sovereign People!" roared the infuriated President.

"I rise to order," said the majestic Potts.

"I order you to sit down," said the President.

There was a little laugh—the President took advantage of it. "I don't want to lose my temper; but I ask you, my honourable colleagues, whether this sort of thing is to be endured?" and he pointed to the mass of petitions that lay piled on the floor of the house.

"But we must do something, Mr. President," Wiggins observed, and he tried to look very wise.

"Perhaps the right honourable gentleman will tell us what that 'something' is."

"Well," said Pryor, "it has always struck me as it was a very inconvenient thing, the sun rising and setting at such different times. I like my servants to get up at sunrise, and go to bed at sunset. Suppose as the right honourable gentleman in the chair

was to issue a command as the sun should always rise at six o'clock, and set at ten in the evening; it would save a deal of trouble, and candles too."

"Hear, hear," from all the Committee.

"Capital notion," said the President. "Make the order out, and we'll sign it."

"But how about the seasons?" asked Wiggins.

"Yes," said Brown, "we should never know summer from winter."

"Well, let it be summer all the year round—and then we shan't want fires—and there'll be no trouble to plough or sow; because all the things will grow of themselves for ever, when there ain't no cold to kill them."

"Very economical," said Brown. "I hope the agricultural interest will be satisfied now."

"I hope they will," muttered Dibbs ruefully. But he did not believe they would; for every one knows the agricultural interest is not easy to satisfy.

"And as to this lot of rubbish," continued the President, pointing to his petitions, "let them lie where they are, on the floor of the house, and tell the people, Pryor, if they call, that their requests are under consideration."

So the first meeting of the Provisional Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association for Governing the World on Advanced Liberal Principles came to a conclusion.

"SHIED BY A HORSE!"

BY A—R A'B—T.

(BEING THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "BRITANNIA."*)

Chapter I.—Coming Throes of Endless Woe!

IT doesn't matter exactly who I am. You may be sure I am something above a Knight—by my haughtiness, and by the fact that I am writing my memoirs for a shilling magazine. Yes, I was a Baronet in early youth, and now I am—ha! ha!—no matter'r!

I am keeping a lighthouse. Why? you ask. Because, I answer, it is *the* very thing a baronet would do—in a magazine! Yes, and I care not for the world, with its cruel sneers and inuendoes. I write not this for your pleasure, O reader (who *are* you?), but for my own—they pay me pence for these flashing lines—a penny and a halfpenny for a dozen words—and I live—yes, I, the lineal descendant of Sir Ralph de Pomatum, live after this indignity! But, ha!—ha!—ha! no matter'r!!!

I have one friend, Tom Lowman. He was my lackey—my pampered, fat-calved lackey—and now he is my—friend! Friend! Ha! ha! ha! My laugh is hollow. Make a telescope of it, and glance into the very core of my heart—yea, my heart of hearts!

"Have you heard the news, your grace, my lord Archbishop?" said Lowman—he always addressed me thus, because he had known me when I was gay, and handsome, and merry, and good, and happy, and sought after, and well, and economical, and joyous, and careless as a young spring sparrow wending his weary way through the vaults of high heaven—amid the skies—among the cloudlets!

"What news?" I replied.

He paused for a moment, passed the palm of his right hand over his throbbing temples, roared out in a kind of hoarse whisper, which seemed very near, and yet very far—

"Why, the horse show to be sure!"

To this day I can never say what forced me to exclaim,—

"Murder will out," said Dr. Johnson to Professor Faraday—a fact embodying all the arguments as yet adduced!"

I was mad, terribly mad, and the blood coursed through my veins like wildfire.

Lowman started, and seizing me by the hand, answered me sorrowfully—

"You will never forget her?"

"Never!"

And thus we parted—to meet again. When? Where?? Ah, where!!!!

Chapter II.—The Dead Ghost!

I WENT to the fair. I listened to the hoarse shouts of the men and the immense shouts of the horses. It was a lively scene

Booths, and shows, and theatres, and gingerbread-nuts, and booths, and whirligigs, and weighing-machines and gingerbread-nuts, and all, all, all, everyone of them to pass away! Oh vanity of vanities!

"Come and see the phantom horse, ma tear," cried an old Jew, grinning and capering like a cat-o'-nine tails, "Come, ma tears, come."

The same wild, terrible, horrible dream filled my soul with fear, and I paid the penny demanded of me.

I went in.

Oh horror, the horse was dead! And it was for this that I left my home in the lighthouse! It was for this that I listened not to the sad voice of the sea-salt (not Tidman's, but Nature's, O reader—dear Dame Nature's) waves! Ah me! ah me! What would my mother say?

My poor mother!

My poor dear mother!

I wiped away the tear and continued.

The horse fixed its dead eyes upon me and said—

Oh, anything you like, to fill up the chapter!

Chapter III.—Haunted by the Fiend!

I WAS back once more in the lighthouse.

I was ill, and cold, and uncomfortable, and uneasy, and sleepy, and wretched, and doleful, and sick at heart. I was quite, quite alone! Alone, I say, quite, *quite*, QUITE alone!!!!

I lighted the lamp in the lantern and shuddered—some dread presentiment seemed to hang like a dagger over me.

Oh, Damocles! Oh, Damocles!

By degrees I looked up, and standing before me, with outstretched hoofs and fiery mane, stood the phantom steed!

To shriek, to cut my throat, to stab myself to the heart, and to swear, was the work of a moment, and then—then, I say—I was more calm!

"You would know who I am?" demanded my unearthly guest.

I bowed my head.

"Take a chair, then. And now you shall hear my story."

(To be concluded when we think of the rest.)

QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS.

THE following announcement appeared a few days back in the morning papers *à propos* of the strike in the iron trade:—

"Most of the underhand puddlers engaged at Earl Granville's Iron Works, at Hanley, have returned to their work, and order is restored."

While we are glad to hear that the strike is at an end, we must express our surprise that a man of Lord Granville's position should have anything to do with "underhand puddlers." What can his lordship expect from a morally degraded body? A want of straightforwardness between master and servant must necessarily be fatal to the interests of both, while the employment of "puddlers" need never be necessary when ordinary working hands are plentiful in the labour market. Let Lord Granville replace his "underhand puddlers" by above-board artizans, and we shall hear no more of strikes and disorder. At least, so we take it.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

P	ythones	S
Y	ok	E
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A	l	P
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I	n	N
D	eb	T

ANSWERS have been received from Charles' Nose, Eiram, Ruby's Ghost, Jean's je ne sais pas, Striblets, Henry Cherry, Samuel E. Thomas, Slodger and Tiney, and Thray Bang, and eighty-nine incorrect.

ERRATUM.—In the lines on George Peabody in our last (page 241), 11th line from bottom of second column, for "from above," read "borne above."

* This is incorrect, or we should not insert it.—ED. TOM.