

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à Beckett.



"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 151.]

LONDON, MARCH 26, 1870.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

A "LIBERAL" GOVERNMENT!

THERE are a great number of misnomers in this world of ours, or rather this language of ours. We suppose that there must be something particularly charming about a *non sequitur*—something exceedingly pleasing about a paradox. If this is not the case, how comes it that a heavy boat is called a "lighter," a landsman at a cab-stand a "waterman," an omnibus cad who rides behind his vehicle "a conductor," and silver gilt "Abyssinian gold?" A little time and a fair share of patience would enable us to ask such questions by the score,—nay, the hundred, but, in pity to our readers, we will put only one more poser, which we defy them to answer or explain away. How comes it that Ministers, noted for their parsimony, cheese-paring, and general false economy, are distinguished by the name of a "Liberal" Government? They are not generous, save to their relations; they are not just, save to their own pockets. They have but one redeeming point: they know how to save fourpence by cutting down a poor man's pittance,—they have learnt how to reward talent and perseverance by fine fat sinecures for the sons of Cabinet Ministers, pleasant salaries for the wealthy idlers of the *Coulisses* and the Court!

Many a letter has been sent to the office of this paper asking the question,—“Is the TOMAHAWK Liberal or Conservative?” and the answer we have returned has been ever the same,—“We are neither Liberal nor Conservative, but only just, only intelligent, only English.” A man may pick your pocket and tell you that he is the heir to a Dukedom, and although you may entertain the greatest possible respect for the British aristocracy, that respect will not prevent you from calling to your aid the assistance of the police. A man may strike you across the face with a stick and inform you that he is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and although you may admire that learned body (in spite of the Government-office clerks, and others, who are now elected to its advantages), you will scarcely compliment him upon his address in inflicting pain. In like manner, a Government may sacrifice the public good to the advancement of private ends, and tell you that it's "Liberal," for all that there is no good reason why you should sing its praises to the skies, or cheer its name to the echo. As we are now well into the Session, it will not be altogether out of place to enquire into the various "good" works of which our Ministers (scarcely "heaven born," by-the-bye) have been guilty—we use the word advisedly.

Mr. Lowe, for instance, is a most charming man. He has

caused the whole community to pay their taxes in advance, regardless of the claims of justice or the demands of public convenience. By this means he (a year since) was able to produce a Budget that looked like absolute perfection—on paper. It is scarcely fair perhaps to judge a man unheard, but as we may gather hints of a man's character from his antecedents we may fairly anticipate this Session a Budget equally as startling, equally as sound as the very "Lowe" measure of the years 1869-1870.

Passing from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to one of his colleagues, we come to Mr. Childers, the Nautical First Lord of the Admiralty. This worthy "sea-dog" (if we may call the right hon. gentleman a "sea-dog" without laying ourselves open to a charge of disrespect) has, since his tenure of office, turned scores of clerks from their stools at Whitehall and Somerset House, and hundreds of workmen from the Dockyards. By this means he has probably reduced the Naval Estimates, weakened the power of Britannia on the seas, *but*—and we call attention to the "but"—has managed to send the First Lord of the Admiralty for a pleasant "cruise" with the Flying Squadron. In spite of this last truly generous action we can scarcely (remembering, as we do, the anxious faces of clerks out of employ, and the pinched cheeks of artisans clamouring for bread) describe him as a "Liberal" statesman.

Of Mr. Ayrton it is scarcely necessary to say one word. In fact it may seem an outrage to mention so honoured, so accomplished, so *refined* a gentleman in pages soiled with printer's ink and teeming with the writings of "Radicals" and "Republicans." Still, there are many of his enemies who will pretend to say that the Ayrton method of disposing of the public money is remarkable neither for judgment nor "Liberality." These are they who want flowers in Hyde Park, and gilding on the railings of Kensington Gardens!

Next we come to Mr. Bright, the President of the Board of Trade. Here, again, we find a want of "Liberalism" to a marked degree. The worthy gentleman has been so economical that of late he has actually treasured up his own words, and not allowed a syllable to escape even in the House of Commons! There will be found many who will praise him for his reticence—among others, several of his own colleagues. Again, when a deputation of working men begged his aid to secure for them the advantages of cheap locomotion, he treated the very idea with ridicule and contempt. For these reasons and others we cannot compliment Friend Bright, ex-Agitator, and now Courtier and Counsellor, upon his generosity. He would feel insulted, probably, if he were told he were not a

"Liberal." Stop one moment—he is Liberal in one thing—in his abuse!

After passing over Mr. Cardwell (who would make an excellent model for a statue of Economy in the courtyard of the War Office) and Mr. Goschen (who wastes only himself at the Poor-law Board) we come to the greatest cheeseparer of all, the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, otherwise the "*Telegraph's* pet," alias the "People's Bill." The last name, we admit, sounds a little vulgar, but the Liberal Government, as at present constituted) in spite of the refining influence of Apollo Ayrton) is, in itself, vulgar. It is "popular" with the masses, and rests its claims upon public support on its "sensationalism."

It will be remembered by all our male readers, and by some of the more elderly, and, consequently, more married of our female subscribers, that the present Government came into power by using as a talisman the words "Justice to Ireland." Nobody thought at the time that they meant very much by the cry, and now that "WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE" (vide *Daily Telegraph*) has revealed his policy, everybody finds that less even was intended than the public expected.

It is true that the Irish Church has been very properly sacrificed to the clamouring of the people; but as for the Land Question, it remains where it was four years ago. It is useless to canvas its measures in these columns—it is only necessary to point out to two great facts:—

1st. The Bill passes under the patronage of the Conservative party.

2nd. The Bill is opposed by the more influential representatives of that people on whose behalf its provisions were specially framed.

And yet Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues pride themselves upon their claim to the title of Liberals, and cling with more than Conservative tenacity to that Bench which represents in the House of Commons both money and power!

MILITARY REFORM.

If the much talked of report of Lord Northbrook's Committee on Army Administration possesses no other striking feature it certainly is written in language, so flowery and pathetic, as to be quite out of keeping with the blue-paper binding in which it is enshrined. From a business point of view, however, so far as the recommendation for the abolition of the dual government are concerned, the committee have worked in the right direction. It remains yet to be seen whether the influence of the Royal Duke at the Horse Guards, whose stolid resistance to the proposed innovations is a remarkable trait, will succeed, for a time, in preventing the amalgamation of the Department over which he presides with the War Office—but for our part we think that the tide of reform has set in so strongly that resistance to its waves will be futile. As regards Military Finance, Lord Northbrook and his *confrères* seem to have gone thoroughly astray. The abolition of a proper check on expenditure, which is recommended, is scarcely in accordance with what is advisable or practicable, and the very fact that is made so much of, that the expense of examining and passing accounts exceeds the amount of short credits, which therein appear, has no significance beyond proving that the existence of a wholesome check on their doings keeps Military Paymasters and Accountants in order. The system of mutual confidence which Lord Northbrook would wish to inaugurate is absurd in the extreme. It might as well be argued that ticket collectors on railways, or check takers at theatres might be dispensed with. People do not travel on railways without having first paid their fare, or go to the play without having procured an order, because they know that vouchers for conveyance or admission are requisite. No doubt the salaries of the ticket collectors and check takers far exceed the sums which, from time to time, they collect for their employers, but if it was an understood thing that railway travellers should be taken as having paid their fares no tickets being issued or asked for,

and that persons who enter a theatre should have honestly paid for their tickets at Mitchell's in the afternoon, we fear much that trains and playhouses would be crowded without either shareholders or managers gaining any pecuniary benefit thereby. No, we hold that the examination of military accounts is advisable not as a cure for an evil which happily exists in but a small degree, but as a prevention against the evil. Lord Northbrook deserves well of the country for the pains which he has taken in thoroughly investigating the subject with which he has had to deal, but he is committing a grave error when he recommends that the system of examination and audit of expenditure should be all but abolished. It is easy enough to write enthusiastically on the benefits which result from treating servants with confidence, but good servants are not only willing but anxious to render accounts of their stewardships, and none but the dishonest ones would care to avail themselves of an immunity from supervision. We hope, and we believe, that so far as the Horse Guards question is concerned, Mr. Cardwell will be guided by the recommendations of his under secretary, but we can scarcely believe that so able an administrator as Mr. Cardwell will allow himself to be led away by a little blue-book grandiloquence, so far as to forget the traditions of his office by accepting and acting upon Lord Northbrook's ideas on Military Finance.

THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

LONDON, March 19, 1870.

YES, I am absolutely home at last! Here I am settled comfortably in the fifth story at the Charing-cross Hotel, listening to the rumble of a thousand wheels beneath, and thanking my stars that for a brief half-hour at least, the Indian Chief is dozing in the next room. Since I last wrote, you have no conception of the trouble I have had to face on his account. The attack in the photographic studio cost me seven hundred francs, and a bath of oxalic acid for the Chief, who, you may remember, was covered with nitrate of silver, made a hole in one hundred more. Still, *that* affair has been settled, and I can afford to forget it. It, however, led to serious consequences. Feeling that idleness was the worst thing in the world for the savage mind, I planned out a regular programme of recreation, and "did" all the chief sights of Paris, as well as I could with such a companion. I, of course, endeavoured to excite his interest in what we saw, but nothing seemed to afford him the slightest satisfaction, excepting, perhaps, the *Jardin des Plantes*, where he seemed very much struck with the anatomical collection and the bears. Indeed, we had daily to visit the latter, and only gave it up when the Chief one morning jumped over the railings, and fought the great brown African one for a Bath bun which I had just given him. Accustomed, apparently, to encounters with this brute in the interior of Pokyar, he easily got the best of him, and rushed up the pole, where, to the delight and astonishment of the collected crowd, he not only bolted the bun whole, but also finished a ton of tripe which had just been flung there for the week's dinner. At the feeding time of the animals, too, he became very tiresome, and begged me to use my influence to get him a cage in the row, that he might take his turn with the rest. I spoke to the keeper, who, I daresay, thought the request an odd one, for he answered with a jocular smile something to the effect that Mounsier could not have a whole cage to himself, but that if I liked he could have a place in that of the Bengal tigers. The Chief at once assented to the proposal, and said he would far rather dine there than at the *table d'hôte*. No doubt he *would* have done this, had we not been turned out of the gardens at three, in consequence of his having seized the human skeleton from the museum, and fed the seal with it. As to all other sights, they were to him a mere dead letter. At the Louvre I could not for some time get him beyond the official who takes the sticks and umbrellas, whom he somehow got into his head was a French god. I subsequently found out that he had fallen into this idea, from the fact that, as there is a good deal of religious speculation going on in Pokyar, they frequently change their divinity, and from this cause a god is often thrown out of employment, and glad to pick up his living as he can. Taking umbrellas, and attending at the cloak-rooms of theatres, is

therefore generally in request, and he assured me that the last god, *Jow*, who, for want of proper telegraphic communication is *now* being worshipped by seventy millions of the *Gaggiwas*, sweeps a not very lucrative crossing, and was not long ago had up at a Pokyar police-court as an incorrigible vagabond. But to revert to my present position; I have found a lot of letters waiting for me, and among them several invitations to country houses; also answers to the letters I wrote from Alexandria, when I was so deep in the circus scheme. The Chief, fortunately, seems very amiably disposed at times, and I feel that if I can only come across a *thoroughly practical man*, I might really make his fortune and my own. What I want is some novel entertainment, in which he could be cleverly and appropriately introduced. Of course, I must tell *him* that it is our English custom, and lead him to regard the entertainment, as a sort of high honour only accorded to distinguished foreigners. Spagmore put me up to this. At the time of the Exhibition of 1862, when he brought over a South Pacific Islander and a Tartar, he managed to turn them both to account in this fashion—the Tartar he sent round the country in a caravan, eating red-hot coals to penny audiences, and the South Pacific Islander he placed behind the bar of a public house at Brompton, where he was occupied from morning till night in drawing half-and-half. The Islander objected at first, but on being told it was the English way of according welcome, he assented. Of course, he was never informed that the beer was paid for, as he regarded his handing it out as one long act of never failing generosity. This is the way I must deal with the Chief. I am now going to see whether he is awake.

He is awake, and has expressed a desire to begin business at once. Perhaps the best thing would be to take him to a theatre first, so that he might see the sort of thing, and take a fancy to it. I do not exactly know *where* to try him. I think perhaps the Prince of Wales's would be the best place, as *School* is a quiet piece, and there is no orchestra to frighten him. Spagmore, however, strongly inclines to Mr. Bellew's Hamlet; but says that *wherever* we do go we must be sure to get a paragraph into the papers about it. He says an announcement to the effect that "*the Nabob Colosh, of Pokyar, and suite honoured the East London theatre with their presence last night*," would be a great advertisement for us, and might lead to some lucrative engagement.

Have been stopped here by hearing a tremendous row in the station. It seems the Chief suddenly rushed on to the landing, slid down the chains of the lift, dashed on to the platform, and jumped on to the engine of the Greenwich train at that moment starting. He has flung the stoker and driver at the signal man, and has, therefore, started in sole command of the whole train. Telegrams have been dispatched all down the line, to the pointsmen, and the officials at Greenwich terminus have been requested to make such preparations as they may deem necessary to receive the train at full speed. It is a very awkward business.

The following telegrams in reply have just come in:—

SPA ROAD, 19th March, 1870.

Train just gone by. Chief seated on chimney, Pace seventy-two miles an hour. All well.

GREENWICH, 19th March, 1870.

Your favour to hand. Arrival of train shall be promptly attended to.

GREENWICH, 19th March, 1870.

Train in sight. Pace terrific. Station master has resigned. More next week.

A CAPITAL JOKE.

THERE is a rough analogy between a marriage settlement and a column. In both cases it is the *capital* that is the best part of it, and again, in both cases, it is placed where you may admire but cannot touch it.

THE OPPRESSED PRESS!

ENCOURAGED by the favour with which Government interference with the Irish press has been received, the Cabinet have, we understand, in contemplation a Bill for rewarding or punishing English newspapers according to their deserts.

Some of the punishments and rewards, we are told, will be as follows:—

NATURE OF { OFFENCE OR DESERVING ACTION.	NATURE OF { REWARD OR PUNISHMENT.
For writing up Mr. Gladstone in the columns of a daily newspaper, for calling him by his Christian name, and comparing him to Julius Cæsar, Moses, St. John, Napoleon, Peabody, &c.	An invitation to Mrs. Gladstone's "at Home."
For drawing Mr. Lowe "ugly" in a comic paper without tint.	Ten years' transportation.
Ditto, with tint.	Twenty years' penal servitude.
For preparing the Public Mind for months before for some risky measure.	A nod from the Premier in the Park when nobody is looking.
For twenty leaders, forty letters, and one hundred "occasional notes," puffing up an unpopular measure to the skies—and farther!	Ditto, when some people are looking.
For drawing Lord Granville prettily in a comic paper.	A speech from Lord Granville of two columns length all about it.
For jovial allusions to the Cabinet Ministers by their nicknames, riddles about them, and poems thereon.	A nomination for a Government clerkship (salary £70 a year).

It will be seen by the above that the Government are quite determined to use a legitimate influence in guiding the hands of newspaper editors. The *Times* will not be legislated for as it has a *Lowed* to bear already!

POOR PLAYERS.

ALL honour to T. R. K., who has given £1,000 to the Royal Dramatic College. Substantial benefactors are few and far between, and their names deserve to be recorded. T. R. K., however, does his good work anonymously, so we cannot have the pleasure, or rather, we should say, the honour of emblazoning his name in our biggest type. Nor do the initials he uses give us any clue to his identity. T. R. would seem to stand for Theatre Royal, and as for K., it probably refers to a place rather than to a person. No, we give it up; and we are glad to do so, for the custom has obtained too much lately of anonymous donors so far identifying themselves through their initials as to gain credit for their bounty, while they get additional praise for attempting, though unsuccessfully, to conceal their good work. In the present case T. R. K. has stooped to no such charitable clap-trap, and has, moreover, given alms where they are sorely needed. The Dramatic College has been for some time past sadly in want of funds, and we do not doubt that this £1,000 will do good service not only in itself, but as setting an example to a large class of persons who are well able to give in charity, but who set an actors' almshouse at the bottom of the list of charitable institutions deserving of support. We do not mean to urge that the Dramatic College has a first claim on the benevolence of the rich, but that it has a claim is indisputable; and we thank T. R. K. for so handsomely acknowledging it.

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LONDON, MARCH 26, 1870.

THE WEEK.

SOME one has suggested this week that fashionable bankrupts should have the benefit of a jury when their cases are called on. Surely this would be superfluous. Most fashionable bankrupts go to a Jew-ry long before they get to Basinghall street.

WE hear that Sir Salar Jung, the Nizam's Minister, has arrived at Bombay. This gentleman is not Mr. Sala, the author of the tragedy of *Wat Tyler*. The report originated in the rumour that Mr. Sala was quite at sea when he wrote his last burlesque!

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has retired from his profession of "Public Entertainer." Reading before the footlights prevented our popular novelist from writing behind the library lamp. This retirement is the real explanation of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

MR. ODGER, the working man's candidate, "who has no work (apparently) to do," has submitted to take his chance of standing for Bristol on the results of a ballot with the other Liberal candidates. We hope he will not get in. His style and language are scarcely suited to St. Stephen's. He would be all at sea at Westminster. If he answers that he is fond of the ocean let him add a "C" to his name and become a Codger.

MR. LEATHAM has been forcing the running of the Ballot Question. The Government were preparing a Bill upon the subject when the Hon. Member introduced *his* measure. Perhaps he thought the Ministers were too timid to handle the matter; still, he ought to have respected them. If he considered them sheepish, he must have known they would consequently love the ba—lot! (Ballot?)

ALDERMAN COTTON has been fining the keepers of a gambling house in Aldgate. It may strike some people that

certain West End clubs should share a like fate. It may be urged that the punishment of the more aristocratic delinquents is equal, if not greater, than the City sinners. The East End is very properly fined, and the West End, if not fined, is *re-fined*. Won't *that* fact satisfy the grumblers?

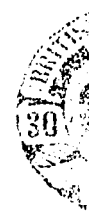
A CERTAIN sum of public money has been again voted in the Estimates to defray Prince Christian's expenses in his trips from Dover to Calais. We regret to learn that this popular German has such straitened means that he cannot actually pay his own railway fare! With all due respect we might suggest that a subscription could be got up to pay His Royal Highness's expenses to a more distant spot. We will willingly head the list with an ample donation if he will take a run over to Bath, or better still, to Jericho!

A CHEAP rate of postage for the conveyance of printed matter would, without doubt, be a great gain to the public, and if it cost the Post-office half a million, the money could well be spared. The Post-office contributes, we believe, about a million and a half to the revenue yearly, a figure which, in fact, represents a tax levied on letter-writing. This should be reduced at once, and the country taxed indirectly in some other shape. On these merits alone the question rests. As to the clap-trap about the gain to knowledge by the greater spread of literature, one may dismiss that together with the nonsense of the same kind talked some years ago when the paper-duty was being abolished. All that was spread by *cheap* paper was *cheap* literature, and that was vicious, and no doubt has done the country a good deal of harm. As the *Police News* may be regarded as the fruit of an abolished paper-duty, so may its provincial spread be confidently looked upon as the result of a halfpenny stamp. And there are a good many worse things than the *Police News*. In a word, we would remind the Government that there is no great moral gain at stake in this postage question. It is merely a matter of public convenience, and Englishmen have, of course, a right to get their trashy literature reasonably delivered to them. If mere morality were the point at issue, we very much question whether a twopenny, rather than a halfpenny stamp, would not be the wiser amendment on the existing state of things.

PARENTS AND GUARDIANS TO WIT.

WE do not know whether this year's Navy Estimates show the worth of a boy's life; but if a Naval cadet has any monetary value, the Admiralty authorities are going the way to create a considerable defect in this account by their treatment of the invalids on board the *Britannia* at Plymouth. Unfortunately, both small-pox and scarlet fever have broken out on the training-ship, and the combined spirits of red tape and retrenchment, which are terrible bogies when they get united, are working hard to make the worst of the unhappy occurrence. For instance, we hear that a house has been taken for certain of the invalids in the most unhealthy and crowded part of the town, and that the Admiralty refuses to sanction the removal of the lads to open and healthy quarters on the score of expense. Bad as this is for the poor cadets, it is still worse for the neighbours, and we cannot wonder that the institution of a temporary small-pox hospital in a thickly populated quarter has created a panic, a salient feature of which is a deep and hearty condemnation of Mr. Childers and his economy. This gentleman has had too many compliments paid him lately; at all events, something must have turned his head, or he would not count pence when life and death are in the scale. It is an old adage that time is money, but in this affair time is life, a truism which we hope Mr. Childers may realize and act upon before the precious moments have passed, and he becomes powerless to avert a dreadful catastrophe.

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THE ODDS AGAINST HIM!

TRUSTING TO A STRAW.

BEAT A *lay down* Knight.—Exchange that foolish plaything for this bright good word!

DEAN LIDDELL AS A REFORMER.

THOUGH by no means inclined to appreciate the levelling tendencies of the age, there is one act of Iconoclasm reported in last week's papers, that we must pause to applaud. It appears that the Dean of Christ Church has done away with one of the "customs" peculiar to the house over which he presides. Noblemen are no longer, as of old, to be decked out in gold and silk, and bear, in a society, where academic learning should alone create distinctions in academic dress, a sort of birth livery on their backs, but are to mingle with their fellow undergraduates on equal terms as gentlemen. Conscious of the vast amount of prejudice which has to be faced even in the carrying out of such to outsiders, an obvious reform as this, we cannot too highly praise Dr. Liddell for the firm hand with which he has grasped the matter. It will now no longer be in the power of Balliol men to reproach by far the noblest and largest of all the Oxford Colleges, with its adhesion to the "snobbism" of a less refined and less educated age. No doubt there will be those who will weep over the prohibition, and believe that the House of Lords is coming to the dust because a few University youths, who by the way are very glad to be relieved from the vulgar distinction, must give up wearing gold lace and velvet. With such people it is useless to argue. One of the great reproaches against certain phases of University life is that they foster that peculiar Anglo-Saxon spirit which Thackeray so keenly detected and so unsparingly lashed. We will undertake to say that he would have hailed the little paragraph to which we have referred, as a healthy sign of the times. Dean Liddell's last move at Christ Church will imperceptibly do more to raise the tone of University feeling, and in the widest sense popularise University training, than a dozen bills to let in Wesleyan heads or Baptist Censors!

A HACKNEYED POINT.

SO we are threatened with a new cab company at last. "The Metropolitan Public Carriage and Repository Company, Limited," has just issued a prospectus with the object of forming a society for the supply of cabs, which will put the Growler to shame and send the ordinary Hansom to hide its diminished head in Whitechapel. The capital of the new company is to be £180,000, and, as the Directorate is more than averagely respectable, there is no reason that the concern should not prove not only a boon to a long-suffering public, but a source of profit to the shareholders. Hackney carriages with fresh cushions, easy springs, room for the legs, and clean bills of health, will certainly be an acquisition—and acquisitions should certainly be encouraged. We wish the "Metropolitan Public Carriage and Repository Company, Limited," an unlimited success.

A LESSON LATE IN LIFE.

MR. ARNOLD is one of the oldest and most respected of the Metropolitan police magistrates, and it therefore follows that his words carry weight with them. Were it not for this, we should be inclined to form an opinion for ourselves, regarding a case which was heard last week at the Westminster Police-court. The facts were as follows:—It seems that a short time ago, one Mr. Church, described as "a gentleman of 50 years of age," went to the Argyll Rooms, and there met a lady who wore diamonds. Mr. Church and some friends accompanied the lady (who became the prosecutrix) and a few friends of hers to some supper-rooms in the Haymarket. Here the fun soon became so fast and furious, that a female friend suggested to the prosecutrix the propriety of putting her diamonds in her pocket. This she did, placing a star, value fifty pounds, in her purse, and her earrings, value two hundred pounds, in her handkerchief, pinning the pocket. Shortly after this she left the supper-rooms and went home to her residence in Brompton with the prisoner, and when they arrived at home, the diamond star was missed, together with the purse and money, and "the gentleman of 50 years of age" was given into custody. Of course he denied, and truly, all knowledge of the matter, and it was proved beyond doubt that he was not guilty of the theft, but at the same time Mr. Arnold admitted that, seeing the prisoner was the only

person with the prosecutrix, he did not think she acted rashly in giving him into custody, but after the evidence that had been given, Mr. Arnold did not think that the prisoner had the slightest idea of committing a felony, and "he left the Court," added the worthy magistrate, "without the slightest stain on his character."

While we are fully willing to endorse Mr. Arnold's decision as to the guiltlessness of Mr. Church in the matter of stealing diamonds, were it not for the respect before referred to in which we hold Mr. Arnold and his opinions, we should be inclined to think that instead of leaving the Court without a stain on his character, that Mr. Church emerged from the Westminster Police-court with some considerable blame attaching to him. When old gentlemen of 50 go to the Argyll Rooms, and afterwards to late and noisy suppers in the Haymarket, their moral characters can scarcely be regarded as stainless, albeit they are not thieves. In this case the charge of theft was no doubt altogether absurd and untenable, but Mr. Church, viewed as "a gentleman of 50 years of age," scarcely comes scatheless out of the ordeal—at least, if morality is held to be a virtue, and if age should command respect.

STAGE ROWDYISM.

WITHOUT entering into the question of the rights and wrongs of Miss Lydia Thompson's encounter at Chicago, the facts of the case, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, are certainly remarkable, as exhibiting the manners and customs of dramatic critics and theatrical managers in the New World. When we read of people carrying loaded revolvers in their pockets, and producing them on the least possible provocation, we have generally pictured to ourselves a class of men with which we steady-going unexcitable Englishmen have little in common; but here we find one of our countrymen, who, but a few months back, was plying his trade as a theatrical manager in London, armed with a deadly weapon, and apparently as ready to use it as any well-educated Yankee. Imagine Mr. Webster pistolling Mr. Oxenford for abusing a new play at the Adelphi; or Messrs. Gye and Mapleson indulging in a desperate struggle with bowie knives on the back stairs of Covent Garden Theatre—no two very probable occurrences, perhaps, yet there would be nothing very extraordinary about them if they were to happen in America. We shall learn in time what our cousins across the water mean when they boast of their advanced civilization.

TOMAHAWK'S MITE.

THE East-End clergy are becoming clamorous for assistance towards enabling the poor of their district to emigrate; and we cannot wonder, too, if the earnestness of their appeals exceeds the limits of conventionality, now that poverty no longer means poverty, but starvation and death pure and simple. One worthy gentleman, a Mr. Catlin, who is an Islington missionary, having previously fought a pitched battle with the Holborn Guardians for parochial assistance towards emigration, alas, unsuccessfully, has at length turned to the Press, and demands the assistance which publicity will lend to his cause. May the publication of his appeal, which we append, assist the good work which he has in hand.

"In Cow Cross, or 'Ragged London in the Centre,' we have enrolled as Members of the above Society, Four Hundred Families of able-bodied workmen,—not paupers, nor persons of bad character—but steady, hard-working people, artisans and labourers who are now reduced to a state of destitution, misery, and despair. There is no prospect of work for them, they have exhausted their little savings, have withdrawn their funds from Benefit Societies, have sold their furniture, and pawned their tools for food. 'We speak what we do know, and testify what we have seen.' Emigration is the safety valve of the free labour market. The government of Canada will receive skilled and unskilled labour, but not paupers. 20,000 labourers and artificers would be sure of work over there. Surely then, if work cannot be brought to where there is labour, we ought to send the labour to where there is work. State aid has been refused. *Parochial aid has been refused.* What then can my poor people do? Our Workhouse is already overcrowded; the burden of Poor-rates is becoming intolerable. I can no longer remain silent, and see the people perish, without an effort to rescue some. The British and Colonial Emigration Fund offer to assist a limited number, who can contribute £3 and upwards each statute

adult (single men, £5). But how can a penniless man, with half a dozen children, contribute £20 and upwards? To the benevolent at heart, and the Lord's people in particular, do we now appeal for aid to help the helpless. We have One Thousand persons under our eye. £3,000 will enable them to get from the land of despair to the 'Land of Hope.'

"Contributions will be thankfully received by ALEXANDER RIVINGTON, Esq., Treasurer Cow Cross Mission, 52 St. John Square, Clerkenwell. Also by

"Your obliged and faithful servant,

"WILLIAM CATLIN, *Missionary*;

"18 Hemingford Road, Islington, N.

"March, 1870."

May Mr. Catlin find in the general public a support which he has failed to gain from the legitimate Guardians of the poor.

TRULY BRITISH.

ALTHOUGH here in England the collision of the *Bombay* and *Oneida* has become an event of the past (now that it has been ascertained that the Captain of the *Bombay* has been tried and has his certificate suspended for six months), across the Atlantic the unfortunate occurrence is viewed with no such equanimity. We are informed by telegraph that the United States Government is only awaiting its own officer's report of the circumstances for framing rules for a most searching investigation into the matter. We cannot wonder at this. The loss of a fine man-of-war with a hundred and twenty lives is a disaster grave enough to arouse the feelings of a less impressionable people than the Americans; and the absence of all interest in the affair, we might almost say the absence of all sympathy for the sufferers in this country is scarcely calculated either to command the respect or the good will of our neighbours. A simple inquiry, resulting in a light sentence on the chief offender, held as it has been at the Antipodes, is entirely insufficient to meet the exigencies of the case, especially as it entirely rests with the English to exonerate themselves from the charges of gross and brutal carelessness on the part of an English ship Captain for which the United States hold them responsible. Of course, we do not mean to admit for a moment that any blame can possibly be attached to any but those actually in charge of the *Bombay* at the time of the unfortunate occurrence; but in the face of so serious an occurrence we have no right to be lukewarm, and if the matter tends to revive a hostile feeling towards us on the part of our cousins, we can scarcely be surprised. One of the principal charges brought against us by our neighbours is our abject selfishness and want of charity; and in answer to the imputation we generally pride ourselves on our not being hot-headed. We do ourselves no injustice. A cool head and a cold heart generally go together.

FACTIOUS OPPOSITION.

TOMAHAWK is generous, who can doubt it? Who ever has doubted it? Is it not his rule to hang up the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace with all his enemies, when he has slept over his wrongs after his return from the war path? But he cannot in his generosity forget justice, and justice constrains him to declare very unreservedly his antagonism to tactics pursued by Mr. Dixon and his followers in their endeavours to embarrass the Government, which has a rightful claim to their support, and break asunder the great party, whose union is the only guarantee of the perseverance of a strong Ministry so much needed by the country after the frequent changes of unstable Governments, which has been the Upas tree to all genuine reforms and true patriotism.

The Education Bill as a whole does credit to the Cabinet which initiated it, this is admitted by all foes as well as friends, opponents as well as supporters. At the same time when the country is so split up into sections holding divergent views on educational questions, it is impossible that its details can satisfy all parties. What can be demanded is, that the views should be held with impartiality and justice, and if this is complied with, it is the duty of all who approve of the general principle of the measure to pass it in the second reading, and endeavour in Committee to modify it in those details which are unpalatable. This mode of proceeding affords a security that not only the Bill itself, but every portion of it embodies the views of an actual

majority, and a minority in such an instance has no right except to be satisfied itself that it is a minority, and to yield with a good grace. This is the way in which England expects every politician to do his duty, and in a contest thus conducted victors and vanquished, opponents and supporters, separate with equal honours.

There is, however, another method of opposition, far more gratifying to individual self-esteem and party spirit; far less conducive to national honour and good government; an opposition in which a minority seeks to supply by artifice the deficiencies under which they labour in regard to strength, and thereby to reverse the natural law, and coerce the majority to their will.

It is to elevate their one model into an essential principle—to refuse all remedies, unless saddled with their pet theory; to refuse all redress, unless they have their own way in everything. This is termed a factious opposition, and if even the term had an application it is rightly bestowed on the strategy of Mr. Dixon and his friends. Objecting to a particular detail of the bill, they refuse to test the value of their objection at the proper stage and in the proper manner; but prefer to jeopardise the success of the entire measure, of the bulk of which they approve.

Nor is this all, in order to obtain fictitious support, and combine many antagonistic elements in the same body, they abstain from suggesting any substitute for the proposal to which they demur. Why do they not advance, flag in hand, and challenge discussion on their own views in a manly, straightforward, English manner. They have many sympathisers, and TOMAHAWK is not sure that he is not among them in their views; but few indeed in the tactics by which they mistakingly seek to advance them.

IS THE BALLOT A CONSERVATIVE MEASURE?

THE ballot was not very considerably treated in the House the other night—indeed, before the motion was shelved, a sort of row had already got up. As far as the principle of secret voting is concerned, it is almost impossible for an impartial mind, approaching this subject for the first time, to understand *what* there is in the question for Englishmen to quarrel about. That statesmen should fight over it is reasonable enough, for the Tory believes that it would do away with his landed influence, which he considers a legitimate one, and the Radical regards it as a sort of political panacea for all constitutional disorders. The matter of the fact is, neither the Tory nor the Radical is right. Possibly, in the counties, a good many small tenants would, if able to vote by ballot, vote according to the dictates of their conscience, and not, as they are forced to do under the present beautifully candid system, merely with a view to filling their pockets. In the towns, on the other hand, masses of working men who now, through fear of their Radical brethren, give their frank, honest votes openly against their convictions, would, were a secret vote possible, support the Tory interest. To imagine that the ballot would necessarily strengthen the Radical position in the country is a great mistake. The chances are, perhaps, a little in favour of its doing the reverse. Under these circumstances the purely party howl raised over this time-honoured bugbear is a little foolish, and out of place. Still, Englishmen are not logical animals, and one must regard them patiently. It is, however, a little difficult to feel thoroughly patient with those opponents of the measure who get up in the House and talk twaddle about its being "un-English," "underhand," and the rest of it. What on earth is there underhand in not being forced to pin your political conviction on your coat-sleeve, if not "for claws to peck at," at least for brickbats to flatten? The ballot may be quite unnecessary; but to denounce it as sneaking and un-English is to stamp every club in London as an institution unworthy of the patronage of English gentlemen.

MOTTO FOR THE DIVORCE COURT.—"I am so Wylde!"

"HARD LINES!"—To be found on those railways that don't pay a dividend!

"THE FOUL SPOT."—When will that hideous Poultry not only be lost to sight but lost to City?